

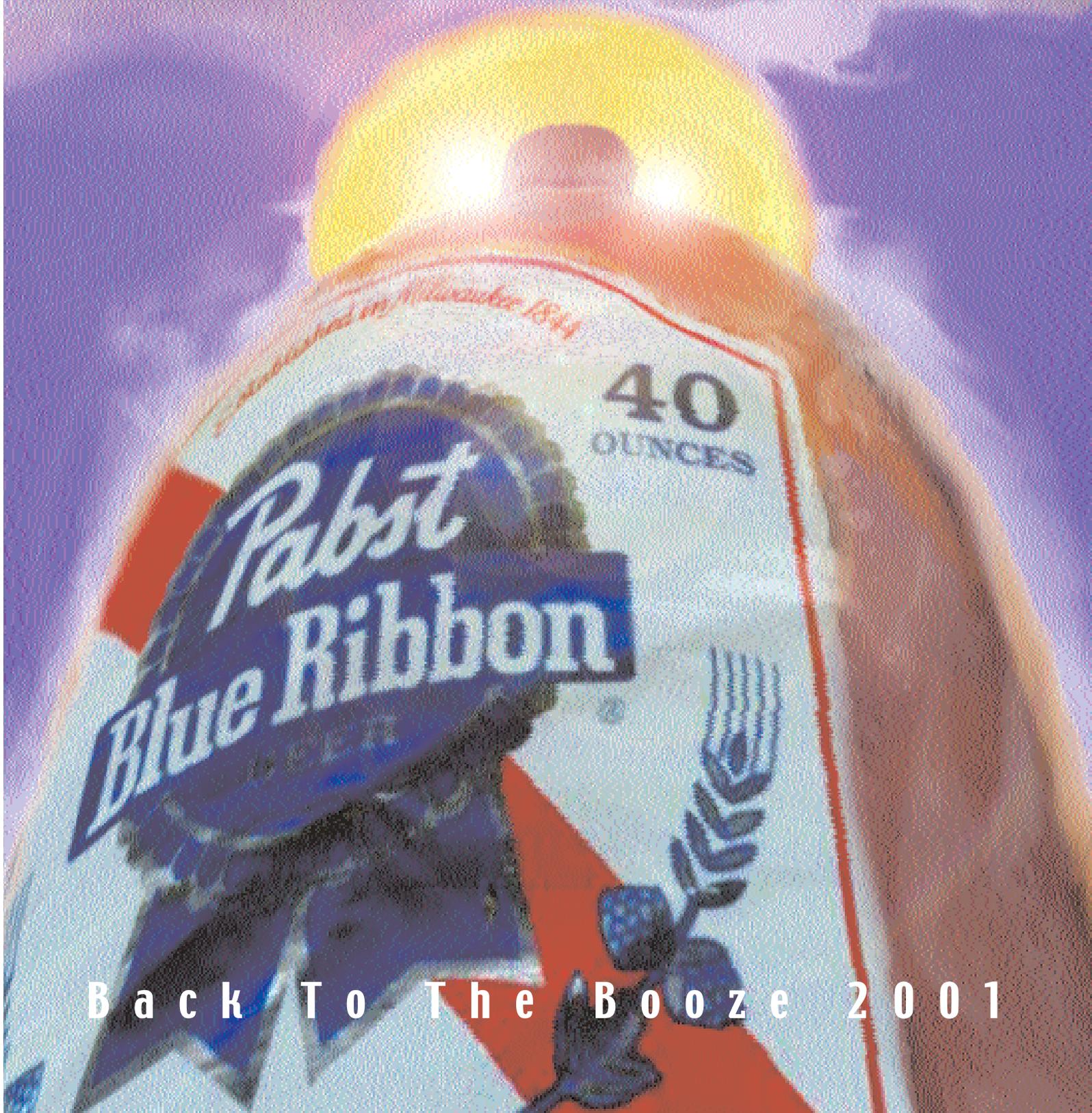
O R E G O N

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Back To The Booze 2001



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MISSION STATEMENT

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



Do you drink because you have problems? To relax?
Maybe you should read the editorial on page 4.



Do you prefer to drink alone, rather than with others?
Read Bret Jacobson's scathing critique of pacifists on page 6.



Are your grades starting to slip? Are you goofing off on your job?
Try your luck with Nobody Asked Us But... on page 8.



Did you ever try to stop drinking or drink less — and fail?
If so, read the Oregon Commentator's No Holds Bar Guide—written by Amber Plaunty—on page 10.



Have you begun to drink in the morning, before school or work?
You should consult Jeremy Jones' Campus Survival Guide on page 12.



Do you ever have loss of memory due to your drinking?
What you need is a fake ID. Try page 16.



Do you ever get into trouble when you're drinking?
Olly Ruff sure does. Read his Another Perspective column on page 20.



Do you think it's cool to be able to hold your liquor?
Good, then check out Spew on page 22.

To Whom It May Concern,

A Few Words of Wisdom from those without a clue...

There is a strange vibe on campus this year— and it has nothing to do with the World Trade Center, the miraculous USC victory or the three pints of Fat Tire I just topped off with shot of Jagermeister. Rather, the feeling I’m getting walking down Thirteenth towards Starbucks is something of ambivalence. People don’t seem like they’re ready to be here yet. Minds are still stuck back home with Mom’s home-cooked apple pie, Dad’s lazy boy and Grandma’s dentures. I can’t help but let my own thoughts drift back to the lake on one of those beautiful autumn nights romantics write poems about. I’m laying in the back of my old Ford pickup, “Paradise City” blasting out of the stereo, Amy pressed tightly up against me as we watch the last rays of sunlight drip over the hills that line the valley. Wait a minute... what am I talking about? That wasn’t my summer at all! I spent a good part of August in a fire camp in Eastern Oregon, waiting to get dispatched to a lightning strike. The only thing pressing up against me at night was Pablo when he wanted to share a sleeping bag. Man, that blew.

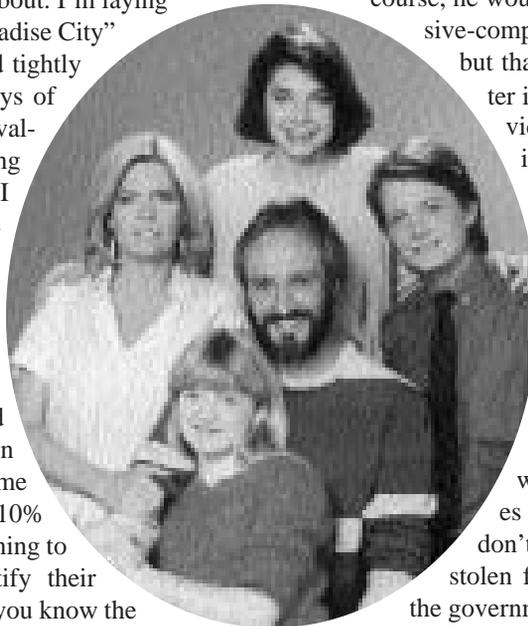
Get with it people, it’s October and like it or not, that means we’re all back in the same classrooms, getting the same recycled syllabi (Class participation is 10% of the grade? You don’t say!), and listening to the same overpaid GTFs try to justify their absurd new healthcare demands. Hell, you know the drill. If you find it hard to readjust to a school schedule, take heart, you’re not alone. Your best move now is to start drinking early, and by early I mean 10am, not happy hour at Rennie’s. If a double latte won’t put a smile on your face in the morning, then a sip of Grandpa’s whiskey surely will. Don’t think of it as giving in; think of it as giving up.

Another smart move on your part would be to read the **Oregon Commentator**. We here at the Commentator do our best to provide you fifteen issues a year of all out goodness. We’re a little crazy, we admit it! But who can keep a sane mindset when they have to listen to a year’s worth of liberal whining in the classroom, in the Emerald, and in the Coleman tents that periodically are set-up in front of Johnson Hall.

A lot of people ask me what the **Oregon Commentator** is all about. Let me try and sum it up. Remember Alex Keaton—

portrayed by a young Michael J. Fox— on Family Ties? We do. If the young conservatives of the eighties needed a role model, they found one in Alex, complete with the Reagan poster and Wall Street Journal subscription. He was an eighties capitalist of the best sort, a compassionate conservative before his time. Plus, he got to stare at Justine Bateman all day, even if she was his sister.

