

SURVIVAL GUIDE • WYLIE SPEAKS • CAMPUS CASH

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

OCTOBER 13, 1999 • VOLUME XVII, ISSUE I • A JOURNAL OF OPINION



Back to the Booze '99

*Plus:
Hard liquor,
Stick figures,
empty rhetoric,
ad absurdum!*



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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 September 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 sixteen-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

INSIDE

1999 LIQUOR PRICE GUIDE (FOR MINORS)

Tape this to your wall before you forget.

PAGE 6

ANY PORTER IN A STORM

A virtual A-Z of what you should know but don't, shouldn't know but will, and whatever else **Brandon Hartley** deemed (im)proper.

PAGE 8

WWWD?

He's an unbridled optimist. He's got a One-Shot. He's your 1999-00 ASUO Exec. He's **Wylie Chen**.

PAGE 12

A CARDFUL OF DOLLARS?

In the name of convenience, Campus Cash is still trying to win your heart. **William Beutler** reports.

PAGE 14

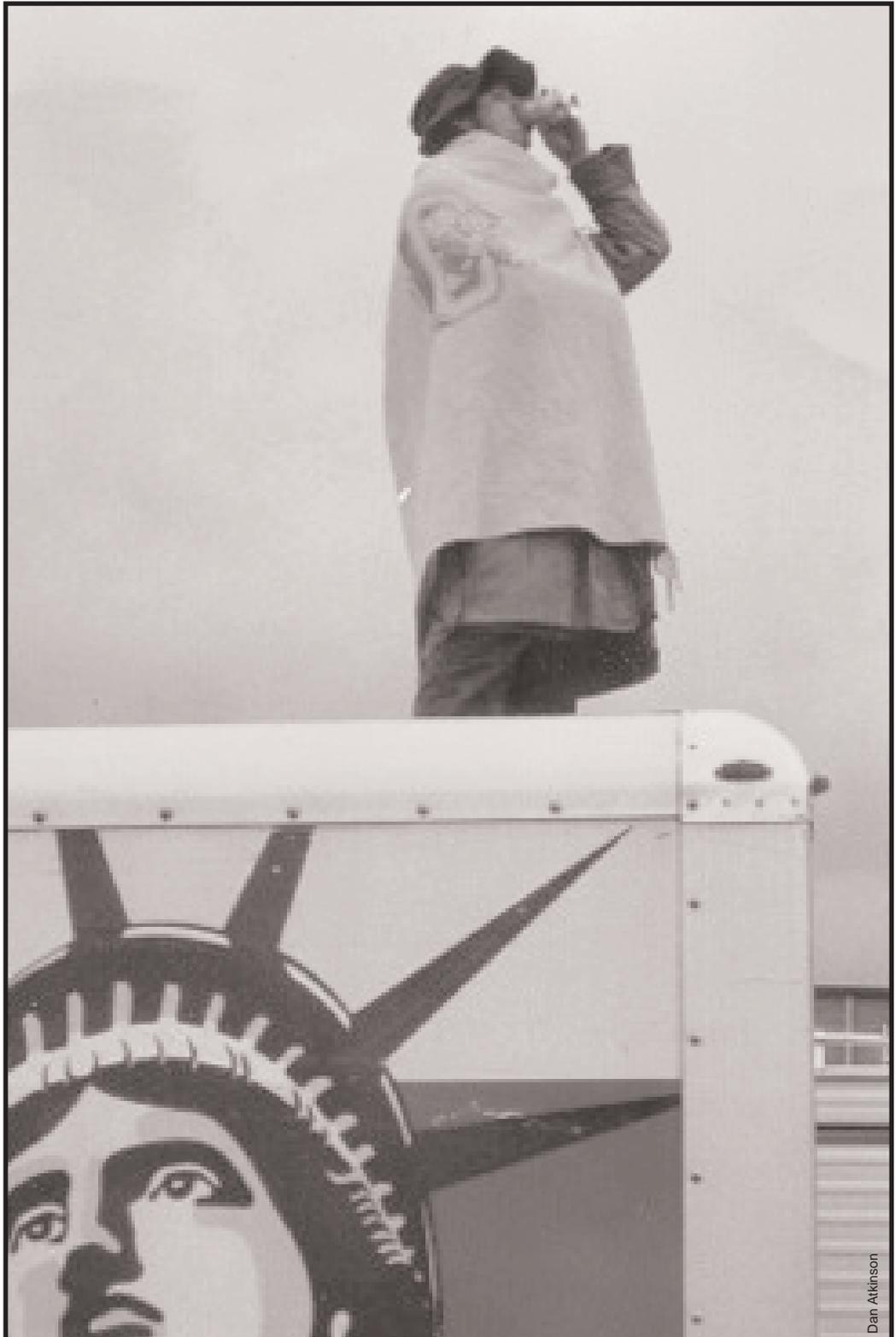
COLLOQUIAL QUAGMIRE.

You heard **Joseph Ryan** the first time.

PAGE 18

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL	4
NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...	5
	6
ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE	20
SPEW	22



Dan Atkinson

October 13, 1999

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Contrary to popular belief, this is the first issue of the year.

THE *STATE OF* THE *PUBLICATION* ADDRESS

This is the first term of the rest of your education. Fear not: there's booze to drown out the piercing screams of your inner demons. And another year of the OC.



Fellow COMMENTATOR groupies and assorted hangers on:

Every year, we take a step back for perspective (and to regain our footing) and ask ourselves the same damn question: what are we going to do with the approximate 450,000 sheets of #50 bookstock annually allocated to us by the ASUO?

We must admit that our first instinct is to trade half of it for rubber cement and tapioca, roll around in the resulting glop, and run around campus, free of the burdens that our non-paper/adhesive/pudding society steadfastly—nay, ignorantly—holds sacred. This however, is strictly taboo, and we're not likely to admit to this in person. It also leaves us with a lot of blank pages.

This being the COMMENTATOR, someone at the first meeting usually suggests that we blow the whole thing on booze. This usually results in hours of debate over a bottle of Jim Beam and Bombay Sapphire—ginskey, as the wise ones used to call it. After which we are already drunk (not that we weren't before), and we've forgotten where we are. Generally this does not happen on University property, but we're not perfect.

For the past sixteen-odd years, we've decided to continue printing magazines because, if for no other reason, it's what we did last year. Not to mention the year before that.

On more than one occasion, we've weighed the option of changing to a glossy, all-color Dave Frohnmayer fanzine. Dave Gets a Haircut, Dave Eats at

the Carson Cafeteria, Dave Sits in on a Writing 122 Class; that sort of thing. However, it's not quite our *raison d'être*. The truth is, we're surprised that popular demand has not spawned such a magazine.

Years ago, we almost went to an all-Myles Brand format, but it just didn't take.

Every year, the answer is more or less the same. Last year, we jettisoned our pre-occupation with student government and revamped our layout. This year, we're in store for a few more tweaks. The changes shouldn't be too much of a difference from previous years. We're not talking about a *New & Improved OREGON COMMENTATOR—Under New Management!* here; things aren't that drastic. The magazine will be more or less the magazine that it has always been, though hopefully a little stronger in some respects.

The Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc. hereby resolves to:

1) Aim for legitimacy. As one of our editors remarked in a drunken fit of rage, "It's about goddamned time there was another voice of fact on campus to compete with those arrogant punks at the ODE." Less ranting, more investigative journalism.

2) Increase our visibility. The aim is to be a household word around the campus. This generally means more pranks, more pervasive stories, and some measure of publicity. Details forthcoming.

3) Put out magazines on a semi-regular basis. This we've done before. We think we have a handle on the situation.

Thanks for listening. Next year we'll try to keep it brief.

NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...

WHO'S THE SHAM?

With the popularity of Minnesota Gov. Jesse "The Revolving Nickname" Ventura supposedly plummeting, there has to be a different angle on the recent controversy. Is there one? Yes, yes there is. Since we're not sure what it is, the following will have to suffice. ¶ Seven years ago, then-Gov. Clinton was vilified for having smoked marijuana; this summer, when allegations of cocaine use dogged current-Gov. George W. Bush, it blew over much more easily. Essentially, Clinton took the brunt of the controversy, after which, it wasn't worth getting upset over. Neither are Ventura's opinions. ¶ Look another five years down the road. Another prominent politician will set aside the bullshit for once and say something that offends a large number of people. Just watch and see if Ventura hasn't paved the way for others to say what's really on their mind—whether you like it or not. ¶ And, for the record, Ventura wasn't that far off the mark.

