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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.



Properly applied, hate
can be your savior.

Improperly, and it could
be your very end.

Choose wisely, and
follow our advice.

STARTING ON PAGE 6

YOU'VE GOT ISHMAEL!

Do you like board games? Risking our personal safety, the we bring you the exclusive correspondence between the OREGON COMMENTATOR and our very own stalker... Ishmael "Garfunkel."

STARTING ON PAGE 10

REVOLUTIONARY LEADER PRETEND

Now that you've overthrown the man, it's time to to set up your an all-new socioeconomic order. But which one? The OC's AP columnist-in-waiting, *Olly Ruff*, offers some advice.

HATE *BEGINS*
ON PAGE 12



DEPARTMENTS

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SPEW	46
RED MEAT	returning next issue

May 30, 2001
Copyright ©2001 Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc.
Elvis has left the fucking building.

Here at the OC, we are all too aware that former e-board member, student senator and Exec candidate Matt Swanson has been going to this university for a long time — after all the commitments he's dodged because of "familial illness," it's a wonder he's even in good enough health to continue his education.

Apparently, he's been continuing his education for longer than even we suspected.

To the right is a clipping from the Oregon Daily Emerald circa 1989, which recently surfaced from the murky recesses of the OC vault.

No word on if the signing M. Swanson is the OC's favorite disappearing act, but if any more idiotic letters-to-the-editor materialize, we'll be sure to keep you updated.

—The Company

Unprofessional

I am writing as a concerned observer of the IFC. I attended a meeting last night to fund the Oregon Commentator, and was shocked by the abusive and very unprofessional actions of the IFC members toward the speakers for the Commentator.

I have never read the Commentator but must agree with the IFC that the paper is sexist, racist, Republican, and biased. After hearing and seeing the evidence, I would have frozen their funding too, but that is no excuse for blatantly unprofessional actions of the IFC.

I saw flaring tempers and personal biases of IFC members lead to at least one incorrect vote. IFC members were smirking, laughing and talking among themselves when Commentator representatives were trying to make a point. They disregarded input from some observers, while heralding anti-Commentator input from others. What really got me though was when someone said (I don't remember the actual quote, but the point was), "Well, obviously some people enjoy our magazine" to which two IFC members responded to in unison by saying "bullshit." They laid a perfect ambush, then belittled the hell out of the Commentator.

I agree with their final decision, but despise the tactics of this group that doles out \$3 million of our money.

M. Swanson
Student

Apology Redux

IN OUR LAST ISSUE ("ALPHABET SOUP," MAY 8), WE RAN A LIST OF items for which we sarcastically apologized. One in particular has been the recipient of much criticism, that being our reference to incoming *OI' Dirty* Editor-in-Chief Jessica Blanchard's "lazy eye." The COMMENTATOR regrets its inclusion and apologizes for our initial apology. Here at the OC we wish to cause Ms. Blanchard no embarrassment beyond that already incurred by her physical deformity.

Furthermore, it has come to our attention that Jessica Blanchard does not, in reality, have a lazy eye at all. Imagine our surprise to learn that Ms. Blanchard is, in fact, *completely and legally blind*.

It is a testament to her perseverance that she has overcome this handicap, risen through the ranks of the *Emerald*, and triumphantly become Editor-in-Chief. Jessica, you are an inspiration to us all.

Can You Hotbox a Bike?

TRAGEDY STRUCK THE S.O.L. TOUR (YES, THE ONE THAT BROUGHT Woody Harrelson to the UO on 4/20, and no, it does not stand for "shit-out-of-luck," but yes, it probably should) on May 17, when the wife of America's favorite stoner was struck by a big-rig truck on Highway 101 just north of Isla Vista, CA.

The Harrelsons are on the S.O.L. eco-nut bicycle trip to promote unreliable wind power, condemn productive corporations, and to out-smoke the entire population of Humboldt County, California. Laura Harrelson, whose husband is an incoherent, semi-talented pothead, was taken to a nearby hospital, treated for her injuries, and then released.

We draw two lessons from this event: one, no matter what you say, you do not drive better stoned. Just slower. And two, this horrible incident could have been avoided if only they had been driving an SUV.

OC Repels Attackers!

EVIL MINIONS ALIGNED AGAINST THE COMMENTATOR WERE REPELLED on Wednesday, May 9, when the EMU House Committee considered a recommendation to kick the magazine out of its beloved second floor tenement and into the sardine tin-sized box recently vacated by the now-defunct *Oregon Voice*.

"I can't believe those bastards even considered kicking us out," sputtered the inebriated Editor-in-Chief, William Beutler. "We give more back to the average student than any other student group on campus, and they wanted to treat us like their senile grandma and stick us in a closet! What the hell is that about?!"

Approximately twenty volunteer staffers showed up at the meeting in support of keeping the office in Room 205, where it became obvious that the only reason for eviction was the misguided and indefensible goal of creating a purely international student group wing. The arguments of Ying Che-Chen, the brainiac behind the idea, fell apart.

"Thank God all that crap is over," sighed rising Managing Editor Pete R. Hunt. "There's no way in hell I was going to spend my weekend moving out all that hand-me-down furniture out of the office."

Added Beutler, "I may be ready to ditch this popsicle stand, but by God, I'll be damned before I see my legacy go down the shitter like that."

President Bush?

Rocking out?!

Get out of town!

Still, we'll take him over Clinton and his Fleetwood Mac.