We’d like to think that if Alex Keaton were going to school here, he’d be working for the **Oregon Commentator**. Of course, he would have to become something of an obsessive-compulsive, punk rock idolizing alcoholic first, but that’s beside the point. The fact-of-the-matter



is that we at the **Commentator** try to provide a forum for an intellectual debate on issues relevant to campus. We don’t like Ralph Nader and Noam Chomsky, but we’re fans of David Horowitz, P.J. O’Rourke and Hunter S. Thompson. We don’t like people telling us what to do, and that’s why we don’t like big government. We’re fans of individualism, which is the theoretical opposite of any form of socialism. We believe we should be able to do what we want, say what we want, and ingest whatever substance pleases us, free from the watch of the law. We don’t think half of our paycheck should be stolen from us, and furthermore, we don’t think the government should involve itself in the redistribution of wealth. These are not popular or prominent points of view at the University of Oregon. That’s why we’ve formed our own magazine, much like the lions forming Voltron, to wage war on pork barrel spending, the ASUO, and other bad ideas that don’t seem to go away. We’re libertarians, just like Jesse Ventura, minus the ego and steroids.

So read on, learn, absorb, puke it all up, and start at it again. Let your soul be the lantern on this dark, dark path through life. And try not to interact with too many people; it can only lead to heartbreak...

Sincerely,

Pete R. Hunt
Editor-In-Chief



SUDSY FOR HEISMAN

Brought to you by the people responsible for "Mayor Quimby for ASUO President," "Chocolat for Best Picture," "Gary Condit for Governor," and "Rosie O'Donnell for Target Practice."



- * Hailed by Sports Illustrated as "a quarterback who thrives under pressure and plays under control despite being obviously under the influence."
- * Selected by the **Oregon Commentator** in the 10th round of the 2000 NFL draft.
- * Claims to have finished entire fifth of Southern Comfort by himself the night before a playoff game.
- * Led Juvenile Offenders Disciplinary School to 5 Division, 4 Conference, and 2 State Football Titles.
- * MVP in Bud Bowl VI leading Bud Light to a dominating 24-3 win over Bud Draft.
- * Led Junior High Flag Football team in passing 3 times; 1984, 1989 and 1992.
- * First football player to ever take the field with a Blood Alcohol Level high enough to "kill a horse."

Year	Team	Att	Comp	Comp%	Yd	Yd/Att	TD	Int	Sacked	Yds	Rating
1995	DALLAS COWBOYS	0	00.0	-60	-10.0	0	2	12	-106	69.5	25.2
1996	TECMO SUPER BOWL	82	44	53.7	542	6.6	2	8	19	-130	42.9
1997	D.O.C.	211	126	59.7	1882	8.9	15	4	23	-175	104.8
1998	WARNER VALLEY HS	20	9	45.0	98	4.9	0	2	8	-59	20.4
1999	NEW YORK METS	179	62.6	2428	8.5	23	15	43	-269	94.6	78.8
2000	OSU GIRLS RUGBY	360	190	52.8	2552	7.1	11	15	45	-309	68.4
Totals		2,958	1,685	57.0	22,700	7.7	153	109	313	-2,154	83.4

A PLEA TO UO STUDENTS: Don't Blindly Follow Your Peers in Criticizing U.S. Military Action

There is a quiet, disguised war machine that has infiltrated America and promises to aid Islamic terrorists for years to come. The problem is that this war machine consists of the young Americans that attend this, and every, University.

Those who would choose to attack the heart and soul of America may find no better ally than students who see the world through a filter in which extreme liberal ideology is the only sensible view of the world and the attempt to defend through force that which is truly American - democracy, capitalism, support for Israel - is anathema to every emotional notion they hold dear.

Liberal students, sadly, have continued the tradition of their scholarly predecessors of finding any method available to blame America first for any and all problems in the world, including the recent attacks in the United States. It was only a matter of days, after the shock began to loosen its cold, stunning grip on the larger population before the blaming of traditional and political America began seeping out of campus peace-ins. In every interview from these self-described conscientious intellectuals, comes the suggestion that America should look at the motives of the attackers and adjust our foreign policy accordingly.

Of course, the root behind this idea starts from deep within the rainforest of liberal pseudo-logic. They believe that it is America's fault that many in the Arab world hate all that we stand for. It is our fault, they claim, that many in the Islamic world are impoverished and our foreign policies ranging from our support of Israel to our ongoing strife and sanctions against Iraq are the heart of the problem.

Never mind, of course, that many Arab leaders decided to forego investing the vast sums of money gained from the geological lottery called oil into the education and betterment of their beleaguered populations in favor of building plush palaces and oppressive regimes. And never mind that it is our moral and strategic duty to defend the only true democracy in the region, Israel. And, of course, it needn't be noted that Iraq is not only known to be seeking weapons of mass destruction, but is believed by many experts to sponsor terrorism efforts around the globe.

Even more fundamental than these points is that we cannot let violent acts change our policies. If we did, it would not be long before every fundamentalist group seeking a reshuffling of world history would set off a truck bomb or open a small vial of biological agent on a subway. Clearly, appeasement is not now, nor has it ever been, a realistic option for long-term peace and happiness.

All these points, however meaningful to the average intelligent citizen, mean absolutely nothing to those raised on the mother's milk of blind activism and coddled in the security afforded all of us by the military they are so quick to denounce as baby killers. America is always wrong for these individuals, and there is nothing to be done about that fact.

The ramifications of these tendencies have hopefully lessened over time due to the institutionalized nature of the rhetoric constantly put forth, though this mindset will continue to sour too many students on the necessary means of maintaining our nation's way of life. Everyone knows what they're going to hear coming from college students, so the extremist messages don't seem to carry as much weight as they did thirty years ago when they first appeared.

Just as the case of naïve freshman with good intentions and a deficit of logical ability and fiscal prudence seem to invariably support leftist groups such as OSPIRG, students will continue to bemoan the reasonable course of our nation's domestic and foreign policies.

However, in a time when America, and by extension its citizens' way of life, is under attack, there is no room for any attitude but complete resolve in fighting back, stamping out and preventing terrorist activities throughout the world. That means the willingness to take American military and intelligence casualties without re-examining our mission after every unfortunate loss. It means we can't let terrorists affect our way of life.

But above all, we mustn't let the liberal notion of examining with a sympathetic eye the motives of madmen in any appreciable way affect our relationships with our citizens, our allies or the enemies that have used our own citizens in the attack against us. Please do not accept on face value those ideas that are certain to become the talking points of the most vocal college students. Those who blame America first must not find any success in purveying their logically flawed, incredibly dangerous peacenik notions.

Shut down the quiet war machine looking to wreak havoc on America's foundation.

Cheers,

Bret Jacobson
Publisher



Fostering Diversity. Promoting Awareness. Since 1983.



**When You Get Tired Of This University's "Dominant Paradigm,"
Feel Free To Join Our Staff, Where It's OK To Be Your Own Brand.**

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nobody asked us, but...

Local D.A. Says:

Mascot Caught, Will Rot!

CITY HALL — Eugene, fans of the University of Oregon and Disney representatives were all dealt a saddening blow today when they learned that a local grand jury returned an indictment against the University of Oregon Duck on several counts.

"This is a sad day, but we had to send a message to all ducks that despite what they see in the media, using crank before a football game and then stealing the motorcycle to disrupt pregame festivities will not stand!" said District Attorney Y.M. Baumgartner.

The Duck had no comment as of press time, though close associates say this most recent event comes as no great surprise.

"Ducks naturally have an affinity for meth. I can't count the times he and I did meth till dawn and then kicked it at Scandals with those tricks," says the Duck's next door neighbor Ralph Lantz. When reminded that the indictment didn't include the drug crystal meth, Lantz retreated back into his apartment and referred any further comments to his dad's lawyer.

"I guess the saddest part of this ordeal is the innocent children," Baumgartner said. "They got hooked on his stuff real fast.



The guys down at the lab say it was so pure those little bastards got rewired faster than a 1950's toaster."

One source close to the Duck said that the beloved mascot had already been through several bouts with addiction and rehabilitation attempts.

"I think this time he'll probably get jail time, which is too bad since the prison experience will come as quite a shock to a free spirit like him," the source said. "But at least he's got a big ass, so he'll continue his high popularity numbers."

"Damn right that one's headed to the slammer, and that's only cause we can't send him straight to hell until hunting season, said Jim

Larimer, father of one of the children lured into the Duck's lurid world of drugs and Care Bears.

While D.A. Baumgartner said he didn't agree with the tone of Larimer's vigilantism, he said he understood the high intensity of parents' emotions and said reasoned justice is the best approach.

"He will rot, no doubt about it," said the D.A. "That's what you get in this town if you're caught with crank, cocaine, weed, free base, speedballs and disturbing pictures of 60 Minutes' Morley Safer."

