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 twenty-two 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.
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“And the next time you write an article about [the Student Insurgent], just remember that there is nothing more pathetic than a fringe college paper that writes articles about fringe college papers.”

So writes Damien Kemp, speaking to the Commentator staff in the March 2005 Student Insurgent.

To us, the basic purpose of media is to criticize and report. The media should take hard looks at government, society, and itself. Without this criticism, sources are more prone to print absurd and, even worse, erroneous material and call it news. In most cases, fear of a competitor’s fact checking is enough to dissuade media outlets from being irresponsible. Not so with the Insurgent. If Mr. Kemp finds criticism within the media “pathetic,” then that’s fine. But we find his argument self-serving, hyperbolic, and ultimately unpersuasive. So here’s Hack Attack 2005.

Hack Attack has special significance for the Commentator this year. While this issue contains written attacks on various Oregon publications, our pens assault their targets’ writing and design abilities rather than publishing privileges. Let’s not kid ourselves. In an ideal world, papers such as the Insurgent and Siren would be unable to publish their inane twaddle. But we would hope that this inability would be due to a lack of contributors rather than an abundance of would-be censors.

Along with our fellow hacks at the Emerald, we were attacked this year. (Did you hear? We might have forgotten to mention it.) But like the nimble robe-wearing man on our cover, we were able to dodge the censor’s sword. Unlike him, it was through a combination of the pen and the law, two weapons which in America usually defeat the aforementioned sword.

But enough about our recent history. Let’s take a look at our targets.

When planning for Hack Attack, we were initially concerned that it might be difficult to satirize the Ol’ Dirty this year. After all, the Emerald defended us during the PFC fiasco and has taken a hard-line stance against this year’s particularly unscrupulous student government. These concerns were absurd. Under the direction of Editor-in-chief Jen Suddick, The Daily Emerald has become reliant on the Associated Press to fill its pages with stories about de-closeted mayors. Better the AP than its editorial staff, we suppose. But condensing wire service articles and press releases and then foggly stating that “Student Leaders Break Promises” is a sign of a paper that is barely aware of what’s going on in this campus, not to mention the world at large.

Meanwhile, the Siren and Insurgent continue to wallow in flaccid outrage over the last national election. The Siren has, through its editorial slant, declared the Women’s Center off-limits to women whose politics are incongruent with those of the Survival Center and LGBTQA. And the Insurgent is still the same as ever, only less entertainingly zany. When not decrying the lack of terrorism in major U.S. urban areas, the Insurgent staff spends its time rallying in favor of suppressing speech it considers objectionable (not Ward Churchill) and going for long humorless walks on the beach.

Rags with less radical political views are thankfully still available in Eugene. The Voice (or, alternatively, My First Newspaper) and the Torch are still publishing, despite popular belief. And on a lighter note, Stall Talk and Flush dominate the lucrative dorm bathroom market. When not serving as overpriced toilet paper, these rags help guide residents to upcoming alcohol-free events and other nonsense that most freshmen couldn’t care less about.

A round-up of Eugene print media wouldn’t be complete without a critique of the Commentator itself. We’ve enlisted the help of Voice and Eugene Weekly writer Sara Brickner to critique the Commentator, because God knows our high horse needs to be reined in occasionally. Her piece is published as we received it, with no biting criticisms or unfortunate mischaracterizations omitted.

So sit back and enjoy the issue, dear reader. It’s time to slice and dice ‘em.
CLINTON TARGETS COMMENTATOR VIDEO GAME
Calls sale of game “retail terrorism.”

New York Democratic Senator, former first lady, and presidential hopeful Hillary Clinton appeared on NBC’s Meet the Press this past weekend to lambast the Oregon Commentator’s newest video game, “We’ll Drink to That.” In an interview with host Tim Russert, Clinton railed against the video game, citing its stripper-based game mechanics and prevalent alcohol usage.

“American teenagers and adults must never be exposed to material involving alcohol, sex, and libertarianism. Products with these themes have no place on store shelves,” she said, adding that “Republicans talk about getting tough on terrorism. Well, I say it’s time to get tough on retail terrorism.”

The game, whose main character is a sentient mug of pilsner, has been described as a “rip-off” of Grand Theft Auto by game critics. “Most of the graphics and sounds are exactly the same,” complained GameSpot reviewer Erik Eritrea in his review of the game, “they didn’t even bother to change any of the logos.”

Despite the similarities, the game has been met with rave reviews. In the same piece, Eritrea calls We’ll Drink to That “perhaps the greatest drinking and journalism simulator released in the past few years.” The game’s play mechanics involve delicately balancing journalistic responsibilities and hedonistic pursuits... a difficult task for many journalists. “You feel as if you’re right inside of Joggers, but instead of older biker types there’s a bunch of strippers who like to be spanked.”

Former President Bill Clinton declined to comment on the matter, citing a financial interest in the success of the game.

Sudsy Says

Evan Williams bottles are just as sturdy as Jack Daniels bottles when used on another man’s head. It’s true!
Student Senate fixture Bruce Miller speaks openly on his wild ride to prominence, his scandalous college days, and his love for Wylie Chen

By Pete R. Hunt

[Ed. Note] On April 26, 2005, the University of Oregon lost one of its most outspoken and critical figures, Bruce Miller, to a heart attack. He was 62 years old.

Bruce was known for writing lengthy manifestos, attending student government meetings and cornering UO administrators in Johnson Hall. Not everyone appreciated Bruce’s style, which bordered on the abrasive and uncouth. In 2002, DPS banned Bruce from campus, a response to several complaints from the ASUO. Bruce was able to successfully fight the banning in court, and he was eventually allowed back on campus.

The OREGON COMMENTATOR has had a long history with Bruce, dating back to 2000. He was one of our biggest fans and one of the biggest thorns in our side. When the news of his passing broke, however, everyone within the Company felt a profound sense of loss.

We are re-printing the following feature story on Bruce, written by former editor-in-chief Pete Hunt, in remembrance.

It’s seven-thirty on a stormy Wednesday night, more than an hour before Taylor’s starts serving dollar micros. I should be at home watching the Magic play the Suns on TNT; instead I’m sitting in a student senate meeting, bored as hell, waiting for the whole thing to get over with. I scan the room. Senate President Peter O. Watts is stoically trying to bring the meeting to some semblance of order. “Tex” is leaning so far back in his chair, he’s practically on the floor. Dominique keeps looking over at me as if we were sharing some sort of inside joke. We’re not. Then I glance to my right. There is Bruce Miller frantically scribbling something down in his note pad. That’s when I knew the subject of the next OC feature had to be the most talked about, most misunderstood figure in student government.

I wished I could leap into Bruce’s head like the characters in “Being John Malkovich.” What does the world look like through those eyes? What unique thoughts shoot through his cerebral cortex? Is he as sickened by these morally hollow glory-seekers as I am? No, probably not. Bruce has always admired students who took the time to involve themselves in student government. The student senators around this room have taken time out of their class schedule to involve themselves in a system that few outside of under-funded student groups care about. I know Bruce respects this dedication and admires their character. Personally, I can’t help but feel that most of them are just here for résumé fodder.

“If I had any advice to my nieces and nephews,” Bruce told me, “it would be to get involved in student government. Get involved beyond just taking classes. Just being an average student who really isn’t involved can be a handicap in getting the full benefits of education.”

