

The OREGON COMMENTATOR Presents

BACK TO THE BOOZE™

October 10, 2000

Issue II

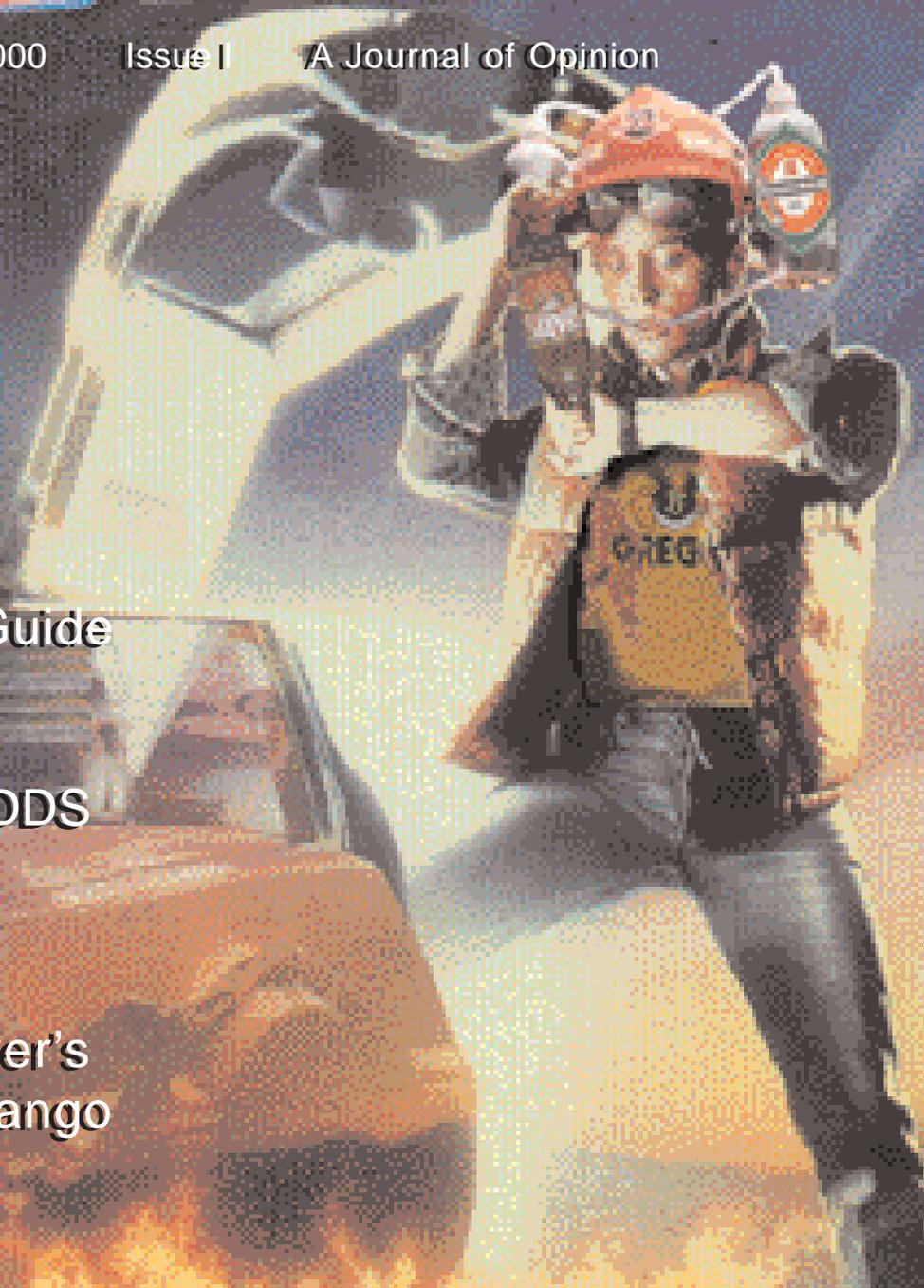
A Journal of Opinion

*Inside
this issue:*

Survival Guide
a Go-Go

The OPS/DDS
Two-Step

and
Frohnmayer's
FLA Fandango





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MISSION STATEMENT

The OREGON COMMENTATOR is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists Sept. 27 1983, the COMMENTATOR has had a major impact in the “war of ideas” on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its eighteen-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.

HOME, DDS' HOME

They were the best of times for the drunk bus; they were the worst of the times for the drunk bus. The OC investigates.

By Brian Ouellette
PAGE 8



JUST BLEW IT

No matter which way Dave Frohnmayer moves on the FLA/WRC issue, someone is bound to end up on the Johnson Hall lawn.

By William Beutler
PAGE 10



THE 2000 OREGON COMMENTATOR SURVIVAL GUIDE

Want some advice, freshmen? Come on over and we'll tell all. Bring over a six-pack — and bring something for yourself, too.

By Brian Boone
PAGE 12



DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL	4
NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...	5
RANDOM STICK THOUGHTS	6
RED MEAT	7
ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE	19
SPEW	22

DEAR READERS,

Just a few things you should know before turning the page.

If this is the first time you have read the COMMENTATOR, then be sure to thoroughly absorb the information contained in this editorial. If you are already a veteran OC fan/supporter or target/hater, then you already know everything in here, and we suggest that you skip to “Red Meat” like always.

For those of you who are just joining us, welcome to the OREGON COMMENTATOR, Volume XVIII, Issue I. Wipe your feet, don’t spill your beer, and if you have to throw up, try to do it across the hall. The OC is a student-run, student-supported campus magazine dedicated to producing fifteen issues of the sanest, most incisive, and most entertaining journalism we know how.

For some time now, the unofficial motto of the OC has been “Free Minds, Free Markets, Free Booze. Since 1983,” and we think an explanation of said motto may well shed some light on the nature of our operation; if it happens to enhance your enjoyment of the magazine, then we have no objection.

Free Minds: You may already have heard that the OC is the “conservative journal of opinion” at this campus, which means you are either reading these words very skeptically, scanning for subli(rats)iminal references, thrilled that you are not alone, or curious to find out more. It matters not to us. All we care is that you read.

Our political philosophy is pretty much this: so long as you inflict no actual harm on any person, then do as you will. This means be tolerant of others, and they will tolerate you (*i.e.* if the *Oregon Daily Emerald* runs an ad campaign you don’t like, then turn the page or put down the newspaper). This also means that there is a very good chance we will have some fun at the expense of a cause which you hold dear. That is our right, and it is your equal right to make fun of us. It’s only natural.

On a larger scale, this means that the government should not legislate on the grounds of sex, race, ethnicity, political orientation, sexual orientation, or alcoholic orientation. That pretty much rules out affirmative action, hate crime legislation, suing the Boy Scouts, funding OSPIRG, and subsidizing vodka (*i.e.* Communist Russia). If you disagree with us, then send us a letter. We like to argue, and we’d also like to think we could change your mind.

We want you to think for yourself. Liberals want to do the thinking for you. As libertarian conservatives, we just want to amuse ourselves with this magazine, and maybe change things for the better while we’re at it.

Free Markets: The OREGON COMMENTATOR has always believed in the virtues of the free market, also known as *laissez-faire* capitalism. The last hundred years of world history have more or less been the result of an epic battle between freedom and authoritarianism; free enterprise and collectivism; capitalism and social-

ism. In each comparison, we stand firmly on the side of the former.

When the OC first got rolling after the Reagan Revolution, in the waning years of the Cold War, the threat of Communism was still very much a real thing. Since then, the Cold War warmed to room temperature, most of the world’s Communist states collapsed, China moved toward capitalism, the internet became an indispensable part of our lives, and we’ve seen the greatest peacetime expansion of the economy ever.

So did we all go home and live happily ever after? Well, not entirely, but the world is inarguably better off today than it was twenty years ago. Here at the OC, we’d like to claim a little bit of responsibility for our part in the matter.

Still, the principles of economic freedom are a hotly debated issue on this campus, as you will undoubtedly find out. The ongoing battle over Nike, the WRC and the FLA all stem from the socialistic impulses of a particularly vocal, particularly misinformed segment of this campus. We like to call them “the student government.” If the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) — that is, the student government — had its way, we would be going to school under a socialist regime. Which is not to say that this isn’t the case already.

Free Booze: Alcohol... ambrosia... sweet nectar of inebriation... liquid fire... the one, the only, holy booze. Alcohol is what gives us strength, what allows us to focus both mentally and spiritually. Often we focus ourselves like this nightly, sometimes at Rennie’s, sometimes at Max’s, sometimes at Tom’s Tapper. Booze is what makes us whole.

Since 1983: As in this publication has existed since 1983, which makes it the oldest existing student publication on this campus, following only the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, which began life as an administrative mouthpiece back when William McKinley was President of the United States — so it doesn’t count. Which makes us the oldest existing, originally independent student publication on this campus. In September of 1983, a handful of students — Richard Burr, Dane Clausen, Robert Davis and Michael Rust, to be exact — broke ranks with the *Emerald*, upset with the tiresome, unrelenting liberal bias of the paper, and founded their own paper. Though the OC has changed considerably in the intervening years, one thing has not changed: the OC was founded in 1983.

And now that you are a little better acquainted with the magazine, its ideological and economic prejudices, and its Friday night plans, we advise that you crack open a cold one, throw your feet up, and prepare for anything — we were too drunk to do any revisions.



The SSN Blues

It has come to our attention that there exists an insidious threat to each student's security and privacy here on campus. As a sworn advocate of the student, the COMMENTATOR feels obligated to publicize this breach of trust between the administration and the student. That's right, we have recently discovered that our student numbers were manufactured with sweatshop labor in repressive Southeast Asian military regimes.

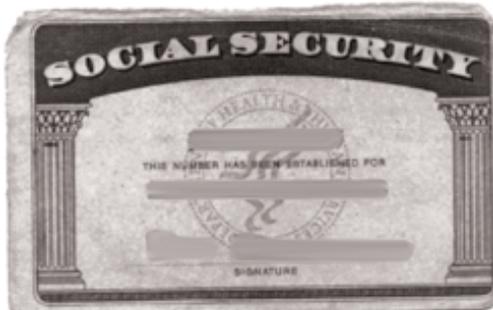
Jokes aside, our student numbers are, as a rule, "our" Social Security Number (SSN). For reasons unknown to us, the administration (like others nationwide) prefers that students use their SSN for their student numbers, and it is common knowledge that student numbers are widely accessible to virtually everyone on campus.