OC Past And Present: A Dubious Comparison

Then:

Now:

We would like to recognize all of the Oregon Commentator alumni currently working and residing in New York and Washington, D.C. for making it through September 11th in an honorable fashion. To our knowledge they all acted with the utmost heroism and integrity. Among these individuals are Owen Brennan Rounds, a speechwriter for Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and a 1995 graduate, 1999's Tamir Kriegel who is at Yeshiva, FritzVon Carp of 1994, Jonathan Collegio and Mark Hemingway, both graduates from 1983.

This has been a rough summer for current Commentator folk.

• First, during a trip to Washington, D.C., a staff member found himself the butt of a cruel joke. Thus he took extreme measures in the name of ultimate justice. He temporarily stole the assailant's pillow and left on it incontrovertible DNA evidence that it is unwise to anger the meek, for their passive aggressive vengeance is perhaps the most disturbing.

• It gets no better for other leadership of the magazine, who found themselves outnumbered and embroiled in a drunken post-bar fight with three female assailants. Luckily, the two male staffers were able to claim victory with honor as they defended themselves and retreated to more joyous ground. They don't quite remember exactly what they may have said to provoke the incident, but it may have involved an exchange for \$20 of fun.

Slap Shots

- The way we hear it, the ASUO Executive had a Feng Shui expert come in to rearrange the office. It probably would have been more to their credit to bring in a head shrinker.
- The Emerald has its very own Lazarus on staff. Writer Eric Martin, who quit shortly after being hired and after the going got too rough last year, is now back on staff full time. Probably just a coincidence that his girlfriend is Editor-in-Chief Jessica Blanchard. We just wish our Editor was Heidi Klum.
- We don't think it was very appropriate of that Journalism professor to call President Frohnmayer boring — and then insist not to be quoted on it. Ahh, integrity, thy name is J-School.
- Please pick up our memorial rendition of “Hey Mr. Taliban, Tally me bananas,” to generate money for the Afghany produce sector that may see some hard times in the near future.

Names To Know

• ASUO Executive: A group of misanthropes led by two girls whose main qualifications seem to be their lack of Y chromosomes. This year will closely resemble previous years, with an excessive of heart-warming “outreach” preaching to the converted while not forgetting to add a healthy dose of “raising awareness.” *Interesting note: None.*

• ASUO Senate: 18 sexually frustrated orangutans who supposedly oversee student incidental fee expenditures and make policy recommendations. Last year's ring-leader was alcoholic law student Peter O. Watts, for whom a middle initial isn't just a letter, it's also a lifestyle. The historical highlight for this governing body may have been former senator Spencer Hamlin's exclamation that he would “do everything within [his] power to end sweatshop labor.” *Interesting note: Some senators are known to drink — heavily — before meetings. We know, we were there, too.*

• *Ol' Dirty Emerald:* The official voice of students on campus is an average, left-leaning publication. While it stacks up well against its national counterparts in news, the consistent lack of logically-sound editorials makes the paper a dubious source of campus understanding. *Interesting note: Sports staff is actually the only shining beacon, not only for their continued excellence in coverage, but for their jovial drinking nature.*

• *The Insurgent Collective:* Or, as one staff member called them, The Herd. A small group of miscreant anti-human glory fighters who fundamentally oppose everything a good capitalist loves: freedom of thought, freedom of choice and artificially flavored foods. They are our local whackos, but they serve a valuable purpose for many student leaders. The Herd makes all of the other ridiculous liberals look more moderate in comparison, while in reality, the Herd really ought to find a different pasture to roam in for the good of everyone. *Interesting note: They shoot cattle, don't they?*

THE OC ASKS:

What would you do if you were named Terrorist Czar?



Rick Gamez Former UO Softball Coach
Terrorist Czar, eh? How much is the salary? Is there a separate travel account, or do I just steal money out of the primary budget?



Pat Payne Emerald Columnist/ Wacko
As Terrorist Czar, my first order of business would be to wage war on Sauran The Magnificent, a fourteenth level spell caster from the dark forests of Endor.



Ted Kaczynski Unabomber
We must wage war upon the terror of technology. By destroying our computer puppet-masters, we can again live in a peaceful hunter-gatherer society.



Noam Chomsky MIT Professor/ Anti-US Radical
Terrorism Czar? Forget not that Clinton started this war by launching tomahawks on orphanages for the blind in Sudan. You should talk to my friend Ted Kaczynski.



Billy “Bong Water” Johnson Local Stoner Bro
this whole World Trade Center trip has been a real downer. What the world needs right now is some Humble County Chronic. I've got a little hydroponics system set up in my closet right now that's looking to turn out some killer buds.



Pat Buchanan Reform Party
My first act as Terrorist Czar would be to close off all of our borders to foreign traffic. Second, I would separate all of the races to different parts of the country. You should talk to my friend Ted Kaczynski.



Mr. T Former A-Team Member
I pity the fool who flies into the World Trade Center. I'm going to get the rest of the A-team back together and drop a whoop-ass bomb on Bin Laden. Ka-blaam Fool!

Hey kids, do you think a Terrorism Czar will be more effective than a Drug Czar? Better hope so!



The Oregon Commentator's No Holds Bar Guide

Sometimes you want to go
Where everybody knows your name
And they're always glad you came
Damn these intros are sure lame...

By Amber Plaunty

It's what the old man yells when he gets home from a hard day at work, what the college student sighs after a final exam, what the average god-fearing American shouts in proud support of this nation's economy. "God, I need a drink." In response to this classic plea for help, the **Oregon Commentator** presents to you the good and the bad, the beautiful and the disfiguringly ugly. But hey, they all sell beer.

Rennie's: 12th and Kincaid. Open 7:30 to 2 am weekdays, 9 to 2 am weekends. Happy hours are 4 to 7 pm Sunday through Friday and 10 pm to midnight Sunday through Thursday.

Taylor's: 13th and Kincaid. Open 11 am to 2:15 am Monday through Saturday, 1 pm to 2:15 am Sundays. Happy hours are 4 to 7 pm Monday through Saturday and all day Sundays.

These are the best bars in Eugene if you smoke; the outdoor sections offer a lovely view of campus life, even in the dreary rainy season. Your cigarette may drown, but damned if you won't sit in the downpour and laugh at the freshmen running from cover to cover. It can get crowded pretty quickly in those nice open areas, though, so my suggestion is to get there really early, like when they open, so you save yourself a good seat. These bars are cool if you don't smoke as well. There's nothing like having alcohol readily available right on campus. It'll haunt me having to watch them unlock the doors for business from the tiny window of my 11:00 am class in Condon, but fortunately for me, I have a huge ten-minute break before my next class in Straub to



make a pit stop in both of these fine establishments.

Max's: 13th and Patterson. Open noon to 2:30 am weekdays, 2 pm to 2:30 am weekends. Super Mug Sunday gets you anything from PBR to Fat Tire at Happy Hour prices; take advantage of it because Max's does not serve liquor.

Not very much seating here, and it can get packed even on a weeknight. Great atmosphere, though. I wish they'd bring back that guy who sang like Johnny Cash, he was awesome. He slurred Ukrainian drinking songs with us regulars.

Wetlands: 9th and Garfield. Open 7 am to 2 am every day, happy hours 7 to 11 am and 4 to 7 pm every day of the week.

It's a bit of a drive out there but well worth it. They have the most billiards tables of any bar in Eugene that I've been to, and they often host pool tournaments. Watch out for the comfy looking old couches in the second bar—they'll suck you in. No, I wasn't tripping and imagining being eaten by furniture; it was just very difficult to get off the couch sober so after a few beers, it was damn near impossible.

Doc's Pad: 11th and Charnelton. The Cocktail Research Team offers a full bar, open 11:00 am to 2 am every day. Thursday, all shots for ladies are FREE. Fantastic.

Ah, but my personal favorite feature is the fact that here you are guaranteed to get your ass slapped, squeezed, and grinded upon (no really—gender doesn't matter) and when you turn to face your culprit, the fifty men packed beside you are all more than happy to take the blame. On Friday and Saturday nights, Doc's Pad comes complete with Oxygen Bar—basically five bucks for a whiff of generic Chanel No. 5 that some ancient sorority chic dyed with blue food coloring and relabeled "Erotica." Granted, there's a high while you're breathing, but the minute you take those stupid hospital tubes out of your nose, you are disgusted to notice it's the guys stuck to your backside that found the Oxygen Bar even remotely erotic. Those tubes are not reusable for obvious sanitary reasons, and therefore must be purchased for an additional \$2. Remember to bring them next time.