HAIKU CORNER

BY VIGGY "SUPAFREAK" JAMES



GODFATHER OF SOULAKU (WRITTEN)

Good God, can you fee' the funk?
Step back, kiss myself
Movin' it, groovin' it. HEY!



GODFATHER OF SOULAKU (SPOKEN)

Git' naw da sagga gibley...
git' ret' do ma thang...
unh, two, thee, fo' HAW! Aw 'ight!



File Photos

THINGS TO DO

*The Office of Public Safety loves practical jokes. Here are a few you can try yourself.**

- Scattered throughout campus are boxes with buttons and little blue lights on top. Push the button, then run to the next one, and do the same. Repeat. How many can you find?
- Time yourself. Good for exercise!
- Invite a friend join you. Great for making friends!
- Hide from the white vans when they show up. OPS loves hide-and-seek almost as much as they love practical jokes.

OCTOBER 13, 1999

*Note: Do not try yourself.

THE ASKS:

What bowl do you think the Ducks are headed for this year?

ANALYSIS	PREDICTION
 A.J. Feeley QB Phew! I thought that first game was gonna be the end of me. We're goin' all the way this year, baby!	We're gonna win the Super Bowl!
 Matt Smith ILB Anybody think I look like Kubiak from <i>Parker Lewis Can't Lose</i> ? Really, anyone? C'mon, humor me.	I'll settle for the Hollywood Bowl
 The Knob EMU It depends on how they fare in the Pac-10. Feeley's numbers are promising, but if Droughns can't stay healthy, it could spell trouble for the postseason.	MCI-Citicorp-NYNEX-WorldCom Cotton Bowl
 Herman Ho-Ching TE Fuck, man. The only bowl I'm headed for is gonna be... er, I gotta consult my lawyer first, yo. F'real, doe.	Moshofsky parking lot right after practice, doe.
 Tim Pyle HACK I'm telling you, I can only use so many sports metaphors before I just start repeating myself. Think they'd put me in as backup Rover?	The Orange Bowl would sure recharge my battery.
 T.J. Tomlin ROV Where am I? Who am I? How did I get trapped in this box? Oh god, what a nightmare. Wait a second... <i>I'm</i> the Rover. Go Ducks!	World Series, right?
 Mike Bellotti COACH Da da dah da da da da dah da da da ...Mighty Oregon!	Procter & Gamble Rose-product Bowl

NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...

Clip 'n Save!



1999 LIQUOR PRICE GUIDE FOR MINORS



Sending that 21year old friend to the liquor store so you and your friends can get trashed? Tired of that friend "never having any change left" from the \$20 you gave him or her? Use our handy liquor price guide to tell 'em exactly what you want and know how much it costs!

Whiskeys	\$/375ml	\$/750ml	\$/1.75L
Monarch	4.40	7.45	16.25
Black Velvet	5.95	10.45	21.95
Jim Beam	6.50	12.45	25.95
Jack Daniels	9.65	17.45	38.95
Wild Turkey	10.45	19.95	36.95
Crown Royal	11.95	22.50	49.95
Vodkas			
HRD	3.55	6.30	13.50
Gordon's	5.15	8.45	18.95
Smirnoff	7.45	11.95	23.95
Absolut	9.95	19.75	37.95
Gins			
Monarch	***	6.15	13.30
Seagram's	5.95	9.95	21.95
Gordon's	5.95	10.25	21.95
Beefeater	9.95	19.45	38.95
Rums			
Monarch Gold	4.10	6.80	14.80
Captain Morgan	6.95	13.45	26.45
Bacardi 151	10.25	19.30	***
Liquers			
Southern Comfort	7.95	12.95	26.95
Jagermeister	11.75	21.95	***
Kahlua	11.95	18.95	38.95
Bailey's	12.95	19.95	39.95



-FURNISHED BY BENN



1999-00 Academic Calendar

Fall Term

Registration	5/17-28
New Student Orientation	9/22-24
Classes begin	9/27
Last day to drop classes w/o 'W'	10/4
Last day to reg/add classes	10/6
Last day to withdraw from classes	11/12
Thanksgiving vacation	11/25-26
Last day of classes	12/3
Final examinations	12/6-10
Grades due	12/14

Winter Term

Registration	11/15-12/3
Classes begin	1/5
Last day to drop classes w/o 'W'	1/12
Last day to reg/add classes	1/14
Martin Luther King holiday*	1/17
Last day to withdraw from classes	2/18
Last day of classes	3/10
Final examinations	3/13-17
Spring vacation	3/20-26
Grades due	3/20

Spring Term

Registration	2/21-3/10
Classes begin	3/27
Last day to drop classes w/o 'W'	4/3
Last day to reg/add classes	4/5
Last day to withdraw from classes	5/12
Memorial Day holiday*	5/29
Last day of classes	6/2
Final examinations	6/5-9
Commencement	6/10
Grades due	6/13

Correction: There were several mistakes in the summer issue of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, notably in "The Cause of and Solution to All of Life's Problems." If you found them, congratulations. If you didn't, then never mind.

FILLER YOU CAN USE

Tuition and Fees

Undergraduate Students

Resident, 12-18 credits \$3,700

Nonresident, 12-18 \$12,800

Graduate Students

Resident, 9-16 credits \$6,335

Nonresident, 9-16 credits \$10,765

Law Students

Resident \$10,335

Nonresident \$14,100

Useful URLs:

Need beer money?

<http://uocareer.uoregon.edu/>

Think you'll get in trouble for that?

<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~conduct/code.htm>

Do I have a class to skip?

<http://duckweb.uoregon.edu>

I can't ever remember that number.

<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~jqj/phone/index.html>

Got another MIP?

<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~legal/>

Teaching Faculty

Full-time Faculty 747

Male 475

Female 272

Asian, Pacific Islander 45

Black, Non- Hispanic 10

Native American or Alaskan Native 5

White, Non-Hispanic 662

Part-time faculty 445

Male 222

Female 223

Asian, Pacific Islander 19

Black, Non- Hispanic 1

Hispanic/Latino/Chicano 6

Native American or Alaskan Native 1

White, Non-Hispanic 418

Crime Stats on Campus

	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997
Criminal Homicide	0	0	0	0	1
Forcible Sexual Assault* (1 attempt)	2	0	0	3	2
Non-Forcible Sexual Assault**	0	3	6	7	0
Robbery	3	3	4	2	1
Aggravated Assault**	15	12	7	1	0
Burglary	41	51	53	76	54
Theft:					
From Vehicles	75	54	74	95	86
From Buildings	182	252	194	177	162
Bicycles	160	170	302	188	281
Motor Vehicle Theft (Unauthorized use)	1	3	5	9	4
Arson	1	13	24	17	30
Drug Arrests	3	18	25	21	106(1)
Liquor Law Arrests	36	24	23	58	194(1)
Weapons Law Arrests	1	1	1	2	0
Bias Crimes	6	2	5	3	5
Bomb Threats	1	0	0	2	3
Total	531	531	531	531	531

* Rape is one of the most underreported crimes according to the FBI. Nine out of ten sexual assaults and rapes are not reported.

** Crimes now differentiated between forcible and non-forcible due to Higher Education Amendment of 1992 (Pub. L. 102-325).

- In 1995 one aggravated assault involved bias or hate.

- In 1996, the single aggravated assault involved bias or hate.

- In 1996 Greek Houses (fraternities and sororities) and Housing Co-ops were included in these crime statistics.

(1) In 1997, a "No Tolerance" position was taken in a group effort by the Eugene Police Department and the University of Oregon, wherein the percentage of focused enforcement increased dramatically with no significant reduction in student drinking. It is important to note that while these violations were UO students, the majority of these violations occurred in off-campus locations.

ANY PORTER IN A STORM

THE 1999 OC SURVIVAL GUIDE

According to Time Magazine, roughly 84% of incoming freshman will return to the University of Oregon for their sophomore year of college. A mere 35% will actually graduate in four years. Will you be among them? Not unless you memorize every nugget of advice we've got for you.