Here are some fun facts about the Social Security Number: It is used by almost every government agency for identification (IRS, Social Security Administration, FBI, worker's compensa-

tion, DMV, Department of the Treasury, local law enforcement, and others.) It is also widely used for medical records by hospitals, for banking and credit records, and is usually used by landlords, utility companies, rental companies, and employers. In other words, if someone has your name and SSN, a gold mine of information can be dug up about you without much effort.

Have you ever seen those "free credit reports" on the internet? Pretty much all you need to run those on anyone is a name and SSN, which presents huge opportunities for scam artists.

If you don't care that any schmuck on the street can find out anything about you by using your student number, then do nothing. For everyone else, we encourage you to march on over to Admissions and get it changed, which they are compelled to do by law. They will issue you a "950" student number free of charge, but don't expect them to be too cooperative. The ID office will issue a you new student body card. Protect your privacy and have fun doing it — we did.



Can you tell the difference?

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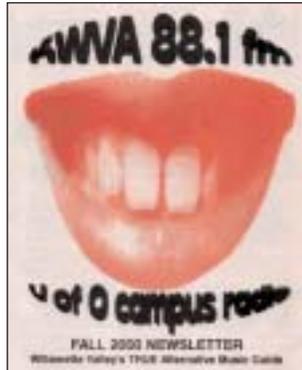
Dear Oregon Voice,

There's no question that we've talked a lot of smack about you over the past several years: we knocked around Rob "Douchebag" Elder, onetime *OV* Editor, Publisher and Interview Hog, since long before the EMU amphitheater was redone with dizzying concentric circles. After the hostile-takeover-from-within, we pointed our razor sharp wits at the foibles of Autumn Madrano and Niki Stojnic, as they tried to move the magazine away from Star Wars jokes and "MST3K" interviews. From there, the *OV* drifted into the choppy waters of "human interest" journalism — featuring articles of virtually no interest to any human — on this campus or any other.

We even bought your name from the State of Oregon, put out an issue under it, and you politely ran and hid in the corner, trembling.

Yes, you've been our favorite whipping magazine, and you've been good to us — but we've found a new target. If you haven't seen the fall KWVA newsletter, that's probably because the station has burned the entire run. Sorry, *OV*, you've certainly had your share of absurd typographical errors, mind-boggling journalistic gaffes, inexplicable layout mistakes and all-around ineptitude, but now you've been outdone. By far.

But why does the KWVA newsletter deserve this special recognition? Is it the 4-point typeface throughout the issue? The radio schedule duplicated on multiple pages — one *sans* information? The multitude of headache-inducing fonts? The godawful front cover [see above]? The complete lack of page numbers? The page where text runs diagonally off the page, *sans* explanation?



Yes, it was all of those things and more.

Without a doubt, this is definitely bottom-of-the-barrel newslettering. While the *Oregon Voice* could at least argue that they're under enormous pressure to put out *gasp* *two whole issues* per term, KWVA's ugly rag has no such excuse. Even the article on some local woman who once knew the Sex Pistols was a chore — and the huge swastika adorning one page didn't help.

KWVA newsletter, you are officially the worst publication on the UO campus.

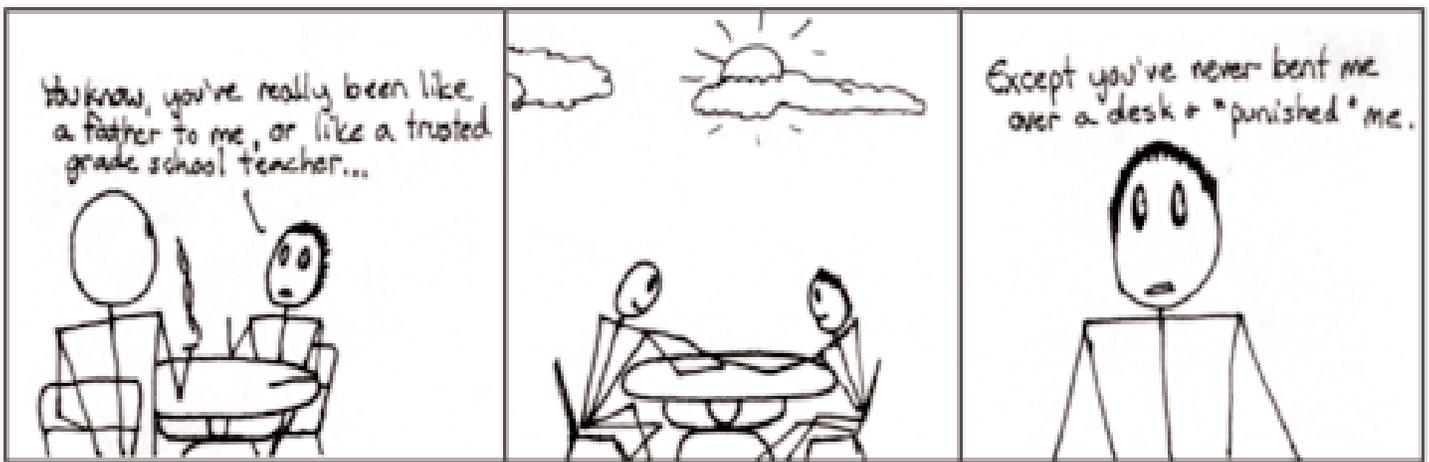
This is no mean feat. Who could forget the *Oregon Voice's* Annual Sex Issue? Who could forget the illogical arguments of which the *Insurgent* seems so proud? Who could forget the out-of-place tirades against George W. Bush in the Womens' Center's *Siren*? Who could forget Frog's idiotic joke books? Who could forget every inch of the *Emerald's* ludicrous political analysis? Who could forget that one misspelling of "pyhhric" on the COMMENTATOR Spew page last year?

KWVA newsletter, we salute you; soon we will own you.

Things to do:

- Hang around 13th and Kincaid during the early afternoon. You never know when a three-way bicyclist/skater/pedestrian accident might occur.
- If possible, avoid eating an entire bowl of jalepeño peppers at Taylor's — although the complimentary glass of milk and bowl of sugar are much appreciated.
- If you haven't already, do yourself a favor and download "Oops, Slim Shady Did It Again" from Napster — especially if you don't mind spreading that hostile environment of "sexism, racism, homophobia and rape culture." We know we don't.

Random Stick Thoughts



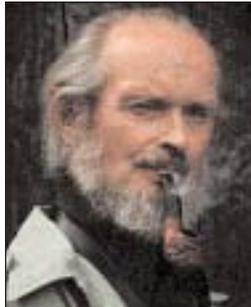
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Ask a Radical Marxist

Q: My 22-year-old son makes constant demands for money. Even though my husband and I pay for all of his college expenses, car, and rent, he never seems to have enough. I want to teach my son some financial responsibility but I don't want to impoverish him. When should I cut him off?

Connie Tyler
Detroit, Michigan

A: *Come the revolution you're going to be one of the first up against the wall! The Party will no longer tolerate the naked slavery imposed by our capitalist masters. The workers will form a mighty vanguard to smash your fascist regime. The dialectic demands it!*



By Sherman Fox

Q: I was just diagnosed with herpes. I think I got it from a hooker I picked up a couple of months ago. My girlfriend and I have had unprotected sex dozens of times since then. How should I tell her?

Richard Michaels
Los Angeles, California

A: *The dialectic tells us that all advanced capitalist societies will fail due to their own internal contradictions. Capitalism will be replaced with the dictatorship of the proletariat. Your petite bourgeoisie concerns will be placed upon the ash heap of history where they belong!*

Sherman Fox's advice column is syndicated to over 500 newspapers nationwide. You can email Mr. Fox with your questions and comments at shermanfox@yahoo.com.

Q: My 88-year-old mother in law is in declining health and she is no longer able to care for herself. My wife insists that we invite her to move in with us. I don't like my mother-in-law and I don't feel any responsibility to care for her. How can I make my feelings clear to my wife without damaging our marriage?

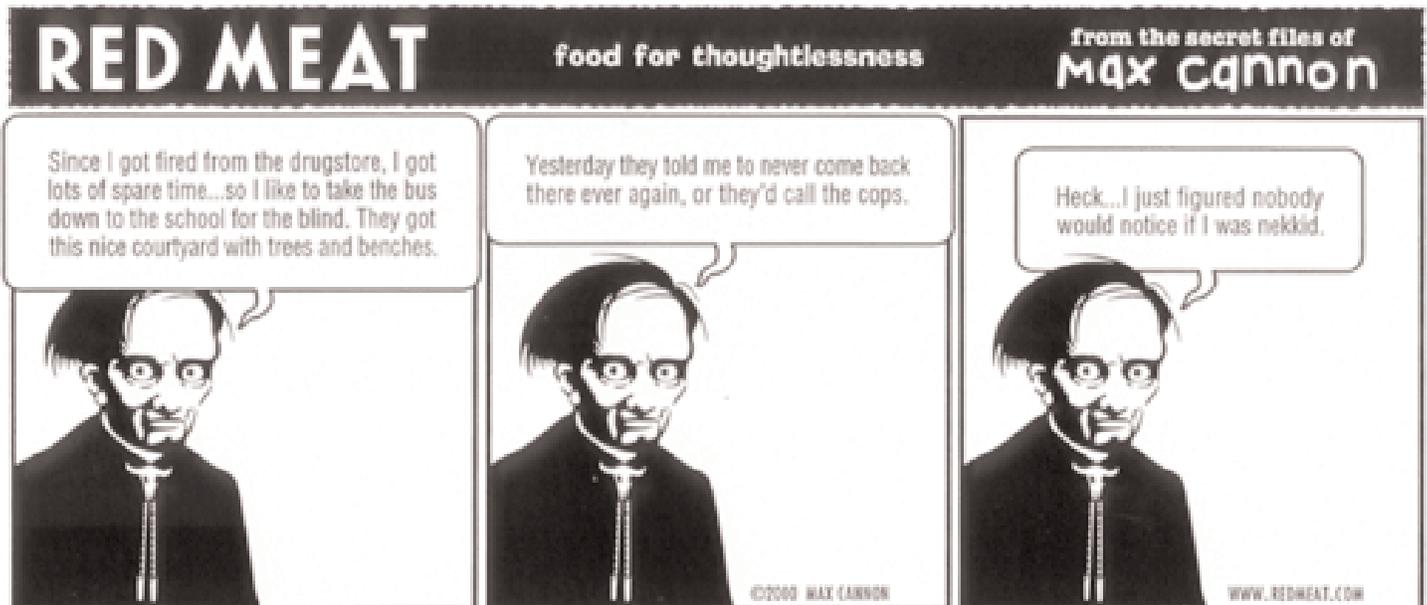
John Longman
Waltham, Massachusetts

A: *The capitalists will sell us the rope with which we shall hang them! But not only have the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that will ultimately destroy their decadent society they have also called into existence the men who will tie capitalism's noose, the modern working class, the proletarians.*

Q: I've been reading your advice column for years, but I've never actually seen any advice! All you do is spout crypto-Marxist rhetoric. What the hell is wrong with you?