Neighbor's: 14th and Villard. Open blah blah blah, happy hours, blah blah blah. Alright, so the one time I went, I was too

Continued on page 18

THE 2001 OREGON COMMENTATOR
HARD LIQUOR PRICE GUIDE
FOR MINORS!

	\$/375ml	\$/750ml	\$/1.75L
Whiskeys			
Black Velvet	6.00	9.65	22.25
Jack Daniels	10.45	19.95	39.95
Jim Beam	6.95	13.45	27.95
Crown Royal	12.95	23.95	51.95
Wild Turkey	10.95	20.95	36.95
Monarch	4.50	7.50	16.15
Seagrams	7.95	14.95	29.95
Vodkas			
Gordon's	5.45	9.95	19.95
Absolut	10.60	20.25	25.95
Smirnoff	6.95	13.45	25.95
HRD	3.30	6.35	13.50
Monarch	*	7.80	13.60
Gin			
Monarch	3.95	6.35	13.50
Seagram's	5.95	9.95	21.95
Gordon's	6.25	9.95	20.95
Rum			
Monarch	4.25	6.85	14.90
Capt. Morgan's	7.50	13.95	27.50
Bacardi 151	6.45	12.45	24.95
Tequila			
Jose Cuervo	9.95	17.45	36.95
Liqueurs			
Southern Comfort	7.95	13.95	28.95
Jagermeister	11.75	21.95	*
Kahlua	11.95	18.95	39.95
Bailey's	9.95	18.95	39.95
Amaretto	*	6.95	13.95



The 2001 Oregon Commentator Survival Guide

Welcome to the University of Oregon. This University has a proud history of achievement. By being admitted to the U of O, you will have joined the ranks of Nobel Prize winners, Olympians, great artists and others that have changed the way we live as a society. Unfortunately, anyone reading this guide probably is not going to do any of these things.

Hell, if your rapidly diminishing bank account is any indication, your future is about as bright as the guy next door who stuck his keys in the electric socket to see if it will hurt or not. In addition, nothing in this guide will change the fact that in all likelihood you will spend your life after graduation working in a tiny box doing remedial tasks that a trained monkey could do and dealing with a supervisor with more issues than the New York Times. This guide will, however, lay down the guidelines necessary to survive on this campus...okay, really it's just a way for me to mislead freshmen for my own amusement.

On Campus: The University of Oregon campus: 280 acres straight out of a tree-hugger's wet dream. As the fresh meat for the grinder, freshmen get the honor of walking around looking like stunned cattle heading for the slaughter. They are little more than walking targets for hungover frat boys in their new Mustangs driving down Agate Street. And they are the target audience for every group on campus looking to increase their numbers. In short, freshmen are a lot like new inmates in those prison movies. In fact, the same rule applies here as in prison, "kick someone's ass the first day, or be some-

one's bitch."

However, in the following guide, there is enough bitterness, cynicism and pure hatred to allow even the most naive freshman pass for a sophomore...or at least a freshman that spent the summer here.

By Jeremy Jones

People: The U of O has about 17,000 students enrolled, and chances are about 15,000

will at one time or another annoy, irritate, frustrate or just piss you off to the point where you are capable of taking another

human life. So to prevent a mortal crime taking place, I have compiled a list of the most numerous groups of people and how to deal with them with as little violence as possible.

Hippies: The original "great unwashed masses." Hippies especially believe that world peace will ensue if all humans wear clothing rejected by Goodwill, live on tofu and granola, reject such idiotic human tendencies such as logical thinking and bathing, and smoking so much weed that the brain becomes coated in a thick layer of bong residue. Despite being the turd that won't flush in the toilet that is this campus, hippies can provide some opportunities to the ordinary college student. The most important thing to remember is that because of their ultra-pacifistic nature, they will not attempt to punish you for your crimes. Given this, the resourceful freshman could do virtually anything to these hemp-covered windbags without any fear of retribution.

Protesters, signature gatherers, and other really annoying people: Campus is a virtual spawning pool for people who think that you



The Information Kiosk

Behold the all-knowing guru of the campus. Inside this unsuspecting kiosk lives the magical imp who, for the fee of a simple piece of string and a cookie, will impart the knowledge of the Universe onto its visitors. But just to be scientific, I would pay it a visit without inhaling an entire can of Raid.

have nothing better to do than listen to them for three hours and then perhaps sign a contract that will give them legal right to make you their personal bitch for the rest of eternity. They lie in wait for really hungover guys who would sign away all ownership of their testicles just to be left alone. Second only to signature collectors on the annoyance level is the handbillers. Their favorite technique is to jump people as they walk by the amphitheater. They then pounce on their prey, shove the handbill down the throat of their victim, and give them a swift kick in the ass. The third group is the religious zealots. Frankly, these people are just rude. I don't care if you think you are doing God's work, it is impolite to stop people in the middle of their days and tell them that they are evil and are going to hell.

Avoid these people at all costs. Cross the street, pretend not to hear them or even run away at a full sprint if necessary. However, if trapped by one of these people, or if you just feel like making one of these bastards' day a little more surreal, I have a few suggestions. (I haven't tried these myself, so let me know how it goes...and how long the prison sentence is.)

1. Look very nervous, point at the signature taker and immediately scream as loud as possible, "It's the muffin man!! He has come for me!! He has come for ME!! Run for your life!!" Then run away screaming like a lunatic.

2. Act like you don't speak English, but switch languages often, even in mid-sentence. If asked to explain, act offended and stomp away.

3. Ask to look at the clipboard. Laugh maniacally. Leave with no explanation.

4. Carry a heavy box. When stopped, ask them if they will hold the box for you. Proceed to drag the thing out as long as possible, asking really stupid questions. See how long they can hold out.

5. Stage a fight right in front of them.

6. If caught in a long explanation, relieve yourself on any nearby object, i.e. a tree, a bench, a staircase, or even the signature taker. When asked to explain, tell them not to talk so damn long.

7. When handed the clipboard, take it and immediately run away. If caught later, pretend not to speak English.

8. If given a handbill, immediately eat it. Ask for another.

9. If stopped by a religious zealot, pretend to be talking to God. Interrupt the conversation often. When asked to explain, just say, "Yeah, God wants me to tell you that you are annoying Him and you should get a real job." If your abilities are questioned, yell "Non-believer! You will burn for this treachery!" and leave.

10. If all else fails, explosives are always an acceptable



The Thing

Created by a person on mushrooms for people on mushrooms; a never ending symbol of all the abstract art crap on this campus that you are too ignorant (or too sober) to appreciate.

diversion.

Skateboarders: Perhaps the single most entertaining and interesting group of people on campus. Skateboarders gather at various places around the university and display their complete lack of talent, grace and balance. They are very rarely annoying, and they usually stay out of the way. I recommend standing around at watching them for a while. Nothing quite beats the thrill of one guy attempting a grind on a handrail and ending up racking himself on it. Most entertaining of all is the persistence. There are those that will fail at a trick, land flat on their face on the concrete, scrape all the skin off the left side, lose a pint of blood and do it all over again on the other side.

Frat boys: Remember those Abercrombie and Fitch-clad, rich ultra-alpha male pricks in high school? Well, they are back and just as irritating and mind numbing as ever. They are everywhere: driving their Beemers at Mach 3 down Agate Street, killing about a dozen peo-

ple while blasting Baby Got Back. In the back of the lecture halls, talking about their latest sexual conquests as if they were announcers at a monster truck rally. Or performing the "community service" they continually brag about, which has something to do with excessive drinking, destroying property and taking advantage of equally intoxicated women. Frat boys are much like that itch in the ass crack that can't be scratched without looking stupid. However, they do remove the most irritating assholes from the dorms before they can become a real nuisance so it might be a small price to pay.

DPS: Yes, the ever popular Department of Public Safety. Their job is to dole out parking tickets like Halloween candy, direct traffic, and ride around in cars acting like real police. But as much crap as they take, thank God these people are here. We can sleep safely at night, knowing that all illegal parkers will be duly punished, young drunks will be caught so that we will not witness the horrors of alcohol, and because of their ever-watchful eye, reckless acts that would be committed could never take place...such as holding a kegger on the fourth floor of a dorm, setting fire to a mop in the janitor's closet, running illegal liquor trafficking operations that would make Al Capone proud or other purely hypothetical situations.

Campus Organizations: There's an organization for every person at the U of O. Or at least that's what they continually talk about in those brochures they send to all new students who toss them away like they were letters from an embittered ex-wife. I really can't dispute this myself, I found my spot with the other cynical drunks that work for this magazine. So in any case, here are some of the organizations that the average freshman may run into while walking to and from classes and keggers.