BY BRANDON HARTLEY

Every year, the COMMENTATOR prints a Survival Guide offering freshman advice on how to successfully adjust to college life—you know, how to get your blackhead-encrusted hands on beer without bothering that creepy 27-year old grad student down the hall. Presented here are easy-to-follow instructions on how to excel not only in beer buying, but in each corner of the holy trinity of college survival: alcohol, academic dishonesty and finances. Heed our advice and it'll be smoooooth sailing for the next four years. Within a week you might even be able to grow facial hair.

Trust us.

Alky-hol and how to get it

Plan A

STEP 1. Round up a few old GI-Joe walkie-talkies, fifteen feeder goldfish and a dozen of your fellow frathouse rejects. Pump yourselves full of nitrous oxide and stagger on over to Tom's Market.

STEP 2. Take cover in the shadows behind the store until a cop cruiser (preferably one with a K9 unit in the backseat) pulls up.

STEP 3. While the police slowly gather together hordes of stale coffee and Hostess Fruit Pies, split your forces into two groups: Echo Squadron and Yahoo Altavista 1.

STEP 4. *Yahoo Altavista 1:* Head to the back and fill the pockets of your \$78 Abercrombie & Fitch shorts with 32 ounces of High Life and Pabst Blue Ribbon. Why steal expensive beer when you can drink the same stuff that bums across the nation swear by? *Echo Squadron:* Linger in the Frito aisle and wait for the signal

STEP 5. *Yahoo Altavista 1:* Bumrush the door and begin shouting "Fuck you, you capitalist swine, this inexpensive beer now belongs to the Che Reich! ¡Viva la revolucion!" *Echo Squadron:* Distract both the police and the clerk behind the counter by dropping your pants and frantically waving your genitals in the air.

STEP 6. *Yahoo Altavista 1:* Head for the

rendezvous point outside Mac Court, making sure to sneakily utilize all available sewers and alleyways while humming the theme song to Hawaii 5-0. *Echo Squadron:* Flee the store and drop the goldfish on your way out. The police will attempt to pursue, only to slip on the goldfish à la "Police Academy 12: Michael Winslow Impersonates a Lawnmower for Two Hours."

STEP 7. Regroup both squadrons at the rendezvous point, pop back a cold one and briefly reflect on a job well done.

STEP 8. Stagger back to the dorms, tunelessly shouting the lyrics to the second act of "Les Miserables." We're not quite sure where the GI Joe walkie-talkies work into all this, but they should come in handy somewhere along the line. *Anyway, this plan is 100% guaranteed to work, honest!*

Plan B (version 2.015)

STEP 1: Find a computer with a scanner. Scan a picture of your drivers' license and switch around the numbers on the birthdate to read 7/34/13. Replace your own picture with one of the Powerpuff Girls and screw around with the contrast. Print out a copy in black and white. Don't bother to laminate it.

STEP 2: Get a double-barreled shotgun, a pair of smudged Ray-Bans and a long trench coat à la Columbine.

STEP 3: Head on over to Circle K.

STEP 4: Grab a couple sixers of Saxer Bock and lurch on up to the counter

STEP 5: When the clerk asks for your ID, put on your best Dirty Harry/Terminator/ Detective John McClaine impersonation and gruffly respond, "You want my ID? well, all right."

STEP 5.2: Reach into your pocket and throw your fakey at the clerk.

STEP 6: After the clerk refuses to accept your ID, pull out the shotgun and shove it in their stomach. Begin shouting, "Will this ID do, bitch?" (replace "bitch" with "cocksucker" if the clerk happens to be male)

STEP 7: Politely request that the clerk to drop to their knees and beg for your mercy.

STEP 1,816: Toy with the clerk for a

while and patiently wait for him/ her to begin sobbing. Kill time by flipping through a copy of Hot Buns. After he/ she begins tugging at the cuff of your pants in sheer terror, toss the shotgun onto the counter and begin chuckling. Dry your tears of laughter and say, "Shit man, I was just fooling around. Don't get so emotional."

STEP 9: Help the clerk up and give him/ her a big ol' teddy bear hug.

STEP 10: Make small talk for a few minutes. Possible topics of discussion: baseball, the weather and the stunning lack of quality Arabic porn in the Eugene area. When the conversation hits a lull offer to clean out the Slushy machine.

STEP 67: Pick up your beer and quietly exit the store, making sure to blow kisses at the security camera on the way out. The odds of this plan going off flawlessly are only 90%. Sorry.

Academic (Piss)Honesty

The Eleven Best Ways to Get on your Professor's "Good Side:"

11. Fellatio!

10. Bring a box of Animal Crackers to lecture. Line up all the animals in neat rows on your desk. As you eat them, pretend that they're pleading for their lives. Laugh maniacally at their pleas. When the professor stops the lecture and asks you to quiet down, throw the crackers at him/ her and storm out of the hall.

9. In the middle of lecture, remove a small bowl from your backpack. Drop your pants and defecate into it. Add some urine for consistency and a little vomit for texture. Eat the revolting mess. Offer your professor a bite.

8. Follow your professor home. Set up a tent in their driveway, and spend your days sifting through his/ her trash and performing wheelies on a dirtbike. When they finally ask you to leave, introduce yourself and tell them what class you're in. Then, before breaking camp, saunter over to the gas tank on » their BMW and fill it full of powdered sugar and broken glass.

7. Wait outside your lecture hall and wait

for your professor to show up for class. Stop them and begin asking them incredibly obvious questions about the syllabus, such as “what’s a syllabus?” and “do we actually have to read the required reading?” (There’s a student in ENG. 315 that swears by this method)

6 Attend office hours. Remove a portable stereo and a copy of GWAR’s “Phallus in Wonderland.” Put the volume on max. As other students wander in, demand that they pledge their allegiance to GWAR’s intergalactic empire. If they refuse, remind them that GWAR’s legion of space pirates will eat their entrails when they finally decide to put down their instruments and get serious about their plans for world domination.

5. Fellatio!

4. In the middle of a random lecture, pull a syringe and a small baggy of uncut heroin out of your backpack. Shoot up and begin moaning in ecstasy. Offer your professor some.

3. In the middle of a random lecture, remove a small baggy filled with horse tranquilizers from your backpack. Pop a couple and back clutching your chest. After the intense heart palpitations subside, offer your professor some.

2. Get pregnant. Even if you’re a guy, get pregnant. Wait until the third trimester and walk into your lecture both late and stark raving nude. Begin speaking in tongues and waving your arms in the air. Chase your professor around the hallway while screaming like a rabid penguin. (see the Oprah Winfrey version “Beloved” for further pointers)

1. Fellatio!

D’s Earn Degrees (unless you’re an English major)

Once you’ve made the conscious decision to spend your college years in a constant drug/ alcohol/ Playstation induced haze there just isn’t any time for academics. Who has time for “going to class” or “studying” or “getting out of bed” when you’re busy trying to keep those pesky mutant pixies from fucking with your stereo’s bass setting? The best way to go about juggling both your insatiable hunger

for distorted reality and your homework is to cheat.

So cheat, already. What? You want some advice on how to go about it? What do we look like, the masters in the art of scholastic deception? We don’t owe you anything, mister. Learn how to cheat your way through college on your own. What, do you think this is an advice column or something? Oh yeah. Never mind. Let’s move on.

Money

What to Do When You Suddenly Come to the Abrupt Realization that You’ve Spent all of Yours on Pot and Those Trendy Cotton Tapestries That Some Hippie Guy’s Always Selling on the Lawn Outside the Collier House. Hmmm, this Subhead is Awfully Long. Maybe I Should Stop Typing. Yeah, That’s Probably a Good Idea.

Need money? You could always..