Jerome Cole
Eugene, Oregon

A: *The "dangerous class," the social scum, that passively rotting mass thrown off by the lowest layers of the old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a proletarian revolution. However this class is much more likely to become a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue. Therefore, comrade, we must liquidate such unreliable elements without mercy!*



BY BRIAN OUELLETTE

HOME, DDS' HOME

The ASUO Designated Driver Shuttle may serve a wide variety of students, but that doesn't mean it has friends in high places.

Following the brief, unenthusiastic search the telephone is located under the dangerous debris collecting on the living room floor of a generic West University neighborhood house party. Gleefully, the drunkards call the ASUO's Designated Driver Shuttle Service and request a pick-up, so they can get home without driving or walking, which would entail dodging the smarmy DPS or stringent EPD officers, homeless people, hippies and all else that the utopian Eugene has to offer to night-owls. Of course, most generic house parties take place on Friday nights, so the wait will be a while. Coincidentally, this will be the same amount of time it takes to finish that last Henry's, or clean the keg of Steelhead brewery mastery. So sit back and relax. You'll get home safely, reduce the number of drunk drivers threatening the safety of our roads, and decrease your chance of a DUII, or like-wise ticketing.

DDS does not only provide an alternative route home for the intoxicated, but also for any student with an ID card on their person. Too far to walk? Stranded? Afraid to walk alone and its after midnight? (Saferide stops taking calls at that magic hour.) DDS is there to help, be it picking up Saferide's overflow or doing their own list duty. "If they just need a ride home, we can't turn down a student," says Jeff Salchenberg, co-director of DDS. "We're probably the most used service on campus because we serve 100% of the students."

Unfortunately, since the birth of this resource, DDS has yet to be given a permanent residence on campus. "The majority of the EMU Board has been dragging their feet," quips Salchenberg, who has been rather frustrated with the fact that his legitimate on-campus service cannot get a permanent residence. During its existence, DDS has moved almost once a year. "We're trying to help them in every way possible." Says EMU Board Member Daniel Valle. "But you have to realize that there's a stack of other people that are...requesting rooms. The building does end somewhere."

So why is DDS more important than the others? Frankly, it would seem that the legitimacy of the program, its numerous benefits in areas of safety, usefulness, and the broad base of students it caters to (read: all) would seem to associate the University of Oregon gladly giving them the space necessary to run the program.

But as of this date the EMU, DPS and Housing have refused to give them the space necessary. Out of the three possibilities, the EMU seems to be the one with the most interest in finding the group a home. "I'm doing my best while being fair to other groups.

We only have so much building," said Valle. DPS refused to comment on any requests for an interview.

So what would happen if DDS was shut down because there was no space to run their service? Currently DDS is working out of the ASUO office, where according to Salchenberg, they are being very hospitable and courteous, but it is obviously cramped. "We feel like were at the mercy of the EMU Board, and that's not a very good feeling."

There have been options, the most recently pursued being putting DDS in the same area as the Community Internship Program (CIP). This seemed viable to the EMU board, but was quickly shot down by CIP and even DDS itself. On the suggestion, Salchenberg said: "The last option was a joke; we can't even dispatch from where they wanted to put us."

Do people take DDS seriously? "Totally not at all. I think in a lot of eyes we put out the wrong image," Salchenberg says. Such as relations between DPS and DDS. "They don't agree with our program because they feel we promote underage drinking, they think people will drink more because they can take DDS home. This is not true."

Ironically, if you call DPS asking for a ride, they will refer you to DDS or Saferide. "Last I checked DPS meant public safety," Valle said. "I'd like to see DPS back DDS up." Valle believes that DDS relates to DPS because it's a safety issue — be it intoxication or just a way to prevent altercations at night. "I just want to see bigger support."

Valle has done his best to find a place for DDS to continue. "I've gone beyond the EMU Board territories," he states, even going to Housing to lobby for office space for DDS. All Salchenberg wants out of the deal is a place where they can call home, a permanent office space for one desk and room for the necessary officers to dispatch. "It's not necessary to have space to ourselves; we're willing to share." On a busy night they often use up to five staff members or more to run their service.

It's a harsh, bitter world when a lonely shuttle service putters around campus, wishing it had a parking spot of its very own. If you have any ideas or suggestions visit your local ASUO office and leave a note on the DDS temporary desk, or call 346-0653 and leave a message concerning your feelings, or your ideas on the issue.



Brian Ouellette, a senior majoring in Political Science, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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JUST BLEW IT

Joining the Fair Labor Association was the right move — just at the wrong time.

BY WILLIAM BEUTLER

Exactly one day before the University of Oregon dormitories opened for the 2000-01 school year, the ongoing controversy over Nike, the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC) and the related power struggle between a naïve student body and a discombobulated administration turned a new corner.

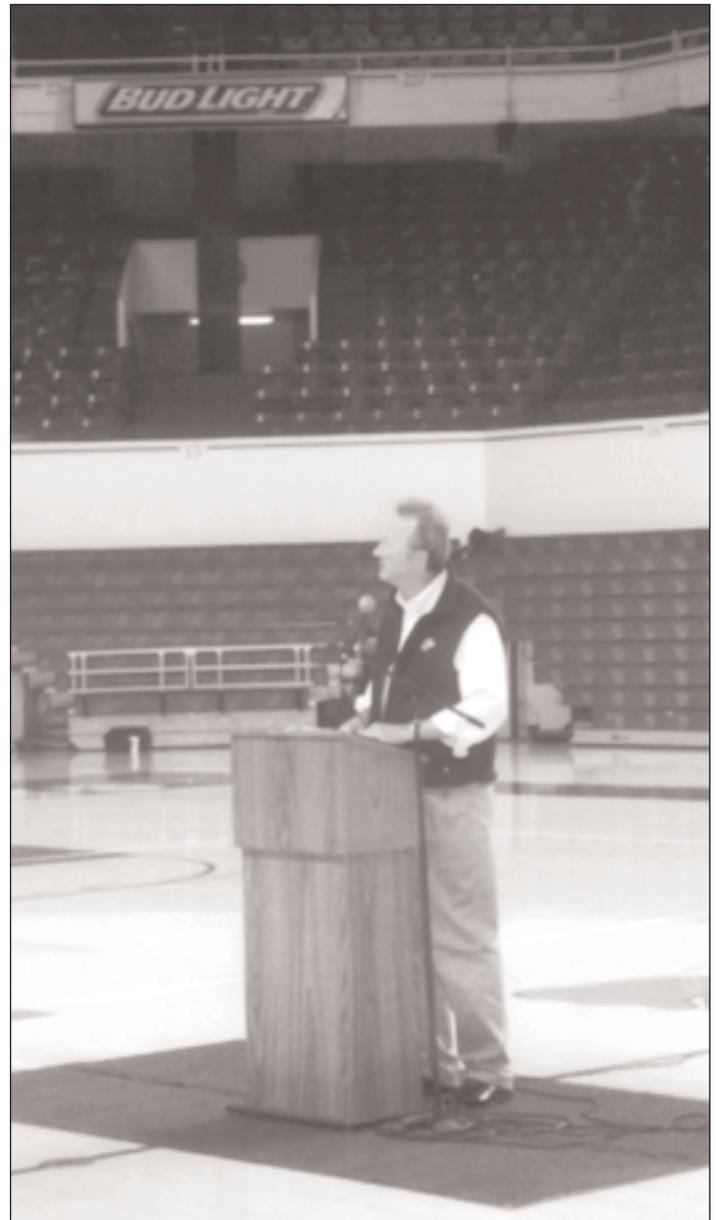
For those of you just joining us: In early April 1999, while students, local activists and the national media surrounded Johnson Hall, University President Dave Frohnmayer made one thing very clear: the University had no plans to join the Fair Labor Association (FLA), which monitors labor conditions in the overseas factories that produce university-licensed merchandise. Protesters who supported the rival WRC demanded that Frohnmayer agree not only to join the WRC, but also promise not to join the FLA in the future. Frohnmayer signed on with the WRC but true to his profession (Dave is a lawyer) balked at giving up his options.

(For more information, see “Did Somebody Say Debacle?” on the OC website at <http://www.oregoncommentator.com>.)

Flash forward six months: On Tuesday, Sept. 19, President Frohnmayer jolted the Eugene community with a surprise announcement that the UO will in fact join the FLA — despite his statements — bringing the grand total of labor monitoring organizations the school is affiliated with to two. While controversy is certain to dominate the first few weeks of school, joining the FLA is a wise move; the timing and circumstances of the decision, however, are not.

It’s a moot point by now, but the UO should have joined the FLA simultaneously with the WRC. Whether he is ultimately right about joining the FLA or not (and he probably is), the unpredictable nature of his actions do little to instill the students with much confidence.

At Tuesday’s press conference, President Frohnmayer claimed that the decision was “not thoughtlessly made” and that his decision was made while “buried in books, documents and conversations.” None of these conversations, it would appear, were with students. ASUO President Jay Breslow told *The Oregonian* on September 20 that “we were really blindsided by this.” Breslow, of course, was among the first to be cited for refusing to leave the administration building during the spring’s



protest. One would imagine that an organized protest would be difficult to plan during the week before school starts. Regardless of which side of the picket line you stand on, most outside the Johnson Hall were oblivious to Frohnmayer's impending executive action.