ASUO: Associated Student Underachievement Organization. The most inanimate object since the famous EMU knob, it's hard to tell exactly what "your student government" does for anyone. In fact, the first time many new students realize they even exist is the annual elections. A few weeks of heavy debate, fights over poster placement and handbilling lead up to the great day. Then the students think long and hard about their choices; specifically the choice on whether to waste 5 precious minutes voting, or watching "Survivor." Eventually the few who vote randomly mark down any name and a few lucky people are sent away, never to be heard from again. But perhaps it is better that they don't do anything. Frankly, I wouldn't trust half of the ASUO staff to take out my garbage, much less anything that could affect campus life.

Oregon Daily Emerald: The official newspaper of the U of O with all the hard-hitting news and thought-provoking editorials of Seventeen magazine. Its main reading audience are people who happened to pick it up and would rather read the nutrition facts on the back of their candy bars than listen to the professor drone on about the behavior of the Alaskan snow worm. Overall, not a bad paper as long as the editorial section is avoided entirely and the Captain Sensible articles are ripped out and burned.

OSPIRG: Oregon Students Perpetually Irritating Regular Guys, or OSPIRG, is one of the most visible groups on campus. To find them, first look at the bill from the University, look at Student Incidental fees and follow the giant sucking sound. A so-called "public interest group," OSPIRG maintains its enormous budget using a technique also used in such horrific events as the Spanish Inquisition, Communism, McCarthyism and The Gap. Basically, they manage to convince everyone of a few simple ideas, "We are correct. Those that do not agree with us must be wrong. We want to save the world. They must want to destroy it." One event to look forward to OSPIRG's annual signature dive to keep from getting their green asses kicked off campus again. They send their most blood-thirsty vipers out onto the streets in a quest to irritate the entire campus. Heavy drinking is the only proven way to get through this time with all sanity intact. The Student Insurgent: The way

this small campus publication twists facts and exaggerates the truth would make the Weekly World News ashamed. Last year was a big year for the little communists as they received national recognition for printing the Animal Liberation Front primer and giving a list of professors' names to go with it. It may be interesting to see what those self-righteous hippie nutcases will come up with this year. The Oregon Voice: Like a bad case of herpes, the Oregon Voice continues to reincarnate itself. The Voice officially went tits-up at the end of last year. It will be interesting to see if the OC's favorite whipping magazine will hold up to its previous journalistic standards, or if it will, in fact, be readable.

Classes: Although the most academic thing you have done all week is that night when you got high on mushrooms and spoke in tongues for three hours, the point of college is actually to get an education. Once in while, you will get a professor that will not only have a decent command of the subject at hand, but may even be semi-interesting to listen to. More likely, you will get one of two different types of professors whose single-minded goal is to make you drink a lot more on the weekends.

Liberal Professors: These quasi-hippie GTF's and professors see all students as empty vessels with which to fill their pot smoke induced communist opinions. Open discussion about opinions is often encouraged and welcomed, just as long as you agree with the professor. Otherwise you will get the pleasure of being belittled by one of the commie-bastard's pinko-fascist henchmen while your half-asleep classmates nod in zombie-like assent. A good rule of thumb is if you are reading this magazine and enjoying it, then your opinions will be about as welcomed as a butcher in a vegan convention. The Boring Professors: There are also those who speak with such a monotone voice that they make Ben Stein sound like Dennis Leary on crack. The boring professors are worse than the liberal profes-

sors; at least they have some entertainment value. Listening to the really boring professors is the audio equivalent of eating a cardboard box with a side of sand and some tofu puree to wash it down.

Just to break up the monotony of the class, I have been tempted to jump up in my seat and yell, "Yes, the final piece of my evil plan has now come into place! Soon I will rule the world and make you all my personal sex slaves! MUAHAHAHA!" Unfortunately, I have been forced to restrain myself, seeing as



The Knob

Perhaps the most mysterious object on campus. It's exact origins are unknown. Some believe it to be an object of worship by the ancient hippie people. Others say it was built by aliens and contains the secrets of the Universe within the unbreakable concrete. Most likely it was done by lazy construction workers who didn't want to haul home the extra concrete. In any case the knob holds the title of "object most frequently urinated on," edging out the stairs of the Bean complex by 3 pints.



The Student Health Center

Woke up on Sorority Lane with no recollections? Tired of that burning sensation when you pee? Stop by the Student Health Center. They might be able to get rid of that horrible itching, but I'm afraid those warts are going to be there a while.

DPS has been keeping a close eye on me ever since that whole “indecent exposure” rap at the EMU amphitheater. On a wholly different subject: when you're wandering drunk around campus and someone asks for you to do your best Tarzan impression, they usually want you to imitate his yell, not his clothing choice (or lack thereof). Yet, these minor irritations are no match for the ultimate horror of any college class...

Group Projects: Group projects require you to gather with and (God forbid) work with other members of your class. It is a chance for a student to really get to know the others that share the class. Students have to rely on the intelligence and the work ethic of others. All it takes is one look at your group and watching one guy spend an hour picking excess earwax out of his ear with his pencil, one girl talking on a cell phone so often that she has her own private switch board operator, and listening to the frat boy talking about his sexual conquest with The Blob at the latest frat kegger to realize that failure is inevitable. The organization of any group is important to its success. Fortunately, the organization of any work group is very simple; all the other losers gather around and leech off the effort of the one or two semi-intelligent and perhaps even competent persons. Given the choice, do not be the intelligent/ competent one. That's as good as begging for work. I have found that a case of beer, a bowl of cooked noodles, and a pair of deer antlers can go a long way to convince others of my incompetence, but feel free to be creative.

I end with a few words of wisdom that may be of some help to others.

1. After spending the night punishing your liver with enough booze to make Ted Kennedy proud, always ask yourself one question before staggering back home, “Do I know where my pants are?”

2. There are 13 billion squirrels in the U of O area; they are low in fat and cholesterol. Given these facts, all one really needs is a case of beer, a few friends, a grill, an automatic weapon and a lot of bandages to pass a Saturday.

3. Bring a video camera, or at least a still camera to every party. You never know who will be there, how much they will drink, what they will do or who they will do it with. Remember having a photograph of the RA passed out on the couch can only help a situation; not that I have ever had that happen.

4. It is impolite to vomit on someone's lap without introducing yourself first.

5. And finally, being away from college means making your own decisions, so get all the really bad ones out of the way now when it is still somewhat socially acceptable to wake up on some stranger's bathroom floor.



Jeremy Jones—hero of the freshman; enemy of the dorms—is the art director for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

FREE FAKE IDs (For Minors Only!)

Hey kids, we know how frustrating it is to be a minor. That's why we at the COMMENTATOR have taken it upon ourselves to provide you with these do-it-yourself fake IDs. All you need is a pair of scissors, a picture of yourself, a stick of glue, and a decent laminator. Don't waste your money on that guy down the hall at the dorms; those cheap plastic photocopies won't get you into a Chucky Cheese. What we offer is an entirely safe alternative to a shady alley way deal. But be warned: Don't let your enthusiasm for that first beer run in Dairy-Mart overtake common sense. These IDs are 100% fail proof— assuming you follow the simple instructions we have provided along side them. So read on, and don't forget to hook us with an Old E sometime.



License to Kill

Fake ID# 1 “THE SECRET AGENT ID”

Step 1: This ID is all about attitude. If you walk in the store with full confidence in your identity as a secret agent of the US Government, you're money. If you're doubtful that this hokey looking ID will ever get you any booze, than your mission was doomed to fail from the start.

Step 2: Walk right by the little red basket and head right to the industrial-size shopping cart. Load up with as much alcohol as you can. Remember: National Security is at stake here. Don't return to the checkout counter until you have at least \$50+ dollars worth of booze.

Step 3: When the clerk asks to see your ID, calmly reach in your wallet and remove it as professionally as possible. Don't make eye contact. This man or woman is a civilian. What right do they have to question your age?

Step 4: This is the most important step. There's no way in hell the clerk is going to buy into our little trick without a little smooth talking on your part. Remember to act chic, professional, and above all else, aloof. Your physical form may be standing in a Safeway checkout line, but your brain is already processing tomorrow's Special Ops invasion of a Columbian coke cartel. The exchange between you and the clerk should go something like this:

Clerk: What the fuck is this? Is this some kind of fucking joke? Am I on camera here? Is this Jackass? Cause if it's not, you need to get the hell out of here.

You: Pardon, Sir?



License to Ill

Clerk: You heard me kid, get out or I'm calling the cops. Hey Jeff, we got a put back on counter 5. Jesus, they don't pay me enough to deal with this shit.