Maybe he’s right, but the debate going on in front of me over whether or not incidental fees should fund a traveling UO float is more than I can take. I pull Bruce Miller out of the senate meeting and lead him out into the hallway. I’ve got to take a few pictures of him for the article, and I can’t bear to wait till the meeting ends.

“Just a few quick shots,” I tell him as he backs up against a wall obligingly.

Bruce Miller carries himself with a stalwart dignity. He’s almost sixty years old, but he’s as spry as ever. Today he’s wearing a red and black checkered jacket, nice pants and respectable shoes. He stands at about six feet tall, give or take an inch. The top of his head is distinguished by a shining baldness. His eyes dart back and forth underneath his prominent glasses. Those on campus who have dealt with Bruce think of him as a bit of an eccentric, but well-meaning.

May 10, 2005
“Bruce causes more trouble than any incidental fee paying student,” says ASUO Vice President Joy Nair.

Bruce expresses his dissatisfaction in long hand-written manifestos he happily hands out to anyone who talks to him. His writing is filled with criticism of the ASUO, and suggestions for policies that may help students. Talking to Bruce, you realize that his concern is sincere. Some may question his mental health, but his resolve is unrelenting. Most people, myself included, have always wondered how it is this kooky old guy came to be such a fixture at the University.

Bruce Miller came to Eugene in 1998, working part time for Lazar’s Bazar and Shoeaholic, both operated by Mr. and Mrs. Lazar. He says he became involved in student senate meetings to find out about the merchants at the street fair and in the EMU who were possible competition to Mr. Lazar’s businesses.

“I’ve done this strictly on my own,” he says. “I want to emphasize that Mr. Lazar has never sent me out here. I do this on my own spare time. It’s what I call exceeding expectations, being a person that goes above and beyond the call of duty to see what’s going on.”

Bruce’s college career was fairly uneventful. He got a BA in Economics from the University of Washington in 1963, working on the side to fund his schooling. He later went to law school at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. He describes it as an elite school for “southern gentlemen,” but it wasn’t a good fit for him. He dropped out after a year because of poor grades. During the Vietnam War, he worked in an Army ammunition program for three years, taking classes on the side at Northern Illinois University. Though he never got another degree, he gained a good deal of work experience.

I ask him about his college days. I’m curious what a young Bruce Miller was like during the wild sixties. “I was in a Jewish fraternity,” he says. “There was drinking, partying, a few scandalous things. I observed it. I was kind of a nerd.”

He wishes he could have had the ambition then to involve himself in student politics, but he was “psychologically unprepared.” Bruce describes that era as being a very different atmosphere for campus politics. Student government was an important social status, the realm of frat guys with Greek letters on their white jackets. Today, Bruce admires the diversity of people on student senate. “If you have a moderate amount of ambition,” he says, “there is so much apathy on campus you can easily get involved in things.”

Bruce feels that the student senate doesn’t do enough to publicize themselves to the students. He’d like to see them put notices in the Emerald when positions become available, and move their meetings to a more public forum. But all in all, he thinks most of the Senators are fairly competent.

“Peter Watts,” he says slowly, dramatically letting the name linger in the air “is organized. He’ll carry on a two-way conversation. He’s an approachable, pleasant person. I think he has made these meetings more efficient.”

Bruce Miller certainly has a healthy respect for the Student Senate, and in the past, he has had a good relationship with the ASUO. He is especially fond of Wylie Chen, the ASUO president back in 1998-1999, who Bruce describes as a “role model.” His relationship with last year’s executive Jay Breslow was also built upon mutual respect. But, he hasn’t gotten off on such a good foot with Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair. He came to them this summer to discuss the issue of off-campus housing, having done research on the problem by examining policies in place at Oregon State University and attending city council meetings. When he walked into Suite One, he says he saw “interns playing video games, lounging around talking,” and noticeably getting very little accomplished. Bruce was upset, and spoke his mind to the interns in the room.

When Bruce finally caught up with Nilda, she was upset over the incident. Bruce says she
It’s considered axiomatic that, deep down, most Oregon Commentator writers secretly want to write for the Oregon Daily Emerald. This is probably true. The two publications have had an incestuous relationship, swapping writers as regularly as insults. And there’s a reason for this: we’ve always considered the rivalry between the publications to be good-natured, and we sincerely respect much of the Emerald’s reporting. It’s no picnic churning out a paper on a daily schedule, even if half the content is culled from the AP and the headlines state the obvious.

Thus, it’s going to be hard to critique the Ol’ Dirty. I’m not even sure where to begin. It hasn’t been a bad publication this year. In fact, it has broken some great stories. The more pedantic nitpicks, such as spelling errors and minor mistakes, could be directed at this publication, and with much greater vigor.

Perhaps the main problem with the Emerald is its self-righteousness. Granted, this publication has suffered from the occasional bout of self-aggrandizement from time to time, but usually with a wink and a nod. The Emerald, however, seems to take near orgasmic joy in its role as the sole mainstream medium at the University of Oregon.

Like the journalism school as a whole, the Emerald is convinced of its own importance, a conviction voiced in many of its editorials. From reading the editorial board’s twaddle, one infers that the ODE has a severe superiority complex. Or maybe its undeserved braggadocio is a veiled cry for help. Either way, it’s annoying. For example, an editorial appearing at the beginning of the year, entitled “Balanced coverage is what we’ve done best”, is nothing but an editorial board circle jerk. This editorial, with its fawning title, may indeed represent what the ODE does best: lauding itself.

Accusations of bias come with the territory at all newspapers, just like death threats and telephone calls from the mentally ill,” states one line of the editorial, leading me to wonder just how many death threats the writers of the Emerald receive for their scathing exposes of Indonesia Night.

The editorial continues by saying, “More often than not, accusations of bias are the product of a lack of transparency or understanding or both.”

The editorial continues by saying, “More often than not, accusations of bias are the product of a lack of transparency or understanding or both.”

The Emerald seems anxious to defend itself as “unbiased” while at the same time claiming that such defenses are unnecessary because those who see bias are “ignorant” or perhaps “mentally ill.”

This smacks of the Emerald’s inability to take criticism, and it mirrors a greater trend among mainstream journalists (whom ODE writers so transparently ape) of expecting people to trust their coverage implicitly. This unfounded, nose-to-the heavens intellectual superiority is utterly off-putting, especially when most of the Emerald’s views are such middlebrow horseshit and most of the stories are rehashed press releases (more on this in a moment). As this editorial shows, the Emerald doesn’t feel the need to justify its stories; journalism, to the Emerald, is not a two-way street where statements must be verified by facts. Screw convincing people that what you’re reporting is correct. It’s much easier to tell people that what you’re reporting is correct.

To wit, the end of this editorial: “So far, our coverage has spent more time on Democrats than Republicans, which has been the subject of much discussion. This is a function of how well-organized the Democrats have been on campus in organizing events and speakers.”

Oh, really? Is that why the College
Republicans have grown exponentially while the College Democrats’ rolls barely reach double figures? Is that why there is so much dissent within the College Democrats? According to one College Democrat, ennui, nepotism and poor leadership have wrecked the organization.

Seriously, Emerald, as the paper of record, don’t tell us why you’re reporting something, just report it; you’ll make fewer mistakes that way.