Something obvious to most observers this spring was the administration's reluctance to join the WRC, and with good reason. The fledgling agency, which characterizes itself as "an alternative to company-controlled monitoring," has faced charges of disorganization and lack of disclosure with regard to its political motives since its founding. Recently, a group of professors called the Academic Consortium on International Trade sent a letter to 150 university presidents urging them to reconsider their support of student-based anti-sweatshop movements. "There was too much intimidation [of administrations by students] going on" at these universities, Columbia professor Jagdish Bhagwati told the Associated Press on Sept. 14.

Other criticisms have focused on the WRC's effectiveness. By the admission of Maria Roeper, its only full-time staffer, it will be several years before the WRC is involved in any actual monitoring activities. The University of Oregon, however, has committed to but a single year of involvement; once Phil Knight renounced his philanthropic role in April, speculation in all corners was that this first year might well be the last.

This viewpoint acquired some empirical evidence in late July when Frohnmayer returned from a Washington, D.C. WRC meeting, apparently reconsidering his decision. On July 24, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* quoted him as saying, "some people's sense of idealism and passion got ahead of where the facts were." Frohnmayer and representatives from other universities pushed for the inclusion of the monitored companies; they currently are not. Students and labor/human rights representatives didn't bite.

These developments do not bode well for the fate of the WRC, at least on this campus, and they have raised many questions: What would happen come April 2000, when the UO's membership is scheduled for review? Would Frohnmayer actually disassociate the UO from the WRC? Would there be another rally? Would student-administrative relations deteriorate even further? All of these scenarios seemed within the realm of possibility — that is, until Tuesday the 19th.

Judging by the attempt to interrupt President Frohnmayer's welcoming address to incoming freshmen on September 24, student activists are upset with the President and his advisors, including Vice President for Public Affairs Duncan McDonald. One thing, however, cannot be overlooked: Frohnmayer's decision to join the FLA just might have saved the UO's membership in the WRC. "I imagine that we will remain in both organizations," Professor James Earl, President of the University Senate, told the COMMENTATOR, "and each year there will be a natural

review process." Earl does not have the final decision, and has no crystal ball, but Earl's first act as University Senate President was to establish the University Senate Review Panel, a subcommittee to oversee the WRC — and now the FLA. "The oversight committee will take the job of reviewing the whole field [of labor monitoring organizations]," he said.

The UO has now committed to the FLA for a similar one-year period; as poorly as Frohnmayer has handled the situation up until this point, it is nearly inconceivable that at this time next year, the school would be affiliated with the FLA but not the WRC. Were he to do such a thing, student activists probably would not be content with banners, signs, a friendly drum circle and a campout in front of the administration building. Frohnmayer has been inconsistent, but he's no moron, and the last thing any university president worth his football tickets wants is another Kent State.

That Frohnmayer chose this juncture to adopt dual membership has raised more than a few eyebrows. Phil Knight's ubiquitous sports apparel company is a charter member of the FLA; the move to join his organization could be seen as a concession to the once-benevolent footwear tycoon. However, it could also be interpreted as a concession to those concerned about the treatment of third-world factory workers. Frohnmayer could have decided to opt out of this whole labor monitoring business altogether come April. Instead, the university has reinforced its com-

IT IS NEARLY INCONCEIVABLE THAT AT THIS TIME NEXT YEAR, THE SCHOOL WOULD BE AFFILIATED WITH THE FLA BUT NOT THE WRC. FROHNMAYER HAS BEEN INCONSISTENT, BUT HE'S NO MORON, AND THE LAST THING ANY UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT WORTH HIS FOOTBALL TICKETS WANTS IS ANOTHER KENT STATE.

mitment to the process: "the best way of enforcing [the Licensing Code of Conduct] is what the University is after," said Earl.

If Sarah Jacobson and Jevon Cutler (two of the WRC's most visible supporters on this campus) don't like a few members of the FLA's board, then they'll just have to live with it. However, their favorite cause, the WRC is now almost guaranteed to outlast its rookie season. Without the FLA, the odds would not be so good.

The timing of the announcement raises other questions about Frohnmayer's handling of the situation, such as consistency in the procedure before joining such a group. Following the ASUO elections last spring, where the student body overwhelmingly voted to support the WRC, Frohnmayer made a specific point of getting the approval of the University Senate before giving the membership letter to John Hancock. This time around, the University Senate doesn't-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

OUT DRINK

OUT SLACK



The 2000
OREGON
COMMENTATOR

Survival Guide



OUT LAST

ture
eps

**“I’ve been going to this school for seven years. I’m no dummy.”
—Charles, “Better Off Dead”**

BY BRIAN BOONE

Welcome to the University of Oregon, by far the top learning institution in Lane County. I’m sure you will find that this University has many wonderful interests for you to pursue... but it doesn’t. It’s lies, all lies. It’s all a sick, venomous cesspool of a joke from God himself. Transfer immediately if you know what’s good for you.

Hey, at least you’re not at home. Now you’re far away from the yelling, the fighting, the impending divorce and the blatant lovelessness.

Remember, given the constantly lower academic standards and today’s cash-strapped public university, it takes a lot of effort to flunk out. And a lot of effort is something you don’t have to offer.

CAMPUS INSTITUTIONS

University President Dave Frohnmayer is a lawyer and politician best known both for his stint as Oregon state Attorney General and his resounding loss in the 1990 gubernatorial race. If you’re new to the University, too bad, because 1999-2000 was a banner year for “The Frohn.” In the fall Frohnmayer suffered a near-fatal heart arrhythmia; in the spring he weathered a public relations nightmare. Frohnmayer signed the University onto a sweatshop monitoring agency, the Workers Rights Consortium, prompting Nike chairman Phil Knight to rescind a promised \$30 million donation. In short, don’t get too attached to Dave.

The *Oregon Daily Emerald* is the mostly-objective daily student newspaper. It is read by a large part of the student body not so much for its hard-hitting, late-breaking news, but because it is free and available in 215,000 boxes around campus. Nevertheless, it’s a pleasant, fairly well-written publication — so long as you ignore the op-ed page and go right to the crossword, which will eat up most of your time spent in Astronomy 121.

On your first bill of the year (a rite of passage: today you are an adult because you are shelling out big bucks for no tangible commodity) you will notice something called an **“Incidental**

Fee.” At about \$500 per year, it’s hardly incidental, but this is what pays for student clubs, ASUO, campus media and OSPIRG.

OSPIRG is a “consumer advocacy group” that feels it necessary to charge each student \$27 per year and then surreptitiously launder the money to their political lobby in Portland. If you are incensed by this, you are not alone: OSPIRG gets kicked off of campus every couple of years and then gets voted back on. Choose a side early, and choose often.

ACADEMIC DISHONESTY

If you happen to glance around the classroom during a test with no intention of **cheating** and with no cheating actually done, you will get caught. Meanwhile, the professor will invariably fail to notice those two people in the back with their books open. So if you’re going to get caught cheating, you might as well do it.

For class papers, Schoolsucks.com is the premiere free essay database. It offers hundreds of gratis, terribly-written papers that may remotely resemble your subject (or not). Feel free to swipe them, but by the time you click through the endless banner ads and pop-up windows, find the paper you need and are then somewhat able to translate the grammatical atrocities into something resem-

bling English, you already could have written your paper three times over.

Academic Learning Services offers many tutors and specialists that help you with your work and develop your writing skills for free, rather than give you all the answers and get you out of actually doing the work, which was likely your original intention. ALS is more a service than a gateway to cheating. Steal a smart classmate's notebook instead.

Finally, there's me, **Brian Boone**. I'm a bright senior with a 3.6 GPA and a serious overeating problem. I need extra money to keep up with my 5,000 calorie a day diet and I will gladly do whatever paper or assignment you may have for a measly \$25. B-plus or higher guaranteed.

STRESS RELIEF

The shift from high school to college is felt primarily in the increased workload. You can go one of two ways with this: study your ass off, or settle for the 2.5 GPA you'll inevitably earn whether you apply yourself or not.

Either way, the end result is numbness for all: numbness due to **depression** over the futility of your hard work; numbness because you're shelling out tens of thousands for a worthless degree in Comparative Literature; or numbness due to the abundant supply of drugs pumping through your Ramen-bloated carcass, drugs ingested merely to relieve the overwhelming stress and mental anguish.

According to a commercial running on KMTR since the Bush administration, Lane County is the home of "beautiful parks, exceptional schools and CRYSTAL METH!"

Marijuana, however, is by far the drug of choice for most students. When you're not being offered "dank nuggets" on LTD, you can run into one of the many dealers who hold "open house" at high-traffic areas during the Week of Welcome as if they were any other campus organization.

All other things being equal, the best source of easily-obtained narcotics is the **University Counseling Center**. First, lie and tell them you're depressed. Or, actually be depressed, I don't care — you ugly, worthless shit. When you go to your appointment with one of their highly-trained psychiatrists, you will notice that the first question they ask you is if medication is something you'd be willing to take in order to combat your illness. They don't merely recommend medication, or simply demand it after a battery of psychoanalysis and CAT scans, but they actually ask you if you want some drugs. Don't miss out on this excellent opportunity to get wasted, and have your student loans pick up the tab.

Drugs are not the only way to relieve stress. There are also massage parlors, aromatherapy candles and hundreds of teenage runaways-turned hookers in the downtown mall area.

CAMPUS SECURITY

The University's **Department of Public Safety** (née Office of Public Safety) works hard to ensure your safety. Also, because you

are young, vibrant and full of promise, you will bear the full brunt of their frustration at becoming unarmed safety-patrol drones instead of real, live, armed cops.