You: Sir, I'm in a bit of a rush here. How much is this going to be?

Clerk: Hey, this isn't a joke. I'll call the cops right now kid. I'm dead serious.

You: Look, we haven't got much time here. Sir, this is a matter of national security. I'm going to have to go ahead and just take this alcohol with me. I'm out of cash anyway. You'll receive some paperwork to cover this whole thing in a few days. Now if you could just have this fellow over here.... Jeff wasn't it? Yes, Jeff. If you could just have Jeff bag all this up.

Clerk: Alright kid, you asked for it. Jeff, get Kurt out here. Tell him we've got a situation up front.

You: Fine sir; put your own selfish motives ahead of your country. I've seen it all before. I'll just be leaving...

Clerk: **HANDS OFF THE BEER!**

You: SIR, for the last time, our nation is currently under a serious biological attack from an unknown terrorist faction. I don't mean to cause a panic, but all of this alcohol could be contaminated with a deadly untraceable toxin. Even as we speak, agents are storming Anheuser-Busch looking for the culprits. Who knows how high up this thing goes? As President Bush has said numerous times, our war on terrorism will be fought on many fronts. Now sir, you stand on the battle line of our war for democracy. You don't have to bag this beer up, but I'll be damned if you try and stop me from taking it.

Kurt: Is there a problem here?

Clerk: Not at all. This man was just leaving. Jeff, bag up these groceries. Young man, I apologize for the inconvenience. My uncle died in 'Nam, and I'll be damned if a bunch of commies are going to take this country over from the inside. I'll be damned.

You: Sir, thank you on behalf of your country. I'm sure your uncle would be proud.

Step 6: Victory! Walk out of the store calmly. Never mind the overweight store manager chasing you across the parking lot. Move your feet! Double time, Corporal! Double Time!

Fake ID#2

“So Fake It Must Be Real”

Step 1: Again, the key to this ID is confidence. Your name is Jose Kalawaski. You come to Oregon from the great state of New Okarcallino, which is, of course, nestled between North and South Dakota. For this ID to be effective, you need to choose a small, out-of-the-way mini-market. Only go there late at night, preferably sometime after 3am and before 5:30. A Texaco or Chevron gas station may be your best bet. You want to be dealing with a cashier who looks like he or she never graduated high school. Again, don't panic. Confidence, Confidence, Confidence...

Step 2: Put your alcohol on the bottom of your shopping cart. Cover it with an assortment of hanging air fresheners, nudie playing cards, plastic army men, Twinkies, sugar bears, “Barely Legal” magazines, John Grisham audio tapes, six copies of yesterday's USA TODAY, three lottery tickets, a pint of their best Ben & Jerry's and most importantly: a canister of Whipped Cream.

Step 3: Hope to God the sheer amount of crap you've laid out on the counter confuses the poor cashier and he or she forgets to card you.

Contingency Plan A:

Step 1: If you've reached this point, something has gone terribly wrong. Do not panic. Hand the cashier your ID. Look sure of yourself, but somewhat confused by the whole situation.

Step 2: The cashier will hand you back the ID and tell you he cannot sell you the beer. Immediately ask “What the hell you talking about?” Make sure to leave out the “are.”

Step 3: Don't even bother listening to his or her explanation. Just grab the beer and run. Run as fast as you can.

Contingency Plan B:

Step 1: Obviously you have been tackled in the parking lot by an overly eager cashier. Stay Calm. Return to the store with the cashier and await the police.

Step 2: While waiting for the police, grab the can of Whipped Cream you set on the counter. Offer the cashier a hit of nitrous.

Step 3: As soon as the cashier inhales, make another run for it. If he or she tries to give chase, they'll fall flat on their ass. You're home free, buddy!



Continued from page 11

drunk to remember the bartender's name but he's short, fat, bald, of Hispanic descent, I'm sure, and absolutely hilarious. The music is typical on a Saturday night, very fast pop remixes and such, but everyone really enjoys themselves and has a good time. I hear the food is great, too. If you've just moved to Eugene, head to Neighbor's and introduce yourself as a member of the LGBTQA. Everyone will love you, really.

Scandals: 2222 Centennial. I must say that this is one of the worst bars in Eugene, possibly in Oregon. Hell, maybe the West Coast. My main complaint is the obviously deaf and dumb DJ. I think I heard a total of 5 songs in a three-hour time frame, constantly repeating over and over. Okay, so maybe the first one is played like the same shit you hear on KDUK, and then a couple songs later, they play it again with a voiceover of Jay-Z or Britney Spears, and then again with a faster beat, stronger bass. Regardless, I don't want to listen to it. I wouldn't have stayed as long as I did if it weren't for the many men so willing to spend their week's paycheck on the women they don't seem to realize are way out of their league.

I wouldn't have stayed as long as I did if it weren't for the many men so willing to spend their week's paycheck on the women they don't seem to realize are way out of their league.

I don't feel there's a whole lot more to say about it. Except that it really hurts to have a lot of guy friends who are really glad they have you for a girlfriend so they can drag you all the way out there and get in for free. Thank god for \$10 all-you-can-drink Mondays, that's the only night I'll go. Okay that's not true, I'll go just to watch the guys drool on themselves because they're so stoned and drunk, they don't even notice Kylee Noverew is well into her forties and has a mus-

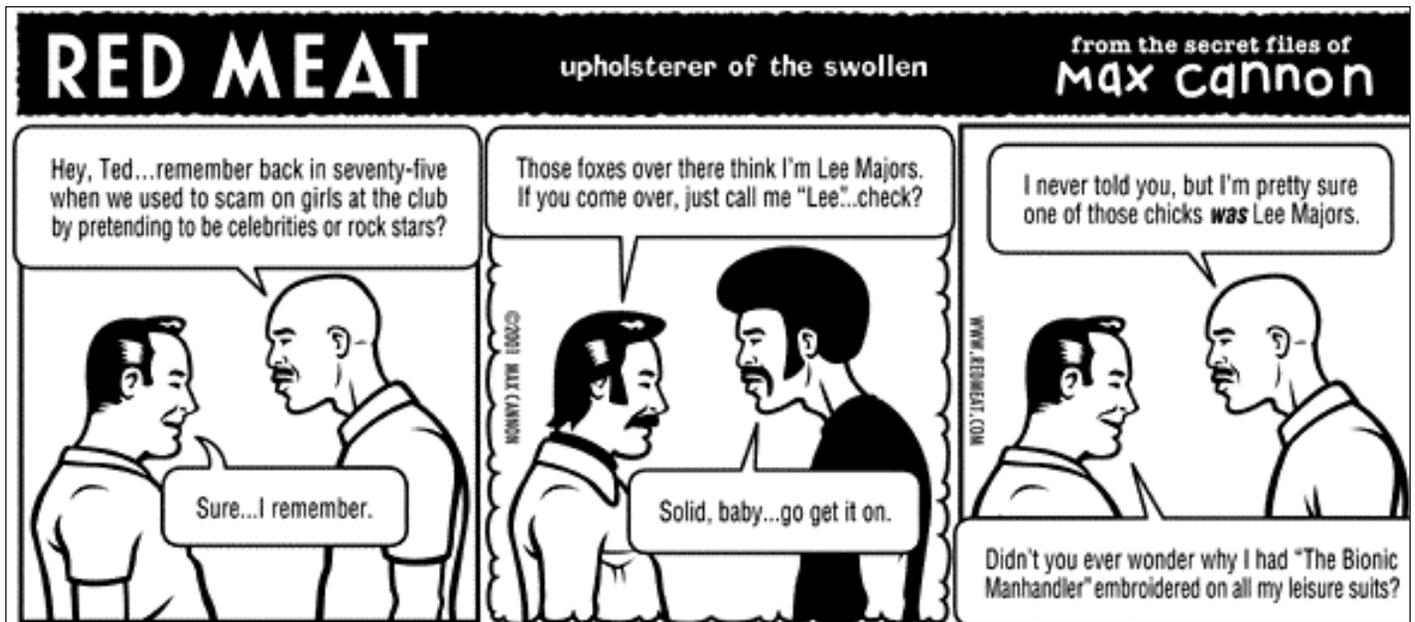
tache. Nice legs, though.

Now there are naturally many more bars out there that are certainly worth mentioning, just not enough to make the top eight, and we are cramped for space you know. But go ahead and explore all of the bars in Eugene; you are young and alive so drink, damn you. Don't miss out on the opportunity to take out an old friend, to meet a new friend, and to get belligerently drunk all by yourself. Tee hee.



