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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.

COMMENTATOR

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**THE OREGON COMMENTATOR
GOES GOLFING**

Well, what we remember of it,
at least.

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**COMMENTATOR INTERVIEW:
THE AMPHITHEATER KNOB**

Intimate conversations with
an inanimate object.

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This one's for you, Suite One.

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The OC learns how to share.

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January 29, 2001

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Who are you rooting for? Home team? The voice of Boise Potatoes...

DEAR SCREECH:

O Dustin Diamond, Where Art Thou?

How we remember — as the members of that orphan generation, lodged uncomfortably between Generation X and the so-called Net-Generation/E-Generation/Generation-Y — sitting impatiently through “Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles” and the “Super Mario Bros. Super Show” in anticipation of that zenith of Saturday-morning programming, that siren call of the boob tube, that one, that only, that “Saved by the Bell.” Oh Screech, how we remember.

Remember when Jessie got addicted to caffeine pills because she wanted to stay up late and study? Or when you and Zach and Slater decided to auction yourselves off as dates to raise money for new cheerleading outfits, and no one bid on Slater? Boy we do. And that one episode where Mr. Belding’s younger brother showed up and you said: “Two Beldings in a building, one of whom is balding!” Hilarious.

Without question, *you* were that show’s highlight, Screech. Mark-Paul Gosselaar as Zach Morris? Pffft. Mario Lopez as A.C. Slater? Bah. Lark Voorhies as Lisa Turtle? Please. You, Dustin Diamond, *were* “Saved by the Bell” — especially since you were the only actor brave enough to appear on *every single* spin-off and related show, including the 1987 precursor, “Good Morning Miss Bliss,” with the unforgettable Haley Mills.

But how far you have fallen since those halcyon days. At one time, “Saved by the Bell” was the first live action show on NBC’s Saturday morning lineup. However, “Saved by the Bell: The College Years” lasted but half a season, and your collaboration with Dennis Haskins (Mr. Belding, of course) was nothing if not painful, to watch. (At least you didn’t try to break type and star in “Showgirls” a la Elizabeth Berkley.) And while NBC took a gamble on the TV movie “Saved by the Bell: Wedding in Las Vegas,” it just wasn’t enough to resurrect your legendary character, or the show that played second fiddle to you.

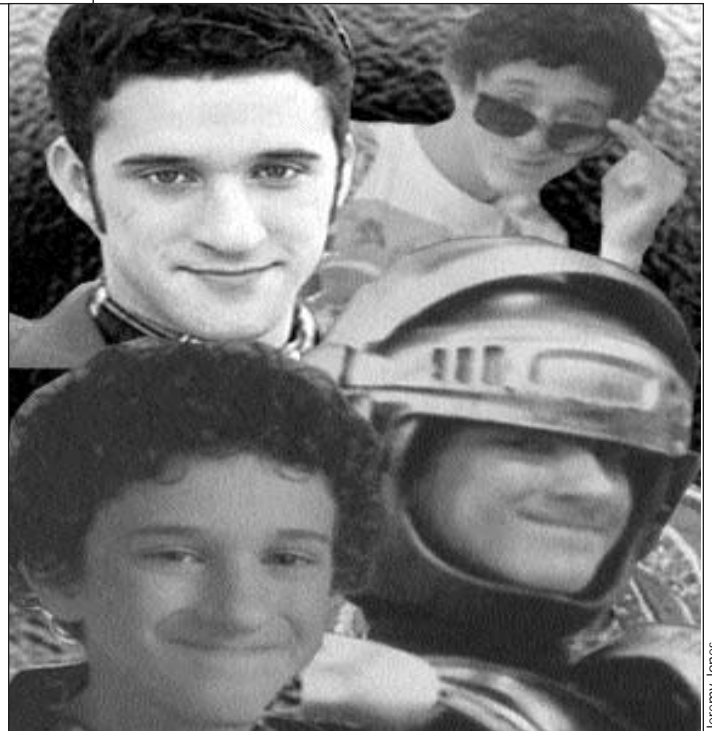
Just as fast as it arrived, it was all gone..

But we do not believe that all is lost, no sir.

It is with great hope that we of the OREGON COMMENTATOR extend this offer to you: please come to Eugene and be our mascot. Make no mistake: you would join an illustrious list of OC mascots, from the 1998-99 heyday of Dr. Moe and Little Mookie to the 1999-2000 golden years of Vicky “Supafreak” James. You could become one of a select few hardy souls to grace not just the Nobody Asked Us, But... page, but Spew as well and even — on rare occasion — the front cover of the magazine itself.

Have we got your attention? Are you thinking about it? You really should. Possible mascot duties include:

- wearing funny costumes for the amusement of our friends
- handing out copies of our magazine at UO sporting events
- writing obscene letters to the editor of the *Ol’ Dirty Emerald*
- re-enacting scenes from “Saved by the Bell,” while we take turns playing Zach and Jessie and the rest of the gang.



It is true that we do not have a lot of money to offer. But then again, you do not have a lot of job prospects. However, our editor does have a big, comfy couch, not too many ants, and a house along a convenient bus line. We’ll try our damndest to get you laid, too — after all, there’s a first time for everything, right?

Maybe next year we can go before the ASUO Programs Finance Council and try to scrounge up some spending cash for you. Sure, we’d have to scrimp and save, but it would be worth it to us. If it came down to supporting you or buying a new toner cartridge for the office laser printer, we’d opt for you — and make you shoplift us a toner cartridge.

Consider the facts: According to the Internet Movie Database, sometime in 2001 you will appear in a film called “Jane White Is Sick and Twisted,” with Wil Wheaton and Phil LaMarr. Who? Exactly! Come on Screech — er, Dustin — what’s better: Doing low-budget straight-to-video crap, or traveling to scenic Eugene, Oregon, in search of a brighter future?

Think of the fun we could have: from getting hammered and crashing Student Senate meetings to getting hammered and crashing University Senate meetings. Only one thing could make it even better: showing up with our mascot, Dustin Diamond in tow.

So think it over. And don’t call us; we’ll (possibly) call you.

Sincerely,
Board of Directors,
OREGON COMMENTATOR



That's right, jackass. This is our letters page. What are you going to do about it?

Dear OREGON COMMENTATOR,



Whut's up in the heazy? Big Snoop Dogg here, just wanted to show a little westiiiiiddddeee love for putting me up in the Spew last issue. The DPG and the LBC are all down with the OC, ya dig? Yo, anytime you want to smoke out, just give his royal Doggfather a call, and I'll be there with some of that sweet sticky-icky California sunshine. Fo' shizzle, my nizzle...

—Snoop Dogg
Long Beach, California

OC: No problem Snoop. Ain't nuthing but an "OC" thang, baby.

Dear OREGON COMMENTATOR,

Hey, where has Hatoon disappeared to? I haven't seen her in front of the library for weeks now. I checked the trash bins behind 7-11, and she wasn't there either. What gives?

—Erik Johnson
Freshman, Law

OC: *Hatoon is alive and well, thanks for asking. She is now replying to letters for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. Why are you asking about her? Are you a spy? Who sent you? It was that rogue Howard Hughes wasn't it? We're not giving him his urine back, and that's final.*

Dear OREGON COMMENTATOR,

I read on the bathroom wall in Taylor's that for a good time, I should be sure to call 346-RIDE. Is this true? The last time I called a number I found in a bathroom stall, I got hooked up with an ex-con equally obsessed with sodomy and his mother. Can lightning strike twice?

—Frank Carson
Sophomore, Education



OC: *We can't legally encourage you to call somebody like that. But, if you do call, ask for Big Willie. Tell him you like animals. You won't be disappointed.*



Dear OREGON COMMENTATOR,

Still waiting for your check to clear. We are more than happy to host your staff parties, but from now on we will insist that you pay at least half the bill ahead of time. Also, despite the name, our dancers don't appreciate having change thrown at them on stage. Dollar bills will be just fine, thank you. Regarding the message you left on our machine, I can guarantee that no member of your party picked up gonorrhoea from our girls. Watch out for those Jiggles skanks, though.

