

O R E G O N

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THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY



Saferide under fire, DPS packing heat and Bruce Miller locked and loaded



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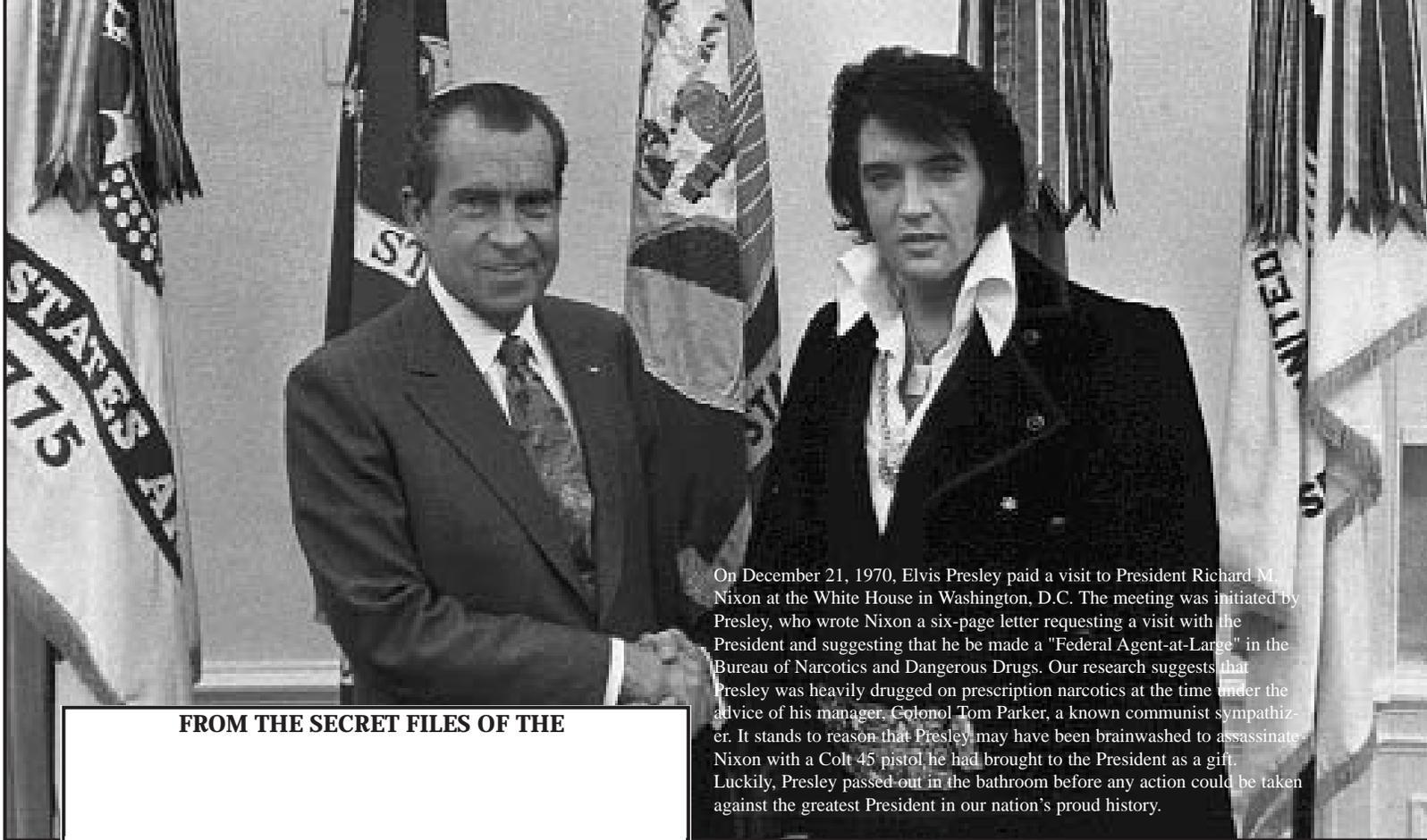
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MISSION STATEMENT

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.



FROM THE SECRET FILES OF THE

On December 21, 1970, Elvis Presley paid a visit to President Richard M. Nixon at the White House in Washington, D.C. The meeting was initiated by Presley, who wrote Nixon a six-page letter requesting a visit with the President and suggesting that he be made a "Federal Agent-at-Large" in the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Our research suggests that Presley was heavily drugged on prescription narcotics at the time under the advice of his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, a known communist sympathizer. It stands to reason that Presley may have been brainwashed to assassinate Nixon with a Colt 45 pistol he had brought to the President as a gift. Luckily, Presley passed out in the bathroom before any action could be taken against the greatest President in our nation's proud history.

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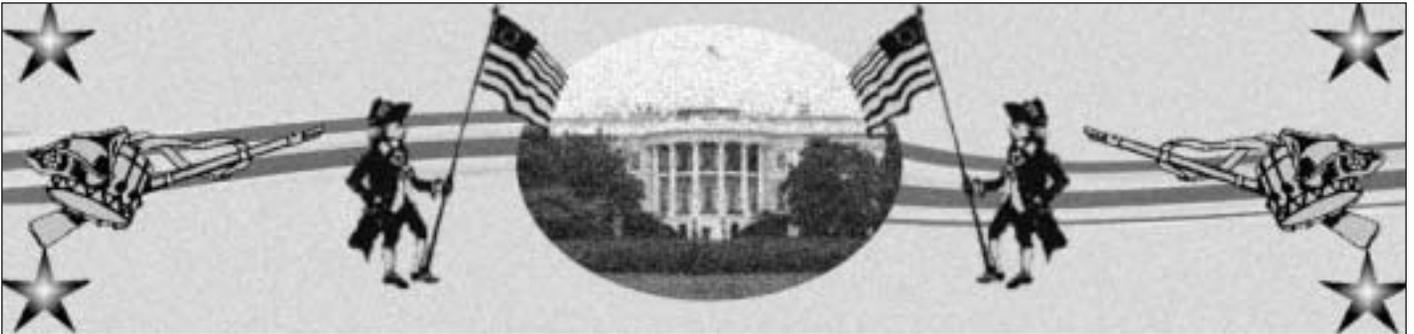
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A m e r i c a : Arsenal of Democracy



It wasn't too long ago that a serious man of distinguished national service stepped to the podium and laid before for the prominent leaders and dignitaries of his nascent nation the reasons he was to lay down the mantle of power he had already achieved in favor of returning that power to its rightful origin.