- Sell blood, and lots of it.
- Start up your own illegal baby-trading ring.
- Invest the rest of your savings in Video Poker and scratch-off tickets.
- Participate in the Walk for Breast Cancer and keep all your pledges.
- Steal stoplights and sell them for scrap metal.
- Sell sperm.
- Get a degrading job in the Carson cafeteria where you’ll spend five hours a day getting laughed at by all your fellow dormrats.
- Stand on a street corner next to a portable radio while holding a sign that sez, “I’m playing the radio, now gimme some money.”
- Root through campus trash containers in search of all those pop cans that lazy students just throw away, only to quickly realize every single homeless person in the city has already taken them all.
- Make tiny sculptures out of your boogers and try to sell them at the Street Fair.
- Sell off all your internal organs (who needs a pancreas, anyway?).
- Beg your 15 year old brother for money since he’s pulling in a grand a week sell-

ing ‘shrooms to fifth graders and has nothing better to do with his disposable income than to blow it all on Pokemon cards.

- Fill up empty bottles of Henry’s with your own urine and sell them to unsuspecting kids over in the Bean complex.
- Steal a handful of Frog’s joke books and sell them at reduced price.
- Become an accountant for a jet-set millionaire, wait until the right moment, then kill him and take over his identity.
- Gather together a bunch of highly-trained German terrorists, one of whom just so happens to be a popular ballet dancer that will later die of AIDS, take over the fictional Nagasaki Towers in LA and make off with \$60 million in stock only to be finally to be later foiled by a tough-as-nails cop from New York.
- Gather together a bunch of highly-trained Russian terrorists, hijack the Dulles International Airport in Washington DC and demand both a fat ransom and the release of a drug baron being extradited to America for trial only to be later foiled by the same tough-as-nails cop from New York .
- Gather together a *different* group of highly-trained German terrorists, terrorize New York City with carefully placed bombs in order to distract NYPD from your real plan to steal \$2 billion in gold from an underground safe beneath Wall Street only to be later foiled by the exact same tough-as-nails cop from New York and Samuel L. Jackson.
- You could always get off your lazy ass and get a part-time job you lazy prick!*

Oh, and remember when all else fails, tying your penis between your legs in order to fool other men into actually paying to have sex with you is *always a viable option.*

In All Seriousness... F’real ‘doe, f’real.

Fake ID’s (don’t trust ‘em)

Sure, fakeys may seem like the best way to score a couple of sixers, but they really, really aren’t. Trust us on this one:

we've been there, and a few of us have even been hunted down by agents of the state and slapped with a series of hefty fines. Be it Rennie's, 7-11 or Doc's Pad (especially Doc's Pad), if you repeatedly use a fake ID in this town, *you will eventually get busted*. I, Brandon R. Hartley, have, after several months of intense investigation and research, come up with the following theorem which has already been proven countless times by countless students here at the U of O:

Hartley's Law of Misrepresentation of Age

1. You can use a fake ID once and you will get beer.
2. You can use a fake ID a second time, you will get beer and maybe even some booze.
3. You can use a fake ID a third time and have your ID confiscated by some uptight waitress only to be later hunted

gazed at the leather chairs upon which these tyrants rest their buttocks. And I'm willing to share all I've learned. Pay attention and save yourself a couple hundred bucks.

Most fake ID's are incredibly easy to spot. Break out your wallet and see how many of the following errors your own fakey contains:

1. Most fakes have incredibly poor lamination. The edges are usually rough and shredded because counterfeiters aren't willing to invest several hundred dollars on a high-quality lamination machine.
2. The surface of a real ID is smooth. The surface on your average fake ID has a bumpy surface, especially around the picture.
3. Both the picture and the masthead (the part at the top where the name of the

on it. Sure, this seems pretty obvious but he or she might try to convince you that this is a good idea. The counterfeiter may claim that with your real name on the ID, you can always back up your fake with say, a school ID or a library card. Trust me though, no self-respecting purveyor of beer will ever ask for a second piece of identification. Stick with "John Doe" or "Susie Homemaker."



MILWAUKEE'S BEST ICE MAY SEEM APPEALING BECAUSE OF ITS LOW PRICE AND HIGH ALCOHOL CONTENT, BUT BE WARNED: "THE BEAST" TURNS COMMON MEN INTO BELLIGERENT, PIG-LIKE MUTANTS.

down like a muskrat by OLCC goons and slapped with approx. \$500 in fines.

I have been to the other side; I have spent time with those who sell beer for a living. I have seen their ways, studied their habits and have even held conversations about the Blazers with them. I have sold beer to minors myself, and I have had my car keyed after not selling beer to minors.

Yes, I reluctantly admit that I spent last summer working as a clerk in a convenience store. I've even been into the heart of darkness, the very epicenter of that which makes the drinking for underage citizens a tremendous hassle.

Last June I spent 45 minutes in a meeting room within the depths of (*gasp!*) the Oregon Liquor Control Commission (OLCC) headquarters. I have mingled with their minions and I have

state is placed) are often blurry and dark. On a real ID, these features are bright, sharp and easy to read.

4. Most counterfeiters aren't willing to put any time and effort on the backside of the fake. A friend of mine wasted \$50 on a Texas ID which didn't even have anything written on the back. The backside of your average real ID usually contains either a signature or a lengthy amount of information on donor status, et cetera.
5. ID's in most states have the driver's birthdate written in red ink. The color red is the most difficult for counterfeiters to get right, which is why it's becoming increasingly utilized by DMV's across the country. The red ink used by counterfeiters is usually way, way too bright.

If you still insist on getting a fake, *Do not let the counterfeiter put your real name*

No matter how good they are and no matter how authentic that cheesy hologram looks, your fake ID will get confiscated. Most waitresses and courtesy-clerks in this city have been bribed by their employers to confiscate fake ID's and turn them to the OLCC. This policy allows taverns and convenience stores to get on good terms with the organization, especially if they themselves have been caught by undercover sting operations.

Before you make the decision, ask yourself, "Is a drink worth \$500 and an enormous amount of legal hassles?" If your answer is no, get a 21 year-old to buy for you or try your luck at local bars without an ID. If this doesn't work, all it will cost is a brief moment of embarrassment after you've been politely asked to leave the premises.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

WWWWD?

BY WYLIE CHEN
PRESIDENT,
ASUO

Welcome back, U of O students! I hope...

What Would Wylie Do?

you have all had an enjoyable and eventful summer filled with rest and relaxation. Your ASUO Vice President, Mitra, and I, along with a handful of amazing Executive staff members have been in Eugene these past few months preparing for the upcoming year. This summer, though arduous, has been immensely productive.

We had to undertake a lot of restructuring and dispatch with numerous obstacles thrown up during the course of the summer. Loose ends had to be tied, lots of lingering paperwork had to be handled, and solutions had to be posed to counterbalance the '98 Exec's brilliant decision to eliminate the invaluable position of Executive Coordinator. But, after a summer's worth of sleepless nights and fast food, we here in your new ASUO are finally squared away and ready to push on into the new year.

Our priorities for this year are—yes, at times politicians can be constant—the same ones we presented in our campaign: outreach, accountability, and diversity. We don't plan on holding any special elections (unless of course such a special election could get Taco Time back in the Fishbowl...Crispy Meat Burritos@...mmm.). We plan, instead, to establish a dialogue with you, the student body, in hopes of developing an honest and open rapport where you can feel as though the ASUO is acting in accordance with your wishes. Our hope is that through outreach the ASUO will be a viable outlet for your concerns and play an active part in accurately representing you, instead of appearing to func-

tion as an autonomous bunch of detached popinjays roosting at the bottom floor of the EMU. And if outreach won't do the trick, we have ways of making you talk...

Accountability is our second bulleted priority. By accountability we mean keeping the administration and ASUO accountable to students. Those in leadership positions sometimes get on the wrong page with their constituents; this is normal. But good leaders keep themselves and others accountable when they're not staying true to the agreed upon course, and making the appropriate changes. By accountability we also mean making sure that programs use their resources effectively. If the OREGON COMMENTATOR staff doesn't produce an issue for 4 months and we notice that the Editor-in-Chief and a couple of his buddies are all suddenly peacocking around campus in newly bought BMW's, we won't turn a blind eye. Silly examples aside, just making sure all organizations on campus are doing what they're supposed to be doing is the right thing to do.