Another editorial that acts as a disturbing look into the vainglorious mind of the ODE’s editorial board hive collective is entitled “Winter term breakdown: The battles we fought.” One of the battles, according to the editorial, was on behalf of the beleaguered blue-collar workers of the Lane Transit District during its strike. Another battle was against the Bush administration. Excuse me while I scoff, but were these really battles that the ODE fought? According to the Emerald’s logic, I could write down my half-baked views on topics ranging from health care to foreign policy, which nobody of import would ever see, and then liken myself to a latter-day H.L. Mencken. Instead of “The battles we fought” the Emerald could have more accurately entitled the piece “The opinions we had” or perhaps “The things that happened.”

Another problem with the ODE: its inability to focus on campus issues. It would rather focus on Bush’s nomination of “ultra-conservative judges” to federal appeals courts than issues concerning the University. The Emerald’s willingness to poach controversial-but-palatable views from more informed (but equally insane) syndicated columnists instead of, gasp, having an original opinion, or at least repackaging the poached material originally, speaks to the Emerald’s lackadaisical approach to journalism.

Another problem with the opinion page is its regular feature “Out Loud”, which is a sad simulacrum of the Commentator’s Spew section but without the snarky comments, making it a very pale imitation indeed. It doesn’t help that the “Out Loud” section features quotes compiled from the same source from which we find most of our Spew content: the Emerald itself. The section should simply be called “Regurgitated.”

What’s strange about the Emerald’s holier-than-thou stance on journalism is how mediocre the paper can be. Especially this year. It’s so incredibly boring. Maybe it’s because I’ve been on this campus for so long, but it seems like I’ve read every Emerald story a million times before.

Recycling stories is what journalists do, which is why the Emerald’s yearly multi-part series on cheating is understandable, and it actually involves journalistic legwork (the readers of this fine publication will undoubtedly notice that we recycle stories, too … drinking blah drinking blah… and so forth). However, due to the Emerald’s apparent insistence on repackaging press releases, the campus community gets a lot of PR hokum masked as objective news.

For example a story creatively titled “Textbook prices increase rapidly”, written by Eva Sylwester, did nothing but repackage OSPIRG’s talking points: 1) textbook prices have increased four times the rate of inflation since 1994; 2) textbooks often come bundled with unnecessary items, like CD-ROMs, that jack up the price; 3) one and two are bleeding students dry.

In a 2004 news story, Chelsea Duncan reported the same information. Going further back, to 2003, Jennifer Bear reported on the exact same story, once again focusing on the paragon of fiscal responsibility, OSPIRG. None of these stories take a contrarian view of OSPIRG’s claims. Is it asking too much to do a little bit deeper into the story? Names of publishers are mentioned, so

why didn’t the reporters call them to ask their side of the story? Couldn’t a reporter have interviewed an economist? There is a solid, journalistic question surrounding these articles: Why are textbook prices increasing so rapidly? It’s a question that shouldn’t be answered solely by OSPIRG.

This is one example of the lazy reporting at the Emerald, and it’s noticeable in far too many stories to count.

Seriously, scan Emerald headlines looking for stories like “Governor lobbying to increase grant fund” or “Casino, if built, would help state’s university system” or any story that sounds like it was taken from a press release, and ask yourself how interesting or informative the story is. Did it give you both sides of the story? Would you have read the story had you not been stuck on the bus or in class? Did it pique your interest at all? Or did it seem like drivel that came prepackaged in somebody’s inbox?

The Emerald is a credible, award-winning publication, which is why their shortcomings stick out. It easily outranks the competition in the rest of the state and often the nation, but that doesn’t absolve it from printing some truly terrible content -- content the Emerald is often too ego-driven to admit as being terrible. The Emerald will not become truly awful anytime in the near future, because they have a staff of gifted writers. Well, mainly. I’ve heard that both Jared Paben and Meghan Cuniff have a bit of a -- snort, snort – problem, if you know what I mean. But we can forgive them that.
So, you think you’re a woman, eh? Unless you carry a messenger bag filled with issues of the *Siren* and spare copies of Andrea Dworkin lectures, you don’t have the ovaries to call yourself a womyn!

Finding the latest issue of the UO Women’s Center (cough) publication the *Siren* will, however, be hard to do. They come out randomly throughout the academic year and have no discernible production schedule; then again, this being criticism from the *Oregon Commentator*, we really have no room to talk about sporadic releases. That being said, however, the Women’s Center’s hard-hitting, witty newsletter is chock-full of anima-inspiring goodness to make your inner goddess turn in her leafy natural cocoon.

The *Siren* varies in content from year to year. For example, the May 2004 issue is very different from the most recent *Siren*, dated Spring 2005. This new and not at all improved *Siren* is under the leadership of one Julia Carr. No worries, though, because like every other brave soul who has declared order within the Women’s Center, she too will fall. I give her until the next *Vagina Monologues*, tops.

Let’s break it down, shall we?

**The Title**

The *Siren*. How inventive. Pun intended, it is worthwhile to muse over this choice of title for a women’s publication. Does it indicate a siren, wailing through the night, taking the latest violence-against-women victim to the ER? Is it a siren warning to evacuate the premises of patriarchy? Is it perhaps a sexy “screen-siren” wearing a tight, cleavage-bearing gown as she walks the red carpet to accept her award for most lovely actress in the world?

The answer is none of the above. For anyone who enjoys world mythology, this could be seen coming a mile away. The Sirens are a group of women/birds from the epic *Odyssey*. The Sirens sang beautiful songs from the isle of Anthemoessa. Any average sailor would hear the songs, jump overboard, and drown. Odysseus proved himself to be the ultimate man by filling his crew’s ears with beeswax and lashing himself to the mast to resist the Sirens’ songs. When no sailors perished, the Sirens killed themselves.

What is the Women’s Center saying about itself by choosing these figures as the name for their publication? Women appear to be beautiful but lure men to their deaths? Had I chosen a character from the *Odyssey*, it would have been the sorceress Circe. She’s the keeper of all things magic and wise about women. She also turns men into pigs. Like they weren’t anyway, right ladies?

**Reporting the Sludge**

I opened the *Siren* after being informed that yes, Virginia, there is a Spring 2005 issue. It was hidden. It isn't common knowledge that the *Siren* exists past Winter 2005, and getting a copy while being a known *Commentator* staffer is like pulling molars from an un-anesthetized gorilla. There is good reason for this secrecy and unwillingness to cooperate: the *Siren* is full of glaring errors, flat-out lies, misinformation, and poor focus. To her credit, Carr acknowledged some of the Siren’s errors and vowed to publish corrections.

Let’s begin with everyone’s favorite topic: blah blah the *Commentator* hates people blah blah. The author of this trash, Katherine Gagnon, sees fit to fill in the blah blahs with her own made-up facts. She claims that “Program Finance Committee Vice President Mason Quiroz proposed rejection of the Oregon Commentator’s mission statement, a move that would ultimately strip the publication of it’s funding.” (Spring ’05, page 10). Wrong, wrong, wrong and wrong, Kathy. Mason Quiroz was the vice *chairman* of PFC, and we did not once lose our funding. In fact, this is only a fraction of the story. The *Siren* leaves out that Quiroz and two of his cohorts were removed from the PFC by the ASUO Constitution Court for violating viewpoint neutrality laws.

Kathy also leaves out the true side of the OC at the Johnson Hall Rally. Nearly 20 of us stood by, listening respectfully. Then
we went about our lives, as should everyone else involved. Stop glorifying the circle-jerk that was the Johnson Hall Rally. You’re three months behind press time for this story, anyway.