—Silver Dollar Club
Eugene, OR

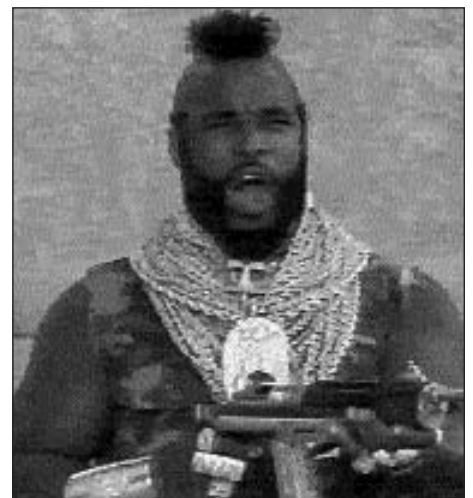
OC: *Gona-what? Is that why it hurts when I pee?*

Dear OREGON COMMENTATOR,

I pity the COMMENTATOR. Mr. T be talking the jibba-jabba all the time, yet is Mr. T in the Spew? NO. Mr. T will snap you in half like a toothpick, then floss his teeth with you. I eat suckas for breakfast with my corn flakes. You suckas just won the whoop-ass lottery. That's with a heavy dosage of whoop.

—Mr. T
Chicago

OC: *That's an error that's easily correctable, big guy. Hey, your performance in "Rocky III" really elevated that movie to "Rocky I" and "Rocky II" status. Dolph Lundgren has nothing on you.*



SURVIVE THIS!

By JEREMY JONES

Television has turned into an endless soap opera starring people scraped off the bottom of the gene pool, and put into some warped psychology experiment designed for the sole purpose of stirring up every frustration and hatred known to man until it explodes into a furry of slapping, swearing, and yelling that makes Jerry Springer look like Captain Kangaroo. When they aren't creating their own disasters, there is some person with a loaded camcorder and an empty head making videos of every explosion, car wreck and crime spree they can find.

First came the "caught on video" shows: world's wildest police chases, world's worst disasters, world's most horrific nose bleeds, world's scariest body piercing, and more. The most frustrating thing about these shows is that no matter what just happened, all the people involved walk away unharmed. "Here we see the car do 17 cartwheels...the fuel ignites, turning the car into a gigantic fireball...and finally the car flies off the cliff, falling 500 feet onto the jagged rocks below. Amazingly Steven walked away from his horrible crash." Just once I want to hear the narrator say, "This guy didn't walk away...in fact it took 15 hours to take his battered corpse out of the glove compartment."

The Mecca of bad "real life" television is MTV. There was a time when the only thing on MTV was music videos, Beavis and Butthead, music videos, a quick interview with a musician, and more music videos. Now MTV seems more like "The Truman Show" than music television. They pick some brain-dead slob, put them together, then shove a camera in their face, doing a hushed play-by-play of every minuscule event. "Michele then makes a life changing decision, she chooses the chunky peanut butter. John had some words to say about this, 'I always thought he had chunky tendencies. He always seemed uncomfortable with us smoothies.'"

Now we have "Survivor" and it's army of bastard children.

Giving the way physiology is being exploited like this, Freud has got to be spinning so rapidly in his grave, he could be hooked to a generator to solve the energy crisis. The logic behind the creation of these shows is very similar to that used in fraternity houses on weekends: "If I mix these two things together, I wonder how many of them people would swallow before they throw up?" If these shows prove anything, it's that Americans are to stupidity what the Irish are to alcohol.

Most recently is the newest warped sociology experiment, "Temptation Island." Some warped mind actually said, "Lets find some really stupid women, some exceptionally horny men, put the women on one island, and the men on another. Now lets put some really attractive women on the men's island, and some attractive men on the women's island and see what happens." I can understand why the men signed up. They are shipped to a tropical island surrounded by women that are perpetually in bathing suits, and left there unattended. It's like leaving Ted Kennedy alone in a brewery for a day. The women have all the intelligence of a houseplant. One was talking about her man being unfaithful in the past, but said it's going to be different when he's surrounded by beautiful women for several weeks. The reason these shows became such a success is because there is nothing more entertaining that watching two people fighting. Like a car accident, a plane crash, or Britney Spears, it's so horrible that no one can stop looking at it.

I am convinced that "Survivor," "Temptation Island," "The Mole," and countless other TV shows are the direct result of that animal rights crap. Scientists had to resort to testing their theories on humans; they found the results strangely interesting, they came up with new ideas just for entertainment value, the networks took it to new levels, and now I see two women having a hissy fit on national television. I hope you animal rights jerks are happy now.

Sexually frustrated?

Feeling alone in your decision not to have sex? Yearning for solidarity with other like-minded, morally righteous individuals? Looking for a thinly-veiled excuse for your inability to "get a little somethin'-somethin'?" Or just looking for an ASUO-sponsored group membership to impress your parents and future employees?

Then join... **Campus Virgins**

Call 346-0716 for details. Please?

The OREGON COMMENTATOR

goes golfing

Five golfers.

Nine holes.

Several hours.

Countless balls.

No recollections.



BY WILLIAM BEUTLER,
AARON K. BRENIMAN,
PETE HUNT, JEREMY
JONES & BEN NAHORNEY

PHOTOS BY SHO IKEDA

Call it an homage to the innovator of gonzo journalism Hunter S. Thompson. Call it an excuse to drink and golf. Call it a bad idea.

No matter how you categorize it, this Tuesday 23, 2001, five members of the OREGON COMMENTATOR staff loaded up on booze, golf clubs, tendency toward general malaise, notebooks and audio tape recording-devices — and tested the limits of the Laurelwood Golf Course's generosity.

What follows is the best-possible account of the events of that fateful afternoon, culled from the scribbled notes and audio recordings. It probably went something like this:

2:20 p.m. Arrive at Laurelwood Golf Course.

An early, near fender-bender, as Bill applies the parking brake a little too conservatively whilst driving down onto the range.

Bill and Ben both pull out not only their intended club of use for the hole—but also their entire bags off of the cart. This is an early, albeit missed, sign of the inevitable mayhem to come.

Hole 1: 518-yard downhill dogleg-left par-5

2:52 p.m. First set of clubs lost, 100 yards from first tee.

Aaron: Bill, what are you playing?

Bill: A ball.

Aaron: What kind of ball?



Half an hour into the first hole, the drunks arrive on the green.

Bill: A white one.

A few minutes later...

Bill: That's 11[strokes].

Ben: You only count the hits, man.

Bill: That's six then.

Bill breaks out the booze—most finds its way into the bota bag, some goes down Pete's gullet, and the rest ends up on the floorboard of the golf cart. It's going to be a long, long day.

Twenty-four minutes into the first hole, the group has yet to reach the green.

Ben is having a difficult time driving the cart, until he is told to put his foot down on the gas pedal. We're in action once again.

Aaron is the first to reach the green, after a tremendous, uphill, 160-yard, 7-iron shot carries him up. Jeremy and Pete put their balls on the green, after short chips from the back fringe where their balls initially landed. Bill reaches the green in 13 shots, but many, many more swings.



Ben is last to reach the green, but holds one of the most competitive scores.

Hole 1 Scores:

Aaron	6
Bill	15
Ben	6
Jeremy	8
Pete	5 — He makes par.

Following the first hole, we retire to the cart, drink some Ezra Brooks 90-proof bourbon with Castillo spiced rum and take the Booze Express to the following tee box. Forty-five minutes after leaving the first tee, we now approach the second, and at this time maintaining order still seems possible. Pete can still find his own ball. His pants are clean and his clubs remain unbroken.

Hole 2: 328-yard, simple-enough, straight-ahead par-4.

3:25 p.m. Second tee box

We take a few moments here to adjust Bill's grip, stance and thought process regarding the striking of the ball. On the next swing, he smacks one about 150 yards down the fairway. "Oh, so that's how it's done. Look out, Tiger!" he bellows.

Pete becomes obsessive about his alcohol, so much so that he begins fighting Jeremy for his booze. Pete challenges Bill to a game of light sabers with the golf clubs. Pete manages to cut off Bill's left arm and leg, before Bill rallies to victory.

While still in the process of getting everyone ready to stop drinking and start teeing off, Pete begins to take off in one of the carts. Had we not been so busy drinking rum and whiskey in an attempt to avoid the sober state, we might have thought to keep an eye on Pete's consumption.

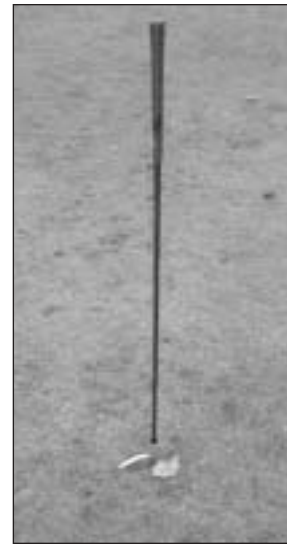
This being the point where Pete begins to fall down; we find it only fair to keep an ongoing count. Falls one, two and three all occur on the second tee box.