Improving diversity on campus is our third, and perhaps most important priority. We don't only intend to work on the recruitment and retention of faculty of under-represented groups, but also to create a safe, comfortable and respectful environment for all students and staff on and off campus grounds. And, despite the jocular tone of this One-Shot, I can't bring myself to supply any sort of levity when addressing this topic; its gravity is too severe

BACK TO THE BOOZE '99

and its implications are too broadcast. Improving diversity is a social concern, not just a campus one, and we hope that by striving towards this end we can affect not just the atmosphere of this campus but that of the broader world. I grant, it's a bit idealistic, but even if, in prioritizing diversity as a goal of this ASUO, we can open just one person's heart, we'll have succeeded.

We're pretty confident we can achieve all our goals this year. I'm not saying it'll be easy, but you can already chalk up one success in that the restructuring of the ASUO has already been done. We think our opponents will be granting us even more "touchés" throughout the rest of the year. Though, there is one concern we feel might be a lost cause...

With Tamir and the rest of that stalwart COMMENTATOR staff having moved on, what will become of the OREGON COMMENTATOR now? Sure, lambasting student body politicians has been a mainstay of the COMMENTATOR in years past but, let's

admit it folks, the COMMENTATOR was never at a loss of things to comment on, criticize or parody. This year, with a green staff lacking Tamir's improvisational wit, and a student government that will prove impervious to critique, what Comic Muse will the COMMENTATOR have recourse to? It's a tough call.

We here in the ASUO would hate to see such an upstanding publication as the OREGON COMMENTATOR suffer at our hands. So, throughout the course of this year we may throw them a bone here and there, if just to spice up the frequently referenced "Spew" section with an embarrassing slip-up or two. Perhaps, if we're feeling generous, we may even provide them with enough material to do a satirical article. We'll see how it goes. 

Wylie Chen, a senior majoring in Planning, Public Policy, & Management and President of the Associate Students of the University of Oregon, promised the OREGON COMMENTATOR a longer article.



The Ontario Manipulations by Dan Atkinson

Don't be fooled: just because you're trading \$3700 (\$13,000 if you're from out of state) per year to better your mind (or failing that, get a better paying job), don't think your beloved future alma mater is content with that alone. You'll soon find that the University of Oregon and its partner in crime, the City of Eugene, will find any way it can to bilk you out of every last cent. If the Minor in Possession citation doesn't get you, then the Incidental Fee will.

And the more expediently you (or let's be honest, kids, your parents) give it up, the better, right?

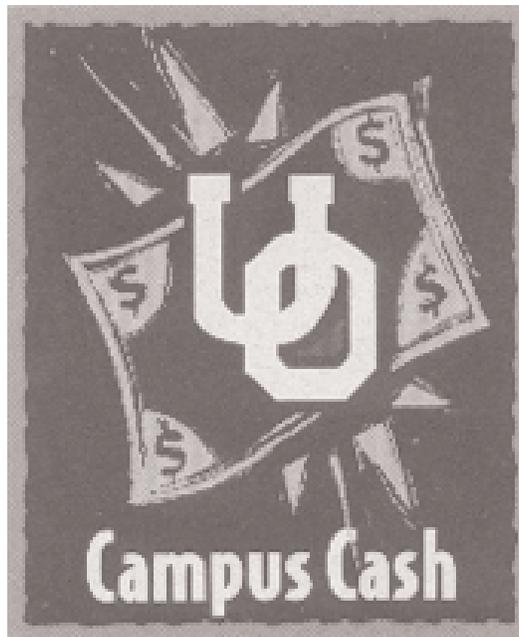
Whether you're one student among the masses or a state-run facility of higher education, convenience is the name of the game. In the waning years of the twentieth century, "convenience" has become integral, if not synonymous with the concept of our standard of living. There's plenty of anecdotal evidence, which I won't waste your time with too much of. To wit: The technological god-sends of calculators, microwaves, and worldwide computer networks save us from the most subservient

of degradations that can be thrust upon a modern American: grunt work. I.e. as far as I can tell, my parents and their friends haven't been to Fred Meyer in months; they order their groceries online.

Another significant, perhaps more relevant example is the prevalence of credit and debit cards. These services save the average consumer from the trivialities of carrying cash, making the annoyance that is change, and finding places to put it.

College students, the laziest people I know, invariably carry plastic of one kind or another.

Starting last January, a new incarnation of plastic currency



A CARDFUL OF DOLLARS?

Convenience is your only god.

BY WILLIAM BEUTLER

magnetic strips on the back of your ID card were for!"

The program, eagerly anticipated at first, simply failed to catch fire with its target audience. Just one month later, it was clear that the fledgling program had fallen far short of expectations. "University officials expected 1,000 students to have signed up for Campus Cash by now, and only 200 students have," the Emerald reported on February 12. Unfortunately for those involved with the project, the aforementioned scenario wasn't nearly as common as predicted.

Closing in on a year later, Campus Cash's prognosis is a lit-

landed at the University of Oregon. At a total cost of \$200,000, the fledgling program debuted with the simultaneous completion of the Erb Memorial Union's drawn-out renovation, and to no little fanfare. The Oregon Daily Emerald, ever the provider of free publicity, ran several articles and an editorial.

Campus Cash, if you don't know (and many don't), is the University's newly installed debit card system, specifically intended for use in the Erb Memorial Union, but accepted at the Willamette Hall's Atrium, among other places.

The Administrative press release in the January 8th News & Views went like so: "You have half an hour for lunch, so you rush to the EMU for a quick snack only to find there's nothing but lint and old copper pennies in the bottom of your fanny pack. There's no time to go to the ATM and you're out of checks. But, wait! There is your UO Card... as good as cash at the EMU and other campus eateries, provided you open a Campus Cash account at the EMU. And you were wondering what those

tle brighter. For the first week this fall, according to UO Card office manager Joel Woodruff, "sales are up over 50% from last [school] year." Currently, 637 students have signed up for the program, with an approximate \$30,000 in the system (or about fifty dollars per student). Woodruff attributes this reversal of fortune to the influx of new students. "The main thing has been that we've had a good increase in use of the program with incoming freshmen."

By and large, the University appears to have written off the participation of current UO students, perhaps with sound reason. "You've got folks that are juniors and seniors that are established in their spending habits," he said. "With the new students, you've got more parental involvement as they come to campus for the first time."

This focus on incoming students is a marked change in philosophy from last year, when Campus Cash was advertised as being useful to the then-present student body.

"We had a presence at IntroDUCKtion, and we got a really good response to it," he continued. "With the freshman class we sent home a little payment book that hopefully the parents will send money in each month and deposit it.

"When students or parents deposit money into the account, it can only be used in specific locations, so it does capture those dollars to be spent on campus." Available evidence would indicate that this year, parents have embraced this option. Money deposited into the program cannot be spent on luxuries such as CD's, alcohol, movies, or drugs, to name a few, but must instead be spent on life-sustaining Subway sandwiches. Well, something like that.

Nevertheless, if not a convenience for parents, it can offer a little peace of mind.

One thing Campus Cash is supposed to do is bring the University one step closer to the hallowed one-card system that any university worth its bell tower has

a student who puts \$100 into their Campus Cash account is then unable to use that money to make photocopies at the library, though just downstairs in the Daily Grind, they could theoretically buy the entire shop out of stock. A student who carries their

THE LUKEWARM RESPONSE APPEARS AT LEAST IN PART DUE TO STUDENTS NOT REALLY SEEMING TO NEED CAMPUS CASH, OR EVEN THE CONVENIENCE THAT IT PURPORTS TO OFFER.

already implemented. What is important to note, and may be a factor in the program's trouble with luring converts, is that while students can indeed use one card for a variety of purposes, the system in place is not a bona fide one-card system.

Instead, the UO ID card is a single card with a host of individual accounts. The bar code below your mug and ID number are used by Housing and the Knight Library, respectively, to keep track of your meal plan and check out books. On the other side, the narrow stripe at the bottom (in card-wonk jargon, the "jumpstripe,") is used by the library for printing services (i.e., the photocopiers "cleverly" named after cartoon characters). The larger stripe above it (to those in the know, the "magstripe,") is used by the Office of Public Safety for building access, for student access to the spanking new Esslinger recreation center, and not least by Campus Cash itself.

Got all that?

What it means in the real world is that

money in the conventional method is free to dispose of their income at their discretion.

