

O R E G O N

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TATER AWARDS 2001



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PUBLISHER
Bret Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR
Brian Boone

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Sho Ikeda

ART DIRECTOR
Jeremy Jones

COPY EDITOR
Eric Qualheim

EDITOR EMERITUS
William Beutler

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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.



VOLUME XVIII, ISSUE XIV

COMMENTATOR

*Free Minds,
Free Markets,
Free Booze.*

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TATER AWARDS 2000-2001

Don't be the last one on your block to find out who won our Man of the Year, Woman of the Year and Best Affected Mexican Accent awards!

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OUT OF STATE; OUT OF MIND

Non-resident students find it nearly impossible to gain resident status through a maze of difficult standards set up by the OUS.

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THE YEAR THAT WASN'T

Pete R. Hunt looks back at a year that didn't include many noteworthy events, but he still found plenty to bitch about.

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July 25, 2001
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Don't you ever, ever go to <http://www.fanny666.com/masturbationnation/index.html>

THE DUPE OF EARL

Outgoing University Senate President and English Professor James Earl has left yet another ugly mark of motivated liberal professors

Those who can't do, teach. That old line is tired, but as most clichés, it is true, while it is also incomplete when it comes to the activist instructors that have attempted to make names for themselves in recent years at the expense of rational policy discussions on this campus and have once again proven that the best intentions carried to extremes often come back to bite their proponents squarely in the ass.

The most recent such transgression by a well intentioned liberal professor (they're always better stocked in good intentions than in any form of pragmatic solution creation) is that of outgoing University Senate President James Earl, who also happens to be a professor of the least practical majors on campus, English. But what Earl has wrought for the rest of us has nothing to do with the stanzas of great poets, but rather has everything to do with the construction of prose that he and others would have lead to the end of college athletics as we know it.

The Earl-led attack, issued in the form of a resolution from the senate body he was regrettably elected to lead, pressured the University into a commitment to completely reduce the monetary outflow from the general institution's budget into the athletic department. That might seem like a good idea to the casual reader of news who sees that the athletic subsidy is currently about \$2 million per annum.

But that casual reader would be seriously mistaken. Two million smackers might at first glance raise an eyebrow, but when the athletic budget and the institution budget are both more than ten times that figure each year, that money is extremely insignificant. Add to that the idea that higher energy costs this year will equate to approximately an extra \$2 million. When viewed in that light, the small monetary subsidy athletics receive is fairly paltry.

Furthermore, the idea that this investment is a sunk cost is absolutely preposterous and ignores the reality that has been demonstrated over the last decade at this very institution. The now-renowned Oregon Campaign that was the most successful fundraising drive in state history would not have been fathomable without a football team that went to the Rose Bowl. It is common knowledge within the alumni circles, that well from which the vast majorities of athletic and institutional donations are dipped, that when graduates can feel good about being a Duck they are more likely to give more money — and the best way to make them feel better about being a Duck is to have nationally recognized athletic teams.

Of course, the most frustrating aspect of this effort by Earl

and his blinded minions is that the effects of their actions are only going to make matters worse for the problems they envision with college athletics. The common view for those who believe college athletics has become a business is that they see money that could otherwise be spent on professors or classrooms instead spent on athletics. They tend to argue that athletics have become a big business and that it is an "arms race" spinning out of control. But by removing the controls that come with using public money, the flexibility allowed by solely using private money is going to reduce the degree of integrity on all athletic programs.

Take, for example, the recent firing of former Women's Basketball Head Demon Jody Runge. The exact amount of her severance package, as well as a great deal of information gathered in the preceding investigation, didn't have to be disclosed because the athletic department claimed that they didn't have to announce those figures because it was private funds being raised to cover the cost. Is that how professors like Earl really want the entire athletic landscape to appear?

But Earl's Escapades are nothing new for the University in terms of supposed scholars entering into the realm of political activism. Besides this issue, Earl was heavily involved in pushing membership in a worker rights monitoring group, as were several other notable names around campus. One of the most infamous was instructor Julia Fox, whose radical beliefs led her to decry this very publication in her classroom lectures, a clear overstepping of boundaries and appropriateness. And clearly there are too many more to mention.

The labor rights issue brought activists and true believers out of the woodwork like as many tiny little blind roaches. Blind because they don't see that all their scurrying and short-term victories eventually lead to a backlash that erodes their successes. Examine the WRC debacle: hippies fought hard for their short-lived victory but went about their actions in such a way as to cause a community-wide response that led the total disassociation of the University and all labor monitoring groups.

At some point it became acceptable to many to allow professors, paid by public money, to not only fill class time with their own propaganda, but to try to force through liberal social policies. That trend must not only be watched, but ended, or the cost will be much higher than just the athletic budget.

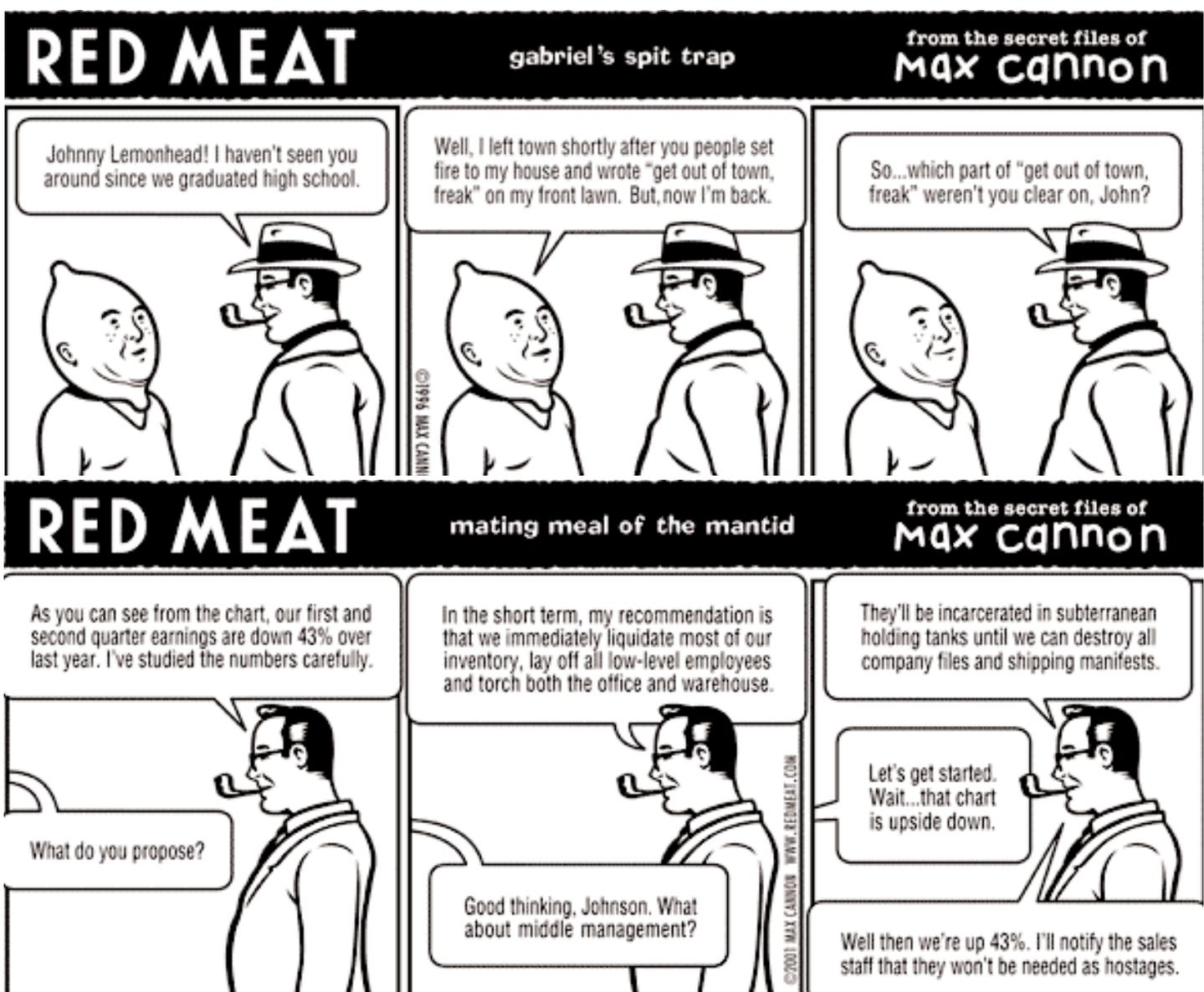


This editorial represents the opinion of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Oregon Daily Emerald. Thank God. Commies.

Illegal Keg Use Reported: Suspects said to be “warm and happy.”

From the residence hall that brought you such thrilling event as the mop fire and computers falling out windows comes a new level of UO housing drunk and disorderly conduct. As one last blast, and a true testament to the ineptitude of the RA's, dorm residents managed to drag a beer keg up four flights of stairs with absolutely no suspicion by the authorities in charge of the loony bin. The evening of binge drinking commenced around 7:30pm. Between keg stands, the occasional spontaneous dance party broke out. Months of being busted by RAs and DPS had paid off. Every time there was a patrol scheduled, the drunks moved to alcohol-free rooms just long enough for the danger to pass. After all authority had been duped, the boozing continued. During the night, Rambo-like headbands cut from an old shirt became the style, and aside from a minor head injury cause by a slammed door, the night went pretty smoothly.

By 11:00, the dream was over; the keg was drained. With nowhere to go and supplies of booze running dangerously low, the drunks struck out for a cappella concert to enjoy the music and to urinate on various University buildings. In the morning the drunks would awake to the site of an empty keg and various objects broken, thrown, torn off walls or otherwise altered. It was a night few will remember, but no one will forget.



I came from Boise, city of trees. Now, I live in Eugene, city of the tree collective. And after seeing the pure thoughtlessness this city can possess, I plan to spend a summer where I can ride across the entire state in my pick-up, getting 1/2 mile per gallon, and shooting, killing and eating all the animals I see on the way. Yes, I am leaving your ever-present hippie sit-in, but not before I thoroughly belittle this pathetic little town.

First of all, the fact that I would leave Eugene for a chamber pot like Boise, Idaho has to say something about Eugene. Basically, it says, "I'd rather go spend a summer in the desert with the rednecks and the Mormons than stay in your little hippie Utopia. Frankly, the Idaho redneck, though often despised and looked down on, can provide more entertainment than even the dirtiest, most ignorant hippie. Rednecks take all the intelligence, rational thought and exceptionally ripe smell of a hippie and combines that with a near-endless supply of beer and a stockpile of large guns. Instead of protesting the extinction of the Uskubanian sand bacterium, they just get drunk and cause mindless destruction; there's no comparison.

But most of all, I am tired of being told that it is wrong to not give a rat's ass about which direction this society is swirling down the toilet. In fact, it seems that the worst thing any one person can say on this campus is simply, "I don't care." In fact if I walked up to the people behind the "Save the Artic" table, and shouted my desire to not only drill for oil, but later kill all the caribou and maybe even natives, and use them to make clothing for the upper class of America, I would probably create less of an outcry if I just said, "You've obviously mistaken me for someone who vaguely gives a shit about the Artic."

The liberals are the only ones out to crush anyone who's apathetic and happy, the few conservative see an apathetic person that has yet to be brainwashed by either side. To the conservatives, the apathetic person is an empty vessel to be filled. Conservatives fear apathy more than the liberals simply because

Screw You Guys, I'm Going Home

By Jeremy Jones

it presents a person that could fall to the "Dark Side." One representative of the College Republicans once asked me, "Are you content to let liberals run your life?" To which I reply, "They can't organize themselves enough to run my life." Liberals can't organize any effort against the rest of humanity because they are too busy bickering among themselves. Just look at the last election, Bush took the presidency because Gore and Nader were too busy arguing

about how far left to stand.