His lesson was as simple as the belief that if his brethren would jealously guard all they had won, and did so together, they would continue to enjoy a treasure unlike any the world had ever known. He said, "The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize."

There are no words so timely for that same nation that was this year traumatized by a sudden blow to its health, its pride and its security by surprise terrorist attacks. George Washington's farewell address in 1796 not only remains a timely reminder for us all that America is still the pre-eminent government composed of citizen servants dedicated to a greater cause, but also that we must remember the true reasons this nation was conceived through noble ideals, paid for in full with blood of the brave, and insured by a generational compact to preserve that union.

Washington announced that day his decision not to extend his reign any more than two terms, believing that to do so would act as poor precedent and eventually lead to another monarchical figure destroying the people's government. This is a critical piece of historical evidence that is often overlooked by those who attempt to distort with the lens of modern America the historical view of the reasons the country was founded.

Despite what many may pull out of an elitist liberal acade-

my, which uses spite as its language of barter and revisionist history as its stock in trade, this country was and continues to be a shining city on a hill because it aspired to be something more magnificent than any social or governmental pact to date. It was not simple economic greed, as is espoused by many recent cynics fortunate enough to find an audience for their jelly-spined retort to American destiny.

The claim that many disenchanting scholars make regarding the motives of the nation's forefathers is unfortunately like light

refracted through a bent lens. In other words, those who read the pages of history to mean that it was purely economic self-interest to found a new nation have a skewed perspective of freedom.

True, economic self-determination was a critical point in selling the revolutionary war to the British colonists, but it was only a microcosm of the greater cause worth fighting

for. After all, if one cannot choose how to make their own living, then they will likely not have the right to make other important life choices.

It is the right of self-determination, from economic to religion, that enables America's citizens to build a strong nation and defend freedom at home and abroad. In World War II, it was Franklin D. Roosevelt who said that America must be the arsenal of democracy. He, like the rest of our greatest leaders, knew that it was the economic and personal freedoms of its citizens that unleashed the potential of Americans to fight the toughest battles.

The unique quality that has enabled America to be a world leader for decades is the inherent drive of its people to make it a nation of strength and compassion. While those same elitists attempt to denigrate the current nation through the black eyes our country has surely taken along the way, the real story of America

The unique quality that has enabled America to be a world leader for decades is the inherent drive of its people to make it a nation of strength and compassion.

is that of a lasting hope that those facing the worst oppression, whether domestic or from afar, will eventually find peace and justice within our borders because Americans will always do what's right — from ending slavery at home to ending world wars that began in Europe, and from improving the lot of our own homeless to becoming the world's bread basket.

But America doesn't simply believe in lofty ideals — it also puts the lives of our own young men and women in harm's way to fight for those beliefs. Americans have gone abroad to wade onto the shores of Normandy and crawled through the rice paddies of Vietnam, shed blood in every square inch of Europe and battled in icy oceans thousands of miles from the nearest shore. Even more devastating have been the occasions when we fought for the nation's survival on our own land, from expelling the British to the defense of Texas, and the most solemn days of the Civil War to the most recent stealth attack by Islamic extremists.

Each time America has put its own blood on the line to service a debt to the past, a debt owed to wise men like George Washington who understood the awesome blessing and responsibility of a new kind of nation that didn't force — but rather allowed — their citizens to make the hardest sacrifices. To that end, Washington added in his departing remarks that it was unity that would be most crucial to the nation in all days to come.

"But as it is easy to foresee," he said, "that from different causes & from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal & external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly & insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective & individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual & immoveable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

That goal of unity is often quite uneasy to attain. It is hard to put aside past grudges, past prejudices and old notions. From the

national level, where the U.S. stands on the brink of a new era of bipartisan cooperation and guarded friendship with Russia, to this university, where diehard conservatives find themselves accepting many pro-war liberals into the ranks of those in agreement, it is a strength of Americans to overcome those old notions to take aim together at a greater goal.

It is the "unity of government," of which Washington spoke that can now be seen in its most recent incarnation, with a Republican president leading a divided Congress into a new war. It is a time that has seen a man once called "Shrub" turned into a national pillar of strength, leading his people through troubled times. Even while there will be the occasional disagreement on how to reach America's objectives, it is a remarkable event to once again have common objectives in the face of a unifying threat to world peace and prosperity.

Perhaps this holiday season it would be well worth remembering that America is still the most perfect union on the face of the earth, and that is indeed something to be grateful for.



Send Us Letters

**Don't like our politics?
Don't like our jokes?
Don't have a soul?**

Write Us About It:

**ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu
PO Box 30128 Eugene, OR 97403**

NEWS ALERT : Nobody gives a damn about special elections, \$2 mill

For those who don't know, which is pretty much everyone, there was a special election held on the 13th and 14th of November. One of the measures allows the current Program Finance Committee (PFC) budget to increase by up to 80 percent, or around \$1,885,304 next year. Broken down, the contribution per student is about \$98.75. This money will go to cover increases in the current PFC budget as well as some programs that used to be funded via ballot measure. Programs such as the Career Center, LTD, Campus Recycling, the Counseling Center, the International Resource Center, USSA and OSPIRG will now be included in the PFC budget.