The incompatibility between these accounts can be frustrating to students expecting more out of it, but the reason for it is not terribly obscure. The Knight Library runs its printing services separately from its own book loan system, both of which are independent of Campus Cash—under the jurisdiction of Woodruff. Likewise, Housing's meal plan is overseen by University Housing.

Each department developed and manages its own systems autonomously, and there are no extant proposals to remedy the confusion of the situation.

The lukewarm response appears at least in part due to students not really seeming to need Campus Cash, or even the convenience that it purports to offer. Most EMU food establishments do not accept

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

debit cards, but the ATM machines thirty feet away most certainly do; cash is still, in ludditic defiance of technological advancement, a common method of payment; ad infinitum.

The program's reason for being, Woodruff states, is to provide "a convenience to students." Yet the only students that Campus Cash has thus far attracted are those who are introduced to it at the point of matriculation—essentially, it isn't useful unless you've never known any other way. Does that contradict the definition of convenience? The jury is still out.

Gonzaga University in Spokane, WA is one of many schools with a similar debit card system longstanding. Bulldog Bucks (named, of course, for the school's canine mascot) fill the same alliterative void that Campus Cash does here. Gonzaga's program, unlike our own, is more than a decade old and is quite successful.

dollars off, so for every hundred dollars you're getting \$110 worth."

This raises two discrepancies, both of which work in the Bulldogs' favor.

Woodruff was quick to acknowledge that "the biggest issue with the incoming students and their parents is that they want to use it in the Bookstore." One would imagine the Bookstore as a highly convenient places for UO students to make use of Campus Cash—though its management was not approached during the program's development. Only now is this beginning to change. "We're planning on having discussions," Woodruff says. "But it's going to take some research in terms of the necessary network connections."

The incentive tactic of the program is not a loss leader that the UO is particularly willing to embrace. "This year we haven't offered any discounts, and we want to stay away from that if possible,"

One similarity is that both programs are introduced to students upon arrival. Unlike Campus Cash, Bulldog Bucks are integrated with the meal plan that is mandatory for all freshmen and sophomores in the dorms. "They get \$100 [of Bulldog Bucks] with their meal plan. They already all have it," Palmer explained. Upperclassmen are not required to live in the dorms, nor must they purchase a meal plan. By their junior year, when they are free to choose, the majority opt to stay on. "Most of my friends do use it," the senior Business major said. "It's just really, really convenient."

This time around, the University is wisely avoiding any prognostications. "We haven't really set any goals in terms of the number of accounts that we want," Woodruff says. "One thousand is kind of my number. It will be the first milestone, of course, but I'd like to see twenty-five percent of the campus community using it."

The new strategy does seem to be paying off, albeit glacially. However, this year's wave of freshmen are already acquainted with the debit card, and still it has some ground to cover before it meets last January's forecast—much less a quarter of the University population.

So is Campus Cash convenient? The first paragraph of this article alluded (however tenuously) to a sinister plot by the University to seduce you into surrendering your dollars. This is probably not entirely true, but if it so turns out, I'll let you know.

In any case, Campus Cash has yet to prove its worth, either as extortion or—dare I say it? a convenience to you, the average student. Whether it ever will is open for debate. The University is convinced that one day it will, and indeed it may. But you won't be around to see it.



William Beutler has never used Campus Cash, ut might if it worked at Clancy Thurber's

THE NEW STRATEGY DOES SEEM TO BE PAYING OFF, ALBEIT GLACIALLY. HOWEVER, THIS YEAR'S WAVE OF FRESHMEN ARE ALREADY ACQUAINTED WITH THE DEBIT CARD, AND IT STILL HAS SOME GROUND TO COVER BEFORE IT MEETS LAST JANUARY'S FORECAST— MUCH LESS A QUARTER OF THE UNIVERSITY POPULATION.

Where each program's incongruities lie may explain their disparate states. With a projected 4,500 students on campus, more than 600 (compare the size of Gonzaga to that of the UO and you'll see what I'm getting at) enrolled students prefer the program's accessibility.

Nathan Palmer, student body Event Coordinator (and avid Bulldog Bucks user) described the program's ins and outs. "We can buy books at the bookstore with it. The good thing about that, is when you buy a hundred dollars worth you get ten

Woodruff explains. "Until we establish a good revenue stream, food service would have to pay for those discounts."

Another potentially key difference at Gonzaga: "Every three years, businesses bid for the rights to use the program," Palmer continues. "Domino's and Pizza Time have it right now." Conversely, the UO has no plans to follow suit and incorporate nearby businesses. "There's no outside involvement," says Woodruff. "There hasn't been any discussion other than the Bookstore."

SURVIVAL GUIDE

From Page 11

Milwaukee's Best Ice (Note: There's a reason why it's so cheap.)

Another thing I learned from those three surreal months at the convenience store is that no one—not even the most decrepit, shaky alcoholic—buys Milwaukee's Best Ice. No one, that is, but college students.

This brand of beer may seem appealing because of its inexpensive price and the fact that it contains twice as much alcohol than your average beer, but be warned: "The Beast" turns common men into beligerent, pig-like mutants. With a couple cans of Beast flopping around in his/her gullet, there's no telling what sort of depraved behavior your average beer swiller will engage in. The nation's top scientists still have yet to determine what causes this bizarre metamorphosis. After consuming a six pack of this brand, the drinker begins changing as The Beast begins to take over his senses. The volume of his (or her, but really what self-respecting female would ever stoop to drink this crap?) voice increases triple-fold. He becomes confrontational, impatient and begins sweating profusely. Loud utterances such as "fuck those fucking communists fucking fuckheads," or "You can't kill rock'n'roll!" or "skateboarders; why doesn't somebody slaughter these arrogant cocksuckers?" are not uncommon. The drinker eventually loses his ability to engage in rational discourse and instead begins a lengthy search for small appliances to repeatedly stomp on. After a senseless rampage lasting up to, but not exceeding, 2 hours, the drinker finally gives into the overwhelming power of The Beast and begins looking for a nice place to curl up into a fetal position and pass out.

It is at this time that The Beast begins to have its way with the drinker's digestive system. Once unconscious, the drinker's sphincter begins releasing a tremendous amount of flatulence. The scent of these farts is so terrible that others are often forced to flee the room and sometimes the county. When the drinker finally awakens,

The Beast makes him pay horribly for the pain and suffering he has caused others. The drinker must immediately seek a nearby bathroom where he will likely spend the rest of his day excreting an endless amount of loose stools from his buttocks when he's not vomiting his brains out.

Beware The Beast. Do not give into the temptation of The Beast. The Beast is all powerful and all knowing. It can and

less months ahead. Break out the gore tex, toss out the shades: six months of overcast hell are ahead of you. And don't think that a bunch of lame sun lamp therapy sessions will get you through the long haul. As a rule, everybody in Eugene suffers from Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) from mid-October through late April. A little advice—start registering for your most difficult classes now. Once the rains roll in,

FINDING FREE ESSAYS ON THE INTERNET IS AKIN TO TRYING TO FIND QUALITY PORN. WHEN YOU DO COME ACROSS AN ESSAY ON YOUR SUBJECT, IT READS LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN BY A SEMILITERATE FOURTH GRADER. DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. INSTEAD HIRE A GRAD STUDENT TO DO ALL THE WORK FOR YOU.

will destroy you.

Mo' Essays, Mo' Problems

Finding free essays on the internet is akin to trying to find quality porn. Sure there's plenty of sites out there offering both, but few can actually deliver the goods. Like porn web pages, those offering essays usually consist of nothing but banners leading to other pages filled with even more banners. It's a vicious cycle and when you finally do come across an essay on your subject, it reads like it was written by a semiliterate fourth grader. Don't waste your time. Instead hire a grad student to do all the work for you.

If You Gank My Sunshine (it's the "I'm Too Sexy" for the late 90s. Oh, never mind.)

Here it is, only early October, and already the nice weather has left us. For those of you who have never endured the long bleak winters that the southern Willamette Valley thrusts upon its inhabitants, we've got some bad news. The sun ain't coming back 'till May. It's time to let loose a heavy sigh and prepare for the end-

you're really going to start noticing that you're living in the middle of a cultureless fuckhole. Winter in Eugene is best spent hibernating and getting them hard-ass required courses out of the way.