The Silver Dollar Club: West 10th. Open 11 pm to 2 am Monday through Saturday and 6pm to 2 am Sunday. You already know this place, you know what it is, you know who's there, so

Amber Plaunty, who was absolutely not under the influence of drugs and/or alcohol when she finished this article, is a contributor for the Oregon Commentator.



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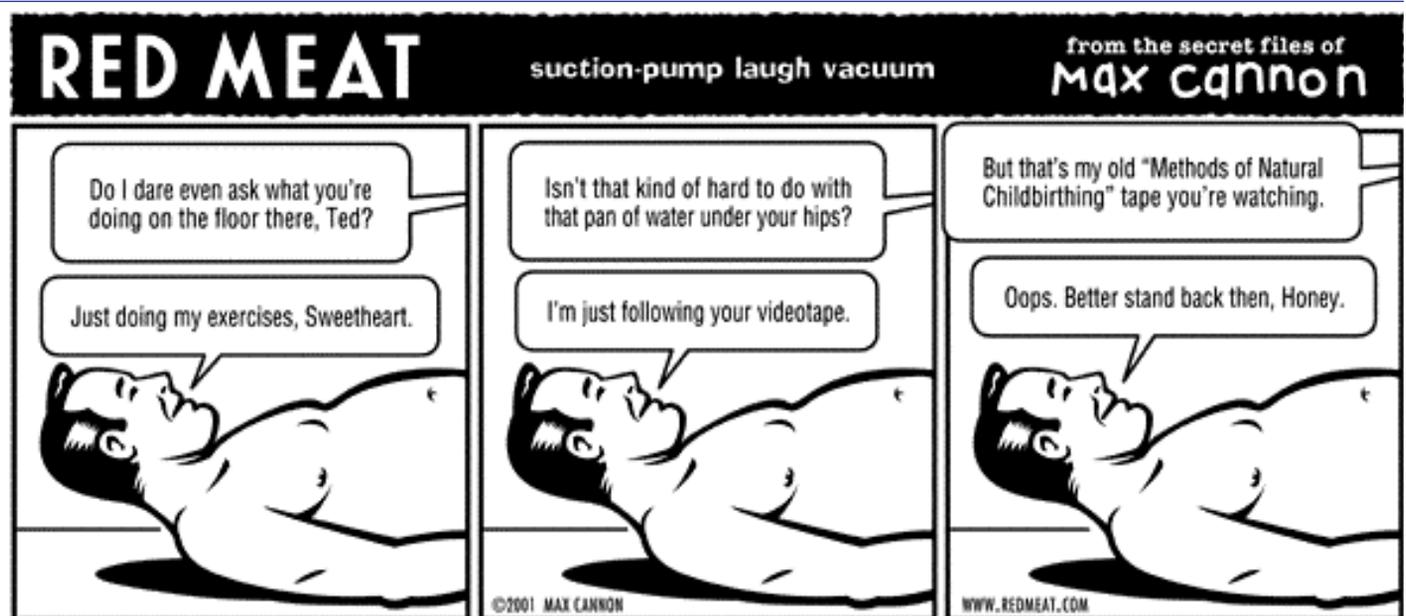
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What do you want, a cookie?

It's no surprise that those running the OREGON COMMENTATOR in the past would buy a "gentleman's magazine" subscription, but it's just despicable that they wouldn't pay for it. Now we have to raise money or, as the letter states, Oren is going to have credit problems. So please give generously today to the "Save Oren Comentetor's Credit Fund" to keep reading fun-damental.



MAX'S ANGELS

Bikers, SWAT Teams, Bonny Bettman and the untold story of Berkley North.

BY OLLY RUFF

Everything happens for a reason, but nothing happens for a particularly good one. And so it came to pass in 1995 that the EPD, apparently having a fair amount of time on their hands, started cracking down on the undesirable elements that populated East 13th Avenue. In the usual spirit of righteousness, a number of tickets were issued. And as is often the way with these things, the scope of the word “undesirable” swelled as the budget would allow. The keystone of this article probably arrived once the magic word had encompassed not only skateboarders, dog-owners, and transients, but also motorcyclists, proudly scapegoated at press conferences since time immemorial. “We don’t want Eugene to be known as Berkeley North,” is the soundbyte that has survived, attributed to then Lieutenant Becky Hansen.

“I invited some friends out for a beer,” grins Dave Morgan, six years later. Behind Dave, a small amount of hell is breaking loose.

So, then: the EPD began vigorously ticketing bikes, and Lt. Hansen’s quote was swiftly rendered ironic by the hiring of a new city manager from Berkeley itself. That fall, relevant parties were to receive invitations, from Dave and the other progenitors, to what would become the first of the Berkeley North celebrations. The location, doubtless picked out in gold leaf on shiny, communion-wafer-thick card, was - naturally! - Max’s, ground zero for all these West University absurdities, ever biker-friendly, bar of the gods and a home away from home for generations of OC writers. Thirty or so bikes stood at the side of the bar.

In 2001, now, there are a lot more of us, bikers and spectators, standing on the tables and the booths, leaning on rafters and clutching our drinks. The Electric Flies are making a hell of a noise somewhere nearby. Below us, a determined-looking guy is manhandling his vehicle the full length of the bar. People do their good-natured best to get out of the way. It’s not at all like Pamplona’s Running of the Bulls ceremony, but that’s still what springs to mind. The rising cumulus of exhaust fumes is making it increasingly easy to free-associate, and this is one of the things that have us as close to the ceiling as we can manage.

Max’s is alimentary in design, and so the bikes can peel off from the great mass gathered on 13th, rumble around to the back entrance, and then have a reasonably straight shot through the bar—crowds of people notwithstanding—clear across into Patterson Alley with a cloud of smoke. They have been assembling for a couple of hours now, and the parking lot is nearing

capacity. Saddlebags catch on the bar and on the doorframe, bystanders leap back into one another, there are cheers and applause and cameras going off in the street.

In front of the bar, happy people embrace in greeting and stumble around on the sidewalk recovering from the carbon monoxide. There is an informal but concerted effort to prevent fresh-air-seekers from bringing drinks into the street. An initial count reckons 140 bikes, but they’re not easy to tally while in motion.

“We just aim to have a good time,” says Dave, in the throng.

“People get together, it’s towards the end of the riding season for a lot of people who don’t ride year-round, and it’s the Eugene Celebration weekend, so the town’s in a kind of party atmosphere.”

“It’s traditionally not a time that people worry too much about noise violations,” concurs Chase Fairbairn, owner of Max’s and affable future President.

But this year there are other factors, it being only five days since the nightmarish events on the East Coast. A large jar is making its way around the bar, filling up with bills as it goes, ultimately bound for the National Organization for Victim’s Assistance. There is some somber discussion going on underneath all the ruckus, and probably a couple of thousand flags. The Eugene Celebration, let us not forget, drew a lot of impassioned criticism two days before this, simply for daring to exist.

“It’s what it is,” shrugs Chase. “But when I see these people I am reassured that America is intact. These people are the backbone of America; people who will do anything to protect their freedom. Given the style of the event and the people who attend, it would have been sick and wrong to cancel it.”

“I had several of e-mails from people asking me not to [cancel],” says Dave. “There was a lot of concern... people said, we need this. We’ve had a rough week.” And looking around, at the crowd, and all the POW-MIA badges and veteran signifiers, it would be really tough to argue with the decision. “There’ll be a check on its way to NOVA,” he says. “We were able to accomplish some good things today.”

“You have to do something,” Chase concludes. “The only thing I did was stare at a TV drunk for two days going my God, do I need to reenlist? There’s a quote for you.”

Back in the bar, climbing on the tallest thing to hand is still a good idea, but it won’t keep you free of the roiling exhaust fumes the way it used to. The staff, you eventually realize, must

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



home.cathink.net/~sirkus

be really feeling it by now. The girl currently traversing the front end of the bar on somebody's pillion is naked but for stockings, garter belt and roller skates. And, for the first time these six years, the police have arrived. This looks like it might be worth paying attention to, perhaps while also slinking away from.

It's good to be philosophical about the police. By this time, even if they tear-gassed the place, the atmosphere inside wouldn't become dramatically less breathable. Quizzical folk wander in with intriguing reports of a SWAT team around the corner on Ferry Street, and I decide, God knows why, that it would be nice to have an audio record of any SWAT-related hijinks, so I gingerly climb down and elbow my way outside. There's a small group of edgy-looking people in uniforms at either end of the block and they're filming anything that happens in front of the bar, which for the most part consists of people pointing curiously at the police cameras and waving. The attempts to prevent people bringing drinks out of the bar are becoming less informal and more concerted. ("Bikers are pretty good at policing themselves," says Dave grimly.) A few people slip out the back, but nobody — least of all the police, mercifully — seems inclined to start a riot.