This trend of the Siren omitting key facts continues in other articles. By taking pieces of Toby Hill-Meyer’s journal, Carr fails to grasp the whole picture. Had she talked to Hill-Meyer or any of the OC staffers, she would have known that Hill-Meyer had a sit-down beer session with some of our staff and accepted our Editor-in-Chief’s offer to write the Another Perspective column for an issue. The Siren only prints what its staff chooses to see in the world: hate, violence, and discrimination. If the Siren believes these things should be absent from campus and the world at large, then they should cease devoting entire editions to a skewed glorification of injustice.

No Women Here!

What could one presume the Women’s Center publication to be about? Women, naturally. But that isn’t the correct answer. Judging by the content of the Winter and Spring 2005 issues, the Siren is about gay men getting hitched, various LGBTQQ crises, drag kings, racism after the Civil Rights Movement, campus anti-Bush activities, and financial aid. But the fact is, these issues and topics have centers (and oftentimes newsletters) on campus dedicated to them already. The Siren’s coverage of these issues is redundant, and leaves many women’s issues worthy of attention unrecognized. Show some originality!

Why should I read about events on campus the Ol’ Dirty covered months ago, with the same freeze-dried campus opinions and poor writing skills exhibited by freshmen journalism students clinging to their mommies on move-in day?

Finding topics for a women’s newsletter to write about isn’t hard. In fact, it’s like shooting fish in a barrel. Here are some helpful suggestions for focus: Nutrition, medicine, families, relationships (all of them!), life roles as sisters, mothers, wives, daughters, etc., careers, education, all political affiliations, and religion. One issue confronting young women constantly these days is finances. For college-age women, there are decisions looming ahead concerning investing, supporting a household, and saving for an independent retirement, among other things.

Topics currently affecting young women are important, too. Among the latest are women in math/sciences, abstinence versus birth control sex education, elective cesarean sections versus vaginal birth, the rising numbers of teen girls identifying themselves as pro-life, women in political leadership positions, and the rising rates of women committing violent crimes.

Give me some controversy. Show me well-argued and cleanly researched debates between women, not one-sided hack pieces. And please, try interviewing people who aren’t affiliated with the Women’s Center.

Representing All Women?

According to their own cries of stopping hate, alienation, and marginalization on campus, the Women’s Center’s publication should be accepting and supportive of all individuals. A casual survey of the UO’s population reveals a glaringly obvious fact: there is a lot of diversity amongst women on this campus. No, I’m not just talking about cup size and skirt length. I’m talking political values, goals, ideals, experiences, backgrounds, and opinions on life itself.

Does this publication serve all women? No. The Winter 2005 article by Crispin Young particularly has no place in a women’s newsletter, turning my stomach in bilious rage. Young states that she “fell in love with Eugene all over again” for holding a Counter-Inauguration Rally on January 20, 2005. She also calls counter-protestors voicing their support for the President “patriotic thugs”, this despite referring to the Counter-Inauguration protesters, nary a paragraph earlier as patriotic. That’s what I call writing!

This publication is not for all women! There are hundreds of conservative Republican women on this very campus who are very active. Laura Jenkins is chairwoman of the College Republicans and is far from being a “patriotic thug.” Laura is intelligent and talented, and I’m sure she’ll send all haters in the Women’s Center a postcard from Successville.

I can list off the people represented by the Siren with ease: sexually abused, liberal, pro-choice, COMMENTATOR-hating women with talking vaginas. What about the rest of us? According to Autumn Linde, all women who feel discriminated against should “Come by and find out about on-campus and local organizations that support women like you and me.” This heartfelt extension of kindness, however, clearly does not go out to all women. The Women’s Center and the Siren discriminate against individuals who are conservative, pro-life, white, heterosexual, religious, or Commentator Managing Editors. Stop the hate, Siren. I’m calling for you to shape up and play by your own rules.

Final Word

The winter and Spring 2005 issues of the Siren are stinking up the OC office. They’re going straight into the trash. The Siren isn’t even good enough for recycling, as its sloppy yet self-centered focus will surely curse any decent recycled paper it is recombined with, condemning things like youth basketball fl iers to eternal miserable failure.

Despite the mission of the Women’s Center and the Siren to end oppression against women, there are women on this very campus who are opposed to the environment the Siren helps create. The Women’s Center does not speak for all women, only women the staff approves of.

This leads me to demand, with all intent to follow-up, that the Women’s Center and its subsequent publication be removed from ASUO fee-funded groups. Unlike Siren contributors, I check my facts, and according to the ASUO offices, “The Women’s Center has a line item in their budget for the Siren.” Sorry, ladies. I don’t want my incidental fees going towards your brand of intolerance.

Melissa Hanks is a woman? Well, I’ll be damned. She is also the managing editor of the Oregon Commentator
The University is not the only game in town when it comes to public institutions of higher learning, and the Oregon Daily Emerald is not the only game in town when it comes to student newspapers that aim to be student journals of record. There is also Lane Community College and, with it, The Torch.

From missing apostrophes in front-page headlines to the mystery disappearance of the previous editor in chief (and all back issues published under him), The Torch is more than a step behind the high-school level journalistic and editing skills we are all used to seeing in the ODE.

Recently introduced as the new editor in chief, Susan Wahlberg, has the language skills of a drunken frat-boy writing a love poem: Her use of clichés in front-page articles leaves the mind numb after only a few paragraphs while her single-sentence paragraph AP-style writing gets old after a single issue. The entire paper reeks of the inability to write in a manner not described by a textbook.

Don’t go looking for too many good editorial opinions from The Torch either. The editorial staff resorts to the old tried-and-true method of filling up what could be good editorial space with a large amount of hardly justified statements in the weekly feature “Toast and Roast”, which is no more than “Quacks and Smacks” produced by people who can’t seem to invent something on their own.

Letters to the Editor appear in The Torch with an abundance that betrays the level of readership this quaint little paper has attained. A survey of over a month of issues reveals exactly one item published under the heading “letter to the editor”. This speaks to one of two possibilities: Only a handful of people read this poor little paper, or the editorial staff does not care about its audience enough to print what they have to say.

As for columnists, either the talent pool is as limited as the readership, or the person in charge of selecting them is limited in brains. As a typical example, Chris Flaherty, columnist, likes dirty bathrooms. This is not a joke. In an article appearing in volume 39, number 15, Flaherty questioned the installation of new dispensers and automatic flushers in LCC bathrooms. As anyone who has ever used a public restroom can attest, the bathrooms with automatic flushers always seem cleaner, especially when you enter the stall. Flaherty can keep on using dirty toilets, but I’ll take the auto-flush.

A week later a letter from Marie Matsen, an LCC Vice President, completely invalidated Flaherty as a journalist who is capable of lifting a single finger to do any research before sitting at the keyboard after his bathroom break. Flaherty had assumed that new toiletry dispensers had been paid for by LCC. Matsen set the record straight by informing him and everyone else who read his made-up controversy that the product suppliers had replaced the dispensers, thus ensuring that LCC had not been “hemorrhaging funds.”

Flaherty’s lazy journalism calls into question the entire staff’s integrity, not to mention competence. After all, if Flaherty is allowed to sit in a chair and make up stories after a trip to the bathroom, then it’s not unlikely that other Torch writers are hemorrhaging bullshit onto its pages.