Most irritating of all, Eugene has been reduced to a group of whiners. I am tired of hearing people telling me about how horrible the world is just because the rest of society refuses give up it's ways and become that person's own personal Utopia. Well, guess what, jack-ass, life sucks. I'm not exactly cruising down Main Street with a beautiful woman on each arm myself. But, frankly, I would be happy if I could just get to class without having to listen everyone's personal tale of woe. But then again, life sucks.



However, there is one thing about this place that I will miss. Because of the University's innate fear of looking like a fascist dictator, stifling free thought and expression, I can say the word "fuck" in a widely circulated campus magazine. In fact I can engage in a steady stream of needless profanity for no reason whatsoever. I could conceivably say something like, "shit, hell, bastard, fuck, bitch, piss off, cocksucker, goddamned shit-faced motherfucking little bitch." Isn't it great? It's the best fucking thing about this cock-sucking city, and it is because of this that

I will be back next year. Ranting, raving and generally being the complete asshole that this town has turned me into.



Jeremy Jones, a paroled Francophile choosing to reject the ways of modern life, is a staff writer for the OC.

OREGON COMMENTATOR

A “Rush” to Judgment?

Was Dave Frohnmeyer’s pledge of Delta Upsilon brotherhood really just an overhyped publicity stunt? You bet your twelve-pack of O’Douls it was....

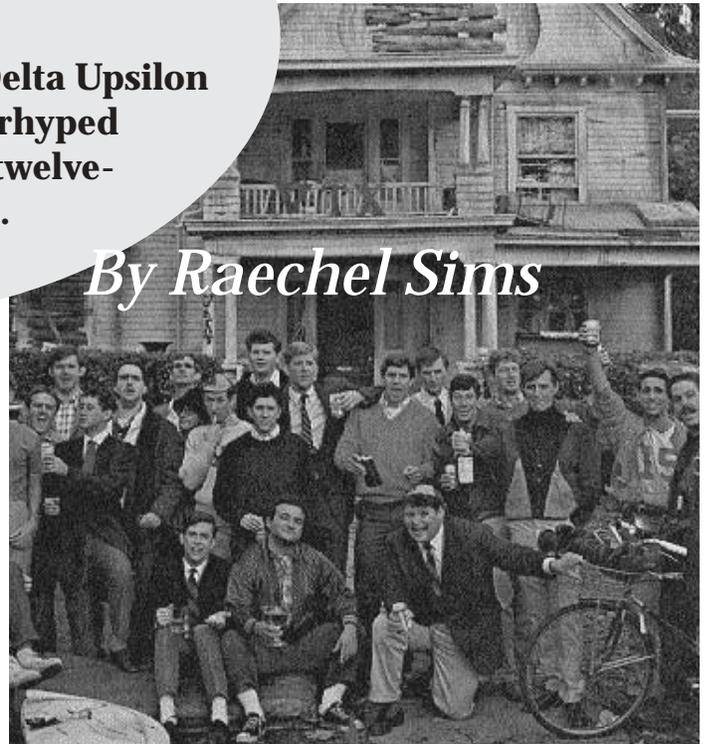
By Raechel Sims

On May 7th, a very special initiation took place in the EMU Ballroom. Nearly the entire Greek System of the University of Oregon gathered to watch as the Delta Upsilon Fraternity welcomed the spring pledge class of 2001 into their brotherhood, taking sacred vows to live by for the rest of their life, or at least for the next four to five years. But there was one certain member of the pledge class that looked a little different. Maybe it was his suit in comparison to his fellow brother’s slacks and white shirts. Or maybe it was the fact that he was 60 freaking years old. Either way, University President Dave Frohnmeyer drew quite a crowd as he entered Delta Upsilon, the same fraternity of his own father.

According to members of Delta Upsilon, the idea to rush Frohnmeyer to “rush” came to them a while ago, when a past alumni informed them that President Frohnmeyer’s own father had been a member of the original Delta Upsilon chapter at the University of Oregon, making Frohnmeyer a legacy. Since Frohnmeyer attended Harvard where there is no Delta Upsilon chapter, rushing was never an option for him... until now. But initiating Frohnmeyer wasn’t just for his own benefit. This gave the fraternity the unique opportunity to “better themselves.” Before asking Frohnmeyer to join, the house agreed to sign the Select 2000 agreement, which strictly prohibits drinking in the house. This in turn led to higher GPA’s, which was also a goal of the fraternity. And how strictly is Delta Upsilon taking their pledge towards higher grades? Pretty darn seriously - although there were 14 members of the Spring 2001 class, only 11, including Frohnmeyer, were officially initiated and allowed to sign the house book. The other three lacked the grades.

Certain questions, however, have been raised in speculation concerning the recent addition of the University president to the Greek system. In the past, Delta Upsilon, (which has long been nicknamed “Delta Oops-I-Joined-The-Wrong-Fraternity”) has lacked the numbers of other houses, and had difficulty keeping pledges. While members of DU sight this as a benefit, saying the small size of their house allows the sense of brotherhood to be stronger between fewer members, “brotherhood” doesn’t pay the bills. Rich alumni, however, do. And while Delta Upsilon has made it very clear that no alumni are “forced” to give back to

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their brothers, contributions and donations are “greatly encouraged.”

Which raises the question, how seriously can you take this pledge of “brotherhood,” when Frohnmeyer didn’t go through a single activity of initiation week? When he hasn’t even visited the Delta Upsilon house since his induction? Basically Frohnmeyer showed up to the initiation ceremony, gave a speech about how proud his father would be and took off. Since then he is yet to make any contact or hang out with his “brothers.” Or wear any sort of Delta Upsilon letters. Or even put the bumper sticker on his car. It would seem that this was more of a PR stunt for the Greek system, a fund-raiser for Delta Upsilon and a chance for good ol’ Fronnie to live out his college days one more time than any sort of serious ceremony. Which may sound like a harsh accusation, but consider this: when was the last time any house on campus, or across the country for that matter, initiated a non-student, over the age of 60, who completed no initiation activities, did not meet minimum GPA requirements (hard to do when you’ve been out of school for over a quarter of a century), and didn’t even play “drink motherf*cker drink!” with his brethren? So much for re-living your glory days of college if you don’t even get to play chug-games.



Raechel Sims, known to cut a rug to a mean INXS remix, prefers Gap to Abercrombie and Fitch. While there’s no accounting for taste, Raechel is a staff writer for the OC.

TATER AWARDS 2000-2001



MAN OF THE YEAR
JODY RUNGE,
FORMER
WOMEN'S B-BALL
COACH

The Big Grunge finally got what was coming to him after egregiously purveying the worst of male stereotypes. He harassed and verbally abused his (mostly) feminine players. That kind of behavior isn't as encouraged here as it was for Mr. Runge's University of Indiana colleague. Maybe we just hold our men to a higher standard out here in Eugene, OR, where we damn well expect them to act like sensitive, compassionate simps: see Clifford.next



WOMAN OF THE YEAR
JACK CLIFFORD, ODE

Jack Clifford is an individual who can simultaneously perform no function and still anger everyone, and as the top woman in the ODE this year, we salute her.

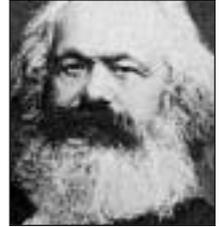
Some may not understand why we love Jack. Long, flowing hair and an incredibly practical sociology major are the partial answer, but really it's more a matter of the charisma that oozes out of her when stress arrives.

MCC doesn't like an ad that ran? Our fair lady Jack doesn't hesitate to write an editorial about how she understands public complaints but doesn't really have much say in the product under her name.

New ideas seem too risky or too much work to invest in a lowly student paper? Again, no problem for Our Lady Lazy. No real innovations were brought to fruition, if they were even sought out in the first place. But don't think for a minute that the paper didn't change. A once readable paper became an ugly rag faster than one of Jack's tamps.

But maybe that's just nitpicking on the part of our staff. Perhaps the line between love and hate is too fine to be defined. Ha, yeah right., enough of that melodramatic, coffehouse misanthropic attempt to ironically expound upon the angst of the human condition. Screw you, Miss Clifford and congratulations on your hard-earned award.

PROF OF THE YEAR
CHUCK HUNT,
SOCIOLOGY



This year was rather uneventful for our campus academic leaders, but Hunt managed to stand out among the crowd by boldly pointing out that the term "hunter-gatherer" is inherently sexist, making sure that every naive soul on campus is aware that Christopher Columbus is a cold-blooded murder and blasting alumnus Phil Knight. He also took the time to stand up before each and every class and give a roomful of bored freshman an angry socialist rant. His favorite topics were pretty tame: his hate for environmental rapists, the fascist regime of W and the lack of reparations for slaves, American Indians, women and children. God bless you, C.

RISING STAR
BEAVERS, OSU

First of all, the Beavs had a terrific football season; one that was zenithed by a stirring Civil War victory against their long-time rivals, the UO Ducks. In the Fiesta Bowl, they humiliated Notre Dame on national television and found themselves on the cover of Sports Illustrated for the first time since... ever. Duck fans at least took solace in our bowl game against... who was it again? Georgia? Maryland? Who knows?

That wasn't the end of the Year of the Beaver. Next on the itinerary was stealing the Bend campus from the UO using some sly political techniques. Clever! In a final act of malice, the OSU student paper the *Barometer* beat out the *Oregon Daily Emerald* for a layout award.



CRISIS OF THE YEAR
ASUO ELECTIONS

In a year full of stunning incidences of shame, the ASUO Elections take the proverbial cake. Yes, that is a lame and cliché statement, but good God were the elections ever a farce. The election started, the election was halted, the election was started again...then it was called off again. OSPIRG was on the ballot, then it wasn't. Bret and Matt were off of the ballot, then they were on...Injunction after annoying injunction, the election just did not seem to proceed.

So, who is to blame for whole problem? Well, there are a few parties that seem to be responsible. First, the E-board can be blamed. That group of yahoos could've been replaced with a group of trained chimpanzees and the outcome would've been the same debacle.