The special election yielded pathetic results. Out of 19,091 students eligible in the ASUO elections, just 414 actually cast their votes. That ends up being around 2.1 percent, a 76 percent decrease from last spring's election. The fact that 414 people made a \$1.8 million decision for everyone else is startling, to say the least. For those of us who were frustrated with last spring's voter turnout of 9 percent, this was even more upsetting.

We know what you're thinking, because we had the same thought...didn't the winners (this term is being thrown around extremely loosely) of last spring's election promise to get people involved and increase awareness in student government? You bet they did. Those were two main goals that the pair droned on about in those speeches they gave. With the recent special election showing a 76 percent decrease in voter turnout, we are less than convinced that the Executive Office is doing anything to make good on their promise.

In response to the question of whether or not people had voted, we found the top response to be, "Huh...what election?"

What was it about?" Most of the others said they saw something about it in some newspaper, but had no idea what it was about and opted not to get involved. Of the remaining few that said they did vote, half of them couldn't tell us what it was they voted on.

These results yielded the following conclusion: Most people on campus don't have a clue about what is going on, and those that do don't care. To us, that translates into two broken promises to add to the list of scandals and the overall ineffectiveness associated with this year's Executive Office.



The Weak In Review

The COMMENTATOR has learned that not only are the ASUO Executive Prez and Veep sweating bullets over their impending hearing before the Constitution Court regarding the grievance filed by the OC's Justin Sibley, but they're making those in their office sweat, as well. Apparently the exec has told its employees that if the exec goes down, everyone else goes down with them. That despite the likelihood would be that any incoming exec would have to keep a hefty portion of current workers around so that the new office wouldn't sink as quickly as the current administration seemed to.



Your ASUO Exec
Is Flyin' Along
Steady As She Goes

Join Up Now! 346-3724

Still Smoking

The "reefer madness" category is one of 62 categories in the Princeton Review's annual survey of 65,000 students from 331 colleges nation wide. This year, the University of Oregon was honored with fourth place. Topping the list was New York University, showing that the city that never sleeps sure takes a lot of weed naps.

Princeton Review (no relationship to the university bearing the Princeton name) conducts no formal or scientific surveys to make its rankings. In the past, Princeton Review has refused to release any of the data it compiles in making its rankings.

The Harvard School of Public Health College Alcohol Study, conducted in 1993, examined the drug and alcohol use of 17,592 college students nation-wide. The study found that marijuana use is higher among students who participate in other high-risk activities such as binge drinking, cigarette smoking, and having multiple sexual partners. According to the Harvard study, other factors associated with marijuana use include spending more time at parties and socializing with friends, spending less time studying, and perceiving religion and community service as not important. Students at large schools, commuter schools, and coeducational schools were also more likely to use marijuana, whereas students from historically black colleges and colleges in small or rural towns were less likely to use the drug. Marijuana use was also associated with poorer academic performance. Students who used marijuana were less likely than those who did not use it to study for two or more hours a day and were more likely to have a grade point average of B or less.

If you fall into any of these categories, you should pat yourself on the back for helping put the University of Oregon on the map. If the BCS won't recognize a Pac-10 school, at least the THC will.

UO failed to make this year's list of top party schools. The University of Tennessee took this year's top prize, topping last year's winner Louisiana State.

Mormons will surely be disappointed, or elated, to find that Brigham Young University topped every single "The Party has Left the Building" category, including "Stone-cold sober schools, "Don't Inhale," "Scotch and Soda, Hold the Scotch" and "Got Milk?" (as opposed to "Lots of Beer.")

UO failed to place anywhere in the entirely unimportant academic categories. But our friends up north at Lewis and Clark and Reed College both made their way onto the "Students Ignore God on a Regular Basis" list. Congrats!



Reefer Madness

- 1 New York University
- 2 University of Colorado-Boulder
- 3 University of New Hampshire
- 4 **University of Oregon**
- 5 Colorado College
- 6 University of California-Santa Cruz
- 7 University of Wisconsin-Madison
- 8 Oberlin College
- 9 Lehigh University
- 10 Skidmore College
- 11 Bard College
- 12 Warren Wilson College
- 13 Reed College
- 14 University of Tennessee-Knoxville
- 15 Guilford College
- 16 Goddard College
- 17 Lewis & Clark College
- 18 Smith College
- 19 Trinity College
- 20 Pitzer College

Party Schools

- 1 University of Tennessee-Knoxville
- 2 Louisiana State University-Baton Rouge
- 3 University of California-Santa Cruz
- 4 Florida State University
- 5 University of Colorado-Boulder
- 6 University of Alabama-Tuscaloosa
- 7 Saint Bonaventure University
- 8 Ohio State University-Columbus
- 9 University of Wisconsin-Madison
- 10 University of Florida
- 11 University of New Hampshire
- 12 University of Georgia
- 13 University of Texas-Austin
- 14 Tulane University
- 15 Lehigh University
- 16 New York University
- 17 Colgate University
- 18 University of Vermont
- 19 Southern Methodist University
- 20 University of California-Santa Barbara

Is This What Democracy Looks Like?

On November 4th, 2001 a motley crew of pacifists, draft dodgers, and spotlight-craving opportunists gathered together to protest... something.

By Jeremy Jones

A line of approximately 75 complete imbeciles all singing, “All we are saying, is give peace a chance.” And a lone OC reporter that cannot help but think, “We did give peace a chance, and we caught four 767’s up our collective asses.” I guess it wouldn’t be Eugene if there weren’t people trying to protect other people that wouldn’t hesitate to kill them.