After wrestling Pete out of the cart's drivers seat, we proceed down the fairway, but not by any means quickly. Keeping an eye out for each ball has become a difficult task. If Bill doesn't think that it is his "white" ball, Pete has begun to knowingly hit balls of other players. He says it's cool and he's only trying to help.

Pete loses his grip on his club and it ends up spiked into the ground like a javelin.

The betting begins: About 200 yards into the second hole, approximately 145 yards left to the green, Pete feels the urge to lose some money. After attempting yet again to play Aaron's ball, Pete calls for a bet of \$5 American between himself and Aaron to get the ball closest to the hole. The high-stakes pressure must have gotten to him as he muffs one 25 yards down the fairway. Over the large tree on the right side of the fairway just before the green, Aaron swings an 8-iron and puts his ball front right on the green. Looks like Pete now owes him \$5 American.

Following the second shots, our first cart collision occurs, as one OC editor attempts to fol-



Left:

Pete's golf club, stuck in the ground following a typically lousy swing.

Below:

The usual suspect: Booze.

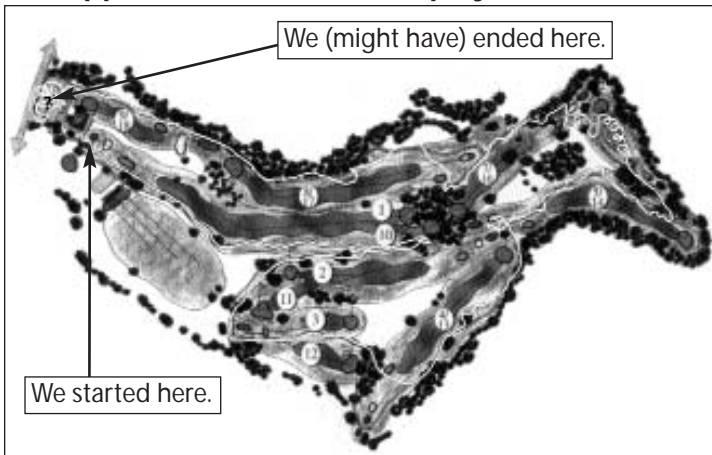


Left to right:

Ben warms up...
Pete takes a swing... Bill misses wildly... Jeremy sets up his shot...
Aaron watches the ball fly.

At this point everything is under control. It doesn't stay this way for long.

The approximate direction of play:



low the rules and put the cart back on the path, only to be rear-ended by the other cart.

Pete steals Jeremy's ball.

Pete falls for the seventh time.

Pete falls again. Eighth fall.

Pete slides back into gambling mode and calls for a five-peso bet that he can putt his ball into the hole in one try. Aaron immediately jumps on the opportunity, even if he has nowhere to spend them nearby—save Taco Bell. The putt... the miss. Make that \$5 American, 5 pesos.

Hole 2 Scores:

Aaron	5
Bill	11
Ben	51 — That's what the card says.
Jeremy	7
Pete	4 — He makes par.

Hole 3: The Play through—Dog lady—Bark, Growl, Bark—more falling down.

Driving the short distance to the third hole we encounter an elderly woman—wise to get off the cart path when we're around—with her growling little brown and white dog that looks like Wishbone. Wait, maybe it was Wishbone—what in the hell was that dog thinking about us?

Pete takes a flying leap off a moving cart, bringing the current fall total to nine.

Dog attacks Sho, our fearless photographer.

Ben—colorblind and playing a pink, Flying Lady ball—puts it out in the middle and proceeds down the fairway to his ball. Only to be hit by Pete's ball. Audio records the following: "Pete has hit me with his club and his ball now."

Two sets of clubs have been lost off the back of the carts. We let some guy—eyeing us suspiciously and probably ready to report us—play through as proper etiquette requires. We might be drunk, but we can still follow the rules.

Pete and Jeremy place a bet on the man playing through. Jeremy wins and Pete strangles him with a 7-iron.

This Pete guy seems to be getting a little drunker than the rest of us. Two editors deem it necessary to play catch up. Back to back to back they each take three pulls off the whiskey bottle. Real drunks don't like to be behind in this sort of game.

Pete throws a club at Ben, then hits the cart with a golf ball. Pete loses his ball on the third hole but still plays. He can hit dirt pretty far.

We approach the green and all put our balls in with relative ease. Not with the relative ease that one would see on a PGA tour event on Saturday afternoon, but with relative ease for the inescapable mayhem that seems fast approaching.

Hole 3 Scores:

Aaron	3 — He makes par.
Bill	9 — A new record.
Ben	3
Jeremy	8
Pete	2 — Birdie.

"I'm ready to out-golf ya," Pete proclaims. "Like, you've made a lot of money off me, but so far I think I'm ahead of the game—because I've been putting, I've been driving and I've been shooting. If you combine all three aspects, that's where you get into the game." Sage advice.

Sounds like Pete needs another drink. Maybe not—as he pours half his pull on his shirt.

?:?? p.m. Time has no meaning any longer.

Hole 4: A straight, 290-yard par-4.

This is the point in the round where things start to get a little crazy. By this time Pete is completely incapable of putting his own ball on the tee, not to mention standing up on his own. Before dancing with the tree near the fourth hole's tee box, Pete somehow manages to break his 5-wood.

"Oh, shit! You're going to have to pay for those, Pete." Luckily Pete has to pay no money—beside the \$5 American and 5 pesos he lost to Aaron. Then everyone remembers that Pete brought his own clubs, which brings about more laughter.

On the fourth hole tee box, Pete is officially cut off.

Things are getting a little out of hand now as two golfers attempt to tee off together—with little luck. After a photo-op

Blue / Black Tees	182	179	175	167	161	154	142	135	126	2902
White / Blue Tees	518	528	557	590	605	652	701	758	817	2659
Par	5	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	35
Handicap	2	12	17	11	6	18	13	9	16	
AARON	6	5	3	4	4	4	7	6	4	43
BILL	15	11	9	12	14	18	10	17	27	133
PETE	5	3	3	3	2	4	4	4	3	31
Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Out
BEN	6	5	3	4	3	4	3	1	3	42
JEREMY	8	7	8	5	6	3	4	8	2	51
Red / White Tees	498	505	525	569	592	636	675	747	809	2774
Par	5	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	35
Handicap	2	6	16	12	4	18	14	9	10	

Above: The scorecard, which was luckily recovered a day later.

Left: Aaron's turn to deal with Pete.

Far Left: Bill and Pete battle to the death.



suggestion from Bill, the course drunk, Pete, now attempts to hit not his ball, but the large plastic ball that marks the tee area. They might be a little easier to hit, but that definitely will not keep you in friendly with the pro shop staff. Pete gets into a duel with a tree and passes out in the mud.

While other golfers tee off—or rather, attempt to—good old drunken Pete lies in the mud with his fly down. Thanks to a little help from another golfer’s club—we dare not say whose—Pete is able to keep up with the rest of the group.

However, his next attempt proves that Pete is done golfing. He swings and misses; he swings and misses. On his final attempt he swings, misses and simultaneously throws his club into the bush behind him.

As one editor inquires into whether he has been successful in giving out all the requested cigarettes, one intoxicated staff writer inquires if anyone has a joint. He claims that it will mellow him out—we’ll assume, from the amount of puke he’s fertilizing the grass with, that he’ll be mellowed out soon enough.

Hole 4 Scores:

Aaron	4 — He makes par.
Bill	12 — It’s a learning process.
Ben	4 — Also par.
Jeremy	5 — Almost.
Pete	3 — Unbelievable.

Hole 5: slightly uphill drive along a hillside, 390-yard par-4. Tee-off goes fairly smoothly, as Pete rolls around on the ground, possibly trying to stand. From this point on, fall-downs are no longer recorded.

While Aaron and Bill dodge Pete’s lunges, Ben chases his pink ball down the range and Jeremy takes off in one of the carts to finish the hole. Aaron speaks into the recorder: Pete’s running to the green... and, that’s not your ball! And Jeremy falls again! It’s that same patch of mud.

Pete wants to drive the cart. Bill hides the keys and tells him that Sho has them. Sho flees.

Memory starts to get a little blurry. The audio tape and score card are somewhat helpful in piecing the following events together.