OREGON COMMENTATOR

HONORABLE MENTION

THE KEEP YOUR HANDS
TO YOURSELF AWARD
**Joy Nair, ASUO
frotteurista**

THE CAPITALIST MOUTHPIECE AWARD
**Free and Critter,
anti-SUV Freedom Fighters**

THE BEST AFFECTED MEXICAN
ACCENT
Jay Breslow, Ex-Exec

THE PERENNIAL QUITTER AWARD
**Dave Sanchez,
former part-time everything
known for ending his tenure
a little early... everywhere**

THE VENDOR OF THE YEAR
AWARD
**Tim the Hot Dog Guy,
bringing more joy and
nitrates than you can shake
a stick at**

THE BENEDICT ARNOLD AWARD
**Eric Pfeiffer,
Smartest Emerald Defector Ever**

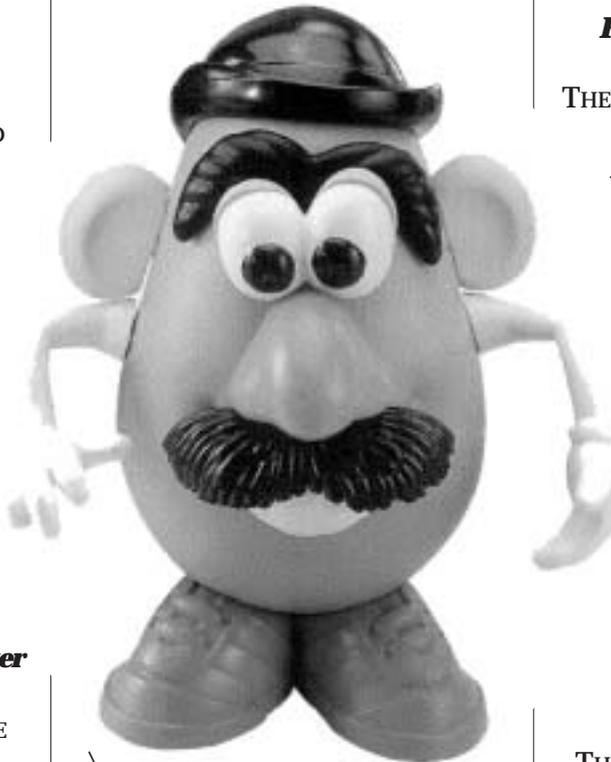
THE NO ONE'S GONNA MISS ME
AWARD
**James Eddy,
College Republican and Honesty
flunky**

THE MAINSTREAM OPINION AWARD
**Mike Kleckner,
Former ODE Opinion Editor and
gay anarchist**

THE WHERE ARE THEY NOW? AWARD
Johnson Hall Protesters

THE FRAT OF THE YEAR AWARD
**Delta Upsilon,
No one but Dave will join**

THE BURNT OUT CAMPUS ICON
AWARD
**John Walsh,
Green Party Never-was**



THE OVERPRICED BOOZE AWARD
Tequila

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE YEAR
AWARD
**Did we give up the Bend campus
branch in return for the state
kicking us out of the WRC?**

THE FAVORITE WEIRDO AWARD
Ishmael Garfunkel

THE HOTTEST STUDENT GOVERNMENT
GAL AWARD
Allyssa Walton, ASUO Exec Office

THE MOST ANNOYING AD CAMPAIGN
AWARD
**LTD Girl,
Flash In The Pan Wouldbe**

THE ALUMNUS OF THE YEAR AWARD
**Craig Rosebaugh,
ELF Spokesperson and one-
time SUV driver**

THE ULTIMATE UNION BUSTER
AWARD
**Tony Baker,
Red-Guard Publisher**

THE BEST FINANCIAL
MANAGEMENT AWARD
CSSA

THE GOING THE DISTANCE
AWARD
**Autumn DePoe,
Campus Fixture**

THE WELCOME BACK MR. KOTTER
AWARD
**Duncan McDonald,
Returning to J-School after rough
tenure in Dave's Office**

THE "THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT'LL GET
FOR US" AWARD
Incoming ASUO Executive



Complaints may be directed to:
ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu.
Please wait four to six months for sarcastic reply.

Out-of-State

Out-of-Mind

By
Rebekah
Hearn

Non-
resident students find gain-
ing resident status harder than
Richard Simmons at a
Chippendales concert.

Everybody who is a student, here at the University of Oregon or elsewhere, has one element in common with all other students: having to pay tuition. Naturally, nonresident tuition for a state university is higher than the resident tuition; but, what if you are a nonresident who intends to permanently live in the state where you attend college? Every year, there are plenty of out of state students who come planning to pay the ridiculously high nonresident tuition for a year, then gain residency after establishing a job and home and thus pay the well-deserved lower tuition prices. However, this goal is harder to achieve than anyone ever thought.

Codi Kissick, a freshman from Colorado Springs, chose the University of Oregon because she has family nearby, and knew she loved the state and Eugene specifically. Unfortunately, her plan to stay here all four years is already in jeopardy; she doesn't know if she can return this fall since the out-of-state tuition is so unbelievably high. Even with her Veterans' Administration money, which can only go to pay for school tuition, the approximate \$18,000 a year for tuition and books (plus the expenses of living arrangements) is just too much for a single-parent family, even if Codi has her own job. Although she had planned on leasing a house with friends, getting a job, and living here permanently—her boyfriend was even considering moving here to live with her—gaining residency to go to UO is a very, very tight squeeze.

The residency rules of the Oregon University System (OUS) are so strict and yet so vague, they discuss all the potential situations in which a nonresident could claim to be a resident, and then they coldly discount them. In the introduction to the Oregon Residency Rules webpage (<http://admission.uoregon.edu/apply/resid.htm>), it states that “[t]he current rules and amendments used in determining residency seek to ensure that

only bona fide Oregon residents are assessed the resident fee.” However, later in the same document it states that the OUS's policy for determining residency is mainly an issue of intent. According to the university system, “if a person is in Oregon primarily for the purpose of obtaining an education, that person will be considered a nonresident.” In addition, the city of Eugene and indeed the Oregon government can recognize a student as a citizen, while the OUS can still insist that the student is not and thus make him pay the additional \$10,020 a year (based on this school year's tuition) for the privilege of attending UO. Keep in mind, also, that the projected tuition for 2001-2002 expects a hike of nearly \$1,100 for out-of-state tuition, while in-state tuition remains exactly the same. Kristin Lackner, a freshman from Spokane who stopped attending UO this winter, says that if not for the outrageously high tuition, she would still be in school. “I couldn't afford to go to school next year—there's no way I could pay for the next three years without going into major debt,” she says. Her intent was to come to school and simultaneously try to become a resident; however, when she discovered just how much effort that goal would take to achieve, she has planned to take time off school for at least a year until she can figure out a slightly different plan.

So if the question is, in the university's eyes, one of intent, just exactly how do they judge what a person's intent is? Brian Stanley, public service manager in the Office of Admissions, says “if you think about that, it's [the student's intent] a pretty

tough thing to quantify. The state, I think, does the best that they can to try to determine what that student's intent is." He goes on to say that the burden of proving residency does lie on the student, since the university will not come to students to tell them they have finally qualified for resident tuition. However, if a student is living in Oregon, has an address, a job, a home, and other elements such as an Oregon driver's license, marriage license, car title, or a practicing profession, yet still goes to school full time (here at UO, full time is twelve credits a quarter), he or she cannot be considered a resident. To even be considered, a student has to have gone to school part-time—eight credits a quarter or less—for at least a year prior to the term in which he wants to gain residency; but even completing this requirement, however, does not guarantee a student residency if he has not fulfilled some of the others. For some students, though, part-time is a bad, bad option. Some

programs, such as the one for a teaching degree, require five years as it is to complete. Also, for students planning on graduate school, having to go part-time a year is a setback and a definite risk if not guaranteed with rewards. Codi has a specific problem with going part-time for a year: "If I quit going to school full-time for six months or more, the VA stops giving me money. That's a huge chunk of my tuition right there, around \$1,000 a month, gone immediately if I try to gain residency here," she explains. Going to school full-time is an automatic exclusion from residency eligibility, since, according to the OUS, if a student is going to school full time, then obviously his intention is to stay here in Oregon only for as long as it takes to obtain an education.

However, there is no exact list of qualifications one must meet in order to qualify as a resident at the UO. The list on the website only states the one definite rule about attending school part time; it goes on to list at least a dozen different factors in at least two different lists that may help or may not help a student in his case to claim residency. Some "rules" are so vaguely worded, it seems as if the writers of them were trying to encompass every single situation a student could possibly find himself in. For example, item G in the list of elements that do not necessarily qualify a student for residency reads "continuous presence in Oregon during periods when not enrolled in school". To many people, where one lives is usually where one is "continually present," so the fact that this particular example will not always work in a student's favor is ridiculous. How else can one prove his intent to live in Oregon, if living here is not enough?

THE RESIDENCY RULES OF THE OREGON UNIVERSITY SYSTEM ARE SO STRICT AND YET SO VAGUE, THEY DISCUSS ALL THE POTENTIAL SITUATIONS IN WHICH A NONRESIDENT COULD CLAIM TO BE A RESIDENT, AND THEN THEY COLDLY DISCOUNT THEM.

Kristin remarked that "Of course I came here to go to school. But you should be able to work towards your residency without compromising your education. . . I live in my own house, off of campus, and I definitely think that should be going toward my residency." While living in a private home (i.e., not the residence halls) should count for a student's case, as with everything else, it does not necessarily help, especially if the home is being leased or rented, and not owned. Stanley remarks that, when trying to prove residency, "there's not a laundry list of, say, five things that you have to show—it's more like providing a preponderance of the evidence." The problem is, what is a residency officer going to see as a "preponderance"? Is living in Oregon and going to school part-time for a year enough to qualify as a resident? Or, does one have to support himself financially, have "permanent employment," and own his living quarters? Although these factors are typically not difficult

to find in the lives of adults—most of our parents or relatives own their houses and support themselves completely—the administration seems to be glossing over the fact that many college students at the age of nineteen or twenty could have every intention to live in Oregon and be completely independent someday, yet still for the time being need their parents or family to help them pay for their schooling (especially at a nonresident tuition rate of nearly \$15,000 a year).

One main argument that the students have against these tough residency requirements is that by making it so difficult for out-of-state students to afford attending UO, the administration is in a way compromising the diversity of our campus. Although there are plenty of nonresident students who attend UO their freshman and sophomore years, there are also plenty of people, like Codi and Kristin, who have to stop school until they can either obtain residency, or obtain money. "That's a trade off that you have to make when you're making those decisions about tuition," says Stanley. But that trade-off is not necessary; there are many elements that could make this particular university more accessible to out-of-state students. "They could offer more scholarships for nonresidents that are larger chunks of money, they could ease up on the residency rules—and they could, of course, just lower tuition," comments Codi. However, it is the general feeling of those students struggling to figure out how they can stay in Oregon that the administration is not helping much.

Part of what can be a long and complicated process in applying for residency (which, of course, one only has to do if

Cont'd on page 15

YEAR IN REVIEW 2001

By Pete R. Hunt

Business as usual on another liberal college campus, where the gatekeepers of thought and the plethora of drugs keep any rational thought from ever reaching your cerebral cortex.

These people were high out of their minds on cocaine," she said. "I have never seen anyone on cocaine before, but it was interesting because it was completely obvious they were high."

"Cocaine is not out of style," February, 16th 2001, *ODE*

Congratulations on surviving another year at this fine institution of liberal thought. If you don't yet believe that Cuba is an oasis of freedom, that the term "hunter-gatherer" is sexually oppressive or that corporate Nazis control your every purchasing impulse, than pat yourself on the back. However, if you voted for Ralph Nader, smoked a bowl with Woody Harrelson, protested outside of Starbucks or bought a joke book from Frog, than stop reading here. This little look back is completely void of references to "fostering diversity" and "promoting awareness." So, if you're looking for a unique cultural perspective on the University, please put this issue in a recycling bin-- or better yet -- the trash. But, if there is still a glimmer of hope left in your Grinch-sized soul, then read on. After all, that peyote trip may just be ending, and its time you caught up on a year's worth of news your hallucinogenic perception of reality may have passed over (No, there isn't a giant lobster devouring the sun. It's a starfish; check for yourself).

The Leftist Jihad

The University of Oregon is a worn battlefield littered with the rotten corpses of rebellious Marxist sociology majors, conformist liberal journalism majors and countless members of the apathetic student body who thought proletariat was a Puff Daddy nickname before the bourgeois ate their soul. The commander-in-chief of this war on democracy is the Emerald, our illustrious student newspaper. The Emerald, under the guise of journalistic integrity, tries to present itself as a mediator between the liberals and the moderates, which means the Emerald is much like Europe when Hitler crashed Poland's party. After all, who but the Emerald would compare the ELF SUV firebombing to the Boston Tea Party? Hey, why not compare Timothy McVeigh to Muhatma Gandhi while you're at it?