Air Time/ Station	Program	10-34 (1)	109,360	May01 Pro	Stg Shr 00
-Early News(M-F)					
-6:00-6:30 pm	HRT/PUT	23.1	73		
KLSR	SIMPSONS	10.3	45		
KVAL+	NORTHWEST NWS	2.1	9		
KVAL	NORTHWEST NWS	1.6	7		
KEZI	KEZI NEWS-6:00*	1.2	5		
KEVJ	AVG. A//RICKI*-M	0.9	4		
KMTR+	NBC NITELY NWS	0.3	1		

Yes, these are legitimate Nielsen Ratings for the Eugene/Springfield market, and yes, perhaps this is one reason for not writing off the human race — at least, not entirely.

The Hardest Part is Saying Goodbye — A Eulogy

At this final hour, in this quiet place, the OREGON COMMENTATOR has come to bid farewell to its favorite whipping magazine — extinguished now and gone from us forever. Her demise was not entirely surprising... seeing as how she hadn't put out an issue in six months.

Still, even when you don't feed your fish for a week, it's still a shock to seem them floating belly up; you just hoped they'd be self-sufficient enough to find their own source of food. But the food of thought at the *Voice* has always been quasi-ironic, out-of-date pop culture references —



not enough intellectual nourishment, even for a busload of Styx fans.

We are reminded now of how we first met the *Oregon Voice*, so long ago. Lord, she was pathetic even then. We exchanged greetings, nodded and went our separate ways.

Few understood her. Ask yourself: Did you ever talk to the *Voice*? Did you ever touch her, or have her smile at you? Did you ever really listen to her? For if you did, you would know her. And if you knew her you would know why *we cannot honor her*.

Never was the *Voice* a worthy opponent. She was the drunk girl at a frat party, ready to spread eagle at the drop of an insult. Hell, she didn't even have it in her to cry for help. The COMMENTATOR took her name in 1998, and with it went her dignity. The rotating cast of characters at the *Voice* have always been there when we needed we an easy joke to fill space: Rob "Douchebag" Elder, Bradley Rife and Nikki Stojnic... even your names sounded dumb. Of course, it was Jen Evans who finally steered the ship bow-first into the iceberg of obscurity. As the hull went vertical, her pathetic staff was left dangling off the upper decks, hoping for *Pulse* jobs, and the lame bands she fawned over weren't even around to play on as the ship went under.

The COMMENTATOR has gathered up the remaining back issues and prepared a sacramental bonfire. We consign these newsprint remains to the flame, the common mother of all, secure in the knowledge that what we place in the raging lips of flame is no more now a tangible product — but a seed — which, after the winter of our discontent, will come forth again to meet us. Or something.

THE OC ASKS:

What will you be doing over this summer break?



Snoop Dogg

Now that I'm off No Limit, I finally have the artistic freedom to put together the first progressive art-rap concept album, to be produced by Dr. Dre and Radiohead. I'm calling it "The Dark Side of the Bong."



Al Gore

This summer I'm going down to Florida to personally recount every last ballot in the race for Bells-Hopper Activity Coordinator at the Elderwood Retirement Home. Every vote must count!



Norm MacDonald

Whores. Dirty crack whores. Hey, maybe some filthy prison sex with O.J. Simpson. Or what about some, some whores? Yeah... What was the question again?



Jody Runge

I'm going to be head coach of a YMCA junior high girl's basketball team. Those little brats are going to learn to put up or shut up. Less bitching equals more hugging.



Chespirito

Voy a transportar cocaina y pornografia homosexual a la luminosa ciudad en la colina.



Michael Jordan

I'm going to work my ass off trying to get Barkley back in shape for our comeback. Does anyone have the phone number of Moses Malone? No? How about Dominique Wilkins... what's that guy up to?



Jim Jeffords (I - VT)

This summer? Shucks, I don't even know what I'll be doing next week! Hell, by this afternoon I could be chair of the Libertarian National Socialist Green Party, for all I know.

The OC would like to wish everyone luck with their respective summer jobs. Remember: Next year at this time, when you can still afford those Long Island Ice Teas at Rennie's, you'll be thankful for those hours flipping burgers.

You've Got Ishmael!

Do you like board games? If so, then perhaps you would like to speak with our new friend, Ishmael. We've had about enough.

BY THE OC STAFF

In late February, the OREGON COMMENTATOR received its first letter from someone going by the name of Ishmael Garfunkel*. Over the next few months, these letters — and phone calls — went from mildly amusing to head-scratching in inexplicable to... kind of scary. Of course all e-mails are verbatim, saving us the time of inserting "[sic]" after every goddamn word.

From swimsuit models to children's board games, fierce nationalism to The Dane, Ishmael's conversation topics were straight out of a shredded Vonnegut novel. The nature of our correspondence with him was, however, too good to keep to ourselves, and so we present it here.

Follow the arrow below this paragraph to Ishmael's first message to the OC... and follow it through the next few pages to see just what we've been dealing with.

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
Date: Saturday, February 17, 2001 at 20:29:30
Subject: My Final Answer!

message: My Final Answer for Your Viewing Pleasure is Lady A. Now, here is my other question if you guess the right answer for YVP ["Your Viewing Pleasure" — Ed.] what do you win?

Ishmael was, of course, referring to the following, from our January 18th issue.

Your Viewing Pleasure

Yes, the studios are thick. One of those lovely ladies is in fact an employee of a campus newspaper commonly referred to as the *O' Dirty Emerald*. But, pray tell, which one is it? The answer is indeed somewhere in this issue, as is the attendant copyright information. If the untimely demise of Phil Hartman demonstrated the obvious fact that you should not marry a model, then the cease-and-desist letter we are looking forward to should be proof enough that it is unwise to interact with them in any manner. Happy guessing!



One morning, this arrived in our e-mail inbox.



That was it. Or so we thought.

OC TO ISHMAEL:

Sender: OREGON COMMENTATOR
Date: Sunday, February 18, 2001 at 04:20:42
Subject: Re: My Final Answer!