Hole 5 Scores:

Aaron	4 — Par.
Bill	14 — It’ll be a long process.
Ben	4 — Par.
Jeremy	4 — Almost.
Pete	1 — A hole in one!



Hole 6: A deceptively tough par-3, 152-yard curve around a dog-leg corner right.

No one is really sure what happens here. Jeremy and Bill take off in the cart up to the green in search of their Titleists. This might have happened on Hole 5.

Sho commandeers the golf cart.

Sho: Asian driver! Asian driver! Look out!



Jeremy doesn’t remember this hole.

No one remembers whose idea it was to let Pete drive, or at least no one will own up to it. The audio tape records the following:

Aaron: Way to go, Pete!

Pete: Thank you, dude.

Aaron: Pete, hit the gas.

Pete: [Unintelligible]

Aaron: Not again! Not again! Not again! Pete, lay off the gas, lay off the gas... we’re gonna die!!!

Pete dives into a garbage can, headfirst.

Aaron: Pete just about killed our other members in the other cart, and we’re onto the tee. As Pete humps the bench... and is into the trash can — dude, hold him in there, don’t let him get out! Get a picture! Oh, and he’s puking, too, yeah! He’s puking!

This is about the end of recorded playing. What follows is a transcript of various conversations that occurred between the tee-off of Hole 6 and the next morning:

Aaron: Bill finds his ball. Ben finds his ball. They’re both tired. To the seventh hole. Is this the seventh hole, Sho?

Aaron: Where did Pete go? Anybody? Where did Pete go? I don’t know.
Jeremy: He’s there standing naked in the middle of the fairway. Pete put some clothes on!

Ben: Pete are you in the bushes?

Bill: He went out to that old abandoned house. Or maybe he passed out in the golf cart.

Bill: Marijuana. Sho, with his camera. I just spit on my arm.

Aaron: Pete, you have three more holes to deal with. Are you going to play?

Pete: What hole are we on? Is the sixth hole?

Aaron: This is the sixth hole. We’re going to play till it’s dark.

Pete: It is dark. Can you just drive me back to the club house?

Aaron: Your clubs are in the bag, dude, you don’t need to go.

Pete: I’ve got to puke though.

Aaron: You can puke right out the side. We’ve some Coke if you need some Coke to help you puke.

Pete: What about blankets? I don’t want to puke if I don’t have blankets.

Jeremy: Tell him about how you danced naked on the last whole.

Pete: I danced naked. I did the Hakuna Matata.



COMMENTATOR INTERVIEW: THE AMPHITHEATER KNOB

a candid conversation with a spherical mass of lowest-bidder concrete pouring

Oftentimes great architecture is defined not by what's there, but rather by what isn't. Consider great architects like Joseph Emberton, Marc Corbiau, Pierre Koenig, and Frank Lloyd Wright, who understood the art of sophisticated subtlety. Any one of these men would be proud to claim the EMU Amphitheater Knob as their own creation. In that sense the Knob can be seen as tribute to architecture embodying elements of the "art deco" school, both past and present.

Or maybe it just represents an extra wheelbarrow of concrete and somebody's idea of a practical joke. Either way, there it is: strategically positioned — some would say "hidden" — in an out-of-the-way the corner of the EMU Amphitheater along 13th.

On a sunny day you can find people sitting on the Knob, strumming their guitar, reading poetry, seeking the answers to the great questions of the universe, or just lighting up a jay. Until the OREGON COMMENTATOR conducted this interview, few really knew where the Knob came from, and those who did weren't talking. It just kind of popped up in the spring of 1998 after the revamping of the EMU. It stood alone, brooding and silent, in the style of the great cupolas of Europe.

The OREGON COMMENTATOR, long a fan and admirer, went to the Knob in search of answers. Where did you come from?



"Maybe I'll go to Lane next term and get my grades up. I'm probably not college material and I don't really have any job prospects."

What are your interests? Are you tired of being urinated on after basketball games? Are you really there, or just a mass hallucination brought on by drinking stale bong water? We found the knob to be very receptive to our questioning, conducted by OC Associate Editor Brian Boone, despite showing up to the interview slightly tipsy and rather jolly on Vicodin.

COMMENTATOR: First of all, let me thank you for doing this interview. I hope this is a good time.

KNOB: No, it's not. I had a full schedule of sitting around doing nothing planned, so make it snappy, huh.

COMMENTATOR: A lot of people call you just "the knob" or the "EMU Knob." What, if any, is your real name?

KNOB: If it's okay, I'd rather not say. I don't want people calling me by name. It's bad enough people curse me when they walk by. Or wonder why there's only one of me. "To know someone's name is to own a little piece of them."

COMMENTATOR: Is that Heidegger?

KNOB: No, I think it was in "American Psycho."



"Often I pray to St. Thomas of Paquae, the patron saint of bad postmodern architecture."

COMMENTATOR: That's a good book.

KNOB: It's a book now?

COMMENTATOR: You're sure you don't want to give us your name?

KNOB: What the hell. It's Knobby. Knobby McKnob.

COMMENTATOR: You made that up just now, didn't you?

KNOB: Of course I did. You think I'd be officially named? Nobody names an architectural oversight.

COMMENTATOR: Speaking of architectural oversights, let's go all the way back. What were the circumstances of your birth?

KNOB: Try and keep it quiet, but I'm actually an alien. As an infant, my home planet was on the brink of infinite destruction, so my father, played in a memorable cameo by Marlon Brando, tied me to a little tiny rocket-ship and sent me to earth where I was raised by a loving, yet ignorant Midwestern couple who kept my super powers under wraps.

COMMENTATOR: With all due respect, that's Superman's story.



"As you probably know, I ran for ASUO Executive in 2000. Unfortunately, I lost to another knob, Jay Breslow."

OREGON COMMENTATOR

KNOB: I gotta come up with something. I don't think you truly realize how boring my world is. The truth is boring and sad: I am an uninteresting and a ridiculously simple building accouterment made out of concrete and designed by an unemployed artist.

COMMENTATOR: And then you were installed in the EMU in early 1998.

KNOB: Yep, for three whole years I have been the most recognizable and beloved eyesore on campus, second only to the PLC.

COMMENTATOR: So if you've only been around since 1998, does this mean you're only 3 years old?

KNOB: In human years, I'm 3. But in knob years, I'm 24.

COMMENTATOR: Well, what was your childhood like?

KNOB: Pretty typical really. Frolicking in fields with pet dogs that also were made out of concrete. Grade school and junior high were fine. Did a little theater, spent several wet autumns playing soccer, where I was the ball. I briefly interned for a monolith in high school. I ended up here when the University recruited me. Their knob quota was dangerously low and they were going to get in trouble with the affirmative action people.

COMMENTATOR: What are some of the events that stand out most during your time at the University?

KNOB: You know what? I might as well just show you some pictures. *[See page 14 —Ed.]* They could tell you a lot more than I could remember. There's one of me at a Mac Court game. This one was from 1998—that's me pulling down the street sign, just after throwing a bottle at a cop. There's some baby pictures around here somewhere. Go ahead and take these.

COMMENTATOR: A lot of structures have

knobs, but most structures generally have an even number of knobs that are placed symmetrically around the perimeter of a building. What's wrong with you?

KNOB: Have you ever looked at the EMU? Then you'll realize how unattractive and asymmetrical it is. It looks like one building sneezed onto another building. If they had two knobs, there'd be a little shred of beauty and elegance, and that just wouldn't make any sense. And since there's only one of me, I feel special.

COMMENTATOR: What about those smaller, weed-covered knobs over by Gerlinger and Campbell?

KNOB: They're my brothers and sisters. Being sedentary has prevented be from visiting them as much as I would like.

COMMENTATOR: Let's get into campus issues.

KNOB: If we must.

COMMENTATOR: Do you agree with Ryan?

KNOB: Sometimes.

COMMENTATOR: Are you religious?

KNOB: No, but I've got a lot of coping mechanisms: yoga, taking it out on others. Often I pray to St. Thomas of Paquae, the patron saint of bad postmodern architecture.

COMMENTATOR: Seeing as how you're a prime campus icon, what's your take on last year's WRC hubbub?