If this never-ending battle between somewhat liberal, unquestionably liberal and fresh off the boat from Cuba doesn't interest you, you're not alone. The "apathetic" majority once again won the most popular award this year, but couldn't be bothered to pick up their trophy. The OSPIRG ballot passed, the MCC ballot passed, Nilda/ Joy got elected and some guy called the "Crutch Master" appeared on the cover of the Emerald two days in a row. Why? Because if you live in the one of the countless fraternities, sororities or hippie pads in West Eugene, campus politics are about as relevant to you as the expiration date on your milk.

Ducks Football

At times this year's Duck squad looked dominating, throwing Washington around the field like a burlap sack of potatoes and running UCLA into the dirt. But, in the infamous

Arizona St. nail-biter, Harrington and company looked on the verge of destruction. The team never looked the same. Game after game they stumbled to victory, seemingly amazed at each improbable outcome. For a few weeks every Sunday, the headline was "Ducks Find Way to Win," but you knew heading into the Civil War the troops in the foxhole were hoping God would deliver one last miracle. It didn't happen. Ken Simonton and Josh Smith ran us off the field in a humiliating defeat. Josh Frankel didn't even get the chance to miss a game winning field goal.

Oh well, it was still a successful season. At least we had a good excuse to get sloppy drunk on a Saturday morning and stumble over to Autzen to watch some pigskin. The Ducks did a lot of great things for the campus this year. ESPN did their pregame show in front of the Cassanova Center, drunken Washington linemen graced Rockin' Rodeo and Joey Harrington passed his classes, which meant, by God, there was hope for you yet. So let's be a little gracious here. Next year, when the Beavers come to town, I'm personally going to find the grandmother of Josh Smith in the crowd and cover her with more beer than a stripper in a Dre video.

DPS

The DPS reminds me of a Nick-at-Nite sitcom straight out of the Leave it to Beaver era. Tom "Tommy" Fitzpatrick is the cliché naïve boss who spends most of his day shooting wadded up paper into a trashcan and tapping golf balls into the dustpan. Sean Strahon is the young buck on the squad who could be dangerous if he could just find his car keys. Joan Saylor is the caring den mother, bringing cookies to work by day, busting commie ass by night. Or something like that.

Charge upon charge has really proven that these guys are next to totally incompetent. (See OC Nov 30 2000). From losing residence hall keys to having restraining orders issued by ex-girlfriends, these are the type of people who eventually gain a post in the LAPD crime lab. I'd sooner tape rocket launchers to the back of the campus squirrels than let these guys walk around armed.

Yet strapped is what the DPS may soon become. For those not following the story, eight DPS officers were commissioned to "campus security" status, giving them "probable cause arrest" and "stop and frisk" authority. Some see this as a way to curb campus crime, notably in the wake of the "campus attacker." But the plan certainly has its critics, and even the Ol' Dirty was on the ball in criticizing the logic behind such a move. After all, we're not dealing with a trained police force here. These offi-

cers are glorified mall security, the equivalent of the seventy-year-old blind man who stands guard over the Orange Julius. The student body has the right to be cautious in giving power to an organization that has yet to prove its worth. This isn't a knock against the entire DPS institution; despite some good-

natured ribbing they do provide a viable service. But, so does my mailman, and I don't want him protecting my copy of Sports Illustrated with a .22 magnum.

ASUO Elections

This year's ASUO election was eerily similar to a high school prom. Nilda and Joy, the only women on the ticket, had the prom queen position locked up from the start. The only question unanswered was which men's ticket was going to have to dance with Nilda and Joy to "November Rain" in the middle of the gym as the lights went down. Eric Bailey and Jeff Oliver were the football players who ran on a bet from their linemen friends. Bret Jacobson was the too-cool for the high school paper guy, and Matt Cook was there to pick up chicks.

Also running for office were COMMENTATOR staffer Sho Ikeda and his sock puppet Mr. Billy, who managed to be more lifelike during the debates than Matt Cook, and Brian Boone and Eric Qualheim, who were beaten in the general election by the EMU Knob. (Sorry, Brian.)

The Bailey/Oliver ticket was doomed to fail. At the election debate, their platform seemed to be "let's put everything to vote." Every decision they would make as executives, it seemed, would be based upon the most basic principle of democracy: the will of the majority.

"Eric, my desk it getting too much sun in this corner, do you think I should move it?"

"Jeff, let's put it to the people to decide."

"Eric, this burrito is still cold in the middle. Should I put in back in the microwave?"

"Jeff, let us listen to the voice of the people."

I wouldn't trust these guys to take my video back to Blockbuster, let alone find their way to Suite Four. But, like a Japanese Kamikaze pilot determined to die with honor, they decided to take another ticket with them to the grave. The victim of their death wish was Jacobson/Cook. Under the guise of "being fair" the Bailer/Oliver ticket whipped out every cheap trick in the book to get Jacobson/Cook knocked off the ballot. Alas, like all linemen, these two weren't bright enough to figure which way to block on a 32-dive, let alone understand the complex rules of the Green Tape Notebook. The Jacobson/Cook



**THE ONLY QUESTION UNANSWERED
WAS WHICH MEN'S TICKET WAS
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RAIN" IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GYM
AS THE LIGHTS WENT DOWN.**

ticket was eventually reinstated, and Bailey/Oliver went back to the locker room with a pack of Icy-Hot to nurture their wounds.

When Jacobson/ Cook finally escaped the Bailey/Oliver bear hug, they managed to put up a good fight against Joy/Nilda. But when both of your opponents are females involved with campus diversity programs, then the cards are stacked high against you. Alas, when the dust settled Joy/Nilda were on the cover of the Emerald celebrating their victory over reason and common sense. Next year is really going to suck.

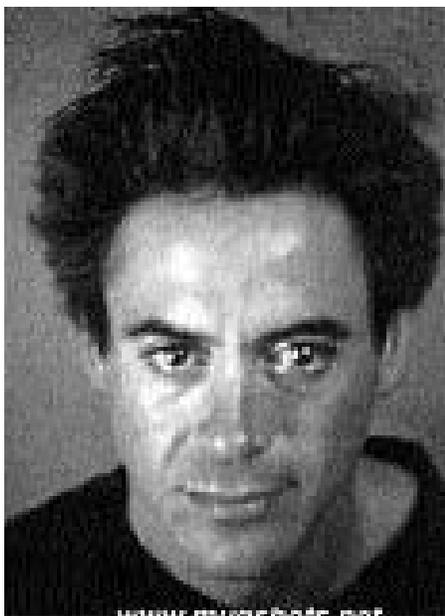
Jay Breslow

Sadly, Jay's claim to fame this year was building a giant ballot box in the middle of the EMU in a ploy to leave a legacy. Jay, the Great Wall of China, that's a legacy. The pyramids of Egypt. Legacy. A giant ballot box that looked like it was put together by a freshman shop class isn't exactly something I'd be proud to hang my hat on.

Jay faced adversity fall term when two students with way too much time on their hands tried to have him forcibly removed from office. Jay showed some resiliency and weathered the storm, but it took a lot out of him. Like a lonely girl left home on a Saturday night, Jay sadly spent his final two terms watching spaghetti westerns and distributing way too many flavored ice cones.

Actually, I have to give a quick shout out to Jay for hooking me up with UCLA football tickets my first day on campus. I didn't know who he was at the time, and I just kind of stumbled into the ASUO looking for the ticket office, but none-the-less it was a nice gesture. Jay, enjoy your time in oblivion.

Also, there was somebody named Holly in the vice-president position. Or something.



Jill Dieringer's death

No, I'm not going to make a joke about someone's tragic death. I draw a line somewhere. But, what was with the uproar over meningitis? Did anyone really think they were just going to

up and croak all of a sudden? The chances of getting meningitis are something like two in a million, but students were piling outside of the health center waiting for a vaccine like coke heads outside of Robert Downey Jr.'s place. Every time somebody coughed in class it was like a monkey was running around with the Ebola virus. People were really on edge for a week or two there, which gave Bailey/Oliver the opportunity to make some false campaign promises about getting the entire student body admitted into the Mayo Clinic. (Or something like that.)

Yahoo Ads

You may remember this little fall term fiasco as the first real controversy on campus. You know you're in Eugene when somebody is protesting the ads for an instant messaging service. Sure, the message may have been a little risqué, but are we not college students? Are we not the core viewership behind Jerry Springer, Jackass and countless MTV Real World Marathons? How do you expect advertisers to appeal to us? People should learn to take a joke. Speaking of funny ads...

David Horowitz "Reparations for Slavery" Ad

I first heard about the Horowitz "Ten Reasons why Reparations for Slavery are a Bad Idea" ad when it blew up all over the Berkeley campus. The leftist crowd on Berkeley makes the anarchists in Eugene look like conservative moderates. These kids were wacky enough to take and burn copies of the campus newspaper that ran the ad, and then demand page after page of editorial to describe the fallacy in each one of Horowitz's arguments. I was sure the reaction on this campus was going to be even more remarkable, since the camping spots outside of Johnson hall were actually starting to grow over with grass. Surprisingly, the reaction the ad received was actually fairly restrained. Of course, the bleeding hearts at the Emerald had to issue a little apology for the whole thing in an editorial, but at least they didn't step back and say that advertising couldn't be protected as free speech, as did their peers at the Berkeley paper. In fact, the whole thing died out after a few days, which was rather disappointing.

I was ready to see bonfires in front of the EMU protesting the Emerald, and burning crosses placed in front of Allen Hall. Such a fiasco would of brought have the issue to front and center, and truly displayed the Stalinist censorship of thought that is occurring on campuses all over the nation. I was sure nobody would recognize that all of Horowitz's points were entirely valid, whether you agreed with them or not. The ad wasn't racist, bigoted or culturally ignorant. It was a thoughtful look at the way America handles race. Given, the ad was an attempt by Horowitz to get some free press and sell his book, but you can't really blame the guy for that. After all, it's a win-win situation for him either way. If the paper doesn't run the ad, then they

Cont'd From Page 11

will be blamed for censorship of expression, creating a fiasco and bringing Horowitz name to the front page of local editorials. If they do run the ad, they will certainly have to run countless editorials and letters against it, showing that they certainly couldn't be blamed for advancing the agenda of the hegemony. Either way, Horowitz gets a free press pass.



Jody Runge

Before I start in on Jody Runge's coaching style, I'd like to take a minute and comment on something equally as appalling: her hair. Over the past () years that Jody Runge coached the UO Women's Basketball team, she went through hairstyles like most people go through fingernails. Sadly, each one was less attractive than the previous. Her final look, some sort of European comb-over, looked as though she didn't rinse the shampoo out in the morning.

Hairstyle aside, there's no denying that she took a waning women's athletic program into national recognition. But, lost in the debate about her job performance is the fact that she never got her team past the first round of the NCAA. Her supporters seemed satisfied that she was good enough to take some Pac-10 titles, but if she was coaching at Tennessee or UConn a conference title wouldn't be good enough, so why it should it be here? Looking at the talent she had, including future WNBAer Jenny Mowe, don't you think she should of least gotten us into the sweet sixteen? That being said, maybe I'm just not aware enough of women's basketball. After all, I never did make it to a game this year. But I only made it to one Men's game, and I was too drunk to find my way to my seat. What does that mean? It means I'm done, It means the year is over, and I thank you all for your time and patience. *Que sera' sera'*



Pete R. Hunt, who can't remember yesterday, let alone last year, is the Editor-in-Chief of the OC militia.

JULY 25, 2001

he enrolled initially as a nonresident) includes submitting a Residence Information Affidavit and all the necessary supporting documents to the university. If the university will not concede with the student's case, he can then appeal to the interinstitutional residency committee (IRC), whose decision regarding the case is final unless the student chooses to appeal to the Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs, which is as high up the ladder as one can go. The problem many students see with this process is that it is so subjective; there are no definite rules to go by, the committees and vice chancellor can only judge for themselves how they see the case. "If the rules were more black-and-white, it would be fine," says Codi, "but since the committee can decide freely whether this student is a resident based on how they see the situation from inside their offices, far away from the real situation—that just seems wrong to me."