Ishmael:

We regret to inform you that your guess was, indeed, incorrect.

The actual O' Dirty reporter is Lady C.

There is no prize for winning, but there is one for losing: we'll give you her URL. Check it out at <http://www.rebeccanewell.com>.

Thanks for playing!

Cheers,
The Company

We replied to his message. Though we try to run some of the responses we get, not all are necessarily print-edition material.

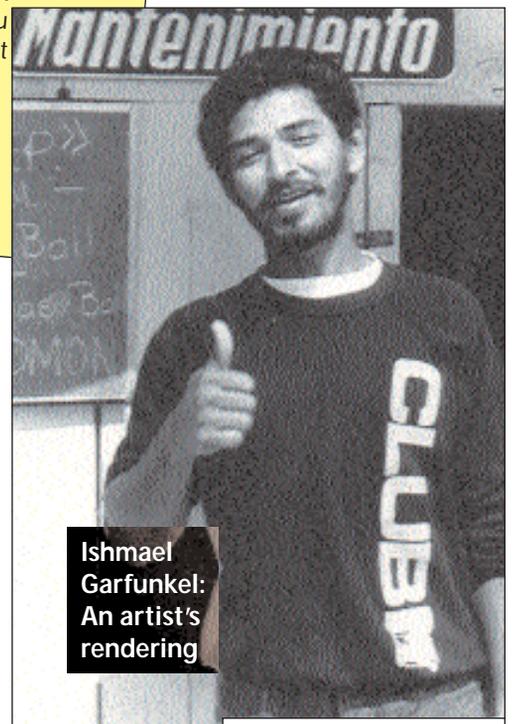
* Note:

This is a true story.

The events depicted on these pages took place in Eugene between February and May 2001.

Because we think he is totally out of his mind, Ishmael's last name has been changed.

Out of respect for those involved, the rest has been presented exactly as it occurred.



Ishmael Garfunkel: An artist's rendering

MESSAGE TO ISHMAEL:

If you are reading this — and we know that you are — end all contact with us now. We cannot help you. And remember: Jack Clifford really likes board games.

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
Date: Thursday, March 15, 2001 at 21:35:57
Subject: A SCHWIG! A MISCHI!

And there it was in our inbox, as welcome as a pizza topping nobody ordered: a second message from Ishmael, and a less genial one at that.

message: YOUR ARE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH, BECAUSE IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, YOUR ARE FULL OF TALK TO MAKE ANYONE THINK IF SOMEONE SOLVES A SCHWIG! A MISCHI! YOU WILL GIVE OUT REBECCA'S NUMBER AND IF SOLVE THE OTHER PUZZLE, RIDDLE, OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT A MISCHI! YOU WILL GIVE OUT JACK'S NUMBER FOR WHAT REASON.

Okay, so Ishmael *did* have us on this one. We *had* promised a couple of phone numbers to whomever deciphered Jeremy's handwriting — a misleading promise, since the challenge was impossible. Ishmael, we could already tell, was into games. Just how far we didn't yet know.

A schwing! A misch!

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND — NOT TO MENTION THE CUSHIONS OF the couch in the OC office — it's more about the recent star-crossed OC golfing trip. The above picture is now available at OC Online, but the notes printed below are a relatively recent discovery. Intrepid OC staffer Jeremy Jones wrote them down at some point or another, and while we failed to decipher what they fully say, we nevertheless felt it was in the interest of our readership to make them available. If you figure out what it all says, we'll give you Rebecca Newell's phone number. If you figure out what it all means, we'll throw in Jack Clifford's phone number too.

*Bill pulls cartier
on fair way down
Dart down
last hole pretty good
Club out of Date club*

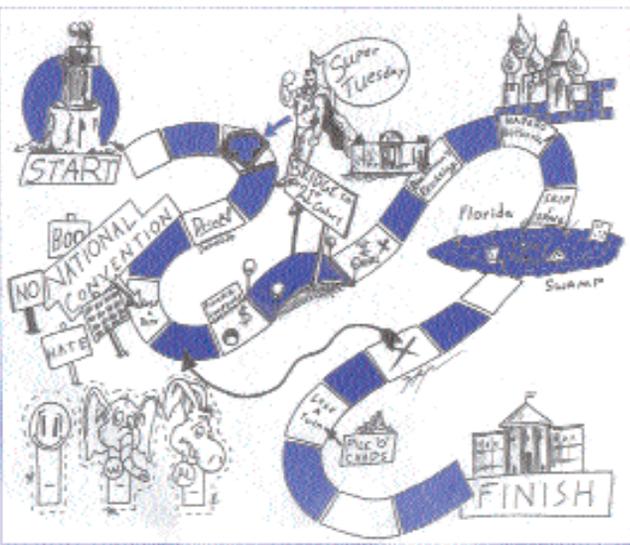
Of course, we ignored it. A month later, we got this:

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
Date: Monday, April 9, 2001 at 12:45:43
Subject: Why Haven't I Heard From Anyone Yet?!

message: Why haven't I heard from anyone yet?! Here are the two reasons: Who created Election Land? If anyone solves the puzzle mystery do you really win the grand prize of Rebecca's Newell phone number. Why was the site suspended in the first place?

Election Land, of course, refers to the back page from our January 29 issue, drawn by our resident cartoonist, Damnzig. Believe us: if we'd known what it would bring us, we wouldn't have run it in the first place.



OC TO ISHMAEL:

Sender: OREGON COMMENTATOR
Date: Monday, April 9, 2001 at 04:20:42
Subject: Re: Why Haven't I Heard From Anyone Yet?!