Yes, just as fast as a massive tragedy can bring an entire country together, it splinters like 30-year-old unvarnished pine. However, this article is not to debate the morality of the war in Afghanistan. If you want to hear the COMMENTATOR’S stance on that, call Tim Dreier. I did about a week ago — he is still talking. I hung up on him after 36 hours and later I had to stick explosives in my phone jack. I know that I’m about as likely to get through to the protesters via the COMMENTATOR as the protesters are to get through to Washington via the Eugene Federal Building. No, most likely the person holding this magazine is some other hate-filled bastard like myself. So, to that end, I say we grab a beer and a lawn chair and laugh at the sheep who honestly believe that the rest of the world gives a shit about them and their little protest.

Osama bin Laden has got to be laughing his ass off. This has got to be the only country in the world where half the people could die in a massive nuclear strike, and there would still be some people dressed in hemp protesting any retaliation. The part I find particularly amusing is how quickly they will rationalize the attack on America. Yeah, it’s our fault that some militant Islamic extremists attacked the buildings, murdering thousands of innocent people, so therefore, we shouldn’t be destroying their military targets. I also love their slogan, “Justice Not War.” How exactly do we get justice without war? Do they actually believe if we just ask the Taliban really, really nicely, they will consider turning over bin Laden? I don’t think it would instill a lot of confidence in our nation to hear Bush on CNN saying, “Pleeease can we have bin Laden? Pretty please with sugar on top?”

Why the Eugene Federal Building? According to one protester, “Why not?” It’s hard to argue with that logic, but let’s face it; you would have just as much impact marching down to the liquor store. Then, you could bring me a bottle of Jack Daniel’s on the way back. And while you’re at it, would you mind marching over to Albertson’s? I’m out of toothpaste.



I have come to realize that for them, it doesn’t matter why we are going to war anymore. These assholes don’t give any more of a rat’s ass about people in Afghanistan than I do. They just love to protest. I don’t understand why, but they get a rush from speaking out on what they truly believe in. Just out of curiosity, I tried it myself. I made some signs and went to the Amphitheater, and all I got was another ticket for being drunk and disorderly. Apparently anti-war protests are okay, but anti-pants protests raise “decency” issues. This whole thing boils down to the fact that some people genuinely enjoy being self-righteous indignant bastards living out their retro 1960’s wet dream. However, it is time to face unpleasant truths: the 60’s are over, this isn’t the Vietnam War, marching to the Eugene Federal Building isn’t going to accomplish anything and your only media coverage is me, a smart-ass with a digital camera who wants nothing more than to laugh at you. The proof of this: I have found on two separate occasions people holding up signs that have nothing to do with the protest at hand. I know it’s hard to keep track of your busy schedule, but if we have to stay sober long enough to publish a magazine, then damn it, you can at least use the correct slab of cardboard.

On November 4, the odyssey started at 4:30pm, ten minutes after they all piled into a Volkswagon to puff the magic dragon. They gathered their signs and their banners and tried to do some last minute recruiting. Those with actual lives simply passed by trying not to make eye contact lest they be talked into carrying a sign downtown. Others stopped to watch for a while before

shaking their heads in disgust and walking off. Once assembled, this band of peace-mongering pot smokers marched down 13th toward the dorms. On the way they were greeted by the yells of frat boys: “War YES!,” “Bomb the bastards to death,” and the occasional, “Fuck you, goddamned hippies!” followed by the finger. Normally I tend to despise frat boys, but once in a while the loud, obnoxious yelling of these over-privileged pricks makes everything right with the world again.

I tagged along, taking pictures and making mental notes of what I saw. The great thing about these people is that they think everyone is on their side. As I was walking and taking pictures, I met one guy who appeared to be the leader. He was practically giving me a tour of the protest, pointing out interesting things and suggesting camera angles. The whole time people were thanking me. One protester said, “Thanks a lot. Most members of the media don’t cover these things.” Of course, most members of the press aren’t evil sons of bitches. Meanwhile, I was getting a lot of e-mail addresses to send the pictures and a copy of my story should I write one. I’m still debating whether or not to just say “screw them,” or send them this story complete with the edited pictures.

After doing a lap around the

University, the protesters wisely decided to get out before someone re-enacted Kent State. They moved on to irritate the rest of the city. The whole way, protesters

One protester said, “Thanks a lot. Most members of the media don’t cover these things.” Of course most members of the press aren’t evil sons of bitches.

mistook honks by drivers as support, as opposed to a request that they remove their asses from the intersection before the traffic light goes through another cycle. Soon they arrived at the federal building where, no doubt, the greatest minds of the military were gathered to plan a drop of high explosives on helpless civilians. They got there and sat down on the steps, waving at cars. A little bit later, they had

a play of some kind. According to this theatrical masterpiece, this war has nothing to do with terrorism, just planes dropping something on a person in a black mask and getting shot with a didgeridoo while a man dressed as a pig rolls around. This is one of those things I’m not “enlightened” enough to understand, huh? After their play, they just sat around giving handbills to each other for hours on end.

Think this was fun? It looks like they plan to do it every Friday. I went the next week to find the same lifeless blobs as a week ago, holding the same signs. They say they will continue until they finally bring the war to an end (which, coincidentally will be roughly around the same time Afghanistan is little more than a smoldering crater). And I am sure the rest of the University, if not the country, will take them just as seriously as I have.



Jeremy Jones, a moral relativist and conscientious observer, is art director for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



**Hey, this isn't the line for Harry Potter.
Where the hell are we going?**

Special Guest Column



The Guy Who Sits Next to You in Biology Class

Hey Buddy, What's Going On?