Many things about this whole situation seem wrong to non-resident students. While there are surely plenty of students who have no intention of being Oregon residents, many really do want to stay here, but cannot rearrange their lives or education to fit what the OUS considers "residency." Thus, if they cannot support themselves because they are too busy paying tens of thousands of dollars for college, then of course it will be difficult, maybe even impossible to begin a new life in Oregon. As a result, too many students will make the decision not to try, and leave this university for one that is cheaper or more accessible, even though they could be perfectly happy right where they are. If a young student wants to move away to a new city and attend college while living there, proving that he lives where he does should not be very difficult; however, some of the rules the OUS has established are just way too far-fetched and, if nothing else, very hard to prove to a committee of strangers who will never fully understand your situation except through the fulfillment (or lack thereof) of their guidelines. The demand for easier or fairer residency requirements appears to be a unanimous cry from all out-of-state students, and since they constitute a great deal of our student body and our student money, perhaps the university should listen more to their needs.



Rebekah Hearn, who sadly misses her native land of anywhere but Oregon, is a staff writer for the OC.

ON *WHAT DREAMS MAY COME*

Aggression, misfortune, and physical threats characterize Republican nightmares, while familiar settings and friendly characters populate the kinder, gentler bad dreams of Democrats.

—VNY.com's "Nightmares Plague Republicans, Says Study." *No kidding, moron. It's the same pansies who have good dreams and trust other people that think we should cut military spending and increase poverty payments. Next they'll demand free public education for everyone. Will it never end?*

ON *MEAT MARKET, D.C.*

If you're the kind of person that has affairs or looks for opportunities, you're not going to have a very hard time finding them in Washington.

—Former Congressman and Senate candidate Rick Lazio on picking finding fleeting romances in the nation's capitol. *Rick's wife could not immediately be reached for comment, but reports have an icy silence following his usual dinner statement, "Sorry I got home late from the office, honey. Bambi and I had to go over some figures."*

ON *LOBO LOCO*

I was reading a newspaper article about Rebecca Lobo's last game at U Conn. I started crying. Crying! At the sports page! I knew the drugs were hurting me mentally. I had to be more careful.

—Charles Van Deventer in his Newsweek piece titled, "I'm Proof: The Drug War Is Working." *Glad to hear it, Chuck. Sometimes we get so drunk we almost get misty-eyed at that part in The Godfather when Michael has to kill Fredo. Almost.*

ON *KNOWING ONE'S PLACE*

I'm not here because I'm particularly smart or have any specific ideas. I'm here because eight percent of you voted for me.

—Outgoing ASUO Exec Jay Breslow. *People accused Jay of many things, but they could never accuse him of overselling his mandate. Now if he just would have accomplished something, he would've gone down in history.*

ON SWEET, N' SOUR SWEW

Bitter words are good medicine...
Sweet words carry infection.
—Chinese proverb. Just thought we'd remind you wht we continue to spew people every year. And thus it begins anew.

Our greatest happiness does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits.
—Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States. Since so many of Oregon's schools aren't meeting their general requirements, we thought you might have missed this one in high school. Love, the guys at the OC.

ON HAPPINESS

Dad called. We have what he wants.
—Readerboard of Northside Liquor store. Finally, somebody understands the drunk bastard. Usually what he says is so slurred a simple "hello" sounds like he's reciting the Dead Sea Scrolls. And don't even get us started on the holidays, Grandpa and Grandma won't even come over after last year's "unpleasantness" with the carving knife and Dad's rendition of Sinatra's "My Way."

ON DAD DRINKS BEST

Any professor who doesn't require double-sided papers has no business being a professor.
—Overheard by OC staff member in the EMU computing lab. And all this time we kept bemoaning the low quality of education here we were looking at the wrong qualifications! Screw seeking professors with a good understanding of their subject and an ability to articulate it, if they're not eco-zealots, they're not going to be ducks, by dog.

ON WHAT STUDENTS WANT

Part 2

The Filthiest Place on Earth



begun. Confusion soaked everything in sight. Teenagers were

waving neon lights, frantically trying to get me and countless others to move towards Adventureland, not the quickest way out of the park. I struggled against the hoard but to no avail. I was drowning in fanny packs, embroidered Mickey Mouse hats and billions of very irritated tourists. The stench of sweat and the screams of excitement, pain and anger were everywhere as a synthesized version of "When you Wish Upon a Star" began pouring out of unseen speakers. I struggled for air as my face was shoved into the back of a fat man wearing a faded "Big Johnson" T-shirt. The vibrations had started again but I was too weak to fight the current. This was Disneyland at its most decadent and depraved. I was a young man about to shit his pants in the middle of an angry mob as a man in a mouse suit danced on a stage nearby.

Somehow, a few minutes later I landed in Fantasyland and managed to make it to another bathroom. A half hour later, I emerged and made my way towards the Monorail station in Tomorrowland. There was still a chance that I might make it out of this place alive and with my Simpsons boxer shorts unsoiled.

Tomorrowland was empty and the line at the station nonexistent. I trotted alongside Submarine Lagoon relieved that the terror was slowly coming to an end. On the mechanized ramp up to the loading dock, an empty train rolled up just in time. A smile of relief crossed my face. The end was in sight.

Deep inside the Matterhorn, the abominable snowman roared, his robot voice echoing out into Tomorrowland. Like a sirens call to my stomach, his voice summoned a hoard of filth to come pouring out of my buttocks. A few feet away an adorable girl my age was staring off at the distant lights of Fantasyland. And I had just shit in my pants in front of her.

[INSERT OBLIGATORY JOSEPH CONRAID REFER-
ENCE HERE]

Fear, horror, desperation, there are no words in any language that can describe the emotions that poured through my adolescent body on at that moment on that summer night. I was a research monkey pumped up on too many prescription drugs. I was a junkie tapped in a cockpit of a spiraling airplane without so much as a nicotine pack. I was a suburban teenager from Oregon pushed to the edge of embarrassment and sorrow. I leapt over the railing mere feet from the cute attendant and rushed towards the nearest bathroom with a trail of liquid feces trailing down my screamy legs.

I hid in the bathroom for an hour before I emerged, afraid that the Monorail girl might be outside waiting to laugh at me. No amount of toilet paper and water could clean up what had happened. I smelled like a storm drain in the poor section of Tijuana. Now a teenage poop monster with a scowl of fury across my face, I headed for the only other exit out of Disneyland: the entrance at the tail end of Main Street. Standing in my way were thousands of tourists, and a parade filled to the brim with singing robots and smiling cartoon characters. The chances were slim that I was going to escape from the park. I was bound to collapse in front of

tion to all the ailments that can afflict themselves to the human body. According to him, flu, colds, bubonic plague, diarrhea and the AIDS virus can all be cured with a single sip of soda. I yanked myself off the toilet, convinced that Dr. Dad might actually be right for a change.

Feeling better, we emerged into back into fake facades of New Orleans. The place was getting incredibly crowded, even by amusement park terms. The Fantasmic special effects spectacular was 30 minutes away from starting on the shores of Tom Sawyer's Island. Anyone who has sat through this show will tell you that people will maul their own children to get a glimpse of a teenager in a Mickey Mouse suit shooting laser beams from his hands. Every night at 8 and 10 PM around 20,000 people pack into the space of a single city block to watch this spectacle.

New Orleans Square at night on Labor Day weekend is the worst place in the world to be hit with a bad case of the runs. Standing in line at a concession stand, the vibrations in my stomach returned in full force.

"Dad, I really have to go back to the hotel room," I pleaded. "I feel like my butt is about to explode."

"Get real, you'll be fine," he reasoned. "We've spent way too much money on this trip for you just to sit in the room on the last night."

Ahead of us, a woman from Louisiana was ordering soda and fries for 30 people. There was no way the 7-Up would reach my lower intestines in time to single handily prevent the mounting legion of feces marching rapidly towards my sphincter.

"Dad, I have to go now. Where's the card key for the room?"

"Will you calm down?"

"NO I WILL NOT CALM DOWN! I'M ABOUT TO POOP IN MY PANTS! GIVE ME THE DAMN KEY RIGHT NOW!!!"

People were staring. The woman in line turned and glared as she headed off with 10 sodas and a dozen churros in her arms. Somewhere a small child started weeping. I'd forsaken the soul of Disney once again. I was really going to pay now.

My father, infuriated, reached into his pocket and finally handed me the key. He muttered something about me "really missing out on all the fun" as I dived into the crowd and towards the nearest bathroom.

I made it in the nick of time and emerged 20 minutes later, convinced the nightmare had ended. Relieved I headed through the Fantasmic crowd. I was convinced that I might make it back to the hotel in time for Beavis and Butt-head. How wrong I was. The lights in New Orleans Square suddenly went down as 20,000 voices started screaming in ecstasy. Fantasmic had just

columnist with a horribly embarrassing personal anecdote.

My parents love all things Disney. They have glass cabinets full of overpriced figurines of characters from Lady and the Tramp, Fantasia and Beauty and the Beast. Reproduced cells from Pinocchio and Pocahontas cover the walls of their living room. They've spent literally tens of thousands of dollars on Disney merchandise. They can't get enough and if anyone dares question their bizarre attachment to these cartoons, they behave like frightened snow leopards backed into a corner.

Every year since 1989, they've made a pilgrimage down south to their Holy Land; Anaheim California. My Mom and Dad spend a week every summer in Disneyland, riding the same rides and waiting in the same endless lines. They can quote the narration from the Haunted Mansion word for word verbatim and get a big kick out of shouting out the punch lines to jokes on the Jungle Cruise before the captain can say them.

Every summer for years they dragged my sister and I along with them, forcing us to suffer through their weeklong fetish. I like Disneyland, heavy emphasis on "like." A few day in the park every five years is a nice way to waste some paid vacation time. But when you know which bathrooms have the automatic flushers on the urinals and have the fatality rate of the Matterhorn memorized, Disneyland loses a lot of its appeal. Standing in a three gazillion mile long line in the excruciating heat of Critter Country for a few minutes of listening to animatronic animals sing isn't all that much fun when you've done it three thousand times.

The summer of 1994 was when the nastiness went down. It was the last day of our trip and I had spent the whole time complaining about everything in sight. My parents had wasted a hard of money to show me a good time but my spoiled, overstimulated 15-year-old mind would have none of it. Nothing could amuse me. I yawned through the surreal turns of Space Mountain and feel asleep on the Pirates of the Caribbean. I must have forsaken the soul of Walt Disney. For on that night my bad attitude can back to haunt me triple fold.

We were getting off the Doombugies in the Haunted Mansion when the grumbling in my gut started. A few feet later, I was hit by a viciously abrupt need to go to the bathroom. Bad. Rushing off to find the nearest restroom, I left the family standing in the middle of New Orleans Square baffled. My father tracked me down about 20 minutes later, hunched over in a stall.

"Are you feeling sick or something," he asked.

"Yes. I really need to go back to the hotel room," I responded in a faint voice.

"Ah, you'll be fine. We'll get you a 7-Up. That'll fix everything."

My father has always been convinced that 7-Up is the solu-

The Fifthiest Place on Earth

Part One

By Brandon
Hartley



of paper. And it's not even laminated.

Yes, I'm bitter. You would be too if the completion of four years of misery rested in the hands of a GTF with unhealthy obsession with Aerosmith. I'm hanging by a thread in Spanish 203. If I don't pass, I don't graduate. Ever. I don't have the time or money or time for summer school and my lease runs out at the end of July.