Irrelevant Bonus Tidbit

When you get right down to it, pedobestial necrophilia just isn't worth the trouble.

Whatever you do, don't kill yourself. College is just four twisted years that will likely leave you impoverished, soulless and no more educated than when you first entered. But if you really want to do yourself in, try to make suicide a part of your post-graduate plans. In the real world, it'll be easy to find a decent reason to kill yourself...especially if you've just wasted \$50,000 on a degree in Folklore.



Brandon Hartley, a junior majoring in Munging, is Graphics Editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

COLLOQUIAL QUAGMIRE

BY JOE RYAN

Colloquialisms have long been a literary window into the thoughts, beliefs, and lifestyles of generations past. Scholars have oft unraveled bits and pieces of the common (wo)man's speech to shed light on how the human race has evolved socially and grammatically. Now 'tis 1999 and as our millennium fades away, the COMMENTATOR has compiled this list of the ten least-heard colloquialisms in the past millennium. We scoured every book, doctrine, pamphlet, tablet, and brochure to find examples of lifestyle found in speech since 1000AD. Here it is—1000 years of spoken culture...

1167—"The reason that leper hath rat-whipped you maiden is because God hath willed it. Also, because she is a plague-spreading devil-whore."

1274—"The rats in thine prayerification box are thicker than the good arch-

bishop's holy odor of sanctity."

1529—"Go back to Venice city-minstrel! This here's Niccolo Machiavelli country!"

1655—"I really have grown to love my drab, colorless, shit-smear'd rages and tumble-down wooden shack infested with pestilence because I know that Cromwell really will end all this tyrannic royalist blithery."

1722—"If I had a wig for every whip-pet-scolding ragamuffin that trifled their soot-laden hands on my silversmithy gloves, I'd be up to my frilly, lacy collar in powdered horsehair!"

1775—"Your musket has all the charm and clamor of a prancing fishwives' indelicate affirmations."

1863—"The gangrene of the leg is a most noble suffering, but when Reb shrapnel tears through the testicles, it is a most hardy and unpleasant rot."

1932—"Look ya rube, I need to get back on the trolley 'cause I ain't got a pot ta piss in or a window ta throw it out of!"

1983—"After this Lionel Ritchie video is over, you have to pick up your pogo-ball and Go-bots, or it's no TJ Hooker tonight!"

1999—"Like, I will *totally* kill myself if Sarah McLachlan doesn't open with 'A tampon for Mother' at Lilith Fair!"

My oh my, how far we've come...



Joe Ryan, a junior majoring in Theater Arts, is Haiku Poet for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

BY AMANDA NOTTKE



BACK TO THE BOOZE '99



online

<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~ocomment>

The issue hits the streets Wednesday.

It goes online Monday.

Get a head start on your hate mail!

LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

Welcome to Eugene, Oregon, home of hicks, hippies and hypocrites.

BY BRYAN ROBERTS

Chances are good that you're a new student here at the U of O who imprudently picked up this curious publication while stumbling through some labyrinthine campus structure, hoping it was a map, or at least something intelligible.

You've spent the last few minutes flipping through articles, pictures, criticisms, and jokes which allude to concepts and attitudes you never dreamed would find a n

outlet here at Trustafarian's Disneyland, the look of quizzical amusement upon your face gradually morphing into one of befuddled concern. You've just unwittingly assailed your mind with a hailstorm of information it can't appreciate, and you are still late for class.

You will place this magazine in the nearest low-grade paper recycling bin and forget about this dubious experience as quickly as possible—pretty quick, judging by your drug intake as a new student here at the U of O. You will live out the remainder of your school year in a vitamin D-deprived, THC-laden somnambulant haze, without the benefit of conservative punditry found within these pages. We could serve to balance things out, like a glass of V-8, if you would only let us.

You may presently be experiencing a flush of independent indignation, articulated by the sentiment, "You can't tell me what to think!" Well, no shit. Please, remember that you felt that way, if only for a brief snapshot of time. If there's one travesty of the Eugene experience, it's that young people come here from all over the world, having rejected the feel-good apple pie conventional wisdom of their place of origin, only to become hypnotized by a new set of dogmatic sound-bites which only appear to add up to something different. When "Subvert the Dominant Paradigm" is a popular bumper sticker, you can be sure that the dominant paradigm of the subculture which expresses itself through said medium is at least as chock-full of contradictory truisms as anything it pretends to subvert. Not that there is anything too abject about contradictory truisms. They go along with societies of all sorts, if you ask me.

And you are, pretty much, asking me. The beauty of this column is that I can say all sorts of ludicrous things and I only have to qualify them if



Time/Life

I want to. It's not so much the fact that you're reading the OREGON COMMENTATOR as it is the fact that you're attending the University of Oregon. As far as I can tell, the greatest reason for this paper's existence, after the narcissistic desire on all our parts to showcase our sophomoric writing chops, is the utter ridiculousness that occurs here, which would go without parody if not for us fearless crusaders. There was a time when I would have had nothing to do with an enterprise that refers to itself as Conservative, but after being caught floating aimlessly by the dipsomaniacal tentacles of the Oregon Curmudgeon-er, rather, the OREGON COMMENTATOR—I'm as happy as a clam. I hereby pledge to make fun of all your fruity costumes and to champion the cause of Self-Referentiality in Journalism. But more about you.

Chances are poor, it has been established, that your interaction with this literary enterprise will be more than minimal. This column may be the last chance to get through to you, short of the whimsical deluge that is Spew and the abusive ribaldry that is the back page. It is my duty to inform you that you must prepare yourself for hell. Sheol. Hades. A virtually inescapable inferno congested with fulsome fiends who clamor in feeble competition for your soul.

Get ready to be surrounded on all sides by an encroaching omnium-gatherum of career eggheads who preface their sentences with phrases like "within the realm of academic discourse" and "a fascinating aspect of the professor's assertion"; political polliwogs for whom the understood language of passage into adult bullfrog obesity is a flaccid Progressive Party-line fighttheman/getinthereandwork-withtheteam facade; Greek brothers and sisters whose mindless android fashion sense is a tad too easy to ridicule; Phish phollowing brothers and sisters who

ephect no phashion phenomenon I can phind; backwoods varmint hunters who will level their guns at you if they suspect you of being a vegan; vegans who mumble something altogether incoherent about Jah when questioned about shampoo; tuition-devouring Athletic-department types who regard the student body as their peasant population; loopy panhandling acid freaks; coffee-buzzed EMU computer-lab geeks; bug-eyed stereo equipment-thieving tweaks; blatantly fraudulent incidental-fund sneaks; and magazine types with awkward arsenals of questionable alliterative tricks.

They want you. They dumbly assume that you will be impressed by their activi-

bleeding their desperate conversion mentalities all over the sidewalk as you shuffle past them to class in what is supposed to be the most unchurched state in the Union. Get ready to shrug your shoulders with the rest of the complacent masses when all the articles in all the news publications that report a given issue fail to speak to it, and instead project an acceptable stance for the demographic you're supposed to fit into. Get ready to curse the day you graduated from high school.

I know that some of you, dear readers, are perceiving me as a judgmental person. I can feel it: the same feeling I had all those months ago, when the last item I wrote for the COMMENTATOR was printed in

I'M A "MORAL RELATIVIST." IF I WERE YOU, MY ATTITUDE WOULD BE WHATEVER YOURS IS. I'M NOT YOU, THOUGH; I'M A CYNICAL, IN-DEBT COLUMNIST FOR A MAVERICK MAGAZINE, AND A BIT OF A MORON, TO BOOT.

ties and will be unable to avoid becoming one of them. Chances are good they are right. As one true native son of the Northwest alternative music scene has rhapsodized, "What in the world can it be?/ It's as strange as I've ever seen/ The girls are dead in their eyes/ Just standin' around like they're hypnotized/ Follow me back to the freak show/ Crawlin' all over the carnival/ And I am home." Chances are beyond calculation you don't even know who the hell I'm referring to. I'm going on the obscene amount of standing room at his last performance at the WOW Hall.