Mr. Garfunkel:

- 1) Election Land was, as are most back pages, a collaboration amongst staffers. Conceptualized by Editor William Beutler, drawn by contributor Danny "Danzig" Essin, and the text provided by Managing Editor Pete R. Hunt. Any other questions?
- 2) As far as we can tell, the question is unsolvable. Jeremy does not quite remember writing the note, and some of it is simply illegible. Furthermore, Rebecca Newell would probably be disturbed to know this was not the first time you'd written to us asking for her phone number.
- 3) We're communicating with our ISP, Dell Hosting. We had problems with them in December, and now we are having trouble with them once more. Their computers may be solid and their customer service legendary, but we cannot recommend their web hosting service. OC Online will return just as soon as humanly possible.

Thanks for inquiring,
The Company

Perhaps, we decided, we should put this to rest. That same day, we replied as such.

Was that to be the last of our correspondence with Ishmael?

What do you think?

On the next page, the adventure continues.

OC

The fun continues here:

Two days later, we got this.

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
Date: Wednesday, April 11, 2001 at 14:00:45
Subject: Answer My Question Now!

message: What's the ol' dirty emerald?

Perhaps a telephone conversation would shed some light on our mysterious pen pal. Would it make him go away? Probably not, but if we got it on tape, it could be funny. So we got it on tape.

ACTUAL TELEPHONE CONVERSATION OF 04/11/01:

OC: Hello, is Rocket... or Ishmael home?
IG: Who is this?
OC: This is Pete Hunt from the OREGON COMMENTATOR.
IG: Just a second...
OC: [Waiting.] I was going to say Rocket... made me think of a Bengals player. This is going to be really weird, man. [Other end picks up.] Hello, is this Ishmael?
IG: Yeah, who's this?
OC: This is Pete R. Hunt, Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR. You sent us an e-mail today?
IG: Yeah, Pete R. Hunt, yeah.
OC: Regarding... you said: "What is the the Ol' Dirty Emerald?"
IG: Yes, I read the OREGON COMMENTATOR and I hear that a lot. Is that a nickname you use for the Oregon Daily Emerald?
OC: Yeah, that's the Oregon Daily Emerald.
IG: Where did you get that nickname anyway?
OC: Well, are you familiar with the rapper Ol' Dirty Bastard?
IG: Yeah, that was a song, I think. But I don't know who wrote it.
OC: It's the name of a rapper, actually, and that's where we coined that phrase.
IG: Yeah, I was wondering where you got that. It was pretty clever, I think.
OC: Well, thank you. We appreciate that. And we appreciate all the e-mails you've been sending.
IG: Yeah, I was going to ask you, what was that note? I was trying to figure out what that note said.
OC: What note was that?
IG: It was part of a contest, but it sounded too good to be true, though.
OC: The contest?
IG: Yeah, you had to figure out what the note said.
OC: Oh, it wasn't a real contest, it was just... satire. We weren't really going to give away anyone's phone number.
IG: You do know what I'm talking about, right?

OC: Well, maybe not. What are you talking about?

IG: It had something to do with figuring out this note. It had a picture of this basketball player.

OC: A basketball player?

IG: Yeah I think his name was Duane?

OC: (Pause) Oh, yeah.

IG: I'm going to read it to you. It said, "back by popular demand, not to mention couch in the OC office. More about the recent star student..." [Trails off.] Who is Jack Clifford?

OC: Jack Clifford, he is the current Editor of the Oregon Daily Emerald.

IG: What did it say?

OC: Well, we don't know, it was written in a drunken haze. It's hard to say really.

IG: Wow, because this is really hard chicken scratch. Does he remember what this said?

OC: I'm not sure whether he remembers or not. I think it was just the scribbles of a...

IG: I was just trying to figure out what this C-word is. It's the third word it says, "Bill... pulls..." blank... "something on fairway."

OC: Are you a student at the UO?

IG: No, not right now. I just like reading the Oregon Daily Emerald and the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

OC: Where do you pick them up at?

IG: Around campus. Around Eugene. You can only get the OREGON COMMENTATOR around the UO area.

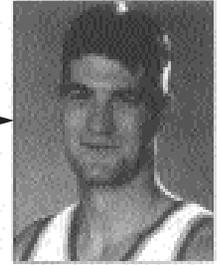
OC: Yeah.

The Dane Also Rises

ONCE AGAIN, THE OC WAS AHEAD OF ITS TIME. THREE YEARS into his college basketball career, the first recipient of the annual OC "Rising Star" Inner Award, 7'20" junior center Chris "The Dane" Christofferson has finally arrived.

At UCLA on January 27, Christofferson exploded for 15 points — real points that help win ball games, not the type he imagined making while he warmed the bench during his freshman and sophomore years. Previously, the Dane had scored eight points against USC and 11 in the same before that again.

This "Duane" that Ishmael refers to is, of course, hulking Ducks center Chris "The Dane" Christofferson.



the team's basketball program has been sliding farther and further into the lower echelons of the Pac-10 conference.

IG: You can pick up the Oregon Daily Emerald anywhere in Lane County, I guess.

OC: Yeah, that's right. Well, we just wanted to check and make sure we answered your question about the Ol' Dirty Emerald.

IG: I think someone e-mailed me this time.

OC: I believe that I answered you the other day, or someone else did.

IG: Yeah, someone did.

OC: Well, thank you.

IG: Wait, before you go, am I ever going to hear from the artist that made that Election Land game?

OC: Are you going to hear from him?

IG: Yeah, I did e-mail them about that.

OC: Yeah, I'm not sure, but I will check in on that and send you an e-mail, all right?

IG: All right.

OC: Well, thank you.

IG: Goodbye.