It gets worse. College, for me, hasn't been the 48-month booze orgy it's been for just about everyone I've met at the U of O. I can't remember a single decent party or even the last time I was piss drunk or shit stoned. Sure, I'm the only student I know who may actually graduate in four years but it has come at a tremendous price. The look in my eyes these days is usually reserved for crazed transients, the others at the zoo and the leaders of crumbling fascist dictatorships. Four years down the drain for so little and possibly nothing if I don't get through a requirement that shouldn't even exist.

All for nothing. Duck and cover. Where's the Pepto? I'm running after time and I miss the sunshine. Summer days will come, happiness will be mine. I'm lost in my words, I don't know where I'm going.

Bullshit. There is no escape.

I've visited this sort of disparate mental state only once before. This isn't the first time I've had to deal with paralyzing fear and pure, uncut terror. It should come as no surprise that it all last hit me in the middle of Disneyland.

I've told this story countless times to countless people. No one believes the following could have happened to anyone. It's revolting, disturbing and unbelievable; the stuff of the most purid of nightmares. If these events occurred to anyone else, they would bathe in bleach for a month and hire assassins to kill all of the witnesses. I've decided to publish the story. Why? I blame the stress. And it might be fun to end my stint as the AP

less few months.
from this rotten pit or the nightmare will drag on for another end-
Finally be over. Either I'll pass all 22 credits and finally be free
A week from now, for better or worse, this "waking death" will
pletely unable to focus on the soul-sucking essay in front of me.
Tonight, in a cramped bungalow in the hills I sit and wait, com-
home; another series of neglected deadlines and due dates
loom on the horizon. There was a time when such
evenings would be spent downing stolen beer and destroying
public property. Everyone I know is getting plastered. Ho hum.
Tonight, in a cramped bungalow in the hills I sit and wait, com-
pletely unable to focus on the soul-sucking essay in front of me.
A week from now, for better or worse, this "waking death" will
Finally be over. Either I'll pass all 22 credits and finally be free
from this rotten pit or the nightmare will drag on for another end-
less few months.

If I do narrowly manage to escape the U of O, the "real world" awaits. And while it's filled with countless pitfalls, hassles and horrors of its own, at least a person gets a paycheck for subjecting themselves to such inanity. In college you pay for the "privilege" of doing mind-numbing tasks. The very notion of your life getting massively in debt to listen to a few "trained professionals" blather on about subjects that will not help you put together a decent resume, balance a checkbook or even covertly pick your nose in public. And at the end of this ride you get a shiny piece of paper. Four wasted years and 50k for a single sheet

the Intel Pentium III chip. I got to oversee the production of issues scrutinizing the Oregon Liquor Control Commission and such as Napster and the WTO. I got the chance to explain why "I hate Ryan" and go drunken golfing. I got to party and road trip with some of the most "Who the hell cares if I regret this in the morning?" people I've met. As incoming Editor-in-Chief Pete R. Hunt would say: Good times.

Say what you will about professional reputation of the publication, but my experience first as News Editor and then as Managing Editor has helped me as I looked toward future career goals. My experience has opened up new doors as I pursue a career in journalism. (Here's one last shameless COMMENTATOR plug: If you've thought about writing for us, do it. The COMMENTATOR takes care of its

IF YOU TAKE SOMETHING SO SERIOUSLY THAT YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT IT, THAT'S A PROBLEM.

own.) Looking back, the thing I like best about the COMMENTATOR is its willingness to stand up against the tides of an otherwise hyper-liberal campus mentality. I've got nothing against progressive politics. I consider myself fiscally conservative, but I am still a strong supporter of social programs. Instead, my reservations about the political climate on campus stem from the fact that it's far too homogeneous. The COMMENTATOR has undertaken the difficult job balancing out the campus opinion by standing to the right-of-center.

This is not to say that it is a truly conservative publication, as it is thought to be by many people. (I once had a teacher in a class on democracy who assumed I was conservative simply because of my affiliation with the magazine, and would look to me for the "conservative viewpoint" during class dialogues. Then again, this same teacher once informed me that I had "just killed another salmon" by turning on a light in the journalism school hallway.) On one hand, the COMMENTATOR tries to be a voice of reason in a politically correct environment. On the other hand, it draws the bulk of its audience because of its cynical humor and offbeat pranks.

The COMMENTATOR says, to some extent, things we all think. And while we may not come from the same viewpoint or philosophy, we are all somewhat biased against people with different ideas and perspectives. Whether you're a tough frat guy who thinks the hippies need to take a shower, or a feminist repulsed by women who use their sexuality as a means to an end, we're all guilty of harboring bigoted thoughts about those different from us. (If you think you don't, you're kidding yourself.) The COMMENTATOR makes no apology for its bias, and at times even flaunts it. But the underlying philosophy in the office is simple: Nothing is sacred, and if you take something so seriously that you can't laugh at it, well, that's a bigger problem. We're all fucked in the head to some extent, so let's make the best of it and laugh at our shortcomings. This philosophy, while usually funny and generally meant in a lighthearted manner, has been both a

blessing and a curse. On this campus, people either take the COMMENTATOR too seriously or not seriously enough. I've defended the magazine in lengthy debates with professors. I've been told that we are in a unique position in campus media, and if we would only take things seriously we could have more of an impact. Then again, there have been instances where we've pissed people off while making a legitimate point. I recall sitting in the office one day this winter, shortly after the "ALF Tales" issue came out. A kid from the Insurgent walked in, quite pissed off, and informed me that he had been receiving harassing phone calls because we had printed his name and address in the "Conservative Liberation Front Primer," a parody of the "Animal Liberation Front Primer," in which the Insurgent had printed the names and addresses of university professors involved in animal research. Apparently, we had so deeply offended him that he planned to sue us. I smiled, wished him luck and sent him on his way. This is just one example of the hypocritical nature of many people tied up in the raging philosophy here at the UO.

That's not to say that I've supported every move made by the magazine. For example I found the fall 1999 cover, which made light of University President Dave Frohnmayer's health problems, lacking in taste and I argued strongly against it. The pictures of retarded children next to each article's bylines in another issue were also a poor editorial decision (although what bothered me most was that the picture accompanying my byline bore too close a resemblance for my liking). I also had the dubious honor of having my stories juxtaposed with the subject of internet pornography — twice in subheads, once in an adjacent article — though my stories had nothing to do with the topic. (I'm not naming names here, Bill.)

But no matter what you think of the magazine, try to imagine this campus without the Oregon COMMENTATOR. Imagine a campus with anti-"tree trade" zones, an "Adopt a Sweatshop Laborer" program in full swing and Garden Burgers banned from campus by the same vegetarians you'd expect to gobble them up. I don't know about you, but such thoughts send shivers down my spine.

All in all it's been a pretty good ride. I remember my early days of the COMMENTATOR fondly. Joining staff at the end of Ed and Tamir's reign was sad, at first. I wish I'd had more time to work with those guys. But in the last two years, I've had the opportunity to work on a number of things that I remain proud of. I wouldn't trade those experiences for anything. Now, as Bill and I hand off the torch to the next generation, I wish I could stick around to see what sorts of havoc they can wreak. But all things come to an end, at some point. Looking back I'll always remember where I got my start. Next pint's on me guys.



Ben Nahorney, known to chase skirts and stories with equal zeal, moves on from the OC.

REAR VIEW MIRROR: LOOKING BACK AT THE OC

I'm not much on writing in the first person. The infamous "I tends to grate on my nerves when I read it. And while the COMMENTATOR is notorious for it's opinion writing, this is only the second time I've written in the first person. However, there are times that the style is necessary.

Hello. My name is

Ben Nahorney and I'm

from the COMMENTATOR.

Been here over two

years in fact. Most of

you probably don't

know who I am (unless

you're in the journalism

school) but you've prob-

ably read my stuff. I've

done my best to stay out

of the spotlight during

my tenure and worked

on writing investigative

pieces for the magazine.

But now I'm graduating

and moving on to other

pastures. So I've come

to the inevitable conclu-

sion of my time here and

with that comes the

farewell piece. This is

my chance to look

back and tell you about

what it's been like.

I returned to the University of Oregon in 1998, after a three-

year hiatus from school, to pursue a degree in journalism. I had

always carried a deep-seated wish to make a difference in the

world, and felt that investigative reporting would be an excellent

means to that end. The School of Journalism's reputation as one

of the best in the nation also helped me decide to stay at the

University of Oregon. So having enrolled in classes, I quickly

learned that clips were just as important as grades in the field.

I was fortunate to have a number of campus publications to

choose from — though I use the term "choose" loosely. The

Oregon Daily Emerald's lackluster performance when it came to

exposing problems on campus (short of all things politically cor-

rect) left me unimpressed. The Insurgent's inability to put



If you guess which one Ben is, he may or may not buy you a drink. If you're a hot, blonde stewardess, yeah. Or possibly a naughty nurse. Or maybe a Ukrainian goddess. You get the idea. He's been a few places and he's going more so keep an eye out for him.

together a decent layout and the-man-is-evil-no-matter-what atti- tude did nothing for me. So based on the recommendation of a friend in the journalism school, I checked out the Oregon Voice. Their content focused more on entertainment than investigative journalism, but I was promised the opportunity to write such arti-

cles. One meeting

and one layout ses-

sion later, I realized

these people wouldn't

step on a bug for fear

of hurting its feelings.

This just wouldn't

work for the career

path I was looking to

pursue.

My options nar-

rowed, I decided to

take a look at the

O r e g o n

C O M M E N T A T O R . I

remembered having

read the magazine

when I first started at

this university and

enjoying the humor.

However, I wasn't

fond of writing for a

"conservative jour-

nal of opinion," as

the campus stereotype of the publication claims (and the mission

statement reinforces to some extent), but they certainly were

willing to make waves when needed.

At first I was met with suspicion, having come directly from

the Voice. Only a few months prior, the COMMENTATOR had

bought the rights to the name "Oregon Voice," subsequently pub-

lishing an issue under that name. A handful of staffers even

thought that I was there to exact revenge. But after turning in my

first piece, weaving together such COMMENTATOR-friendly

themes of police harassment and beer consumption, their reser-

vations waned.

So began my two-plus years at the COMMENTATOR. During

that time I had the opportunity to write about everything from the

unreliability of 911 on campus to privacy concerns surrounding

Sam Wampler, who refuses to admit his role in the disappearance of *Chandra Levy*, is a staff writer for the OC... for now.



several people congratulated me on a job well done, it came back Castillo Rum and a pile of cash amounting to nearly \$200. After last night? Looking over at my desk I noticed an empty bottle of from the night before and asked myself: "What the fuck did I do?" "One time I woke up at 1 am, slightly drunk and hung over tries to tell the grandchildren." The beer racket has also provided many, as they put it, "stories of course I agreed with them (after all, this is the OC)."



social event, with alcohol as a lubricant, can't you see that man?" Of course I agreed with them (after all, this is the OC). The beer racket has also provided many, as they put it, "stories to tell the grandchildren." "One time I woke up at 1 am, slightly drunk and hung over from the night before and asked myself: "What the fuck did I do last night?" Looking over at my desk I noticed an empty bottle of Castillo Rum and a pile of cash amounting to nearly \$200. After several people congratulated me on a job well done, it came back

where, -uh... bring \$20 Well, actually, if you're really desperate, I'll meet you some- him to down his whole stash in lone night of sorrow and self-pity. time. Don's girlfriend could dump him for a rival boss, leaving down their door. Somebody could rat them out to an RA at any By now Johnny Law and the boys in blue could have busted live? I need beer!" Well, who's to say if they're still in business? "So Christ," you ask, "who are these guys and where do they compensate for convince.

stores regulated prices and product, with only a slight markup to talism at its finest. The customers and competition from local Their business was a shining examples of free market capi- ple will never hear.

ambition; they're marching to the tune of a drummer most peo- successful entrepreneurs. Some glint in their eyes spoke of great their main imperative is to prove to themselves that they can be money, the chance to get drunk on a nightly basis or the oppor- bastards, I got the impression that their motivation wasn't the viewing these while inter-

I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT THEIR MOTIVATION WASN'T THE MONEY, THE CHANCE TO GET DRUNK ON A NIGHTLY BASIS OR THE OPPORTUNITY TO LURE NAIVE FRESHMAN GIRLS INTO THEIR DORM ROOMS. RATHER THEIR MAIN IMPERATIVE IS TO PROVE TO THEMSELVES THAT THEY CAN BE SUCCESSFUL ENTREPRENEURS.