Interestingly enough, two weeks after his toilet rant, Flaherty came out of the closet and admitted to being a bona-fide hypochondriac with an obsessive-compulsive hand-washing ritual and pocket full of hand sanitizer, which he uses “profusely.” Perhaps Flaherty is unaware that automatic fixtures reduce the spread of disease by limiting the amount of germ transfer. More likely, Flaherty’s admitted neurosis is having an effect on his ability to maintain a consistent point of view from week to week. In either case, Flaherty likely avoids germs by not flushing.

Despite the lack of gray matter among its staff, The Torch is not without its merit. Almost weekly, Susan Wahlberg reviews movies that are available for rent. She tackles the tough job of reviewing releases such as The Princess Bride, He Got Game, and Dave. These reviews are remarkably creative compared to the rest of the paper, and even contain amusing grammatical gems that clearly indicate that Wahlberg is too good for her own copy editors.

The best thing about The Torch, truthfully, is John Mackwood. Mackwood is a developmentally challenged columnist (or should I say a more developmentally challenged columnist) who hails from a place called “Springfield” according to volume 39, number 16. Thankfully the writing help he receives from one of the
Ah, Oregon Voice, most enigmatic of the campus publications. As I try to think of unkind things to say about it, many questions come to mind. Should I try to make this nastier than Voice writer Sara Brickner’s piece on the Commentator, or less nasty? And which Voice am I having a go at here, anyway? There are many to choose from: the publication’s troubled history can be read off from its ever-expanding board of directors. (What the hell is Niki Stojnic up to these days, anyway? Either they’re just using “director” to mean “alum”, or they should really consider term limits.)

A little history might be in order. Through the Voice’s darkest times, the Commentator has been right by their side, usually looking for ways to make things a little darker. For instance, way back in the deepest recesses of our memories (the 1998/1999 school year) the OC purchased the rights to the name “Oregon Voice” from the state and published various nefarious spoofs. Nobody really noticed, and it could be argued that we were doing that a favor – where they reviewed fancy wines that come with corks in the bottles, we positioned the publication nearer to the needs of the average student or hob by assessing the relative merits of Thunderbird and MD 20/20. (“Like waking up in a tire fire” was one of the milder epithets that resulted.) Despite our best efforts, the publication soon folded.

Flash forward a few years, and the Voice rose again from its own ashes like a triumphant emo phoenix, set in motion by disaffected Commentator writers Brian Boone and Raechel Sims. You’ll find them on the OV’s board of directors, just below the entire J-school graduating class of the year 2001 and slightly above the east of Undeclared. I even contributed a couple of mediocre book reviews myself, although they were made much more interesting by having their constituent paragraphs rearranged in a seemingly random order.

I’m not writing this as a bitter ex-hack, though: I was long gone by the fateful day when Sims put the minutes of a staff meeting on the Internet, including the topics of the next issue’s stories. Inevitably, an enterprising OC editor swiftly commissioned short pieces on the same topics, and the Commentator ran a pre-emptive two-page version of the next Voice issue entitled “Who would print this crap?” Sims, having apparently failed to notice that the name of her public_html folder included the word “public”, accused the OC of computer fraud, theft of intellectual property, and (for good measure) anti-Semitism. Hilarity - and hysteria - ensued.

So, the relationship has been fraught at times. Why are we so mean to each other? There are a few reasons.

The first frustrating thing about the various incarnations of the Voice is the sheer arbitrariness of it all. This month it’s a passable music fanzine, last year it was a bit of a train wreck with no discernible rhyme or reason to it. Next year it could be another generically lefty political sheet, or a group travel journal, or a Wiccan informational guide, or basically anything, and nobody could really claim to be surprised. If the Voice lapses into non-existence again, it will hardly be necessary to re-invent it.

No matter what format they settle on this time, though, the Voice will insist on publishing reviews of various things. This is a bit of a problem. We student journalists, even the ones who get paid, are mostly amateurs. When we try to compete with professional media outlets, we don’t usually come out of it very well. Our edge, to the extent that we have an edge, comes from our campus-specificity more than our ramshackle charm, much as we’d like to think otherwise. The less a piece has to do with the wide world outside Eugene, the more successful it usually is. This is because nobody can be bothered to read a student paraphrasing yesterday’s New York Times editorial page when they can just read the New York Times for free online. Consequently, the Voice review section is almost heartbreakingly irrelevant, at least when it’s reviewing things that have already been covered in depth elsewhere and better. (My responsibility in contributing to this problem is duly acknowledged.)

Also, Voice writers: you like indie. We figured. Nothing of substance would be lost if you just devoted a couple of pages per issue to just printing “we like indie” over and over again. Anything, God, anything other than another travelogue. Finding filler that doesn’t necessarily read like filler is always tough, but it’s especially so if your magazine isn’t ultimately supposed to do anything in particular. (Looking at the historical record, it seems that when we run out of ideas we usually resort to writing a parody...
Oh, Oregon Commentator. What would we do without you, the pissed-off campus magazine written by bitter libertarian-to-conservative kids who feel underappreciated? I know this is the Hack Attack issue and all, but really, I can’t hate on you too much. You guys have printed a lot of intelligent articles over the years, exposed some juicy liberal corruption, and you still have the balls to make fun of yourselves when you publish something stupid. Fortunately for the OC and the quality of this story, I know that your staff isn’t made up of the racist, homophobic demons that the radical left here on campus would love to string up on the Not Politically Correct cross. Unfortunately for you, they have a point. Your professed alcoholism has spurred some terrible content decisions, which in turn have drawn angry mobs who’d like nothing better to lynch the lot of you for writing idiotic, insensitive things you’d never say, let alone print, sober (I hope). In your attempts to be satirical, you often discredit the intelligent things you print by using personal attacks that probably seem a lot less harsh after you’ve had a couple. Next time, sober up before sending your issue off to the printing press. It’ll save you all a lot of time and grief.

The problem is, you’re so pissed off at the universe that your venomous, pointless, new-asshole-ripping rants totally devalue all of the good articles you publish. Your mission statement’s supposed devotion to logic and reason is often totally thrown out the window in the interest of angry outbursts that accomplish nothing. If you could just calm down for a minute, maybe you’d realize how little your incessant whining does for your politics. For example, the OC contained a great article a while back about how the Emerald insinuated that there was only one protestor at the Theresa Heinz-Kerry rally when there were, in fact, about a dozen. Then you proceeded to publish yet another tiresome rant about how much you hate Eugene, hippies, and the world at large. I know you have to fill space somehow, but really. It’s not funny anymore. And as unjust and illegal as your temporary de-funding might have been, it was totally unnecessary to devote pages upon pages of content and at least two covers to your conflict with the ASUO. You also took it upon yourselves to vindictively attack those who opposed you, instead of admitting you fucked up and moving on. Not that Mason Quiroz’ police record (cocaine?) isn’t hilarious, but this whole fiasco has found the OC in a brilliant Catch-22. I cannot count the number of times I’ve picked up the Commentator and read something about how the incidental fee is inappropriate and that OSPIRG should not be using incidental fees to further certain political agendas.

Too bad Ian Spencer wrote an article this year titled, “Blueprint for Revolution” in which he clearly expressed that his money should not have to fund OSPIRG.