Get ready to pretend that a townful of feigned brotherly love is an adequate substitute for sunlight. Get ready to remind yourself not to question those various charts and graphs which conspire to assure you that the education you're going into debt to acquire is a bargain. Get ready to shield your ears from the cacophony of disparate ideologies which depend upon each other for relevance. Get ready to be nonplussed by the many religious zealots

a manner that seemed to exude more seriousness than the manner with which I wrote it. The same people who think of Jonathan Swift as a cannibal were thinking of me as a homophobe. The truth is that I don't judge people's attitudes or dispositions or even their ignorances and prejudices. I'm the kind of jackass that teachers of ethics refer to in lamentation as a "moral relativist". I figure that if I were you, my attitude would be whatever yours is. I'm not you, though; I'm a cynical, world-weary, in-debt columnist for a maverick college magazine, and a bit of a moron, to boot. What's worse is that it's all persona here; you never get the real me.

You can quote me on anything, but it doesn't mean I meant it. In closing, though, a quip from the heart, to the campus left: If critical thinking is vilified, only villains will think critically. 

Bryan Roberts, a junior majoring in Rant Studies, is a featured columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

SPEW

and the best of 1990's student activism

ON **BRING ON THE GRIEVANCES**

The sororities said that they will not center their lives around booze.

—From the editorial page of the Emerald, Friday October 8th. Sororities and booze? So far you're off to a better start than last year, but you're getting into dangerous territory.

It takes some courage to be at the forefront of a movement to curb this excessive alcohol consumption. Monetary reward is a little suspect. We're not saying that the sororities signed the initiative to get money, but the timing is a little convenient.

—Goddammit, we knew it! Those no-good, khaki-wearing, latte-sipping, binge-and-purging Greek chicks are just in it for the money! And no one ever listened to us. (Complaints may be addressed to ocomment@darkwing.)

ON **RELIABLE SOURCES**

I don't have the exact numbers, but I read somewhere about the enormous number of images we're exposed to a day, and you know, like the vast majority are negative toward women and minorities.

—Overheard in ENG 315. Gee, that's just terrible, isn't it? We don't have the exact numbers, but the data seems to show that you are a dipshit.



Andrea Swanson

ON **THE ID**

If necessary, I could be married in 24 hours. It would be very easy. Believe me.

—Donald Trump, as quoted by Maureen Dowd in the New York Times. Meet your next President.

It's only on there five times, but I haven't done the back of the building yet.

—Trump, *ibid.*, on plastering his name all over the General Motors building. Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!



File photo

ON **THE DANK**

It's not like the stuff that we normally see here in Pendleton. It looked like good bud.

—State police officer Tony Atkins, on the discovery of 150 lbs. of high grade marijuana, stuffed in four duffel bags, left alongside I-84 in Eastern Oregon, quoted by the Associated Press.

ON *THE FINE LINE BETWEEN GENIUS AND INSANITY* —

You know what I hate? The WB network!!!! Oh Jesus, Mary Mother of God Almighty, I hate that channel with all my heart and soul.

—*Esteemed social critic and Columbine gunman Eric Harris, in his now matter-of-police-record diary. If only his insight had been constructively nurtured. We hope society is proud of itself.*



File photo

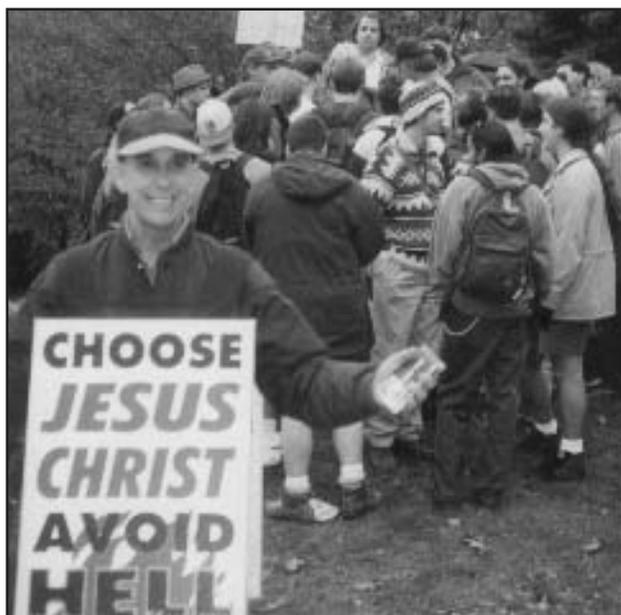
ON *NEVER GONNA GET IT* —

Basically the *Voice* is one of your only opportunities for a legitimate experience at the university.

—*Bradley Rife, Oregon Voice Executive Editor, soliciting freshman from the J204 VisComm class. The only legitimate experience, really? Shouldn't you be keeping this a secret?*

It doesn't matter how much experience you have, we editors don't have much experience either.

—*Rife, one hell of a salesman. What time did you say that meeting was again? In the 'Rouge' room?*



File photo

ON *SAME CLASS, NEXT DAY* —

Lobbyists corrupt what our lawmakers do. I had an internship at the legislature this year, and it really put it into perspective.

—*OSPIRG Chair Jereme Gryzbowski, addressing the room. Heed his advice, young PIRGians: lobbyists are bad. Jereme has firsthand experience.*

ON *CRACK* —

This year's senate wouldn't know the meaning of fiscal responsibility if it had bit them on their collective asses.

—*Dailymerald.com's ODE Forum, June 10th, from the anonymous 'Rlw3,'—the second and currently last message posted to the ASUO Government message board.*



Bring on the Fighting Z-Fish!!!

YOU KNOW THE EMBARRASSMENT.

You're watching ESPN, they're replaying highlights from the last Oregon game. Everyone in the nation is watching us, and what are they thinking? *Water fowl. Water fowl.* You know there's a legion of guys somewhere out there, doubled over in hysterics, because 'their team is named the *Ducks!*' And you know they're right. Maybe you're not

there to personally absorb the biting comments, but they hurt. And you know they're right.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

There's plenty. Unbeknownst to most sports fans, there is a more than worthy replacement: the Zebrafish. Not sold? Read on.

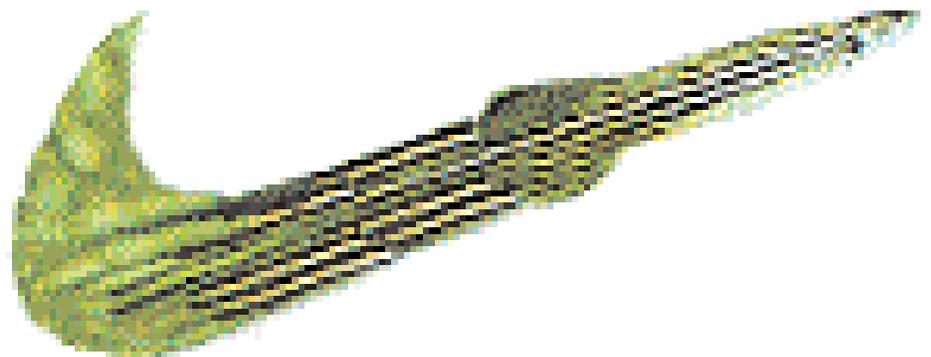


Guaranteed to be true facts about the zebrafish (*Danio rerio*):

- UO is the leading zebrafish research center in the world.
- The zebrafish was the first cloned vertebrae right here, at the UO. Take that, Dolly.
- In a recent poll, 4 out of 5 sports fans believed a zebrafish would kick a duck's ass in a fight.
- Hell, they're building a 9 million dollar zebrafish research facility anyway.
- No duck would struggle upstream for months and months just for a little nooky only to later collapse from sheer exhaustion and die a filthy death underneath an uncaring sky. Zebrafish are tough little motherfuckers.
- No Zebrafish would ever allow Disney to steal their image and turn it into a cute little cartoon curmudgeon.
- For more information go to <http://zfish.uoregon.edu>.

"Zebrafish

"Ducks are for pansies. There's about 9,000 different mutations of Zebrafish at the UO alone. I mean, come on—there can't be *that* many ducks."



Contact the Athletic Office immediately and tell them to pick a mascot that might command some respect! ¡Go Zebrafish!

brought to you by the Friends of the Fighting Zebrafish, Eugene chapter