Hey, man! Hey, over here! How's it going, bro? You studying for the test? What test? The biology test bro. Yeah, I'm the guy who sits next to you in biology class. Remember that time you were all, "Dude, this photosynthesis bullshit is really lame." And then I was all,

"Yeah, fuck photosynthesis." Yeah man, that was me!

So what's going on, man? Not much, huh? How am I doing? Man, I'm glad you asked. Things aren't going too well lately, bro. Not too well at all. Parents cut me off... No dinero, Benjamins, greenbacks, you know what I'm talking about? If that wasn't bad enough—and trust me, a lack of funds is pretty shitty for an around the town swinger like myself—my roommate just up and moved out last week. Didn't say a word about it. I walk in and I'm all, "Dude, I just snatched a giant pepperoni from the Domino's guy when he set the box down to ring a doorbell," but there was nobody there. He just up and left and took all of his shit with him. Couch? Gone. TV? Gone. Microwave? Vamoose. I've got three weeks worth of frozen burritos in the fridge, now what the hell am I supposed to do with them? You ever bite into a frozen bean? Fucking blows! Now all I have in that apartment is a bean bag, a pink recliner, and a coffee table that smells like a bong.

Whoa, where are you going? Going to snag a bite to eat? Hey, let me walk with you man, I could use a munchies run. Hey. Hold on, hold on... You want to buy some weed? I got some dank shit man, some d-a-n-k-s-h-i-t. Don't smoke, huh? How the hell can you study for a test without a phat bowl? Man, my brain just doesn't work right when I'm not high.

What the hell was I talking about? Oh yeah, do you got any pets? Cause I hate to trouble ya', but my roommate kind of left his dog behind. Grabbed the shower curtain but forgot his own dog, can you believe it? Bastard didn't even leave any dog food. I've been feeding ol' Sparky gorditas and cheetos. So anyway, look, could you take this dog off of my hands for a couple of weeks? Just until I find that asshole roommate of mine. I swear,

that guy's begging for a beating. He hasn't paid the rent for two months. Which is kind of a bummer for me, being unemployed and all. I was kind of living off of him. Yeah, I've been getting notes from the landlord. 30-day notice or some shit like that. Fascist.

Hey, hold up. You want to buy some weed? Oh shit, I already asked you that, huh? Sorry man. Hey, do you know anybody who wants to buy some weed? I got this chronic that this hippie guy gave me last night. I was at this party over at my amigo Dave's pad, and this old guy asked me if I want to smoke a bowl. I'm all, "Hell yeah, Grandpa." I guess he had one of those medical marijuana licenses. Arthritis or some shit like that. So he takes me out in the backyard and we start puffing away on this little metal pipe. Guy's taking some serious hits man. Then he starts talking about how he saw his buddy's face get blasted off in Vietnam. Next thing I know, he's rolling around in the grass showing me all of these combat maneuvers. Starts yelling about Charlie and the Bravo unit and all kinds of crazy shit. Fucking weirdo. So anyway...

Huh? You gotta go to class? That's cool man, let me have your number. Yeah, so I can call you sometime and see about dropping off Sparky. You may need to take him to the vet. He's got some weird itch thing going and he's rubbed the skin around his nuts raw.

Don't have any paper? Don't worry about it, I have a great memory. Just tell what it is. Okay, 3-4-6... yeah got that... 3-4-6-9-9-9-9? Man, is that a real number? Alright, I'll give you a call tonight, man. I may just drop by, I think the fucking landlord turned off my heat.

Alright, later man. See you tomorrow in class. Good luck on the test.

Man, that guy was pretty cool. I think I'm going to have to go ahead and move in with him. Maybe he'll help me sell some weed. Hey, isn't that the guy from American Lit? Hey, buddy what's going on...



The Guy Who Sits Next to You in Biology Class is a featured columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

OREGON COMMENTATOR

You're Out! | By Philippe Cornet

It's Three Strikes and No Balls for Saferide

“I never thought it would happen to me,” is a phrase most commonly associated with toothless Midwestern lottery winners, yet here I am about to utter it. As many students know by now, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* is the student paper that attempts to be our *New York Times* but inevitably reads more like *Parade* magazine. When I pick up a copy it is usually because I need to line my beloved pet's cage. This time I was rather caught by surprise, I found real information on the front page and rescued it just before by bird began to poop. The headline read: “University settles Saferide lawsuit.” Being a registered bleeding heart, I was shocked to hear myself utter, “it's about time.” Until now, I was pretty sure that conservatism was equivalent to having a grievous mental disorder, when an anonymous female overheard me telling my friends at the bus stop about the article and commented how I was quite the “young Republican.” If being conservative means thinking critically about the unequal distribution of university services, then, so be it.

Since arriving on campus in the fall of '00, I have seen many gratuitous displays of liberal fanaticism, daily protests, deadlocked petitioners for OSPIRG, and an almost religious dedication to the ramblings of 80's sitcom star, Woody Harrelson. Saferide is very much a product of this liberal campus; a well-intentioned group sees a cause and immediately throws money at it. I, for one, grow tired of this; that extra dollar in fees here and there is exacting a heavy toll on the booze budgets of my associates and I. Last weekend, we drank whiskey out of a plastic bottle, for Christ's sake. Admittedly, Saferide does have some social value as assault prevention tool and sorority girl taxi. But, until March 29, 2002, I'll be damned if I'll ever get a ride home, which is just one mile outside of DDS's range. Saferide's service area covers most of the Eugene area after dark; I could easily commute home in one of its shuttles if only I had the required vagina. Because of Saferide's bigotry, I must walk 8 blocks from the nearest bus stop through the worst neighborhood in west Eugene and contend with grabby beggars and strung out methamphetamine addicts. Until recently, the other 47% of the student body and I were SOL, if we were beyond the reach of DDS or LTD. This is quite contemptuous, because not only is my safety not as important or valuable as a female student's but I am also expected to pony up the cash for the pleasure of being insult-



Where no man has gone before: The virgin Saferide van ed.