KNOB: You know, every damn TV station interviewed me during the protests. Apparently, it was because I just always happened to be "hanging around" campus in a fixed, stationary point, what with being a knob and all. Frankly, I'm sick to death of talking about those protesters. I'm pretty much apolitical, but those kids

had a point, even if they were totally clueless about what they were protesting about. Hey, did you ever notice how fat some of those people were? Geez, I'd find their argument a lot more compelling were they not chunky little piggies. You eating zebra cakes, meanwhile talking about exploited, hungry workers overseas just isn't a convincing argument. It's like those Sally Struthers/Feed the Children commercials. But there you go, steps of Johnson Hall: fat rich sociology major after fat rich sociology major.

COMMENTATOR: Is it really fair for you to talk about somebody's body type?

KNOB: What, you mean because I'm round? Hey, bitch, this is muscle. Hard as rock. Mostly concrete actually. Yeah, I stand pretty still most of the time, got a sedentary job, but I still find the time to exercise, even if its just running up a couple flights of stairs at lunchtime or hurling myself at passers-by. I also got me one of them Jack Lalaine Juice machines.

COMMENTATOR: Sounds like you watch a lot of TV.

KNOB: I'm a knob. What else do I have to do?

COMMENTATOR: You could get a hobby.

KNOB: Is drinking excessively a hobby?

COMMENTATOR: It sounds like you don't get out much.

KNOB: No, my friends help me go places. It's not easy to drag a concrete knob around town, so much props to them. In '99, me and my frat brothers went to San Padre Island for Spring Break. Oh my god, it was so sweet! What I can remember of it I mean. I'm pretty sure I was on "Say What Karaoke" and I'm pretty sure I remember having sloppy seconds on a Mexican hooker. I brought back a case of this really excellent caramel tequila you can't get in the United States.

COMMENTATOR: So you're a student then?

KNOB: I'm taking a break. Maybe I'll go to Lane next term and get my grades up. I'm probably not college material and I don't really have any job prospects.

COMMENTATOR: Any career goals?

KNOB: I'm only a knob right now, but I could be so much more. Maybe I could be carved into a gargoyle, or maybe a real statue...a monument even!

COMMENTATOR: Do you ever get dressed up all sexy and go out on the town, trolling for other horny knobs on the make?

KNOB: That's disgusting, but to answer your question, no, I'm in a committed, monogamous relationship.

COMMENTATOR: Then you have a special someone in your life?

KNOB: I usually don't like to talk about my personal life in the press, but, yes, I've been dating a certain highly visible campus figure for about two years now. He's been involved with student government and files a lot of grievances. Let's just call him "Scott A." Hmm...maybe that's too obvious. No, let's call him "S. Austin."

COMMENTATOR: You're in love with Scott Austin?

KNOB: I call him Stone Cold Scott Austin, and I wouldn't call it love so much as I would call it mutual lust, or just plain settling. But, yeah, that boy is my bitch.

COMMENTATOR: So this means you're gay?

KNOB: Gay? Whoever said that I'm even a guy.

COMMENTATOR: So you're a woman?

KNOB: No! I'm a knob. I reproduce with spores or something, I don't know.

COMMENTATOR: Well, anyway, how did you and Scott Austin meet?

KNOB: He filed a grievance against me for being alternately "too knobby" or "not knobby enough." I went to the ASUO Senate meeting to defend myself, and the sexual energy between us was just flying.

COMMENTATOR: You mentioned your attendance at an ASUO meeting. Would you like to comment on your governmental escapades?

KNOB: As you probably know, I ran for ASUO Executive in 2000. Unfortunately, I lost to another knob, Jay Breslow. And what's up with him and Holly [Manger, Breslow's vice-president.-Ed.] anyway? Are they a little too friendly to be cousins, or is it just me?

COMMENTATOR: Don't resort to mud-slinging.

KNOB: Oh, he only beat me because he isn't an inanimate object. Being made of concrete and not being a sentient being in any way is both a blessing and a curse.

COMMENTATOR: Other than being able to carry on a conversation, what sets you apart from other knobs, particularly those in the campus neighborhood?

KNOB: I am sexy, I'm into acid jazz and I always give perfect advice.

COMMENTATOR: If you were a tree, what kind of tree would you be?

KNOB: One that was completely stationary and overlooked by everyone that passes it. So any kind, really.

COMMENTATOR: Knobby, you are a true inspiration. Do you have any advice for the kids out there?



Left: Knobby takes part in the annual Halloween festivities.

Right: McKnob roots for Bryan Bracey, Freddie Jones, and even Chris "The Dane" Christofferson in The Pit.



Jeremy Jones

KNOB: Tell them not to pee on me on Friday nights. Also tell them not to spray paint graffiti on me. I am not a means to announce an ISA coffee hour or an anarchist meeting.

COMMENTATOR: What three words would you say best describe you?

KNOB: Hmmm. Concrete. Inanimate. Misunderstood. A caring listener. That was more than three. Hey, do you mind if I ask you a question?

COMMENTATOR: Go ahead.

KNOB: How do I put this gently... well, why are you talking to a concrete knob?

COMMENTATOR: It was an assignment. I don't ask questions of my editors. They're a little drunk and a lot unstable.

KNOB: Okay, I was just making sure. And you are well aware of the fact that everything I said in this interview was completely imaginary and likely a hallucinatory effect of a prescription-drug induced fever dream, right?

COMMENTATOR: Pretty much. I'm just projecting onto you my intense loneliness and sense of crippling boredom.

KNOB: So you do know that knobs aren't living and they can't talk and that I'm not real and we're not really talking right now, correct?

COMMENTATOR: Knobby, you're the most fascinating person I've met on this campus.

KNOB: I sure am.



Brian Boone, a senior majoring in Journalism and Theater Arts, is an Associate Editor for the OREGON

COMMENTATOR

JANUARY 29, 2001

This information was made possible by ASUO Incidental Fees (and Richard Mellon Scaife).

THE C.L.F. PRIMER

(CONSERVATIVE LIBERATION FRONT)

These are some of the insurgents on the UO Eugene campus. Please take a few moments to write them a letter or call them. Tell them how you feel about the "activism" they do and ask them to stop being such idiots.

Brett Ely Castle
541.465.9235
842 Almaden St. Eugene
97402

Alexander Holmes Fletcher
503.636.6699
01537 SW Comus St.
Portland 97219

Nicholas Paul Lally
541.465.3998
1742 Hilyard St. Eugene
97401

Benjamin Russell Lawson
541.344.7799
1210 W. 10th Ave Eugene
97402

Haley Catherine Smith
541.484.2824
1358 High St. Apt. 2
Eugene 97401

Sherman David Sparks
541.687.7835
315 E. 31st Ave Eugene 97405

William Milton Thompson
1252 W. Polk Eugene 97402

Amy Colleen Wolf
541.683.4744
1965 Patterson St. Eugene
97405

- If these kids love monkeys so much, why not sneak into a zoo, steal the angriest, filthiest simians in the place and leave them in Suite One?

- Now that you have the numbers, call the staff, invite them to dinner but serve only Spam, canned ham and pickled pigs feet. Mmmm... torturously good!

- Break into their homes (*for information on lock breaking, see Insurgent Dec. 2000*) and steal all products that may have been tested on animals or have been produced using oppressive labor tactics.

- George W. Bush quotable desktop calenders for everyone!

- Disable the [A]narchy [R]evolution [P]rotest [S]it-in and [L]eft-wing keys on their keyboards.



CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS: A GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON'S UNDERGRADUATE CURRICULUM

Trust us: “SPEI 688 Early Interv Meth II” might sound fun, but it’s not.

Come on, you can admit it: After thumbing through the quarterly Schedule of Classes for the third time and clicking on Duck Hunt again and again, you are no better informed about your registration options than you were in the first place. Perhaps it’s the University’s own nod to the collectivist atmosphere in Eugene — when reduced to technical code more apt to C++ coding, all classes are equal. But of course they are not.

And if you noticed the subtle use of knowledge about computer languages — And this author is no CIS major: I failed CIS 123 not once, but *twice* — should be proof enough that the staff of the OREGON COMMENTATOR has taken enough classes throughout the years to pass along a nugget or two of solid gold advice w/r/t your classes.

Again! All this knowledge: “w/r/t” is shorthand for “with regard to.” Didja know that? If your answer was no, then this guide is for you. If your answer was yes, then you’re an over-educated hippie college student with too much time on your hands. Get a job, why don’t you?

ALS 199 / The College Experience

The first class freshmen learn to skip. For a class labeled “The College Experience,” you would think there would be references to massive beer bongs and the dangers of drinking stale bong water. Nope. This class is a great cultural forum. You’ll meet fraternity and sorority pledges, stoners, hippies, counter-culture revolutionaries, and other assorted characters, 75 percent of whom will never make it past winter term.