“If you support these causes, that’s fine...just don’t expect everyone else to support them, too,” Spencer said. Touché, Commentator! Now you’ve got a bunch of pissed off liberal students who don’t feel that their incidental fees should be going to what they feel (however erroneously) is a hate-mongering publication. Your own politics have blown up in your face, and now you have a decision to make. If you don’t want your incidental fees supporting OSPIRG, don’t we all have the right to say that we don’t want our incidental fees funding the OC or the College Republicans? It’s all blown over by now, but since you haven’t been de-funded, maybe you should find something that isn’t OSPIRG or the incidental fee to bash on. Even if you use less of the incidental fees than other student groups, you still use them for printing costs. Until you’re completely privately funded, you no longer have room to legitimately complain about OSPIRG.

Speaking of old material, OC, it might be a good idea to see a counselor, maybe start on some medication. Like I mentioned earlier, we all know how much you hate everything about Eugene, because you make it a point to tell us in every issue. Enough with the fucking hippies already. I know that they are easy to mock because of their idealistic hearts and flowers mentality, but it would be refreshing to see an issue of the OC without one nasty “I hate hippies” comment. It’s not like you couldn’t choose where to attend college, unlike the three miserable years I spent at Catholic high school. You had a plethora of institutions to choose from. If you want to blame someone else for where you attend, you could have gone to Reed College, or any number of other liberal arts schools in the state.
Instead of criticizing everyone all the time, why don’t you concentrate on filling some of the holes in your logic? Sadly, OC, your arguments are not air-tight, though you try to mask this with big words and confrontational language. from, where there are huge populations of Abercrombie wearing idiots who talk about deep, meaningful things, like which frat guy or sorority girl they’re going to fuck next. Isn’t that what conservatism is about? Individual choices? Well, you made ‘em and now you’re stuck in the circus freak show that is Eugene. Learn to live with it, if only so your publication doesn’t become increasingly redundant.

Repetitive content aside, your main problem is your delicate position as the sole conservative publication on campus. Liberal writers who might otherwise contribute are deterred by the spite that oozes from your pages. But despite having the odds stacked against you, you’ve got a couple of talented folks working for you who actually go out and commit some journalism. Without The Commentator, we’d never know all of the idiotic things our administration, student government, and campus at large are doing—cause let’s face it, nobody else cares enough to go out there and find out. But you, OC, are just pissed off enough to do that particular line of very important dirty work.

However, you’re still pretty desperate for writers. So desperate, in fact, that you even let dumberhead Will Cohen publish some badly-written, sexist nonsense in two issues before ditching him. If you’re reading this, Cohen, I’d like to give you some advice for future journalistic endeavors, should you actually get someone else to let you put your twisted thoughts in print. Basically: some underage Russian and/or Latvian chick’s opposition to your fumbling sexual advances does not an article make. Contrary to those Axe deodorant ads, women are not going to ride your STD-ridden penis just because you put on some cheap cologne. Try not being an asshole, if that’s possible, and maybe someone on the rebound will actually let you touch her boobies if you wear a paper bag over your head.

Instead of criticizing everyone all the time, why don’t you concentrate on filling some of the holes in your logic? Sadly, OC, your arguments are not air-tight, though you try to mask this with big words and confrontational language. In your many bitching sessions about how shitty Eugene is, you seem to take out your anger on vagrants. Never mind that most of them have mental illnesses. Or, for that matter, that your mission statement reads, “We believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.” If you really believe this, then stop complaining about the unemployed individuals who are just exercising their right to be apathetic in our free, capitalist society.

In addition, continually bashing on hippies and people who don’t dress like Paris Hilton is hypocritical. If you truly value the freedom of the individual, you should shut the fuck up and let people wear what they want without worrying about getting shit from a bunch of (mostly) white guys. We don’t tell you that your Nikes and polo shirts look stupid, do we? And didn’t I see Tyler Graf complaining about hipsters and their obsession with clothing in the last Hate issue? Didn’t your mom ever tell you to practice what you preach?

It’s also amusing that you place most of the blame for our increasing tuition on the university alone. Consider that we live in a state with a floundering economy, or that our public school is funded by a (more or less) OC-supported government which has slowly but surely decreased education funding. A government that has produced one of the most ineffective education funding bills ever and whose solution to budget crises is to further cut education spending. But somehow it’s still the university’s fault that tuition has increased three times, or ASUO’s mismanagement of funds, or anything but the politics you support as a publication. I ask myself how you can call yourselves fiscally conservative and still support current Republican financial policies. Unless you don’t plan to live long enough to pay the debt due to your pickled livers, that is. Otherwise, you get to pay off your student loans in addition to our current debt via your taxes—just like the rest of us protesting hippies. I guess we’re not so different, after all.

Sara Brickner is a writer for the Oregon Voice, which has published a whopping four issues this year, and the Eugene Weekly
Demonstrate your knowledge of questionable fringe political thought! Fun for the whole family! For each of the following thirteen excerpts, identify its source. Your choices are the Unabomber Manifesto; the website www.nazi.org, mouthpiece of the Libertarian National Socialist Green Party; The Turner Diaries, quite possibly the only book Timothy McVeigh ever read; and last but not least, our campus’s own lovable radical rag, the Student Insurgent. Choose wisely, and good luck! For each excerpt, circle the corresponding letter:

A. The Student Insurgent
B. The Unabomber Manifesto
C. Nazi.org
D. The Turner Diaries

Answers on page 22.

All excerpts are verbatim, with paragraph breaks edited for space.

Directions: Students have an hour to complete the test. After a question is answered, by filling out one of the four bubbles completely, a beer or shot must be consumed. Send tests to room 319, EMU for grading.

- This test is based on your knowledge of the University of Oregon’s wacky Marxist publication, the Student Insurgent.

- Use only a number two pencil.

- If you have feelings of dizziness, lightheadeness or nausia, put the test down. This may be an allergic reaction to incoherent thought.

- If you use a pen, we’ll know it

- No notes allowed.

- Seriously, dude. What did we say about pens. Now put it down. I’m not playing, man. I’ll find you, so don’t be a wiseass.
1. If you think that big government interferes in your life too much NOW, just wait till the government starts regulating the genetic constitution of your children. Such regulation will inevitably follow the introduction of genetic engineering of human beings, because the consequences of unregulated genetic engineering would be disastrous.

2. It is appropriate to remember that quite a few hegemonic monsters such as this one have risen -- and fallen -- over the centuries. The Nazis proclaimed a thousand-year Reich, the Soviets also claimed to be “the best”. Where are they now? Twenty years ago, who would have believed that the Soviet Union could collapse? Nothing is impossible, even though it might seem impossible. So, too, there may come a day when, as with “the former Soviet Union,” people will speak of “the former United States.”

3. An individual without a world would have no way to even form the concept of caring about anything but itself. So avoiding that extreme we favor a world where the individual would have relatively few experiences of authority, unless it was doing something truly out of line. The nickel and dime stuff in government, chasing down kids with drugs and the like, crushes a system.

4. Nature created neither servants nor masters. I want neither to rule nor to be ruled.

5. The right of the individual to have the options necessary for self-determination is one of the basic rights of our culture. In the creation of this system from natural boundaries, a necessary goal of a society which values the individual, it is essential to make nature secondary and to relish overruling it. What comes of this is the wholesale abuse of natural ecosystems, animal and plant life, media (air, water, earth) and resources that has been commonplace since the industrial revolution.

6. Death squads have a way of expanding their missions to whoever happens to be nearby. They get a taste of power and control and they need bigger and bigger doses. Do not expect this monster will not turn on its own people. It is floating loose from its moorings and no longer has any allegiance to the USA or any human value and there’s nothing to stop it. Along with this mess goes environmental disaster.