In an attempt to justify Saferide's discrimination, an article entitled, “Another Militant Feminist Rant Against Petty Sexist Fucks” ran in the February 2000 *Insurgent*. This article from title to termination was not only insulting by the callous dismissal of criticism as being “The trivial pastime of misogynist and mean-spirited fools”, but it also contradicted its main premise. The article's argument went something like this: Women have a right to safety without having to rely on men to protect them, and the University has the responsibility of making sure students' rights are protected, therefore the university is responsible for women's safety.

What the author of AMFRAPSF conveniently forgot is that the university is composed of both genders and that men have legitimate assault issues as well. This dismissal is outrageous because its intrinsic premise is “rape is the only crime that count.” Another glaring omission is that stranger rape, the only kind that Saferide can prevent, is the least common form of sexual assault. It fails to solve one of the biggest concerns women have — date rape. The biggest logical error of the feminist Saferide supporter is that by taking money from men to protect the women on campus, women still remain dependent on men for their safety. If a woman is truly to be liberated, she needs to realize that she is in the same dangerous world as her male counterparts and

CONTINUED ON 18

Down, But Not Out...

DPS Director Tom Fitzpatrick says the organization is more efficient this year. But will internal turmoil threaten the stability?

By Arlene Juan



Security is an integral part of the campus community that is clearly expected of the Department of Public Safety (DPS). Since the COMMENTATOR's November 2000 issue "Behind Closed Doors," DPS has undergone external changes creating a more steadfast organization to better suit the needs of the community. However, their organization still suffers from internal problems that continue to pose questions about their credibility.

The chief concern last year was the commissioning of DPS officers. To commission a DPS officer, who can also be referred to as a "special campus security officer," meant granting the authority to "stop and seize" atop their initial role of patrolling residence halls and ability to make citizens' arrest. Concluding a process that began early January with DPS Director Tom Fitzpatrick's announcement that he would begin screening officers for commissioning, the formal ceremony took place April 16 with eight DPS personnel commissioned before administrative staff, other officers, friends and family. Currently, there are 13 commissioned DPS officers.

"The DPS will be more efficient this year," Fitzpatrick said, "but most students will not notice any difference." He added that DPS has not changed any of its standard operating procedures and will not become more aggressive in the future. Officers have had to resort to using their new powers on some occasions but still request EPD assistance in dealing with any serious incidents.

However, the commissioning of DPS officers did not come without opposition. Critics feared that the increase of power for DPS officers would lead to the use of firearms to assist in the enforcement of the office's authority. Director of the Office of Student Advocacy Hilary Berkman was among those who objected to the commissioning of DPS officers. "Once you commission officers on this campus to 'stop and frisk' and to make 'probable cause arrests,' [seeking firearms] is just the next step," she said to the COMMENTATOR last year.

In spite of this logical argument, Fitzpatrick assures that currently there is no administrative effort to move the issue of



firearms forward. "As the law currently exists in Oregon, there is no authority to provide [firearms for DPS officers]," he said. "I do have some concerns about our officers not being armed in terms of the situation they find themselves in...but I'm not out there stumping for it." He added that he does not foresee them being armed officers in the near future.

He does, however, hope to see an improvement in the training procedures of DPS officers. "I've been lobbying for the last two years to allow our officers to go to the same training academy that police officers go to in Oregon," he said. "There are a

lot of things that we do on a daily basis that require us to have that level of training, and so, we're pushing very hard for that."

Fitzpatrick is also corresponding with members of the ASUO to create an 11-person advisory committee that will have student representation to offer suggestions to the department. Fitzpatrick said that they are still waiting for members to be appointed but hope to convene shortly after the first of the year.

So, externally, DPS has improved its policies and procedures to maintain a higher level of professionalism. Internally, though, DPS has suffered and continues to suffer from lawsuits, filed grievances and a string of resignations on the basis of allegations of harassment and age and marriage discrimination in the department.

For example, former employees charged former Lieutenant Marte Martinez with allegations of harassment, age discrimination and unequal work opportunity such as favoritism. According to a former employee of the department, who wished to remain anonymous, Martinez's cases were dismissed with a settlement of \$30,000. On a similar note, DPS officer Doug Clegg has filed a lawsuit against the department but specific information about the lawsuit remains confidential. The Clegg case is still pending.

The former employee who spoke to the COMMENTATOR said that the internal problems at the DPS are "getting worse." On the contrary,

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THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION

The Residence Halls Network is cracking down on misuse, and your T3 connection may be at stake.

by Stacey Lauer

They are watching you. Or more specifically, they are watching what you download, from your Barry Manilow mp3 obsession to the twenty gigs of porn you downloaded last week. The University of Oregon Residence Halls Network (ResNet for you non-dorm-confined people) has finally caught up with the Napster Age. Recently, the Computing Center and ResNet investigated almost 400 cases of possible network resource misuse. As a result, at least 136 people have had their ethernet ports shut off temporarily, and more than 70 cases have gone before the Student Judicial Affairs board.

Since then, several notices about the network crackdowns, including a mass e-mail, a mailed notice, and flyers, have been sent to residents, who naturally are still recovering from the shock of the University enforcing a policy. Alas, it's true, and don't make them come after you twice. For the first violation, you wait until your case has been cleared with the Student Conduct Board (and sign a contract saying you'll never, ever do it again) to get your connection back. For the second, kiss your T3 access goodbye for the rest of the year. The University's message is clear, but the proverbial damn may have already broke.