ANTH 170 / Intro to Human Evolution

It’s perfectly acceptable to sleep in this class, just so long as you don’t mind that brief, heart-stopping moment of panic when the professor yells at someone closer to the front to wake up.

ASTR 121 / The Solar System

Take it from James Schombert, attend a few lectures, and be entertained. The jokes are usually funny, his lectures are concise, and it’s a good, non-mathematical way for humanities students to satisfy the science requirement. NOTE: If, during a subsequent term, based on your warm recollection of Schombert and the photo of him in Roswell, N.M., on his website, you decide to take his ASTR 122 or 123, be forewarned: the jokes are identical and his lectures are identical to those on the web. But it’s still a

**BY PETE HUNT, REBEKAH HEARN,
AMANDA NOTTKE, BRIAN OUELLETTE
& AMBER PLAUNTY**

good, non-mathematical way for humanities students to satisfy a science requirement.

BI 262 / Molecular Genetics

I remember one professor making a fairly tasteless joke. It might have been about Alzheimer’s patients, but I can’t remember. Ha ha. (Please forward all complaints to P.O. Box 30128 Eugene, OR, 97403, por favor.)

BI 263 / Biochemical Basis for Life

While dozing, I distinctly heard Professor Sprague tell us that cutting your hair releases ATP, which is apparently a bad thing. Take the appropriate precautions, like everyone in Suite One.

CHEM 223 / General Chemistry

For some reason I used to walk all the way to this class and then decide to leave, so I would recommend not going at all. Except on days that have quizzes.

CIS120 / Concepts: Information Processing

I failed the first midterm, then failed the second. I failed to attend more than one lab. More than two, actually. I figured there was no way to pass the class at all with my record, so I did not show up for the final. I slacked, I procrastinated, I received a D-. I didn’t earn those four credits, I should’ve *failed*. Lucky for me our University doesn’t care about such trivial details as learning and understanding the content of our classes...

CIS 123 / Multimedia on the Web

How Jane Ritter earned a Ph.D. is the CIS department’s best kept secret. When she’s not busily trying to open Photoshop and ignoring the snickers from the lecture hall, she’s giggling about the animated GIF of a running horse she found on the Internet, or nervously moving past a student’s advice when she doesn’t understand the techie-jargon they’re using—you know, like “HTML.” As easy as this class should be, you’ll probably fail, unless you can summon the superhuman strength necessary to drag yourself into her stultifying lectures twice per week.

EC 201 / Intro Econ Analy Micro

You'll learn more about supply and demand buying dime sacks off the Rastas downtown than you will studying the changing oil prices in Iran.

HC 109H / Honors College History

It is not only possible to deliberately not say one word in class for the entire term, and still got an A-; it's been done. We recommend thinking twice before opening your mouth in this class.

HIST 104 / World History

Despite its misleading title, you'll find that watching "History of the World: Part I" is in no way a substitute for attending class. Nor does watching "Gladiator" prepare for you a midterm on ancient Rome, though the parts about incestuous relationships among royalty will come in handy later.

HIST 301 / History of Modern Europe

Ask a question and the professor laughs at you and then suggests several random books you've never heard of. He may have graduated from U of Chicago, an urban city college, but he graduated last in his class. He also gets facts wrong. You can't believe everything you read on the net, dude.

ENG 411 / Dramatic Screenwriting

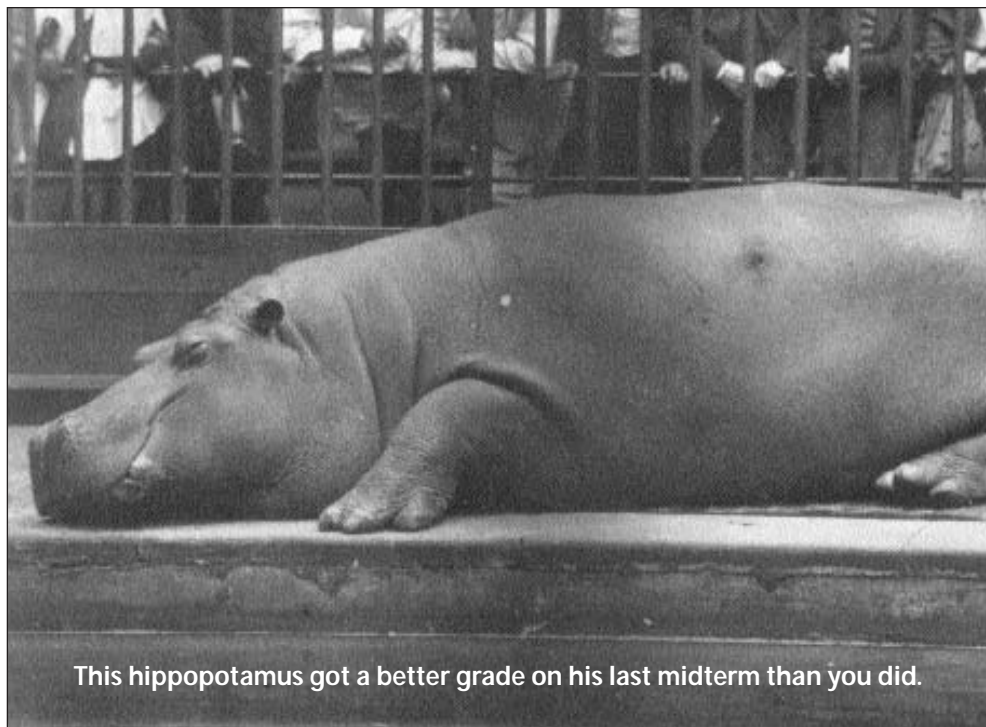
Fancy yourself a hotshot Hollywood scribe? Perhaps you should fancy yourself listening to your classmates' delusional fantasies of going to write for "The Simpsons" or having Prof. Julia Lesage tell you that she likes your screenplay, but your ideas are too creative and non-commercial. For what it's worth, you might as well pick up one of those Syd Field paint-by-numbers guides to screenwriting. Sure, you'll miss the arts and letters credit, but you won't miss having to review other students' quasi-ironic "Pulp Fiction" rip-offs and trite coming-of-age yarns.

ELTA 199 / Special Studies: Internship

Two credits, Pass/No Pass. Being ASUO President is hard work.

ELTA 409 / Leadership

Sweet Jesus, save me. Sorority girls and born-again guys who are overly hyped about teamwork. Three GTFs on Prozac run this terror, oh, and attendance is mandatory. You get put on an e-



This hippopotamus got a better grade on his last midterm than you did.

mail mailing list, which they spam with worthless junk mail, and you do icebreakers daily to re-introduce yourself to your classmates. I wouldn't wish this hell on anyone. If you have attended this university for more than three months, you know teamwork accomplishes about as much as four drunk frat boys in a block-buster.

FR 201-203 / French II

200 level class, 600 level workload, about 10 different GTF's teach the class, and about two of them are actually decent. The rest should be shot after severe torturing. All that work, and they don't even give you frog legs.

INTL 250 / Cross-Cultural Perspectives

"Capitalism is bad and genocide occurs!" Bit bland, don't fall asleep or you'll be singled out as an unsympathetic white male.

INTL 431 / Cross-Cultural Communications

All types of hippies, morons and other riff-raff, wondering why the heck they can't have everything they want in capitalist America.

J101 / Grammar for Journalists

Contains Syntax no Sentence proper this. Take this class in the fall and Kellee Weinholt will steer discussion toward the football program. Take it in the spring and it's all about the men's and women's basketball team. Take it in the spring, and...well, just take it during fall or winter. It's all preparatory for the LSDT, a test which is not nearly as conducive to creative answers as it may sound. And a bit of advice learned the hard way: don't spend your pre-test hours at Rennie's Landing.

J201 / Mass Media & Society

One of the j-school's weeding-out classes; something of a muddled, dumbed-down combination of Communications Law and Communications History, two classes you will inevitably take more than once. Stunned as you may be by the multitude of beautiful women surrounding you, take advantage of the golden ratio while you can. By the time your start concentrating on your magazine or news editorial focus, they will have vanished, segregated to their advertising and public relations classes. Carpe Diem.

J202 / Information Gathering

If you're a journalism major, you've heard the frightening tale: hours of meticulous research on a mundane aspect of public policy, adding up to a 100-page paper on the subject. True, but not quite accurate. The good news: the paper is in reality likely to be about 80 pages in overall length, and only 20 of which encompass the main text. The bad news: the 35 annotated sources will be the bulk of your work. We estimate you can safely fudge on about three or four sources, but push it much farther and watch your grade plummet below the C- average of the class.