We all had a few laughs and thought that was going to be it. In retrospect, it probably was foolish of us to imagine that that would be the end of Ishmael Garfunkel. A week later, this turned up...

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
Date: Wednesday, 18 Apr 2001 at 10:09:30
Subject: Hey! You Said I Would Hear From Them.

message: Whatever happened to Danny, Pete, and William about Election Land? Are these guys interested in being my partner? I think EL and my game "LYS!" can make a lot of money but I need these guys help.

Write Me Back Now!

Which we ignored. Days later, yet another communiqué landed in our inbox, indicating that Ishmael had neither picked up on the joke, nor had he the information he so wanted.

Clearly, this had to end somewhere. And so, that same evening, we initiated contact with him for the last time.

What follows below is the full text of our (heretofore) last telephone conversation with the inimitable Ishmael Garfunkel.

IG: Hello?
OC: Hello, is Ishmael there?
IG: Yeah, who is this?
OC: This is Bret Jacobson from the OREGON COMMENTATOR. [Note: It was actually Pete again making this telephone call; he just felt it best to keep Ishmael off his trail — at Bret's expense.]
IG: Don't you work for the Oregon Daily Emerald?
OC: Yeah, I worked for the Emerald.
IG: You're not a student?
OC: No, I am a student. I got your e-mail, and I just wanted to let you know that a couple members of our staff that you have been conversing with through both e-mail and phone calls...
IG: Yeah, I think I heard from them. I got two e-mails and one phone call, but that was a long time ago.
OC: Okay, but I think you have mostly been talking with Bill Beutler who is the Editor of the magazine and Pete Hunt who is the Managing Editor. Both of those guys have been deported back to Canada. They are working up there to start a small fast food chain, but they are not going to be involved with the magazine anytime soon.
IG: What's the name of the small fast food chain?
OC: It's some sort of sub shop, I guess. One of their grandparents...
IG: You mean they're not Americans? [Note: the incredulity with which he voiced this sentiment must be heard to be truly believed. Stop by the office sometime and we'll play the tape for you.]
OC: No, they're pure blood Canadian.
IG: Oh, I never would have guessed.
OC: I think somehow Bill's grandparents were involved in the rubber textile industry, both importing and exporting.
IG: Ok, you said there was Bill and... the other guy?
OC: Bill and Pete Hunt?
IG: And Pete, but I think there was another guy, Steve, who helped create the board game.
OC: Oh, that was Danny.
IG: I thought it was David.
OC: Well, actually he is still in town. Do you know where Serenity Lane is?
IG: Serenity Lane... I'm trying to remember.
OC: I think it's on 15th. Anyway he's got kind of a

heroin addiction going. He's fine now, he really is. It took a couple months. His parents were heavily concerned, and they came to the magazine to talk to him, because he spent a lot of his time drawing out board games. Do you remember that Election Land board game?
IG: I think he just drew one.
OC: He just drew that one, but he would stay in the COMMENTATOR office all day just drawing out board games. We tried to work with him, but there was only so much we could do. But you wanted to get a hold of that guy because you had an idea for a board game?
IG: I wanted to get a hold of the guy who made the Election Land game because I thought it was a great game...
OC: Oh, it was a great game! It was a cool idea, I think. And you said you had a game that was going to be aimed at two to seven-year-olds.
IG: It's for little kids. It's called "Learning Your Shapes." It's a basic shapes trivia game. I was wondering if they would be interested in being my partner cause I'm having a struggle trying to get this game on because I don't have enough money and I think this game would be great... [Unintelligible.] ...anyway my point is: I think my game, like Election Land, would create a lot of good, positive...
OC: It's a good thing for Eugene, I think. As soon as this guy gets out of Serenity Lane... well, I don't know. I think his parents want him to come back and live with them to get him out of this environment.
IG: You're talking about Danny?
OC: Yeah, Danny.
IG: Is he American?
OC: No, I think he's got a little Spanish in him. He's originally from Southern Mexico. I don't know if he's going back there, or what his plan is. But right now, honestly, he's got the shakes pretty bad. I don't think he can draw right now. He was definitely drawing some interesting things before he left. Esoteric, abstract pictures of the Virgin Mary. It was definitely getting a little out there, in terms of a drug addiction.
IG: I've seen some of his work. There is no way I can contact him, maybe if he starts feeling better or getting his act together or something good happens in his life...
OC: Well, I might have a number you can get a hold of him at. [Pause.] There's this other guy we think you could contact, his name is Jack Clifford. You may know him, he

does a little free-lance work for the Emerald.
IG: Jack who?
OC: Jack Clifford.
IG: Yeah, I think he's the Managing Editor.
OC: Yeah, He's also an artist, he does some abstract stuff. He really digs board games too.
IG: Yeah, do you know a guy named Russ Weller?
OC: Russ Weller? Not familiar with the name.
IG: He introduced the dating... Thursday, March 14. You seen that game?
OC: No, I'm not familiar with it. Actually, I have a number for you here for Serenity Lane if you want to get a hold of Danny.
IG: Sure.
OC: You have a pen and pencil? Well, the number for Serenity Lane is 687-1110. I don't think they generally give out last names, but I think if you ask for Danny... honestly, I talked to him yesterday, he is doing pretty good. Basically a lot of yes and no answers and head nods, but he seemed interested in it. I have this number for Jack Clifford, too. I talked to Jack this morning and I mentioned that idea to him, and he was really into it.
IG: You mentioned my idea to him?
OC: Just about your board game. See, I'm an old friend of Jack's. Let me give you that number too: 346-5511. If you can't get a hold of him the first time, it's best to call him as many times as you can during the day. He's busy and they will say he's not there. So I usually just call about five to six times in a fifteen minute stretch. Just tell him you have this idea for a board game, and I think he'll know what you're talking about.
IG: I tried to call once. I called the Oregon Daily Emerald trying to get in touch with him, and I left a message and he wasn't available that day.
OC: Ishmael, we got a knock on the door, so I'm going to have to let you go. I think with the OREGON COMMENTATOR, what with Bill and Pete locked up in Canada doing their fast food bit, and all the other problems we have been having, I don't think there is going to be anyone in the office anymore to answer e-mail, so it's best just to get a hold of Jack with these ideas and if you can, get a hold of Danny. But we're not going to be around much anymore, so I wanted to make sure you had some contacts. Thanks a lot Ishmael, I really appreciate talking to you, and your reading the issues, and I wish you luck on that project.
IG: Okay.
OC: Okay, have a nice night.