Part Five
Into
the Sunset...
"Mob guys...
Guineas... I don't
trust 'em."
-Tony Montana

into buying a car or into taking a trip somewhere. to movies and diners. Like Tony, he plans to put what remains ter break Don spent most of his earnings taking his girlfriend out ly \$2,000, but much of the loot has already been spent. Over win- real motivation. Between the two of them, they've raked in near- Amusing stories were a bonus, but money was always the him earlier that all I had was Coors!" had any Heineken for sale. It pissed me off so much. I had told this one guy knock on my door at four in the morning asking if I "A lot of weird little things happen," explains Don. "I had detector test," says Tony. balls and a five iron, but I don't remember enough to fail a lie drunken stupor. There was also something about an OPS car, golf to me, and I realized that I had sold over 14 cases of beer in a

weren't there they'd just get the alcohol elsewhere. People still get drunk even when I'm out of beer," said Don. "Even if they couldn't get beer without us, which of course they can, a sober alcoholic is still an alcoholic. It's a choice that they have to make, they have to help themselves, didn't you see Traffic?" Although both claim that they don't have any alcoholic cus- tomers, there still is the question of aiding in the drunkenness of college students. "We're providing 'The college experience,' a

I almost regretted doing it, but during the interview I asked them about the ethics of selling beer to minors. The question was

**Part Four
The Ethics of the Black Market**

It's a fairly quiet operation," says Tony. he's out of beer he sends people to me and I know they're alright. Competition between the two of us is nearly non-existent. When customers, I know the RA's — and people to look out for. "Things have become very comfortable now. I know my clean-ups. boxes of the exact same beer brand, a dramatic increase in hall drunkenness, and an increase in hall damages and bodily fluid



ble," says Tony. Don, on the other hand, prefers to bring it in late at night one duffle bag at a time when no one is watching. Sometimes he just leaves it in the Honda and sells it directly out of the car. "I've had a few close calls," admits Don, "One time I couldn't get the damn third rack into the bag and I saw an OPS car coming down the road. I just left it on the sidewalk and ran inside. Luckily nothing happened."

Once inside, the beer goes quickly into the mouths of thirsty students. Although the operations they run are not for humanitarian purposes, but rather unstified greed, it appears to be a win-win situation for both seller and buyer. "I help them in ways that the University cannot," claims Tony. "The sellers' view does not seem to differ from that of the buyers. In most cases, the students buying the alcohol were more defensive about the seller's rights than the sellers themselves. "Yeah, I need beer to study. It's the key to my success," says one student. "My weight training class would be so lame without my daily buzz," says yet another buyer.

"I usually double my money, it could be more but I drink a lot of beer," says Don. Profits are usually double what goes into the shipment. Both agree that Thursdays and Mondays are their best days, with Friday a close third. This is likely because people go out on the weekends, or go home. Mondays people are bored and drink in the dorms; Thursdays people drink because it's nearly Friday; and on Fridays people stock up for the weekend or start drinking before they go out. "When I first started selling, it was a mad house, I'd do \$200 in one night and my entire hall would be hammered," claims Don.

Prices are somewhat subjective according to the seller's relationship with the buyer. Usually a rack sells for \$15-\$16, a half rack for \$8 and a six pack for \$5. Sometimes if the beer is of a higher quality it'll sell for as much as \$20 a rack. "I know when Don starts charging too much or has shitty beer because people

start coming to me," says Tony.

Usually people are grateful for the service provided, but occasionally someone will complain about the slightly higher than store prices. "I usually tell them to fuck off if they don't like it, what the hell can they do? They're not 21," says Tony. "I give out a rack or so a week, its good PR," claims Don. "I usually get free beer from Tony because I'm 'special,'" claims one female brew fan. Mostly customers are people from their hall or friends whom they know well. "In the beginning there were people I didn't even know knocking on my door. I didn't know if they were RAs or not. People came from clear across campus! How the hell did they find out?" asks Tony.

It's a comforting to know that people are willing to risk their education to sell beer to minors. It has proven itself as both a profitable and useful occupation in the University dorms; though it's downfalls consist of lengthy court cases and possible jail time. A minor in possession of alcohol is not a very forgiving crime in Eugene.

"I got busted last week. I got an M.I.P. and a court date, and I have to pay a \$250 fine," says one student. Others seem to disagree. "I've never gotten in any trouble, not from my R.A. or O.P.S. I think it's a pretty lenient system," Tony and Don don't know the consequences of their business. "Maybe we'd just get an MIP for having like 20 cases of beer, or maybe we'd get busted for 'furnishing alcohol to minors' even though we're minors ourselves. Hell, maybe we'd just be kicked out of the dorms and expelled from school," ponders Tony.

Both Tony and Don find it amusing, and slightly amusing, that no one has caught on to their dealings. "In the beginning it was a lot more sketch. People everywhere were talking about it. I thought for sure an RA would find out and bust us," says Don. There were plenty of clues: odd people coming into the hall at all hours, the recycling bin outside filled with empty bottles and



"This is paradise, I'm tellin' ya. This town's like a great big pussy jus' waitin' to get fucked."
-Tony Montana



Part Two
Speak Easy: Carry a Large Stick

"You know what capitalism is? Getting fucked!"
-Tony Montana

Another student in a nearby hall, who we'll call Don, got the idea from Tony and started his own little franchise. Like Tony, Don is also a freshman student and under the age of 21. He too employs a 21 year old to buy the beer from one of two distributors in the area. Once a week they drive a piece of shit, unregistered, uninsured, 1984 Honda, with well over 180,000 miles on it to Springfield to pick up between 20 and 30 cases of beer. Depending on the brand, they pay an average of \$5-\$8 a case for the beer and drive the loaded car, with the rear tires wearing down the sheet metal in the wheel wells, back to the dorms where it is proudly unloaded into a dorm room.

In the Eugene area there are two companies, Emerald Distributing Co. and Mt. Hood Distributing Co., that distribute beer to retail stores such as Safeway, Albertsons and Fred Meyers. Occasionally a store is unable to sell their beer before it expires. This old beer is sent back to the wholesale distributors for a refund. The distributors in turn, not wanting to lose a profit, sell it off of their loading docks at the warehouse for near wholesale prices to the general public. Fraternities have long known about this little trade secret, as well as anyone who frequently has parties. According to both Tony and Don, Emerald is a rip-off. "It may be Private Reserve, but it just doesn't calculate out. They

charge more for it, and it's harder to sell at the same markup as the cheaper beers. Not all of us are connoisseurs; most college kids are on a budget, especially the alcoholics. There's just more profit in the beer we get at Mt. Hood."

Occasionally Tony will make a trip there to get some of "the good stuff," but agrees there is more profit in Mr. Hood's Beer. "I can get blitz and PBR for pretty cheap at Emerald, but no one wants to buy that shit anyway. It doesn't sell as fast."

Both agree, though, that most students will buy whatever they have, even if it's OE two weeks past its date. "We try and get whatever sells the best. We don't want to give kids a reason to find other sources," says Don. "Yeah people start to complain when they pay \$15 a rack for a beer that they've never heard of and tastes like fermented caramel," explains Tony.

Surprisingly, selling warm beer hasn't been much of an issue for the two entrepreneurs who claim that salability is all in the brand name. Mr. Hood distributing co. sells beers such as Coors, Rainier, Keystone, and Labatt beers. "The trick is to get there early, they sell out fast, especially when I get there," says Don, who has made runs totaling nearly \$300, once bringing back 35 cases of beer.

Part Three
Behind Closed Doors

Tony Montana: "I want what's coming to me."

Manny: "What's coming to you, man?"

Tony Montana: "The world, chico, and everything in it."

The sketchiest part of it is bringing the beer into the dorms. Both have different methods: Tony boxes his up and hauls it in all at once during midday so as not to attract any suspicion from RA's, cleaning staff or the occasional OPS biker. "It's a hassle, finding boxes and taping them up, but I've never had any trou-

"I considered selling pot but the overhead it too high, you'd only make like \$50 an O. Besides, there's already way too much competition in the weed game," explains Tony. "There just wasn't enough demand for ecstasy, acid or cocaine. Besides, the risk involved was just too high"

Beer, on the other hand, proved to be an ideal commodity for Tony and his personal brand of free market capitalism. Free from the regulations of the OLCC, and under a tax shelter know as "the Black market," Tony manages to pull in over \$175 a week selling beer to his fellow students.

"I was at a party and these guy's were talking about how they purchased cases of beer from the distributor at well under store prices. I was blown away," exclaimed Tony. "I proposed-tioned one of them, and it was as simple as that."

At twenty dollars a week Tony employs 1 of 3 people to purchase beer at the beer docks. "Every time I went to a party and talked to a 21 year old, I'd just ask if they wanted a job... Now if someone is busy and can't make it, I've got others who'll make a run... Yeah, it's a well oiled machine."

Upon entering this fine learning institution, one young entrepreneur, who we will call Tony for the purposes of this article, explored some job options that would help him on his way to, as he put it, "my first million." Tony wisely ruled out working 20 hours a week for some piddly wages under the work/study program, and decided instead to invest in the more lucrative underground markets of the freshman dorms.

- Tony Montana

"then you get the women."

"In this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, then you get the women."

*Part One:
Enter the Halls of Sin*



By Sam Wampler

Mafioso Della Birra

• Booze. Well, guess what. Our first date. It was magical. We're not going to anymore of we were drunk and you were your whack meetings, we can pretending to be embarrassed. Classic. stop anytime we want.

• Dre. Nope, we're still keeping it real. After all, no doctor makes more house calls to Hip-Hop pool parties. • Your reading needs during summer. Not at all, that's why we've made the best-ever summer issue, just for you.

Bet You Wish We'd Forget About:

Bet You Thought We Forgot About:

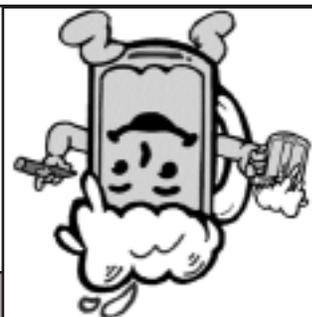


Out:
Buddy Christ

- Former Rat Pack Groupie
- Neighbors Complain About Rap Music & Wild Pool Parties
- Last Seen Heading Due South

In:
Sudsy

- Former Merchant Marine
- Eight Federal Convictions
- Friends like his "do anything, anytime attitude"



Tale Of The Tape

our cities! I like Buddy Christ and I'm not happy he was forced out over phony labor issues just because we got some new guy to do it cheaper. This sucks."

"No shit, it sucks," said the newly unemployed Buddy Christ in a meandering, hateful diatribe aimed at senior OC management. "Screw you, Boone-dawg, Bret and Pete, if that is your real name!" It was not immediately apparent what might lie ahead for the unemployed mascot, through early offers from a Guatemalan mission have reportedly arrived in hopes he will appear on their outside wall as a phantom engraving. Buddy first made the scene about 2000 years before doing *Dogma* and arriving at the OC.