J204 / Visual Communication

Quark XPress is the heretofore unchallenged industry standard for newspaper and magazine layout, so logic dictates that you might learn Quark in this class, right? Of course not. Instead you will learn to use the long-outdated PageMaker, a program noted for its ease of use, but not its usefulness. Why? Because Paul Brainerd, UO graduate and inventor of PageMaker has donated a healthy sum of money to the j-school. Go ahead and name as many computer labs after the guy as you want to, but Mr. Brainerd's vanity is no reason to under-prepare and mis-educate students in an already-competitive field.

MUS 264/5 / History of Rock Music I/II

This is a great class if you're low on your drug supply because every stoner on campus will at one time or another enroll in this class. You're assured at least a contact high listening to "Dark Star" at 9 a.m. with a bunch of wake-and-bake dead heads. If listening to Pink Floyd for a whole period gives you a headache, don't buy an aspirin off the guy in the corner or you'll be lost in the K-hole for days.

PEW 211 / Weight Training I

Too many guys, not enough girls. An hour is too short to get in any decent type of workout with the first 20 minutes taken up with chatter by a perky GTF majoring in physical fitness, to please his/her significant other.

PETS 242 / Basketball II

If you're lucky, an actual UO basketball player will coach this class and take a liking to you. Then he or she will bring you into the Masonic-like fold of the student athlete society. Word to the

wise: don't let Chris Christofferson do your English Lit papers for you. That guy can barely read a "D," let alone Dante.

PETS 262 / Soccer II

Professor: Take my class so I can school your ass. Note: Soccer chicks are the sexiest women on earth. Or the hairiest. Same difference.

PEMA 251 / Taekwondo I

A 70-year-old instructor that can kick your ass. Great class, good people. Unfortunately, no philosophical "wax-on" vs. "wax-off" debates.

PHIL 103 / Critical Reasoning

Prisoners dilemma, all class, every day. 300 person class gives you plenty of places to hide, if you attend.

PHIL 307 / Social & Political Philosophy

Painting on a canvas as broad as this, it's disappointing to watch the otherwise intelligent Cheney Ryan squander a chance to give students a broad grasp of the socio-political concepts in modern philosophy. Instead, get ready for a predictable series of pseudo-Chomskyite dissertations on corporate control and an endless procession of readings by discredited, 90-year-old "Marxist historians." (Eric Hobsbawm, we're looking in your direction.) On the other hand, at least Ryan admits up front that his lectures are more than a little left-of-center, and his story about the pile of shoes at the 1968 Democratic convention is worth the enrollment.

PS 201 / US Politics

U.S. politics seen through the eyes of a biased graduate student. If taught by a hippie, the U.S.A. is the devil; if taught by an Econ student, U.S. is worldly.

PS 204 / Intro to Comparative Politics

Why the U.S. kicks everyone's ass, plus college girls interested in politics: some peoples' dreams do come true.

PS 301 / Art and the State

From the class website: "Warning: Portions of this course may be disturbing. We will view pictures that are offensive to some people, including some that are homoerotic, some that border on (or perhaps cross the border into) child pornography, etc." Translation: It costs 75 cents at "For Your Eyes Only" to get a booth, so save yourself some quarters and meet some fellow perverts. Bring your own hand lotion and tissue paper.

PS 455 / Theories of International Politics

Expect a headache after every class: the people in this class like international politics a little too much. Take heed.

TA 250 / Acting I

You will bond with your classmates, or else. Overly liberal Theater Arts GTF's have you play theater games for two hours and then give you an automatic A. Great class to take a chick home with you afterwards. Oh, and you have to buy the dean's textbook.

WST 101 / Intro to Women's Studies

Aww, so you're a wannabe feminist...how cute. Note: Feminists are cool when they're witty like Janeane Garafolo, educated like Camille Paglia, funny like Ellen DeGeneres, or just ruthless like Hillary Clinton. However, if all you bring to the table is a man-hating attitude a penchant for Ani DiFranco tunes and a taste for women's soccer, seek a different more personable philosophy, like Naziism.

WR 121 / Writing 121

Depressed English students trying to legitimize their English degree to unimpressed undergrads. Don't get involved in the communist "writing communities" where you will be asked "share" your work and ideas with your comrades.

WR 122 / Writing 122

Congrats, you passed 121. More of the same here. Four more credits and you can teach high school English.



Believe it or not: all of these people are staff writers for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



¡CAGO EN TU LECHE!

Un diatribe amargo, amargo contra la universidad, su departamento del idioma extranjero, y un poco del trivia sobre poop.

BY BRANDON HARTLEY

I have spent upwards of two months of my total lifespan in various Spanish classes and I still can't form a coherent sentence in that foreign tongue; my knowledge of the language is limited to the menu at Taco Bell. After all these years I've finally mastered "Burrito Supreme," but I'm still kind of shaky on the "Gorditas." Let's see, there's the "Supreme Beef Gordita," then the "Supreme Chicken Gordita" and... shucks, I always forget that last one.

The subject has been a rusty, multi-pronged thorn in my side for almost a decade now. Having overcome high school gym class, officiously incompetent GTFs in college and classes along the way like "Top Teen Girl and Pop," Spanish will be the academic roadblock that puts an end to my dreams of living off Tabasco sauce and cigarette butts in postgraduate destitution. I almost missed out on a diploma because of it and it will inevitably cost me a degree.

My winter break was spent curled up in a fetal position in a bedroom in Portland, strung-out and frothing at the mouth, terrified of what awaited me down here in Eugene: Spanish 202. Now a month later and four weeks into winter term, I spend most of my time locked in the bathroom of a tiny bungalow in the hills, afraid that my mutant refrigerator may attempt another frontal assault. And it's all the Spanish language's fault.

You see, I don't enjoy being forced, against my will, to pay \$500 a term to study a subject I have absolutely no interest in and am absolutely terrible at while sitting in a tiny room filled to the brim with obnoxious Greek brats that spend all of their time in class critiquing each other's outfits and

gossiping about their respective others, what tourist trap they're going to jet off to after finals and whether or not they'd like to live on a cul-de-sac or in a townhouse when they get married five minutes after they leave college with a degree in General Studies. A small group of these people could kill a cow in under 2.3 seconds with the sound of their incessant giggling.

Is it any wonder that the foreign language requirement has robbed me of my self-esteem and sanity? There are only a few things I truly despise in this world and having to conjugate "ir" in the subjunctive tense is one of them. I have a belly full of contempt and would take great pleasure in vomiting this black bile all over the cheap suits of the douchebag administrators who came up with the language requirement. I would love to press my lips to theirs and force this hate down their throats and into their digestive tracts so that it might eat at away at their insides and burn a gigantic hole in their bloated, bureaucratic bellies. I am an English major, dammit, and there's nothing more ironic and infuriating than having to speak broken Spanish with disgusted soror-

ity girls in order to graduate.

Whew, that was cathartic and maybe even a little disturbing. Time to take a breather. How about a poop factoid to lighten the mood?

According to "Origins: A Short Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," the word "poop" comes from the Middle English word "poupen," and originally meant "to fart." This onomatopoeic word was based on the sound of flatulence. According to Robert Chapman, author of "American Slang," "poop" came into use with its current meaning around 1900.

We now return to the disjointed rant already in progress.

It would take a three-hundred page essay to adequately list all of the problems inherent with the University of Oregon's feeble attempts at teaching its liberal arts students a foreign language. Here's a collection of just a few of them, along with a compilation of very practical and reasonable solutions that would immediately raise test scores and morale in these classes.

PROBLEMS ASSOCIATED WITH THE UO'S FOREIGN LANGUAGE PROGRAM:

1. Practically no one on this campus wants to learn another language and those who do, won't.

While many students in this country wouldn't mind learning a second language, they, unlike the administrative Nazi automata who establish academic requirements, realize that it's an extremely difficult task and not one worth undertaking. There's a tremendous amount of grammatical quirks and thousands upon thousands of vocabulary words that a person must learn before they can even begin to talk shit in another language. Spending a few hours a week in a classroom filled with apathetic students like myself is no way to learn how to master Tony Hawke's Pro Skater, let alone

German or Japanese. I've heard countless anecdotes from people who have studied a random language to the bone, traveled overseas and found themselves completely unable to communicate with the bartender at the nearest hash bar from the airport.