Though they are as self-important and blame-happy as actual cops, OPS, er, DPS officers are by no means powerful enforcers of the law. Thus, in most instances they do not have the right to search and seizure, they do not have guns, and they cannot ask you for your student ID — but they'll try. DPS officers are glorified hall monitors and nothing more. When they want to truly irritate you, they'll involve the equally ineffectual **Eugene Police Department**. You will know the EPD because they will be the ones throwing tear gas at you and beating you with a nightstick while you innocently riot this Halloween.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

Though it might be the stench of disappointment, that pungent

ACCORDING TO A COMMERCIAL RUNNING ON KMTR SINCE THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION, LANE COUNTY IS THE HOME OF "BEAUTIFUL PARKS, EXCEPTIONAL SCHOOLS AND CRYSTAL METH!"

odor is probably just the **hippies**, of which Eugene boasts hordes. Yes, that countercultural icon thrives anew in Eugene, unaware that the 60's are over, not to mention the 70's, 80's and 90's. While more fun and interesting fringe groups such as punks or the Beatniks have long since faded, the hippie is at home in Eugene — with all of his annoying brethren, emanating a catatonia-inducing, rancid aroma that is a combination of body odor, vegan cuisine and gallons upon gallons of Patchouli oil used in lieu of bathing. If you can smell the subtle bouquet of hackey sacks, smokable cannabis and the stench of self-righteousness, there is likely a hippie nearby.

Similar to the hippies are the **anarchists** and the run-of-the-mill **protesters**. Every couple of months, there is an uproar on campus about something-or-other that nobody else cares about; at every protest, there are the same two dozen people. You begin to recognize their faces almost as frequently as they change their object of protest. These people do not have anything better to do: many are bored rich kids trying to compensate for the tremendous void in their souls by "getting involved." More often than not, they are sociology majors encouraged by the professor to skip class in order to be involved with the "human experience" of protesting.

OTHER UNDESIRABLES

In addition to hippies, anarchists, and anyone remotely associated with the University, there are other groups to avoid completely.

Signature-gatherers are flesh-hungry jackals. It seems more than a bit odd that some low-level wonk is collecting signatures for something as ridiculously vague and suspicious as "Sign here for clean water." Avoid signature-gatherers by crossing the street. Lie to them.

Tell them you don't want clean water. Pretend not to speak English.

You should avoid **Frog**, but you won't be able to. Frog is the shabbily-dressed transient-type on 13th who constantly asks if you'd like to purchase the "world's funniest jokebook." Before an *ODE* profile of Frog last year, most people assumed he was some homeless guy making an honest buck. In fact, he is a veteran with a comfortable income, living in West Eugene. Most of his book sales are from people who pity and mistake him for an actual homeless man.

Worst of all are those perpetual symbols of college life, the **frat boys**, people so stupid you wonder if it's fair that you are attending the same college they are. The following is a fictional situation, but one in which you are likely to encounter, either while waiting for class to start in Allen 221 or browsing for tube socks at Old Navy:

KYLE: Dude, this party tonight is gonna be so killer. Totally sweet, dude, no joke.

CHAD: Right on, bro.

KYLE: And the chicks, dude? The chicks are gonna be totally tight.

CHAD: I'm totally gonna mack, dude.

KYLE: I'm so stoked. Seriously, bro.

CHAD: There gonna beer, dude?

KYLE: Hell yeah! Josh is gonna make jello shots!

CHAD: Sweet.

Don't leave your drink unattended.

ALCOHOL PRICE & CONSUMPTION GUIDE

The spirits explored here are by no means the best **alcoholic beverages** on the market, but merely the low-brow, bitter-tasting toxins you are most likely to consume while still adjusting to college life. Better alcohol will come once you figure out which one gets you personally the drunkest, which one fits your budget, and can be discretely imbibed during class.

On hand with me recently were two experienced drinkers, acting as guest judges. The first was singer-songwriter-actor Kris Kristofferson, best known for "Me and Bobby McGee," "A Star is Born," "Lone Star," and a serious case of alcoholism. The second was Todd Fry, the 26-year-old guy from my neighborhood who lives in his parents, garage-cum-makeshift-apartment who spends his days nailing his mall-chick girlfriend without a condom and working on his truck in the driveway, sans shirt, with Iron Maiden blaring. The three of us got together one night and taste-tested each alcohol thoroughly and frequently.

When buying **Pabst Blue Ribbon**, the clerk will likely pity you so much as to not card you. Nevertheless, the allure of no-frills PBR is that a forty-ouncer of this watery swill costs just \$1.05, compared

THE 2000 OREGON COMMENTATOR HARD LIQUOR PRICE GUIDE FOR MINORS!

For the third straight year, the OC brings you this useful liquor price guide. You'll never ask for change again.

	\$/375ml	\$/750ml	\$/1.75L
Whiskeys			
Jack Daniels	9.95	19.45	39.95
Jim Beam	6.75	12.95	26.95
Crown Royal	12.50	22.95	49.95
Wild Turkey	10.45	19.95	*
Makers Mark	*	20.95	41.95
Old Crow	4.95	7.95	17.95
Vodkas			
Ketel One	*	21.95	39.95
Absolut	9.95	19.95	37.95
Smirnoff	6.45	12.95	24.95
HRD	3.55	6.30	13.50
Gin			
Monarch	3.95	6.10	13.20
Seagram's	5.95	9.95	21.95
Beefeater	9.95	18.95	38.95
Rum			
Monarch	4.10	6.80	14.80
Bacardi	5.95	11.95	23.95
Capt. Morgan's	7.25	13.95	26.95
Bacardi 151	10.25	19.30	23.95
Tequila			
Jose Cuervo	9.95	17.45	36.95
Liqueurs			
Southern Comfort	7.95	13.45	27.95
Jagermeister	11.75	21.95	*
Kahlua	11.95	17.95	39.95
Bailey's	9.95	18.95	39.95

to a \$1.09 for a Super Big Gulp. Kristofferson noted that this was “fucking cost-effective drinking, Chuck” before punching me in the face and relieving himself on me. That the barley-scented urine was a light brown, indicating that the five bottles of PBR Kristofferson ingested had not changed form from mouth to bladder.

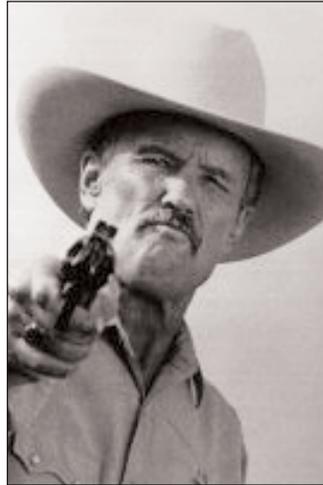
“There’s more alcohol in the fucking Big Gulp, dude,” said Todd, chugging a PBR and crushing the can on his forehead. “Pabst fucking blows. I stopped drinking that shit when I was fourteen!”

Milwaukee’s Best Ice; a legend. This is “The Beast,” a dirt-cheap beer (half-racks go for under \$5) with an alcohol content so high, it’s amazing the company has yet to be sued for endangering the public. Given that the stuff is as bottom-of-the-barrel as it is, with as high a price-to-alcoholic content ratio as it has, that the Bean Complex pretty much issues out six-packs when you check in. But you don’t merely get drunk on The Beast; you metamorphize from a giddy post-teenager into a belligerent, monstrous, projectile-vomiting, inanimate object-fearing recluse.

“The Beast has ruined the lives of many once-fine men,” Kristofferson interjected, peeing on me again. “Gary Busey was witty, handsome and gainfully employed before he found The Beast.” Kristofferson, Todd and myself momentarily pondered the sober Gary Busey of a forgotten world. “I drink that fucking shit for breakfast, dude,” Todd added. “Have that with a fucking Pop Tart. Cheap shit, but gets you drunk quick, if you’re a little pussy like Boone here.” Upon Todd’s insistence, we turned the television on to “Battledome,” and I watched as he and Kristofferson wrestled for the last tallboy.

Old English is malt liquor, a highly potent form of beer; it just has too high of an alcohol content to be legally sold as “beer.” Also it looks cool to hold when you’re waving your hands in the air like you just don’t care, rockin’ the house with Dre and Snoop, or just rolling in your 6-4. This stuff is relatively expensive (up to \$3 a bottle) but it gives you a nice, bloated, muggy drunk sensation comparable to that of a whiskey enema.

I poured some out OE in honor of my dead homies, and for the homies who merely couldn’t be there. Kristofferson wept for hours over the premature death of Waylon Jennings. Fortunately, Todd’s recollections under the influence of Old English were a tad fonder. “I drank eight of these in one night this time I went to this party with these black dudes I work with at Oil Can Henry’s. Shit man, I was so fucking wasted. Driving home was a blast.” Kristofferson stopped sobbing and proceeded to slurp the malt liquor off the drive-



Kris Kristofferson,
highwayman

way.

Sometimes referred to in slang as “rubbing alcohol,” **Isopropyl** is competitively and excellently priced in the neighborhood of 79 cents a bottle, making it even cheaper than Pabst. Also, you don’t have to be 21 to buy it and it is widely available at grocery and discount stores around the clock. Once you drink it, you’ll find that it has a rich, fiery taste, pleasantly reminiscent of HRD

Vodka. Isopropyl also effectively cleans minor cut wounds incurred while stumbling around drunk on Isopropyl.

“Fuck,” Todd said. “You can only get that shit in like, 16 ounce bottles. I also heard that it’s poison, but so’s all alcohol, so who fucking cares, right?” By this point, Kristofferson had completely engulfed himself in a tiny womb of isolation, far from love, reason and hope. He sat completely still, with an untouched cigarette burning in his hand. “Whenever I drink this, I say a prayer for the beloved Kitty Dukakis. This stuff almost killed her, man. Not me. I’m never gonna die. I’m a fucking spirit man. Wind and seraphim...”

Thus, good old rubbing alcohol is the best stuff you can get in terms of alcoholic content, price and its shockingly wide availability. Be sure to pace yourself so as to not end up like Kris Kristofferson, Todd, or the beloved Kitty Dukakis.

CONCLUSION

If you forget all of this and use the issue to light your bong, then fine; the following passage is all you need to know to survive at the University. Never waver from this rule, ever.