ISHMAEL TO OC:

Sender: Ishmael Garfunkel
 Date: Wednesday, 2 May 2001 at 11:14:13
 Subject: Why Haven't I Heard From Anyone Yet?!

message: When will I ever from the inventors who design Election Land?

Call me tonight at 10:00 p.m. My phone number is [WITHHELD].

Well, that's about the extent of it... so far. If Ishmael happens to act out and attack any one of us, or any one of the various people who have been so unfortunate as to publish something resembling a board game in the past few months, we'll be sure to keep you informed. And remember, Ishmael: Stop e-mailing us. Now. On the off-chance that anyone is interested in being Ishmael's partner in the fast-paced world of children's board game designing, then we'll be glad to put you in



REVOLUTIONARY LEADER PRETEND

IN THE SOUTHERN WILLAMETTE VALLEY, SOMETHING IS AFOOT.

The flowers bud, the squirrels frolic, and the delicate scent of pepper spray fills the air. That's right: its springtime, and all across the city, young men's thoughts turn to overthrowing patriarchal capitalist hegemony. Time, then, to pull on your very blackest T-shirt, paint up a fresh batch of signs, take your place in a convoy of hemp-fuelled Volvos, and putter down to Johnson Hall at a stately fifteen miles per hour. But on the way there are a few things you and your pals should be getting sorted out amongst yourselves — and the most important is a scheme, a vision, a blueprint for your future administration. Something wholesome and untainted by the gluttony and confusing ticker-tape machines of global capital. A word of warning, though: hammering out the details can take longer than you might have expected, and you can take it from me — if you skimp on preparation and just try to extemporize once you've seized the reins of power, you'll end up with an ungodly mess of contradictory amendments, ill-advised polygamy, and a bloody, interminable civil war.

With this in mind, and to help you on your way, here's a list of recommended alternative socioeconomic systems. Play friendly out there, you crazy kids, and we'll see you in DC!

THE ONE WHERE EVERYBODY LIVES IN TREES (HEREAFTER, ARBORISM):

Simple, classic, and advocated by hairy people who may or may not be serious, or aware of what they're actually suggesting, since 1968. If not sooner.

Pros: Aesthetically pleasing, at least until you try it.

Cons: It's not easy to force people to live in trees when they don't want to, and once you do manage it, they'll constantly be sneaking back down again. (You could post sentries on the ground, but that would sort of defeat the point.) The country's industry will also suffer, depending on how many suitably load-bearing cypresses you can find.

Likely Upshot: It's also not easy to stop someone cutting a tree down if they're really determined and you're twenty feet up it. Also: capitalists have money with which to buy axes.



"That dirty capitalist think I'm bourgeois, but he don't know I'm a human tornado!"



What if Wicket was the Commander-in-Chief? And Julia "Butterfly" Hill First Lady? And what about their kids?

BLAXPLOITATION:

From 13th and Onyx all the way to the streets of Harlem, you and your co-opinionists will swiftly institute a governmental hierarchy of pimps, players and hustlers, the idea being to work together — and not without Soul, mind you — to redistribute wealth throughout society, prosecute a merciless war of attrition against capitalist oppressors and rival drug dealers, and to rub soothing lotion into the ravaged visage of Mother Earth. Just as soon, that is, as you pull off this one last score.

Pros: Not only black T-shirts, but full-length leather dusters, big hair, wisecracking sidekicks, an epochal soundtrack, and respect in the community. For a bunch of scrawny, ridiculed white guys, this is definitely a step in the right direction.

Cons: Little in the way of a coherent political philosophy. Schedule of full-time pimpin' likely to get in the way of the infrastructure necessary to ensure that nobody is doing anything that you disapprove of, like trying to get a job and support their family or anything like that. Ultimately, with no Man to rail against, ennui is liable to set in. And everyone will argue about who gets to be Shaft.

Likely Upshot: Having money to hire John Singleton and Andrew Dice Clay, the capitalists will have you remade. The results will be horrifying.

THE ONE WHERE EVERYONE LIVES ON A REMOTE ISLAND AND MAKES A LIVING BY DOING EACH OTHERS' LAUNDRY:

Cited in old economics textbooks to debunk the notion of an economy that doesn't actually produce anything, this charming reductio ad absurdum could be just the ticket for your merry yet irony-challenged band of counterculturalists. No starch please, Mr. President.

Pros: At least your camo pants will be dependably lemon fresh.

Cons: Alas, they're going to have to last you for the foreseeable future, since no nasty, icky production of consumer durables will be permitted.

This fall, Mr. Ruff will take over as the OC's Another Perspective columnist. Meanwhile, here is a sneak preview.

By Olly Ruff

Likely Upshot: After six months of this, the nation's best and brightest will resemble a gaggle of Rousseauian primitivists afflicted by a terrible obsessive-compulsive disorder. Then the capitalists will surreptitiously film a reality TV show about you, use it to relaunch the WB Network, and reconstruct their entire festering, bourgeois society around it — becoming even richer in the process, damn their eyes.