America's students simply aren't up to the task of learning how to speak another language, especially considering that most of them can barely speak proper English. Other nations begin brainwashing their children with rigorous dialect classes beginning in kindergarten and practically force them study abroad. The U.S. halfheartedly crams its students into these classes in the sixth grade and refuses to acknowledge the fact that the only way someone can properly learn a second language is by spending

The views expressed in this column are those of Brandon Hartley, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

time in another country. By the time a student has reached the University of Oregon, they've spent at least four academic years *not* learning a foreign language in the public educational system. One would think that campus administrators would acknowledge the fact that most of us have neither the time nor the desire to immerse ourselves in foreign lexicon, realize this whole thing is a complete waste of time and cut the requirement altogether.

2. The average language class on this campus is humiliating and hellish.

I am a student in a UO Spanish class. I spend fifty minutes, four days a week trapped in a tiny desk so small I cannot stretch my legs or arms. My professor's tendency to call on me when I'm trying to look as inconspicuous as possible causes blood blisters to form on my brain. The air is so full of perfume emanating off the student next to me that my lungs hurt, my eyes burn and I think I am going blind. My mind is alert and my body is sensitive. I yearn to be at home fiddling with Napster, but instead have gone crazy from the close confinement. I am no more than a commodity. I am a student turned into a conjugating machine — pumping out incoherent sentences in Spanish, only to be laughed at by those around me.

Everyday students at this university are forced to suffer like me. In order to get a decent grade in a language class at the UO, a student must constantly volunteer answers and socialize with people they have absolutely nothing in common with. 10% of their grade is unreasonably based on in-class participation. A student able to speak fluent Italian could easily receive a B in an Italian class if they happen to be shy or just stoned all the time. Many like myself have grown accustomed to the anonymity of 500-person lecture halls and resent having to actually show up to and pay attention in class.

You can help myself and others like me. Here are the addresses of various officials in the romantic languages department. Please terrorize them incessantly:

Just kidding.

3. Students have to pass 203 with at least a C- before they can even think about graduating

This stipulation is complete and utter, bare-knuckled, 100%, unadulterated crapulence. As is the fact that B.A. students have to take two years of a foreign language while B.S. students only have to take one year of the equivalent in mathematics.

If a student can merely get through 203, regardless of grades, without killing themselves, they should be given a badge of honor and a ticker tape parade down 13th Avenue. The *Register-Guard* should run a banner headline on the cover of its morning edition, trumpeting their triumph over pain and sorrow:

UNDERGRAD OVERCOMES
YEARS OF MIND-CRUSHING SCHOLASTIC

STUPIDITY, PASSES FRENCH 203.

Anyway...

A COLLECTION OF REASONABLE SOLUTIONS THAT WOULD ALLEVIATE THESE PROBLEMS

If this university is still unwilling to overturn the foreign language requirement, despite my incredibly logical and well-developed argument, here are a few ways they can make things easier for both myself and my fellow liberal art students.

1. Get rid of those tiny desks.

Replace them with leather easy chairs. The university has funding problems and we might have a tuition hike on our hands. Those chairs will have to be leather, dammit.

2. Establish an alternative language classes for anyone belonging to a fraternity, sorority or NCAA sports team.

Both they and the university's more rational students will be much happier and more eager to learn.

3. Remind professors on a weekly basis that no one in these classes wants to learn anything.

Encourage them to scrap their itinerary and show movies like *Desperado* and *La Femme Nikita* in class instead of actually teaching.

4. Include field trips to foreign restaurants every Friday.

Sy's Pizza for Italian students, Taco Time for those "studying" Spanish, the Rhinelander in Portland for the German kids and the Alibi (also in PDX) for everyone else.

5. Four words: Monkey Butlers in Tuxedos. Six more words: Full-Service Bar in Every Classroom.

I used to be a happy, productive young man that didn't write rambling columns filled with anger and lame attempts at humor. I used to enjoy football and Maxim like all the other kids. Then something happened. Spanish happened. Administrators, if you're out there and actually reading this, please have a heart and get rid of the foreign language requirement. There may be no hope for me but think of the thousands of others. There's still time for them.

I will now return to the bathroom and continue sobbing quietly into a mildew-encrusted towel.



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

ON MA, DON'T DRINK IT ALL

You guys aren't driving are you?

—A morally-compelled, not to mention financially-liable, OC liquor-store clerk to an elderly, dirty—quite possible intoxicated—mother-daughter duo browsing the shelves at the Willamette Plaza liquor store.

You know I don't drive. I blow 190-proof!

—The daughter, in reply. Good: the OC is proud to report drinking and driving is a bad, bad thing. Unless, of course, you're in a golf cart.

ON FEMINISM

At one time I thought I knew what it was, but now I've heard so many different things I'm not sure anymore, so I wish somebody'd tell me.

—Local genius Michael Kelley in the November 2000 *Siren*, about feminism. We're a little fuzzy on the subject, too. In search of answers, we took a side trip to the Great Alaskan Bush Company, and let us tell you: those girls were no help at all.



ON EL PRESIDENTE

If this were a dictatorship, it'd be a heck of a lot easier, just so long as I'm the dictator."

—George W Bush, at a December 18 press conference. Finally, a Republican administration. We feel a lot safer now — at least they're honest.

I think he'll be humble, I think he'll be strong. I think he'll be a street fighter.

—Former Ohio Rep. John Kasich, on the ABC News telecast of the Bush inaugural. Perhaps, but will he reach the heights attained by Ken, Ryu, or the beautiful Chun Li? If he picks up the bottle again, maybe he's got a shot at Blanka — maybe.



ON DAMNZIG

I bet you'd drive better with that cell phone up your ass!

—Inscribed on the wall of the men's bathroom at Rennie's, right next to an advertisement with the illustration of a duck standing at a urinal, talking on a cell phone. Announcement: "Hang up and piss" bumper stickers are available in Room 205 of the EMU. We accept cash, but prefer Beretta 9mms.

ON **DRUNK GOLF** —————

Drinking? I'm not interested in that any more. It doesn't have any appeal to me. I can't remember the last time I had one —*One time PGA star John Daly—fresh from rehab—in a January 19, 2001 Golf Week article. Funny, we can't remember the last drink we had either. No drinking? Does that mean no tournament-quitting, fighting, swearing or midweek rampages in Atlantic City, either. We prefer the old Daly—someone we can identify with.*



All photos: Shro Ikeda

ON **THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSCENE** —————

Serial Cyrus: I'm not going to talk about this band for too long, because I'm in it. But, I will tell you about our music. Wouldn't you if you wrote your own magazine?

—*From the first edition of the Unscene. Actually, we do write our own magazine — and here we frown upon self-indulgence. We shouldn't have to tell you.*

There are numbers of great bands that don't get heard because of poor advertising and because kids don't go out. They stay at home playing video games or having cyber sex.

—*Unscene, again. No, actually there are a number of great bands that don't get heard in the Eugene area because all of the great bands do not play in the Eugene area.*



JANUARY 29, 2001

ON **THE NIGHTLY NEWS** —

There's nothing better than this. Well, sex, bourbon and Cigars. —*Dan Rather on doing the CBS Nightly News. Indeed. It doesn't get much better than that.*

ON **OPEN CALL** —————

Attention! Late breaking news... Our drummer just quit. Call the *Unscene* if you want to play drums in a band.

—*Unscene, for the last time. Sure, we'll play drums in a band, but can you arrange for it to be Guns N Roses? Actually, scratch that —we're too busy having cyber sex.*

ELECTION LAND!

Directions:

Welcome to the zany world of presidential elections! Many will step to bat, few will make it to base, and only one will steal home. To survive the journey unscathed, you will need (questionable) wit and courage, cocaine-fueled energy, and a drive to succeed so powerful you that will sacrifice all personal dignity and sleep with Katherine Harris.

The directions are simple: claim party affiliation, be it Democrat or Republican. Or be yourself (the smiley face). If you chose the Green Party, your piece will not be allowed to advance, but your die roll will move the Democratic contender's piece backwards. Choose turn order by arm wrestling, bare-knuckle boxing, or brute force alone. One six-sided die is recommended, but a 100-sided Dungeons & Dragons style die can be used as well, though the game will tend to be shorter. Advance game pieces as you would in Candyland, or any other generic Milton Bradley game. If you really need to read the directions to figure out how to play, you probably voted for Buchanan.