7. As we look on our current time and reflect how disturbed it is, we should also consider the past and how our ancestors once worked within nature instead of trying to apply a human ideal to it in order to divide it into conveniently digestible concepts.

8. Most of them, of course, will believe just what they’re told to believe. Basically, they want to be left alone with their beer and their television sets. Their mentality is a reflection of the movie-fan magazines and the TV sitcoms with which the System keeps them saturated.

9. Reform is always restrained by the fear of painful consequences if changes go too far. But once a revolutionary fever has taken hold of a society, people are willing to undergo unlimited hardships for the sake of their revolution. This was clearly shown in the French and Russian Revolutions. It may be that in such cases only a minority of the population is really committed to the revolution, but this minority is sufficiently large and active so that it becomes the dominant force in society.

10. History has a way of repeating itself. Just as the events of May 1968 in Paris were built upon student revolt and protest, we today find ourselves eager to make right what has been called the Twentieth Century’s single most important revolutionary event because of the fact that everyone participated, regardless of ethnicity, age, culture, or class boundary.

11. A revolutionary attitude is virtually non-existent in America, outside the Organization, and all our activities to date don’t seem to have changed this fact. The masses of people certainly aren’t in love with the System—in fact, their grumbling has increased steadily over the past six or seven years as living conditions have deteriorated but they are still far too comfortable and complacent to entertain the idea of revolt.

12. The conservatives are fools: They whine about the decay of traditional values, yet they enthusiastically support technological progress and economic growth. Apparently it never occurs to them that you can’t make rapid, drastic changes in the technology and the economy of a society without causing rapid changes in all other aspects of the society as well, and that such rapid changes inevitably break down traditional values.

13. The attitude always used to be that the U.S. government could do whatever it wanted to against the people of other countries, and Americans could enjoy watching the spectacle of the bombs falling and people dying, on TV from the comfort of their living rooms, while sipping their Budweiser or munching Twinkies.
At the University of Oregon, two publications tower far above all others; they are the twin powerhouses of the marketplace of ideas on campus. Of course, I mean the dorm’s two bathroom periodicals, *Stall Talk* and *Flush*.

Without question, these two periodicals were the brainchild of Frog during a bad acid trip. The main purpose of the pair, it seems, is to serve as emergency TP should the custodian neglect to restock the roll dispenser in the residence hall bathrooms. Merely thinking of these publications, if you can call them that, reminds me of the last squat I copped. I dare anyone to read one of these publications without being reminded of fecal matter.

*Flush*, which is arguably the more polished of the two, is put out by the University Residence Hall Association. While the content is insipid at best, the spelling and grammar, at least, are fairly accurate. Clearly, *Flush* is a tool of the Marxist dogmatists in power here on campus, as every article drips with commendation of the bland, pointless activities put on by the RHA. Mario Kart tournaments, “Better Room” competitions, and transgender discrimination panels are the caliber of functions advertised in this magazine. The main idea plugged this time of year is the “Room Race ′05”, a reference to the alleged rush of returning students vying for a spot in the dorms again next year. Had the administrators in the RHA ever actually lived in the dorms, though, they would know that they are actually steaming cesspools of repression and disease. When one is lucky enough to make it out of the residence hall system alive, he or she will be thankful for that gift, and never return to these bastions of evil and pain for any amount of money or other incentives. And yet, this publication advertises this totalitarian-style institution like it was Beverly Hills. Of course, how can I be critical of this place, or malcontent at all, when there is a showing of *Shrek 2* this Friday night on the big screen television in the lounge?

*Stall Talk*, on the other end of the spectrum, is a testament to the downward spiral of the educational quality of this institution. At first glance, this significantly more hackneyed rag appears to have been written by autistic third graders. Sadly, however, it is written and published by the FIG Assistants, who must maintain a 3.5 GPA and are responsible for the academic and intellectual pursuits of the upper crust of the freshman population on campus. With at least one misspelling or grammatical error on nearly every line, this publication takes the award for the “Most Badderestly Ritten” piece of media in the entire University. Consider, for example, this gem (keep in mind this is one big *sic*): “If it’s good enough for Yoda, then it’s gotta be da’ bomb. Besides, he’s a jedi master, who can shoot lightening from his hands”.

“Volcano Facts”, “Happy Pi Day”, and “Andy Warhol’s Dream America” are the highlight articles of this month and all could have been authored by illiterate convicts. Mistaking its for it’s, there for their or even they’re, or your for you’re are the most common errors, while more major grammatical slips are commonplace as well. Aside from the technical errors, *Stall Talk* features some truly terrible advice aimed at the impressionable youth of the UO. For example, in a recent article about “Paul’s Top 6 Hikes” around Eugene, the author discusses means of getting from the Mckenzie River Trail back to the University and mentions that he has “heard of people hitching back into town”, and that one “might want to bring some material for a sign!” Oh yeah, I heard about those kids hitching back into town; they were found in a ditch, naked, dead, and sodomized with their arms bound and gags in their mouths. Judging by the local color here in the Lane County area, even looking at strangers is probably a bad idea. Clearly, the authors of this publication have no opinions about anything relevant in the real world, much less the “marketplace of ideas.” However, the influence of the vast Marxist authority is plainly discernable, as most articles contain thinly veiled attempts to dupe hapless students into going to all of their classes and doing their homework.

Assuming that the average person is most susceptible to brainwashing while on the can, the dual powerhouses of the residence hall bathrooms clearly have the upper hand in the race to indoctrinate the tender freshmen youth with socialist ideals. However, this fact makes it feel that much better when I tear off the front page and use it to wipe my ass.

*Down the Crapper*

The two dorm publications, *Stall Talk* and *Flush*, are but two more examples that the Residence Hall hates freshmen

By Ben Hartley

Ben Hartley, who can usually be found smoking his hookah outside the Walton complex, is a staff writer for the *OC*
MATH RABBIT drinks too much!

I went to class today after drinking two VODKA LEMON DROPS!

No, really, he drinks WAY TOO MUCH!
I FUCKING HATE LOGARITHMS!

MATH RABBIT, one more outburst like that and I'll call security!

ARE YOU DRINKING MATH RABBIT?

DRINKIN'? HAH! I'M GONNA ---- I'M GONNA .... I'M GONI ... ....

I'M GONI TO REHAB!
I would like to ask her if getting as many students as possible in student government is still one of her goals. She should document how successful that has been.”

Bruce again references Wylie Chen as being an approachable executive. “Frankly, I don’t think Wylie liked me that much. But he said, ‘Here’s a Bruce Miller. He wants five minutes to talk to me. Let’s get him in and get him out. Maybe he’ll have something important to tell me.’”

Bruce obviously has strong feelings about student government, the city council, and people in positions of power. I decided to throw Bruce out some names and have him respond with the first thought that comes to his head. Bruce settles back in his seat and carefully ponders each name…

Jay Breslow Hard Worker
Peter Watts Polished
Joy Nair Shy
Nilda Brooklyn Rude
Wylie Chen Role Model
Dave Frohnmayer Underachiever
Jim Torrey Phony

People have dismissed Bruce Miller as a kook, a loony and a potentially dangerous stalker. This is nonsense. I tend to think of Bruce in more philosophical terms than his critics.