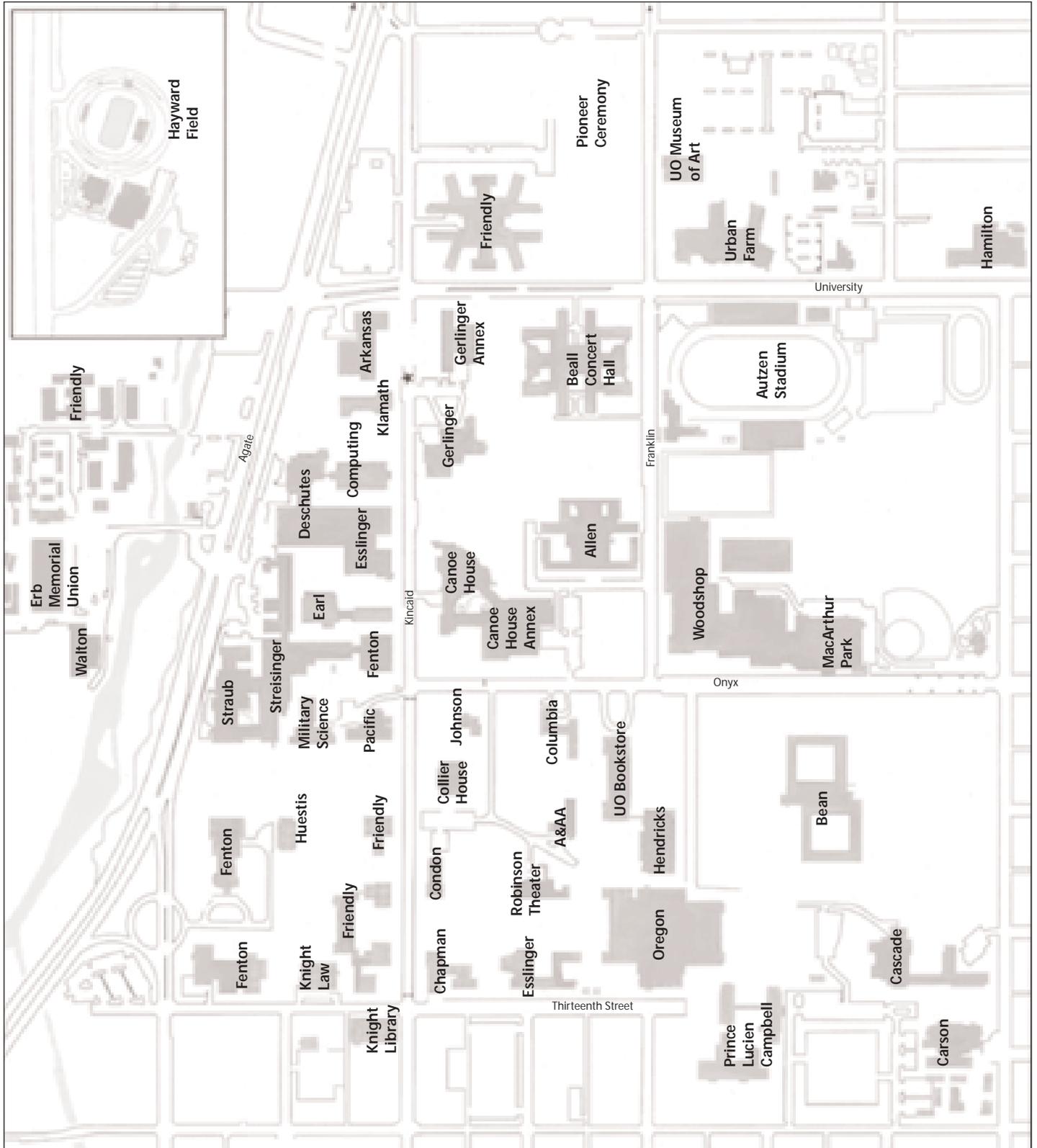
Under no circumstances should you ever speak to anyone you meet in class, on the street, in the bookstore, the dining hall, your dorm, or anywhere. Not for friendship, not for romance, not even for conversation. Talk to no one.

This may sound harsh and anti-social, but it’s for your own good: chances are that the person you will talk to is a moron who will not know where they are or even how to construct sentences. If not, they are drunk, will try to recruit you for their political cause or will try to sell you fluffy green nuggets. Plus, a good half of the student body hates where they’re at, which says something about their mental state, because college is voluntary and expensive.

Just go about your business: go to class, read, study, learn. Talk to no one, make no connections, and forge no new relationships. It is for the best. Then, at the first opportunity possible,  Brian Boone, a senior majoring in Journalism, is an Associate Editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Hey freshmen!!!

New to campus? Can't find your way around? Worry no more! Since we at the OREGON COMMENTATOR care about your successful navigation of the UO campus, we've included this handy map for you to take with you. Remember: if you get lost, it's your own fault.



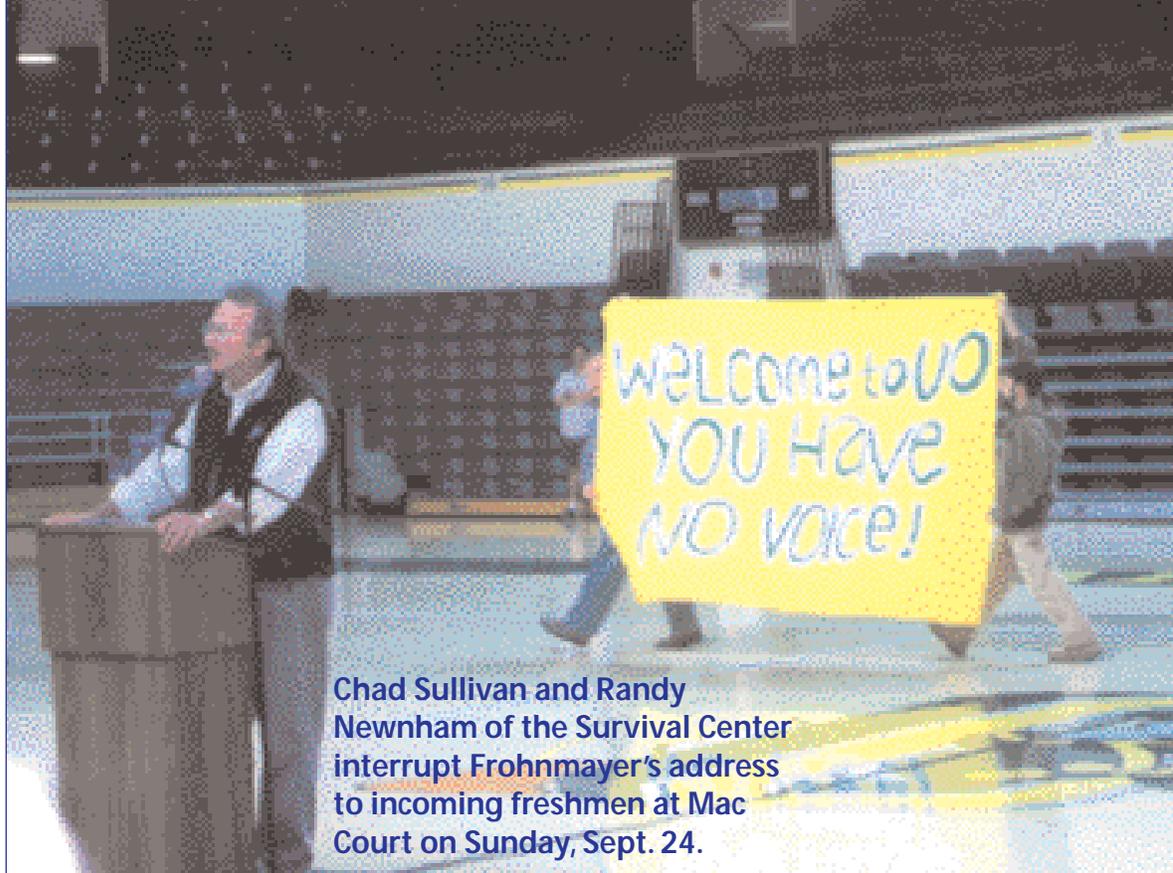
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11 meet until October 11. What happened?

While Earl says that the University Senate's involvement amounted to "virtually none," President Frohnmayer, did work with the University Senate Review Panel, a committee which Earl formed in May to review the University's involvement with the WRC. "By the end of the summer it became clear that the review committee was reaching the same conclusion [as Frohnmayer]." That conclusion? "Two heads are better than one. Two monitoring agencies are better than one both are essentially fact-gathering organizations. There's no reason you can't belong to two newsgathering services."

The WTO meeting in Seattle last November was the most prominent skirmish in the current war over globalization and international trade, but the relationship between public universities and their corporate licensees has proven to be the most enduring. Edging its way into the debate are non-governmental agencies (NGOs) like the WRC, FLA, and an alphabet soup of similar agencies, formed to protect proper wages and working conditions of overseas laborers (as explained in detail in the UO's Licensing Code of Conduct); the disagreement over the credibility of each group is largely a political matter.

The FLA was founded in 1996 with the cooperation of such corporations as Eddie Bauer, Levi Strauss & Co., Liz Claiborne, and of course, the much-vilified Nike. By contrast, the WRC was founded in April 2000, and its advisory board includes such left-wing luminaries as the Young Democratic Socialists, Industrial Steelworkers of the World, the International Socialist Organization, and of course, that celebrated font of incoherent nonsense, Noam Chomsky.

Objectors to the FLA point out that a monitoring agency set up by the factory-owners is not unlike "the fox guarding the henhouse," and that its methods are less stringent than the WRC's. Distrust of the FLA predictably reflects the common distrust of corporate America that any supposedly-liberal university wears on its Birkenstocks. However, the FLA is supported by the International Labor Rights Fund, the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Center for Human Rights, and scores of other human rights organizations not controlled by powerful industrialists. While supporters portray the WRC as being on the side of everything that is right and good, the fact is that its political allies include the AFL-CIO, the IWW, and other labor organizations that would like to bring overseas jobs back to the unionized



Chad Sullivan and Randy Newnham of the Survival Center interrupt Frohnmayer's address to incoming freshmen at Mac Court on Sunday, Sept. 24.

United States. The WRC harbors the very same self-interest which they accuse the FLA's member companies of. Signs at April's rally like "Smash capitalism" and "This is the beginning of the end for global capital" pretty much sum it up. One is economically motivated, the other politically; neither's work paints an impartial picture of corporate practices and working conditions, so dual membership is a good idea.