"I'd say that eighty to ninety percent of people in my hall have downloaded mp3s and stuff," said freshman Renee

Lesea, adding "everyone with a computer has tried it at least once."

But one person downloading the entire Air Supply discography is not the problem. Lately, so many people have been using file-trading programs that it's caused a noticeable lag in the University computer system, which prompted ResNet's investigation.

The University's official stance on this is the Acceptable Use Policy (found at <http://cc.uoregon.edu/policy/acceptable>

_use.html), which says in a nutshell the following:

- If you are using University resources, whether it's their computers or network, academic things take precedence over, say, browsing AudioGalaxy.
- Don't use University resources to harass, stalk, or threaten anyone.
- Don't share accounts or lab passes.
- Don't spy on or hack into others' computers, as unauthorized access to someone's electronic data is prohibited.
- Don't use University resources to spread computer viruses, worms, e-mail bombs, chain letters, etc.
- Respect copyright laws. The University doesn't want to be sued on your behalf.
- Don't hog bandwidth, disk space, printing, etc. that other people may want to use.
- And last, but not least, don't expect the University to protect you if you say or do something to piss off someone else and cause him or her to sue you.

And if lawsuits seem extreme, don't think it wouldn't happen. At the height of the Napster thing last year, the rock band Metallica sued several universities, including Yale, University of Southern California, and Indiana University, until they conceded and agreed to curtail students' access to Napster. So, although it kind of sucks that the University is putting the kibosh on this, most students (although disappointed) seem to know why.

"Basically, the university is covering their butts while letting us keep the high-speed connection," said junior Nate Hart.

However, some students have

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Quality	Type	Size	Speed	Score	Location
☆☆☆☆	mp3	3,097KB	Cable		
☆☆☆☆	Nas & Beanie Man - Hate Me Now (Reggae Rem)	4,434KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	10 Things I Hate About You - Can't Take My Eyes	3,176KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	SemiSonic - 10 Things I Hate About You	4,094KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	Heath Ledger (Singing) - Can't Take My Eyes Off	880KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	Sublime & No Doubt - Total Hate	3,104KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	Persuaders - Thin Line Between Love and Hate	3,232KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	10 things i hate about u - i love u baby	3,538KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	Nirvana - I Hate Myself And I Want To Die	2,448KB	T3		
☆☆☆☆	Nas - Hate Me Now (featuring Puff Daddy)	4,436KB	T3		

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ECONOMICS TOTALLY SUCKS!



Hey, even Milton Friedman knew that sitting through Econ 201 was boring. That's why Timothy Dreier threw together this reference guide for those of us who pay someone else to file our taxes.

Economics is an important tool for understanding our free-market system. However, economics can seem like a daunting topic for the average Joe to learn. Therefore, this economics lesson will incorporate examples based on my two favorite subjects: **alcohol and prostitutes**. As you scurry down the page to absorb as much knowledge as you can, reference the graph on the upper part of the second page. One quick note about the graph, Price is represented along the axis labeled "P" and Quantity is represented along the axis labeled "Q."



Jack Daniels: An essential part of your understanding of economics.

1) Demand: The black, downward-sloping line on the graph to the right is the demand curve. For most examples in basic economics, the curve is a straight line. The demand-curve represents the relationship between price and quantity for consumers. Each point along the demand curve represents a **Quantity Demanded (Q_D)** at any given price. So, Q_1 on the graph is the Q_D at P_1 . There is a mathematical explanation as to why the demand curve slopes downward, but we won't go into that. Think of it like this, "As price increases, people will want to buy less of any given product." Also, we assume **Diminishing Marginal Utility**. Basically, this means that every time you get another of the same product, it makes you less happy than the last time you got one of that product. For example: If you

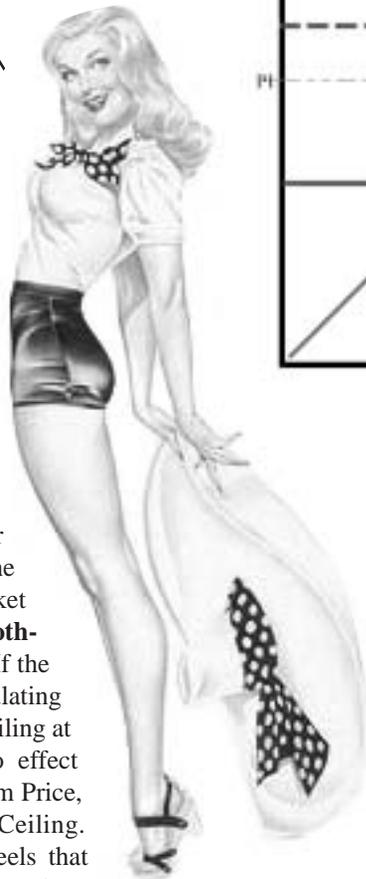
are wandering around at a **keg party** with no **beer**, the first glass of beer you get will make you very happy. Beer always tastes good fresh from the tap. The second beer is good, but it doesn't quite quench your thirst like that first glass. The third one leaves you a little less satisfied than the second and so on. By the time you get the twentieth glass of beer, it does almost nothing for you because you are passed out on the lawn with a **dog licking the pizza sauce off your face**.

2) Supply: The gray, upward-sloping line on the graph above is the supply curve. It too is called a curve although the line is straight most of the time. The supply curve is upward sloping for complicated mathematical reasons that we won't cover here in Micro for Tards, but think of the obvious; as the price gets higher, producers will want to sell more of what they make. That said, each point on the supply curve represents a **Quantity Supplied (Q_S)** at any given price. Thus, as before Q_1 represents the Q_S at P_1 . If you've ever been looking for a **eighth of weed** on a Saturday night, you know that low supply can mean high price. This will come into play later on.