The University of Oregon has a pulse, an energy that bursts through the clouds and rain. During the fourth quarter of football games you can feel the energy charge the air. During a sunny spring day you can lay in the grass in front of the library and let the energy pour over you. Bruce Miller is a conduit of that energy, someone so overtaken by his concern for the University and its students that he puts the burden on himself to make it to every student senate meeting, every EMU board meeting, and every debate he can. It’s this energy that makes you glad to know Bruce Miller, glad to reach and shake his hand, glad to say “Thanks Bruce, thanks for being here.”

CONTINUED FROM 7

CONTINUED FROM 12

CONTINUED FROM 13

Editors doesn’t ruin his articles. For example, this volley of paragraphs from one of his columns:

“Club 1444 on Main Street in Springfield has all women. I’m thinking it has a closed down look.

It would feel good to stay in a walk-in meat freezer all summer — 24 hours, all day or night.

Travis is itching like crazy all summer long. Also, his itching nose and crazy watery eyes get ready.

You can stop violence, make it come to an end.”

Mackwood has been writing for the paper for well over three years and is the most creative writer the publication has.

Mackwood’s insight into everyday things helps the world turn a little bit more smoothly and makes recovering from the hangover induced by the other columnists just a little bit easier. He’s very Zen.

Overall, this paper is not worth the trip to look at it, and unlike the ODE, they do not distribute across town. There’s no reason to obtain a copy unless you have the need to light a campfire or commit arson. If one of these is the case, then this little paper makes a fine way to start. It is The Torch, after all. Burn it.

Michael G, who somehow survived LCC, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.

Olly Ruff, whose brief affiliation with the Oregon Voice is but one of his dark, sordid secrets, is associate editor of the OC

Answer Key: 1-B; 2-A; 3-C; 4-A; 5-C; 6-A; 7-C; 8-D; 9-B; 10-A; 11-D; 12-B; 13-A

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Quick Hacks

The Eugene Weekly
The highlight of the Eugene Weekly is usually the Letters section. Of course, that’s a bit like saying that Suddenly Susan is generally considered the highlight of Brooke Shields’ career, but the point stands. Most of the Letters are hilarious, long-winded rants about how (Bush/economic growth/Date Girl) is causing (the entire world/the wetlands/every woman in Cascadia) to (go up in flames/disappear/join the sex industry). The writer generally concludes his or her diatribe by condemning the Weekly for somehow aiding (Bush/economic growth/Date Girl). If only this were true. The Weekly is about as anti-growth as a publication can get. In their March 24th Slant editorial, the editorial staff incredibly argues that enterprise zones should be banned in the Eugene city limits. Apparently too many Veneta residents are taking their paychecks home with them, and the EW’s solution to this (and, incredibly, the city’s unemployment problem) is to discourage business growth in Eugene. Thank God most people read the Weekly for Sally Sheklow’s insights into men’s underwear rather than its editorial opinions.

The Oregon Conifer
The Oregon Conifer’s editors have a love of the font Comic Sans that you would expect from a Robitussin-addicted 12-year old. While it is sensibly kept off of the front page, the font which many thought was only relegated to Geocities web pages pervades their journal. But what else would you expect from a publication that prints text in full page columns and loudly proclaims that “Environmentalism is dead!”? While there are many things to criticize in the Conifer besides its layout, it’s a bit too easy to pick on poems about wolves and ads for clubhouses.

The Peaceworker
This paper’s pretty much impossible to read sober, so let’s play the Peaceworker drinking game! Here are the rules:
  • Article makes unsubstantiated claim of impending draft: 1 drink
  • Article confuses nuclear weapons with conventional weapons: 2 drinks
  • Article directly labels Bush administration as “Bushies”: 2 drinks
  • Article directly labels Bush administration as fascist: 4 drinks
  • Article author claims that he “can understand, empathize and even agree with much of the logic of Osama bin Laden or Ward Churchill” and is labeled as having taken the “center, moderate, inoffensive path”: 5 drinks
  • Article quotes Scott Ritter, Ward Churchill, or Bernie Sanders: 2 drinks
  • Multiple articles by one author in one issue: 2 drinks/additional article
  • Advertisement for “alternative” or “progressive” business or co-op: 1 drink
  • Article mentions missile defense systems: 3 drinks
  • Back cover: finish the bottle, take the ASVAB.

Note: drink quantities have been minimized in an effort to not kill off our readership.

The Employment Guide
This is pretty much an empty publication. Looking for a job in Eugene is like looking for humor in a Jimmy Falon movie: frustratingly long and ultimately incensing. It is a large improvement over its sister publication, the Unemployment Guide, which focuses on bong cozies, check forging schemes, and crippling depression.

Northwest Brewing News
The best publication in the pacific northwest, hands-down.
ON YOUR MOTHER IS A COW—

With mother’s day this weekend, why not recognize the bonds of motherhood in all animals — particularly mothers who most need our help, such as those stuck in factory farms.
--UO grad student Carrie Packwood Freeman in the Weekly. No. Please, tell me she’s not going there.

Let’s trade places with theses [sic] animals and imagine if your mother were… enslaved as a breeder in a tiny crate her whole life....
--Oh God, she is.

…Selectively bred with hormones to have profitable, gorging mammary glands, pumped by machine, not for her baby, but so adults ofanother species could needlessly drink her milk… Crowded in indoor cages with other women her whole life to have her menstrual products (eggs) harvested for consumption…
--It goes on in this vein. If we promise to only eat bacon from male pigs, will you give it a rest?

ON THE VAGINA FILIBUSTER

The vagina is a spectrum of pain, joy, desire, cravings, innocence, memories, scars, and insecurities. It is where life can both begin and end.
--Yet more pretentiousness from the Siren on the subject of a woman’s “special area”, noted here for the worrying image of life ending therein.

They cry. They laugh. They love. They want. They will bleed. They are living, breathing, emotional and responsive.
--Ibid. Pop quiz: spot the literally true statement!
ON THE POINT OF FREE SPEECH

So what’s the point of free speech? How about the personal fulfillment of the speaker, the attainment of truth, and the functioning of democracy? Cool.

--Damian Kemp in the Insurgent. And who gets to decide whether speech serves these lofty ideals and can therefore be legally permitted? You’ll be astonished to hear this, but apparently it’s Damian Kemp.

...those who deny [Ward Churchill] a forum are, no doubt, the kind of people who want us all to have filters on our minds to keep out “politically incorrect” facts and ideas; so they can usher us into the New World Order... these are people who will tell you with a straight face that the First Amendment was never meant to protect “offensive” or “hateful” speech.

--Valdas Anelauskas in the same Insurgent, ironically enough.

Slide Into Fascism Complete.

--Characteristically muted headline on page facing Kemp’s article. Come on, Insurgent: make your minds up.

ON MEANWHILE, IN THE PAPER OF RECORD

I know you don’t give a damn about Social Security. I know now that I’ve mentioned Social Security you’re probably not going to finish reading this article.

--Gabe Bradley in the ODE: opening with his strong stuff.

Nowadays, new holes are bashed into the wall with each anti-feminist move of the Bush administration, and neighbors cower in fear at the sound of my broken, angry cries over prison abuse, ultra-conservative judicial nominees and a No Child Left Behind Act that leaves the state of public education (behind) in a cloud of underpaid teachers and facilities.

--Commentary Editor Ailee Slater in the ODE: still resolutely not switching to decaf.
COMMENTATOR NINJA

“Disgusting and offensive on many levels”

-Western Oregon Web Press