THE TWO HUNDRED YARD REICH:

Okay then: every adult not employed by the government has to run a two-hundred-yard dash every year on the anniversary of the Revolution. The slowest eighty percent have all their belongings forcibly collected by the military and disbursed among the civil servants and the nimble. Then they are led off to the mines until its time for the next race.

Pros: A culture of fitness to rival that of the ancient Greeks.

Cons: The elderly and disabled, sad to say, are pretty much fucked under this plan. On the other hand, they've spent their entire lives as slaves of the Man, driven in chains before the great chariot of Mammon and forced to beg plump industrialists for table scraps. So it's not like it makes a tremendous difference, right?

Likely Upshot: Using their sinister money-having powers to bribe timekeepers, hire personal trainers, and outfit themselves with bionic leg implants, the capitalists will quickly re-establish themselves as an elite, forcing you and your comrades to choose between a career fixing professional track meets and further pursuit of the cause of socioeconomic justice — for neither the first nor the last time.

ZIMMERWALDISM:

Russian leftist movement of the early twentieth century, with its origins in the Zimmerwald Conference of 1915. No more or less sensible than hundreds of the same vintage, but has a funny-sounding name.

Pros: Will give everybody in the world the opportunity to use Tom Stoppard's joke about "the last word in revolutionary politics."

← "Honey, I just love the way that extra spin cycle really sticks it to those capitalist pig bastards!"



← From Oakville, Alabama to the highest levels of authoritarian power: Jesse Owens, your President-for-Life.



Cons: Eventually this joke will get old, and you'll have to start throwing people in prison when they tell you so.

Likely Upshot: The whole country goes to hell in a handbasket, yet again.

BRUTAL, INDISCRIMINATE SLAUGHTER:

More or less self-explanatory, this one. Start with the big corporations and work your way down to whichever self-employed artisans weren't smart enough to join the army as fast as they possibly could.

Pros: Tried, tested, and proven to get results like few other social policies ever have.

Cons: Time-consuming, frequently messy, no gold stars coming your way from the Human Rights Commission any time soon.

Likely Upshot: Well, it'll certainly teach those pesky capitalists a lesson. However, there may come a time — after you've forcibly disenfranchised, imprisoned, or executed everybody who irritates you in any way — when you may feel you're slipping off the moral high ground. Do not allow your resolve to waver. Take a deep breath, remind yourself of your righteousness, and get back to the smiting of your ideological enemies and their venal, comfortable world.



Olly Ruff, widely ignored author of "The Trace Of The Other On The Dishes Of The Same: Hierarchies Of Consumption In Postwar French Cuisine," is often to be found at Clancy Thurber's on weeknights.

HATE

THE UNKNOWN IDEAL

The theme of this entire issue is, of course, dedicated to that one human instinct more natural than the desire to procreate with a Brazilian supermodel: the emotion known as hate. But while many people disparage hate in all its forms, it should be recognized that hate has its rightful place as a very necessary and helpful part of daily life by offering significant health benefits, improving our economy and a host of other advantages.

Hate is unnecessarily smeared with an inappropriate brush by association with several other undesirable human tendencies. It's often deemed an effect of small-mindedness and as a cause of violence. However, those are simply false impressions promulgated by the liberal media elite that has made it politically incorrect to hate anything but hate itself (perhaps also logic, firearms and red meat), yet unwaveringly repudiates consideration of the benevolent capacity, however counter-intuitive, of hate.

Hate sustains us, nurtures us and is actually good for our overall physical and mental well-being. For instance: how many old people do you know? And just how many of them are actually happy, joyful people? Not many. All the happy ones have since died off because, unlike the Eagles' song lyric, love won't keep us alive — but a deep and resentful hatred for the grotesquely distorted face of the world and all those who dare impede on our own course of actions *will*. That's precisely why, for your own health, we highly recommend a strong dose of hate in your diet. Here at the OREGON COMMENTATOR, we breathe it, consume it and spread it daily. Hate is also good for your mental health, for the reason that it keeps your mind sharp, constantly trying to find creative (and especially twisted) ways to share your passion for hate with those with whom you come in contact.

Not only does hate have positive health benefits, but it's also good for the economy. Hate has invigorated conservative talk radio, now dominating the airwaves after years of being forced to eat at the trough of liberal media slop. And from whence do you think the inspiration came for all those smart-ass bumper stickers that litter American cars? Some jackass in Poughkeepsie directed all his hatred toward people who irked him — and made a fortune. That kind of intersection between pure loathing and good old-fashioned commerce is just one more reason to honor hate by bringing it home with you every night for the ones you love.

When all is said and done, hate is good and hate is pure, but it must be properly directed for maximum utility. The most important lesson to remember is how best to direct your hate. It's not cool, or for that matter productive, to hate people for where or how they were born so much as it is to hate them for all the stupid shit they are bound to do in everyday life.

Keeping in mind that the venom's direction is critical: in sum, follow this ghetto colloquialism: Don't hate the player. Hate the game.



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TWO MINUTES HATE

I HATE NALGENE BOTTLES

Out of nowhere, completely unprovoked and seemingly independent of each other, about 98 percent of students on campus can now be seen obsessively carting around Nalgene bottles. They are nothing special, just ordinary water bottles, distinguishable by their clear, hard plastic construction and blue cap. And they're like \$7.99! It's a goddamn water bottle! At least this ends the inexplicable fad of drinking bottled water, and in a state where the water is really good. People are finally back to tap water, but they'd rather spend eight bucks when they could just as easily fill an old Coke bottle for free. Nalgene is just the latest in this campus' ongoing beverage status war. First it was coffee, then it was briefly chai tea, then bottled water. And now we have bulky, overpriced Nalgene bottles permanently affixed to everyone's left hand. But that's only because their Nokia phone has been surgically attached to their right.