Furthermore, the governing board of the FLA includes six representatives for the industries and labor organizations each, plus one for the universities involved. The WRC's board consists of five representatives from university administrations, students, and labor/human rights groups. One excludes the students, the other excludes the corporations. When you come down to it, whose feet are hurt the most when stepped on? No student must purchase UO merchandise; you don't even have to accept the free UO coffee mug the school gives you upon moving into the dorms. The corporations, ruthless and faceless or not, have a proprietary claim to their factories.

On the one hand, a monitoring organization involving the monitored must be watched carefully. On the other, a monitoring organization that refuses to cooperate with the monitored can only expect the same poor treatment in return.

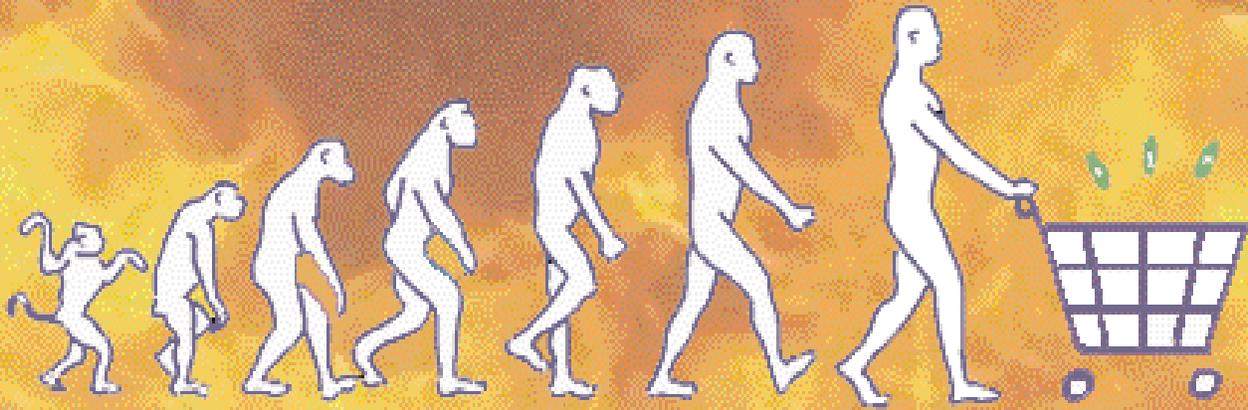
One thing is even more obvious now than it was in the spring: the WRC and the students who support it want to be the only ones at the table. The burglars reached the second floor and desperately tried to kick the ladder away. This Tuesday, the ladder was replaced. Perhaps there will still be some valuables, maybe even a pair of athletic shoes, left to reclaim.



William Beutler, a senior majoring in English and Journalism, is Editor-in-Chief for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Produce Lost

BY BRANDON HARTLEY



Brandon's scribbled brain farts have stained this page with quickie marts and dead baby parts. Meet our new AP man!

When my scrawny ass is tossed into hell at the end of my life, it won't take much to make me reconsider a lifetime of sub-par, suburban sin. In a recent poll*, 56% of Americans picture eternal damnation as being forced to drink watered-down margaritas in Jacuzzis filled with boiling Mormon snot. The other 44% cover at the thought of being locked in a child seat in a neon-pink Jetta and forced to listen to Madonna's "Music" over and over again until the end of time. But for me, those conceptions don't sound that

bad. Instead, my custom-made Hades will likely consist of endlessly reliving the most degrading moments from three years of part-time summer jobs.

I'd like to think that I've worked hard for deodorant and Coco Puff money during my "vacations" between spring and fall terms. I spent the summer of 1997 hauling prepubescent corpses and toilets covered in communicable diseases through the bleached halls of Oregon Health and Sciences University. 1998 was spent trying to convince terrified New Orleanian hurricane ► ► ►

victims to participate in hour-long phone surveys about congressional candidates. As for '99, two words: quickie mart. But none of these jobs were quite as soul-crushing as where I've spent the majority of these past few months: working in a health food store.

I figured a job at New Seasons Market up in Portland would be a welcome change from the macabre jobs of summers past. The store was well-lit, clean and frequented by those in search of quality organic products rather than forties of unprocessed urine. My mind was clogged with bubbly preconceptions of a summer spent with coworkers not on the verge of suicide and customers that weren't overly eager to steal, smash or spew all over products on the shelves. How was I to know that I was about to wander into a three-dimensional, real-life remake of "The Stepford Wives"?

A better look at the interior of the store would have convinced me to reconsider another summer term at the OHSU morgue. Super-pretentious quotes about food written in vibrant five-foot tall typeface adorned the walls of New Seasons. Haughty words from the overpriced pen of Oscar Wilde loomed over the equally costly products below. The clientele consisted entirely of those for whom Zupan's is too podunk.

The middle-aged employees working in this effervescent boomers' wet-dream seemed oddly perky despite the fact they were overworked, underpaid and doing a job your average Ritalin-addicted 16-year-old would turn up his or her quadruple-pierced nose at. Many of them had seceded from a local chain of health stores called Nature's and were quite eager to "stick it to those sell-outs," despite a severe cut in pay. However, this didn't explain their constantly chipper attitudes or the fact that the store's head honcho could often be seen sweeping up the back-

room or emptying the trash instead of lurching around his office and laughing maniacally. "Biff," another new employee unable to get into the swing of things, was just as baffled the behavior of our co-workers as I was. Had the employees at New Seasons been ground into hamburger and sold in the deli as "Free-Range Beef," only to be replaced with soulless android duplicates? Were we to be the next victims of a diabolical plot to efficiently supply the yuppified denizens of the southwest side with \$10 bottles of organic "Northern Comfort" maple syrup? Or, *gasp* did these people actually like their jobs?

The answer lay in the official New Seasons orientation packet that Biff and I had neglected to read. Apparently, the management and investor types behind the curtain expected us to, "do whatever is necessary to make sure that each customer leave the store convinced that he or she has had the best possible shopping experience." Their definition of "whatever" included, but was not limited to: "opening boxes to offer samples, delivering groceries to the customer's house, giving away free product and babysitting while the customer shops." While everyone else around us happily obeyed these unreasonable demands, the two of us knew full well the negative physiological effects this type of customer service would have on our cerebral cortexes. We tried to warn the others, but they wouldn't listen.

Even if my manager, "Debra," had given our paranoid theories a moment's thought, it was too late for her. A decade's worth of 10-hour shifts, "can I help you find anything?"s and constant smiling had taken its toll. She had developed a nervous twitch on the side of her face and generally began looking like a hard-core speed junkie. Poor Debra was nearing the breaking point. When

A brief editorial intrusion

With this issue, Brandon Hartley steps forward to assume the mantle of Another Perspective columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. His columns will be featured in the back pages of each issue — so long as his strenuous Cap'n Crunch and Powerpuff Girls schedule doesn't interfere.

Diligent readers will remember that Mr. Hartley has served in various capacities, as a Contributor, Graphics Editor, and most recently as Associate Editor. Even more diligent readers will note that all other AP columnists have come from outside the magazine: Martin Fisher once rewrote the ASUO Constitution, J. Pierson founded KWVA, Judah McAuley worked in the basement of Johnson Hall and Bryan Roberts once did time with the Insurgent.

So what happened? A couple of weeks ago, the OC editorial board was sitting around Max's and arguing politics; first about the WTO, then the WRC, and finally about another "W" altogether, when Brandon stood up,

drunk on beer and socialist rhetoric, screaming, "Bush and Gore make me want to Ralph!" He stormed out into the night, ranting and raving.

We all thought that was it for Brandon Hartley and the OREGON COMMENTATOR — that is, until the following Monday, when we found Mr. Hartley's application for the position of Another Perspective columnist.

So instead of asking for his keys, we asked him to be our AP columnist for the 2000-01 school year.

We must warn you: Mr. Hartley is an unpredictable man (three years of eating dorm food will do that to a person), so we can't say just what he'll write. That's up to him. He has total say over the editorial content of these pages — as have all previous columnists — so proceed with caution. What he writes may be offensive, it may be disturbing, but if nothing else, it will be entertaining. The OREGON COMMENTATOR wishes him — and you — luck.

Editorial Board, OREGON COMMENTATOR

I quit with less than a week's notice, her bouncy façade melted away to show the frustrated, world-weary gall underneath.

"God fucking dammit," she screamed in front of dozens of our super-happy coworkers. "Why the hell can't I ever get two weeks notice from you people? What's the matter with you fucking college types? Don't you know you're supposed to give two weeks? ...I think I'll go hide in my truck and cry now."

That's word-for-word verbatim.

The folks at New Seasons had never seen anything like this before: actual earnest human emotion from one of their colleagues. They stood in shock for what seemed like an hour before returning to their various affairs. I'm pretty sure that they blocked out memories of the incident, because Debra was never reprimanded for her little outburst.

It should go without saying that I never dropped off anyone's groceries with my own car and gas during my tenure at this place. Rather than treat the average patron as if they were my own personal tiki god, I usually avoided them at all costs. I had a mental checklist of anti-social protocol down pat. If I was heading into the backroom for something, I slipped down the energy-bar aisle where most customers feared to tread. If I couldn't trick a co-worker into stocking the more frequented areas of the store, I put it off until near closing after the crowds died down. In my eyes these customers might as well have been marinated in a highly communicable Ebola-like virus. I guess this explains why my super-energetic coworkers treated me the same way. Fortunately, the checklist helped me avoid them as well.

More times than I care to admit, these techniques proved useless when the more clever and vicious shoppers put their minds towards wrangling customer service out of me. If you've ever worked in the business, you probably know full well that there are people who make it their life's mission to hunt down, corner and crush the souls of the minimum-wagers. While they can be considered as warm-blooded velociraptors, they're scientifically classified as Yuppies Consumorus. This over-abundant species will stop at nothing to drive your average clerk/intern/pump-jockey wholly and utterly insane. When pinned down by these foul beasts, there is only one thing you can do: relent and submit yourself to an endless series of their smug little questions. One of New Seasons' regular customers was a 62-year-old woman trying to pass herself off as 32. When not coating herself in layers upon layers of Revlon, she enjoyed stopping by and asking me the same string of incredibly specific questions about coffee that I could never answer. Another regular once allowed her five-year old to frolic in a broken bottle I was struggling to clean...

...whoa, hold it. Hit the airbrakes, let's pull this thing over to the shoulder.