Jacobson said the business decision was an internal matter and that Buddy Christ's well known affinity for crank and inability to make crowds laugh at his often misogynistic and anti-gay slurs had absolutely nothing to do with the mascot's dismissal.

The majority of reaction to Sudsy's new role was overwhelmingly positive, with reasons ranging from the increased influence of physiology-altering chemicals in the office to quiet optimism that a reformed Sudsy will smooth over simmering inter-office squabbles.

"It was hard enough trying to organize this bunch of (possibly legally retarded) misfits before Buddy started acting up with his 'Hey, listen to me, I'm the most popular deity ever' routine," sneered Editor-in-Chief Pete R. Hunt, "so I'm just hoping the problems we've had in the locker room can be left behind us so we can take it one game at a time. Oh yeah, and we're gonna give it 110%" Hunt said, checking off the use of ridiculous sports metaphors from his monthly to-do list.

ROOM 205, EMU — The OREGON COMMENTATOR announced today that after thoughtful consideration and insightful discussions with focus groups that it will replace its former mascot with Sudsy, the beer pitcher with a foamy head, penchant for stogies and a heart of gold.

"We're absolutely thrilled to be able to bring Sudsy into the fold," said publisher and Brand Manager Bret Jacobson. "We think the image promotes more accurately what the magazine represents: wholesome fun through alcohol and tobacco products with a side order of humor. We think this is the appropriate decision and believe it will boost our stock price by at least three cents."

Sudsy, 37, said in a written release that he's happy to be at work again and believes he can fulfill the mascot position well after eighteen months in the Danbury minimum security facility.

"I'm so pumped to have another second chance," the jovial pitcher said, "and I know this time I'll be able to stay clean and not try to get any more underage kids to drink or smoke. As I said last time, she looked 18, but that's all past us now and Sudsy is just going to take it one day at a time to be the best team member — and mascot — he can be."

While most staff members and readers immediately contacted about the change were happy, there were obvious dissenters including one ranking staff member as well as the newly ousted mascot.

"I don't like it one damn bit," said the unhappy staff on condition of strict anonymity. "I know my name won't be attached to this, but as a Japanese-American male who's as cute as a button, I have to stand up when I believe an injustice has been done, like it was to my homeland when Fat Man ripped apart one of

SUDSY STEPS IN TO BRING JOY, BOOZE

THERE'S A NEW MASCOT IN TOWN...

nobody asked us, but...

HEY STUPID, DON'T WASTE YOUR SUMMER

There are a bevy of pitfalls a young person may encounter this summer, like serial killers. Make sure you don't waste your time, or your life.

You could choose whip cream, motor oil, banana cream pie, Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issues or 100% pure midget musk, but we'd rather just bask in the bright glow of summer. Summer can be a magical time for young people to grow up, older and wiser and not make the same mistakes their parents made in previous summers. Thusly, we have added the learning experience by demonstrating what happened in past summers so that you, our beloved reader, aren't doomed to repeat those miscues.

• One of the worst mistakes people made during a summer was encapsulated in the Spike Lee Joint "Summer of Sam." Why in the hell New Yorkers thought it would be a good idea to provoke a nice young man into carrying out the righteous vengeance of the lord, we'll never know. It seemed like a better idea just to let the merry man go about his way peacefully instead of repeatedly daring him to strike again. Bad call, Yanks fans.

Instead, decide as a community not to provoke the craziest elements amongst you. It may seem like some pretty advanced thinking is necessary for such a monumental task, but take it from Sam's victims, if you weren't part of the solution you are part of the problem.

• Nary two years ago America became a victim to a terrible disease and barely made it through a sick Survivor phenomenon. Millions would avoid gentle breezes in romantic summer night air to see if a 70-year-old man would make fun of his gay tribemate and whether or not the naked gay man would lie his way to victory. We don't want to sound like your politely out of touch grandma, but why don't you go spend a nice evening out with friends or that special someone? Maybe you couldn't ordinarily find a special someone, but if the ugly ones turned off their TV too, everything will come up Milhouse for you.

The solution is clear, we must as a society decide to not fall prey to summer show gimmicks. Hillary Clinton was right about one thing, it does take a village to raise an idiot. • Another costly mistake of the past is to visit MTV's Summer Vacation spot (we're not even going to get into how sad it is to actually spend your days watching it). If you make plans to go see Carson Daly, get the hell out of this magazine, we don't want you. There is indeed an outside chance you'll rub elbows (but that's all) with Britney Spears, Mandy Moore or Idalis, who by now ought to be rummaging through dumpsters for her cosmetic products.

The best solution for the MTV itch is to go find a cute girl who really exists, and hit on her until she threatens a law suit. It may be real rejection, but it'll be a real story to tell your friends instead of once again trying to recount, in full glory, the heavenly and inhumanly tight leather Jessica Simpson was wearing on TRL.

We've given you a few examples and a few solutions. The lessons are clear: Beware of TV and serial killers. Neither is particularly good for your health or your mental growth. Now go, be brave young man or woman, and sew those oats until you can't walk anymore. * Have fun and enjoy your summer (before the Grandson of Sam pops up) so that you can come back to the crushing grinder of depression that is school.

Summer Recipe Suggestions

Cement Mixer

Since summer is the time of great construction projects, this summer classic is sure to put hair on your girlfriend's chest, if you're into that sort of thing.

Mix one shot of Bailey's Irish Cream with one shot of your favorite vodka in your mouth. Let stand for 15 seconds and enjoy the cement road to drunksville, I-86.

Southern Comfort and OJ

Nobody beats the heat like a cool Southern Belle, and their favorite way to waste an afternoon is mix a regional liquor with a tropical smile.

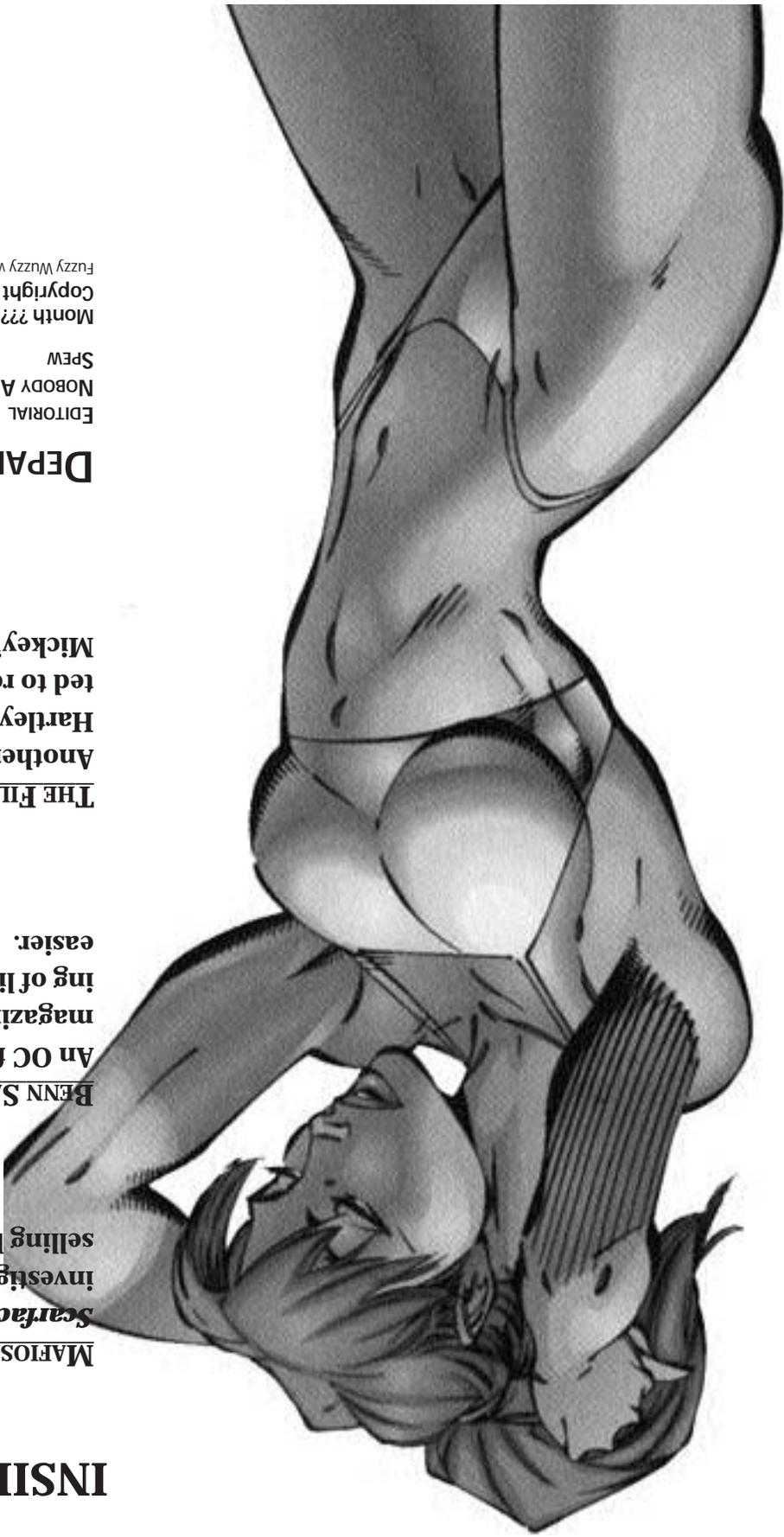
Fill tall glass with ice. Add three to four gulgs of SC. Fill the rest with OJ for a girl, and half OJ/half more SC for a strong young man.

Bonus Recipe

Whiskey. On the rocks. You hopefully already know this one, and if you don't, you might as well put down this magazine and pick up a *Student Insurgent*. Whiskey. In a glass. With ice.

INSIDE:

*Free Minds,
Free Markets,
Free Booze.*



MAFIOSA DELLA BIRRA

Scarface provides the framework for an investigative look at the ugly underworld of selling booze to underage hoods.

By Sam Wampler
PAGE VI

BENN SAYS BYE

An OC fixture looks back on his time at the magazine to share with readers the meaning of life. Or a few anecdotes, whatever's is easier.

By Ben Nahorney
PAGE X

THE FILTHIEST PLACE ON EARTH

Another Perspective columnist Brandon Hartley uses all four dead trees he was allotted to recount a terrible tale of woe at Mickey's crib.

By Brandon Hartley
PAGE XII

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL

NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...

SPEW

Month ???, 2001

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Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy at all! Lying bastards.

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.

- The OREGON COMMENTATOR is a conservative journal of opinion. All signed essays and commentaries herein represent the opinions of the writers and not necessarily the opinions of this magazine or its staff. The COMMENTATOR is an independent publication and the Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc. is an independent corporation; neither are affiliated with the University of Oregon nor its School of Journalism. And, contrary to popular paranoid opinion, we are in no way affiliated with the CIA, FBI, or the Council on Foreign Relations.
- The OREGON COMMENTATOR accepts letters to the editor and commentaries from students, faculty and staff at the University of Oregon, or anyone else for that matter. Letters and commentaries may be submitted personally to Room 205 EMU; placed in our mailbox in Suite 4 EMU; mailed to P.O. Box 30128, Eugene, OR, 97403; phoned in to (541) 346-3721, or e-mailed to editor@oregoncommentator.com. The OREGON COMMENTATOR can be found on the world wide web at <http://www.oregoncommentator.com>.
- We reserve the right to edit material we find obscene, libelous, inappropriate or lengthy. We are not obliged to print anything that does not suit us. Unsolicited material will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Submission constitutes testimony as to the accuracy.
- We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.
- 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 free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.
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- 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.
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- Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.



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COMMENTATOR

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