DRAMATICA

I HATE MARTHA STEWART

True, everyone hates Martha Stewart. But most phobias of this craft-addicted, aging sorority girl stem from things like filet mignon with fresh Austrian cantaloupe leaves and pearl mink soup with jasmine, or color coordinated separates, two for one, isle nine. My fear, however, stems from something more legitimate: the fact that this woman alone has the power to reach one of the largest markets in America – the domestic housewife – five days a week at 9 a.m. sharp. EST or PST, it doesn't matter: there she is. For all we know, Ms. Stewart and K-Mart could be in on it together: an entire subliminal messaging campaign – try this, taste that, nuke this, kill that one guy — all while you sleep naively on matching bed sheets that you got half-price on a blue light special. Sleep well, my friends... It's a good thing.

CHEF RAECHEL

I HATE RESTRAINING ORDERS

How far is 100 feet, really? Is it the distance from her bedroom window to my parked car outside? Is it the distance from her closet to her shower? Is 100 feet the size of the gap in her chest where her heart should be? Is it the distance she'll run screaming when I chase her down? Is it really a restraining order if I love her?

CAPPASTONA

I HATE CREED

Have you ever wished for a band that combined the gravelly, sanctimonious monotone of Scott Weiland with the cloying, vaguely religious lyrics and bland mainstream appeal of Michael W. Smith? Are you down with the raunchy, bad-ass heavy metal of Damn Yankees and Styx? Then you are probably a huge Creed fan, you fucking retard. What passes for alternative rock these days? Creed is horribly self-righteous and have over the past four years released a never-ending string of pseudo-Christian monster ballads with lyrics about pain and transcendence that could have come straight out of your high school's creative writing club. Their videos are an odd mix of Skittles commercials and Nicolas Cage's worst moments in *City of Angels*. Realizing that Christianity is commercial poison, Creed sings songs loosely about God and Jesus but refuse to admit that they are a Christian band, calling their unique brand of ear molestation "spiritual rock." But for the sake of argument, Creed is a Christian band, although how good of a Christian are you if you're too ashamed and money-grubbing to admit it? Remember that Bible passage about it being easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to get into heaven? Thus, when Creed wins another highly coveted Blockbuster Music Award and they thank God, they ought to realize that God made them successful and rich not because he loves them, but because he doesn't want them in Heaven because they suck so very, very much.

DRAMATICA





I HATE THE COMMENTATOR OFFICE

The COMMENTATOR “office” was approved in 1972 to house three mops and a bucket. Today a dozen people crowd in here late at night like inmates in a cell trying to put out the next issue of F.E.D.S. You couldn’t cram that many circus clowns into a Volvo. There’s only one door in and out, no windows, and, being that it’s only a matter of time before the ELF throws a Molotov cocktail in here, no vents to let the outside world hear our death screams. “Watch out when this place burns,” the Fire Marshall tells us. “You kids are going to roast like hamsters in a microwave. We’ll have to scrape your jellied flesh off the walls. Only thing left of ya’ will be the fingernail scratch marks on the door.” Do *Emerald* staffers have that problem up there in their royal penthouse? Does Jeff Smith have to step over a sleeping Peter Hockaday to reach the printer? Probably not. I hate this place.

CAPPASTONA



I HATE THE EMERALD SPORTS STAFF

I truly detest the sports staff of the *Ol’ Dirty Emerald* because, unlike the news and editorial staff, they are just so damned talented that it’s hard to mock them. I can always count on the news and editorial staff to make such egregious factual, intellectual and biased errors that there is constant fodder to dismiss everything they say out of hand. Not so with the sports staff. But while they set themselves apart in the paper by at least being correct, they still cover women’s softball, women’s basketball, girls rugby and all forms of track and pretend readers actually care about that crap. I got news for you guys, nobody gives a damn. You might as well be writing about the Ethiopian cricket quarterfinals. And how about you stop writing those damn columns tossing the Blazers’ salad? Editor Jeff Smith has set a terrible example of laziness for his young cub reporters and next year’s talent drain ensures that sports will continue to run more wire than the electric company and yet more superbly written stories covering the dramatic by the club soccer team.

INSPEKTAN BRET

I HATE COAXIAL CABLES

What’s wrong with RCA cables? Why does this television accept only coax cables? Sometimes a paper clip is all you really need, but obviously this television is going to have none of that. I’m down to my last millimeter of epidermis here, and I still can’t get *The Simpsons* to come in properly.

BZA

I HATE VONDA SHEPARD

Who is this woman? And why do I only hear of her in correlation with *Ally McBeal*? Is she supposed to be the show’s official contemporary pop/easy listening vocalist? And if she makes so many CDs, why is she always singing at the same bar every week? Maybe she’s the producer’s niece or something, sort of a How-Tori-Spelling-Got-on-90210 type deal. But how many songs can you possibly make up about *Ally McBeal*? “Oh, it makes me so sad / Every time you go to rehab...” Couldn’t they just bring back the cast of *The Heights* and have them run in every few scenes or so, do a little song and dance number, and call it good? I liked those kids – they never ran out of songs, either.

CHEF RAECHEL

I HATE THOSE UO COMMERCIALS

You’ve seen them: those “Not bad for a bunch of Ducks” commercials for the university during football games. Number of Rhodes Scholars, number of U.S. Senators, number of weeks gone by without an alcohol poisoning death — you get the picture. Then it advertises: number of rivers running through campus: one. Yeah, right. Willamette runs through campus the same way Franklin does. Why don’t they advertise that?

BZA