Now that we've come to a full and complete stop, let's take a moment to look over the last 1000 words. Here we are in the middle of yet another pointless tirade that seven years worth of AP columnists have been so adept at providing every issue. If you're still reading this thing, you may be thinking to yourself, "why the hell does this punk think I care about his rinky-dink summer job? What ever happened to that Hunter S.

Thompson/Neal Cassidy/Dean Martin-wannabe from a few years back? At least his self-indulgent anecdotes were entertaining. Screw this shit, 'The Man Show' is on."

Don't move, you're not going anywhere. Have a seat, hear me out. This article actually does have a relevant point, especially if you're about to graduate with a BA. Let's be serious for a minute. Do you really think a undergraduate degree in Sociology is going to land you 80K a year and an Audi in the world outside these bland, collegiate walls? Stop deluding yourself. There's a good chance you'll be spending the next few years utilizing your semi-vast knowledge of social inequality and political demographics stocking shelves. If you're lucky, it'll be in a place like New Seasons where the management is level-headed and doesn't strictly enforce the store's overzealous employee conduct code. If you're not, you're likely to end up in the terrifying vortex that is the Gap.

"Skiv," tired of serving pricey fruit drinks to health-nuts in Lake Oswego, Oregon, was delighted when the Gap called her one morning to set up an interview. Little did she know she was about to enter a nightmarish world filled with rabid managers, \$50 T-shirts and store policies that would make Joe R. Arpaio drool.

This is her story.

Wait, no time for that. Looks like I don't have enough room left in this issue to launch into a detailed expose of the Gap's repugnant treatment of their employees. This will just have to wait. In the meantime, here's an excerpt from Bikini Kill's "Carnival."

This is a song about the seedy underbelly of the carnival,
The part that only the kids know about,
This is a song about 16-year old girls giving carnies head,
For free rides and hits of pot

I wanna go, I wanna go, I wanna go
To the carnival, but I know there's punks on the inside,
I wanna go to the carnival ,
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now

I gonna win that Motley Crue mirror,
If it fucking kills me,

Gonna lose twenty dollars in a minute,
Cheesy girls in the photo booth,
Mumble, mumble, mumble,
Mumble, mumble, motherfucker!

To be continued...



Brandon Hartley, a senior majoring in English, is a featured columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

ON RESPONSIBLE LEADERSHIP

[The incidental fee] pays for a lot of programs... it pays for about a hundred...

—VP Holly Magner, speaking to freshmen at a Mac Court orientation, trying to remember what the ASUO does, while looking to Prez Jay Breslow for support. Jay nods. Holly continues. The freshmen wave their arms, hoping the cheerleaders will throw them a free T-shirt. Welcome to a whole new year.

You can learn the proper construction and usage of a two-foot beer bong...

—Magner again, on how students can get involved with the ASUO, shortly before having the microphone taken away by Breslow. Er, so Dusty Miller changed his mind about putting that beer garden in the EMU?

ON ODDS-ON FAVORITES

There were 10,000 people at one of Ralph's campaign rallies in Portland, and if each one of those people could convince forty other people, then Nader could win the state of Oregon, which is a real possibility.

—An activist at the Nader/LaDuke campaign to two OC staffers at Nader's campaign headquarters on 11th street. Nader might win Oregon? Has anyone notified John Hagelin?

I can't believe this is only worth four work creds back at the co-op.

I'd rather be married to Mike Tyson.



ON TIME FOR THE MEDS

'm on the Zoloft to keep me from killing y'all.

—Mike Tyson, at a September 14 press conference for his upcoming fight with Andrew Golota.

I am many things. I am an animal. I am a convicted rapist, a hell-raiser, a loving father, a semi-good husband. You don't really know me.

—Mike Tyson. We thought you'd like to know that by our estimates, Iron Mike is far and away the most often spewed celebrity in this section. And boy has he earned it.

I wonder what Dan Atkinson is doing right now..

I am SO embarrassed.



ON HE'S BAAAACK!

I'm gonna go see if the ASUO wants some cheese.

—Scott Austin, carrying a plate of cubed cheese from a Future Lawyer's meeting.

ON *THE EVOLUTION OF CAPITALISM*—

You drop a human puppy in a desert oasis. Put some fruit down next to it, put some water next to it. Is it going to learn communication, to speak, or is it going to want a television?

—Sociology Professor Michael Dreiling in a Sociology 301 lecture. First of all, what is a “human puppy”? Man, this sociology gig is a little trickier than we thought. Maybe the football team should change its major.

If there's one piece of advice I can offer you freshmen, it's to check out the OC liquor price guide on page 15.

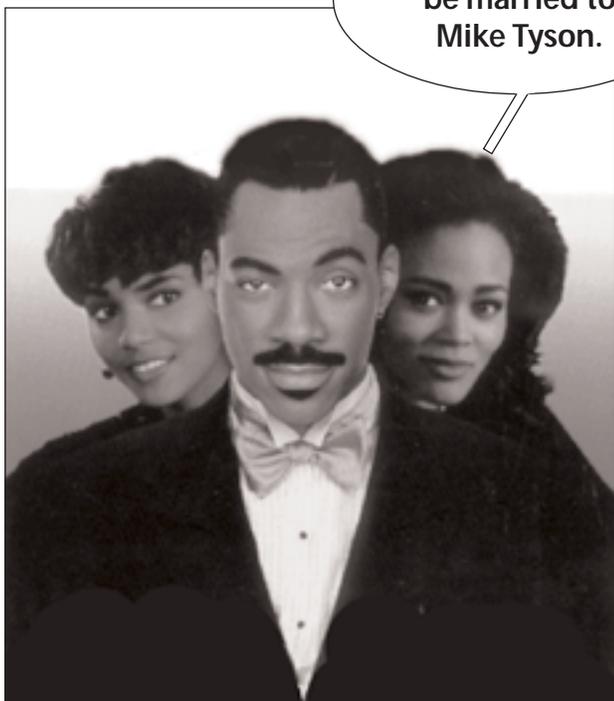


ON *ZIMA!*—

The best thing you'll learn in this class is how to use a word processor.

—Prof. Robert Zimmerman to his Astronomy 121 class. Well, finally. Putting out the OC on a bi-weekly basis with only a typewriter, Xerox machine and a college-ruled notebook is really taking its toll.

I'd rather be married to Mike Tyson.



There are three GTFs for this class... Conor is the one that speaks English, so I suggest you go see him.

—Zimmerman, later in the same class. You may know all about how the universe is an expanding sea of photons in which are mixed small amounts of atomic nuclei and free electrons, but you're wrong here, Zimmerman — the best thing we'll learn in this class is how to speak Cantonese.

ON *WE HARDLY KNEW YE—*

There are nine million people who see me in the ring who hate my guts, most of them white. But that's okay. Just spell my name right.

—Tyson, from the same damned press conference. Thanks to Prof. Zimmerman, we just might, Mr. Theissen.

ON *MESSENGER YAHOOOS—*

I don't believe all of this alien stuff, but when this Italian exorcist played me a tape of an old woman speaking Etruscan, I was like, whoa.

—Host of “The O'Reilly Factor” on FOX News, Bill O'Reilly, to “Exorcist” author William Peter Blatty. Etruscan? Bill, you fool. You should have called Sue back — that's just the chlamydia talking.

A Newcomer's Guide to the West University Neighborhood!

Eugene's West University neighborhood is an undesirable, highly forgettable destination.

From Agate to Willamette, 6th Ave to 24th — the University neighborhood promises a diverse array of people and places (most of whom and which should be avoided at all costs). Experience the sounds of projectile vomiting, loud-mouth frat dicks and that constant question: "Spare some change?"

Experience the sights and sounds of assimilation: dreadlocked hair, Abercrombie & Fitch sweaters and bloodshot eyes! Discover History, Sociology and the art of campus activism! Locate peaceful drum circles and sparkling bong water amid the damp hell-hole you know as the Willamette Valley. Enjoy the friendly sophistication, professionalism, and labor unionism of the GTFs we all employ! It is what it is: an usually-exciting, sometimes-irritating, always-run down base from which to launch your life.

We at the OC have put together a guide of the best this neighborhood has to offer. Enjoy.

PLACES TO STAY

Hatoon's Open Air Apartments

Located near the Knight Library for the studious youngster, Hatoon offers spacious concrete slabs and exquisite blue rain tarps. Hatoon gives a fifty percent discount if you help her save the cartoon-eyed children. **a**

\$30/night or 3 pieces of tinfoil.

Pioneer Mother

The warm, inviting lap of the Pioneer Mother is a safe and comfortable place to come down from an absinthe bender.

FREE, includes sexual encounter with statue.

(Probable) Meth Van on Hilyard

Sleep on any number of soiled couches and broken baby cribs at Meth-head Jim's house, named by Time as the "meth-ingest place on Earth." **b**

\$3 or two ounces of meth.

PLACES TO EAT

Sacred Heart Dumpsters

Herein lies an enticing array of tasty treats for discriminating gourmets and fans of liposuctioned fat and gangrenous appendages. **c**

\$ (\$\$\$ in case of arrest by EPD)

Whitebird Clinic

Mostly it's just granola, but there's also plenty of free methadone and junkies that will do anything for one more hit. **c**

\$ (\$\$ organic)

Campus Christian Ministries

They offer a free pasta dinner every Tuesday night. Absolutely no religious proselytizing whatsoever, honest. **c**

\$ \$ tithe

Max's, Rennie's, Taylor's, Doc's Pad

Food fills up precious stomach space that could otherwise have been filled by alcohol. Adjust your diet accordingly. **b**

\$\$\$

THINGS TO DO



Colorful Local Merchants
Have you ever stolen the World's Funniest Jokebook? **d**



Walk of Shame

Watch the hungover sorority girls stumble home after one-night-stands with frat guys. Every Sunday, 9AM sharp.

Revive Dave Frohnmayer

That wacky University president is forever on the verge of a massive heart attack. Bring your own defibrillator paddles.

Protest

Join one of the many round-the-clock protests at Johnson Hall, or make up an underprivileged group and protest in their honor. **e**



Wooded Areas of Campus

Shotgun hunting yields tasty nutria and squirrels. Shoot them grey ones — they're extra meaty. We call them "Bitey." **f**