The police, it turns out after some negotiation, will be placated if things wind down about an hour ahead of schedule, and

the SWAT team stays at an unthreatening distance. A small crowd outside watches Chase walking back across the street with a ticket. Couples are already gathering belongings, thanking Dave and Trish, beginning to head back across town, or to Portland, or to California. Community duly reasserted, there are a lot of salutes and a lot of flags as we walk back under the hanging S to see if we're on some KEZI bastardization of COPS.

"We have a lot of new neighbors," says Chase, "and apparently, well, someone was scared. You know, we'll hunt them down and kill them." He smiles broadly and assures me that I can quote him.

For all the good citizens stowing their pint glasses inside the front entrance, Berkeley North — now growing by about a quarter of its size each year — still seems a little like a citation waiting to happen. It's legal, certainly, but there are always more laws that can be dusted off and enforced. (In recent history, "loitering" has done yeoman service as the generic offense for all seasons.) And at this rate, it could make great carrion for ostensibly liberal Councilor — and local hero, following her inspired idea for demolishing great chunks of her own damn

ward — Bonny Bettman. In fact, some of this year's schemes for the expansion of Sacred Heart would have brought the destruction across 13th and taken out Max's. (In the pie-fight that ensued, Bettman was made the object of a somewhat quixotic recall attempt by her constituents, mounted from the center of the damned zone. That one is probably best left for another column.) There has been some understandable concern over whether, in the burgeoning smoke-free Eugene, this was the last time a Lady Godiva on a motorcycle would maneuver through these hallowed, confined spaces, while others drank beer and whooped. Sitting in Max's, we can look for a happier future.

"It might be time," Chase muses, "and I was talking to the police about this, to look into getting a permit, closing off a block of 13th, laying down some cones in the alley. I'm happy that we were able to negotiate with Sergeant Swanson about today." Behind him, his patrons are back at conventional bar level, and these people, who should know best, are breathing easily.



Olly Ruff, a fine young chap of the most agreeable sort, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

now with extra
propaganda!

ON *ASPIRATIONS*

It's hard to find a woman in D.C. because they all have dreams. I want a girl with no dreams.

—Washington, D.C. taxi shuttle driver Ramsey on the tough nature of finding a soulmate in a land where women have no souls. On the other hand, it's good to know what you want out of a woman, even if it's nothing at all.

ON *FIREARMS*

I'm going to the restroom so I don't have to see Bret's face splattered all over Bill's tee shirt.

—Writer Matt Robinson after the harrowing experience of watching a female first-timer at the shotgun range discharge her loaded weapon into the ground less than five feet in front of her. Every member of the OC militia delegation to D.C. took three steps back, and one cried a tear knowing the end may be near.



ON *ARITHMETIC*

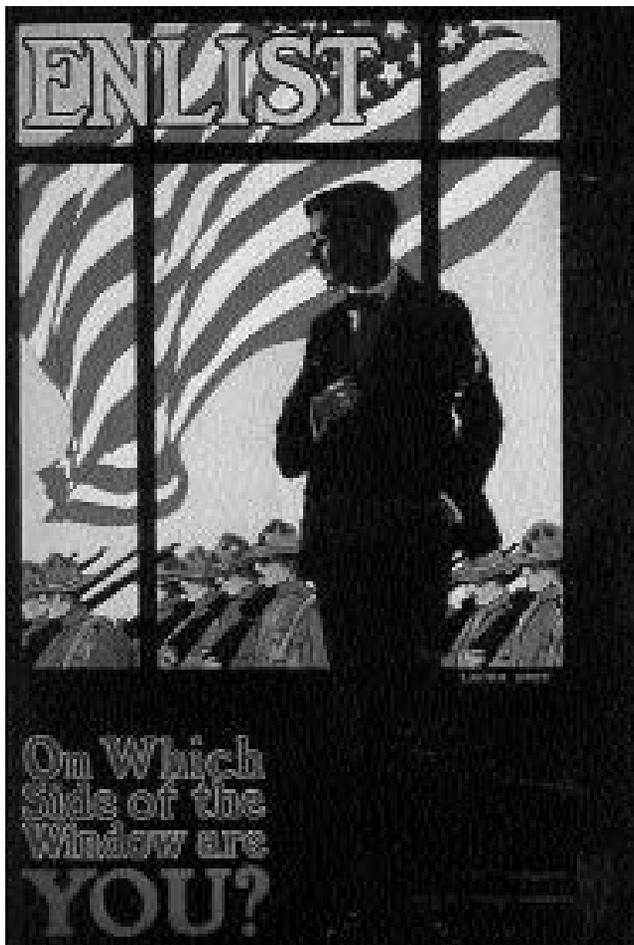
Math is for tools. As are science and technology.

—Chinese professor M. Epstein. Yeah, we're not a huge fan of physics, geology or astronomy. We'd love to go back to the old days of Olduwan hand tools and tuberculosis. We'd tell you to look the former up in a book, but since you obviously don't care for the technology of the printing press, we'll skip that.

ON *TEA BAGGING*

This was either a tea shop or an opium den.

—Epstein again. Easy mistake to make. Sometimes we accidentally get Earl Grey when we order Black Tar.



ON *PRIVATE PARTS* —————

The camera was deliberately aimed to this cheerleader's buttock area and kept there for an embarrassingly long period of time and to the great discomfort of the broadcasters.

—*Karla Dawn, "Letter to the Editor" ODE September 17th. What of the great discomfort of the cameraman? Why does his plight go unrecognized? And, indeed, why must we all suffer in this fashion to see Silver Dollar Club-worthy girls in so much clothing?*

What he saw and what I saw, the whole country saw, was yet another display of more male trespassing into areas of female athletics that they need to steer clear of.

- *"Letter to the Editor", again. Hey, don't talk to us, talk to Title IX.. If our associate editor had his way, they'd all be at home making dinner by the time he got back from a hard day.*

ON *THE RUNS* —————

Our community has gone through tremendous changes. We've dealt with forest closures, law enforcement, cold weather, diarrhea and oppression within our own campaign.

—*"Addressing Sexist Oppression at Fallcreek" Insurgent July 2001. Wow, what a shit storm! Maybe the diarrhea had something to do with the oppression? We're just trying to help!*

Of course, nothing is perfect and we have to constantly deal with our own shit, but that's part of what this is all about.

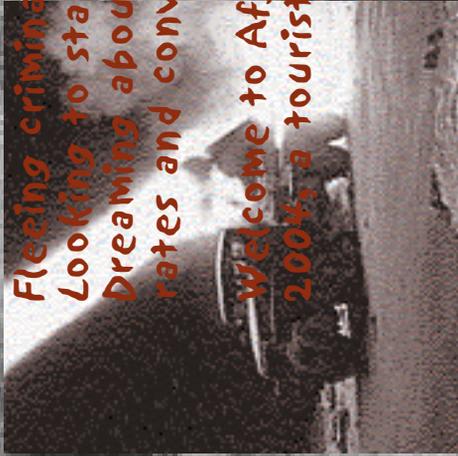
- *Ibid. See, we told ya'. Imagine being under a tree when these guys are holding down the fort above you!*



Afghanistan

**Fleeing criminal prosecution?
Looking to start a holy war?
Dreaming about affordable
rates and convenient service?**

**Welcome to Afghanistan in
2004, a tourist mecca.**



SEE Gun Toting Locals!



SMELL napalm in the morning!



**LISTEN to the screams of a
million extinguished souls!**

Hey, we know how it is buddy. The wife's been hassling you to take the kids to the lake. The boss wants you to go golfing with him on your only day off. The U.N. wants you put on trial for "crimes against humanity." What's a fun loving Islamic Radical to do? Why not gather up the kids, box up the pipe bombs, and head to that oasis of terror we lovingly call Afghanistan.

Since the Taliban came into power and took all of our civil liberties, to the time the U.S. carpet bombed most of our nation back to the stone age, our tourist business has been next to nothing. That's why a new group of consumer oriented businesses have taken advantages of our cheap property deals and launched a tourism campaign that will appeal to both the weekend warrior and the Jihad bent radical.

In 2001, U.S. President Bush described Afghanistan as a nation that was "harboring terrorists," but if you asked him about Afghanistan today, he would surely describe us a nation that is "harboring fun." After all, that nasty "Taliban" group was long ago replaced by a powerless puppet government under the careful watch of Israel. So take a load off, leave the biological weapons in the garage and head to beautiful Afghanistan!