3) Equilibrium: Equilibrium is the point at which the Q_D is equal to the Q_S . That is, the **Equilibrium Point** is the point where the demand curve intersects the supply curve. What this intersection point means is that at the **Equilibrium Price** the number of consumers for a given product is equal to the number of sellers of that product. For example: Say that the graph represents the market for **hookers** in Los Angeles. At the Equilibrium Price, P_1 , the **pimps** are willing to supply Q_1 hookers and there are also Q_1 **Johns** out there willing to pay P_1 for a trick.

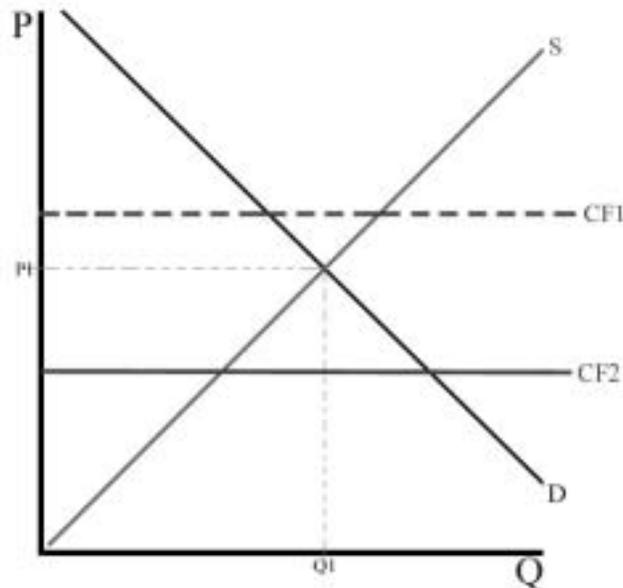
4) Price Ceilings: One thing that can affect the market besides supply and demand is a Price Ceiling. This is when the government or other controlling body sets the maximum price that can be charged for a good. If the Price Ceiling is set above

Econ majors just drive me wild! When they talk dirty about equilibrium price and dead-weight loss I can barely control myself!



the Equilibrium Price, it has no effect on the market; however, if the Price Ceiling is set below the Equilibrium Price, the market is affected. For Example: Let's say that the graph represents the market for prostitutes in legal **brothels** outside of Las Vegas. If the agency in charge of regulating the brothels sets a Price Ceiling at the line CF1, there is no effect because P1, the Equilibrium Price, is below the Price Ceiling. However, if the agency feels that hookers outside of Las Vegas have gotten too expensive and sets a Price Ceiling at the line CF, this causes Excess Demand because at the new price, P2, there are more Johns willing to buy some **sucky-sucky** than there are hookers willing to supply it at that price.

5) Price Floors: Price floors are essentially the same thing as Price Ceilings but in reverse. A Price Floor is the governing body setting a minimum price at which a good can be sold. For example: Let's go back to the Los Angeles prostitute market on the graph above. If **Fatty Calderelli**, who controls all the pimps in the market, sets a Price Floor at CF1, there will be Excess Supply in the market because at the new price, P3, there are more hookers willing to turn tricks than there are Johns willing to pay for a little disease-infested poon-tang. However, if Fatty sets the Price Floor at CF2 there will be no effect on the market, because the Price Floor is below the Equilibrium Price.



6) Pareto

Efficiency: This concept is probably one of the simplest in all of economics, It is therefore one of the hardest for people to understand. It took **Ron Davies** the better part of two hours to make all of the morons in my **EC 201** class understand, I hope to God you people are smarter. Here we go. A situation can be said to be pareto efficient if nothing can be given to one party without having to take it away from a different party. That is, a situation is pareto efficient if in order for anyone to receive something, that thing must be taken from someone else. So to say, a person cannot get anything without someone else being hurt. For Example: If I have all of the beer and all of the hookers in Los Angeles, the situation is pareto efficient because you cannot give any beer or any hookers to someone else without taking them away from me. But, if a **hooker then magically fell from the sky**, the situation would no longer be pareto efficient because you could give that hooker to someone without having to take it away from anyone else.

Well, that about finishes up this little lesson about micro-economics. There are, of course, some concepts that weren't covered such as **Dead-Weight Loss, Isoquants, Isocosts** and the like, but I must leave some things for the **Economics Department** to teach. Besides, I'm way too involved with my **beer** and **hookers** to remember which part of the graph is the Dead-Weight Loss from the floors and ceilings above. Good luck my slightly more educated peers, I'm off to make this **ho** earn her tip.



Timothy Dreier, wanted for tax evasion in the great state of Texas, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

BRUCE MILLER UNCUT

Student Senate fixture Bruce Miller speaks openly on his wild ride to prominence, his scandalous college days, and his love for Wylie Chen

By Pete R. Hunt

It's seven-thirty on a stormy Wednesday night, more than an hour before Taylor's starts serving dollar micros. I should be at home watching the Magic play the Suns on TNT; instead I'm sitting in a student senate meeting, bored as hell, waiting for the whole thing to get over with. I scan the room. Senate President Peter O. Watts is stoically trying to bring the meeting to some semblance of order. "Tex" is leaning so far back in his chair, he's practically on the floor. Dominique keeps looking over at me as if we were sharing some sort of inside joke. We're not. Then I glance to my right. There is Bruce Miller frantically scribbling something down in his note pad. That's when I knew the subject of the next OC feature had to be the most talked about, most misunderstood figure in student government.

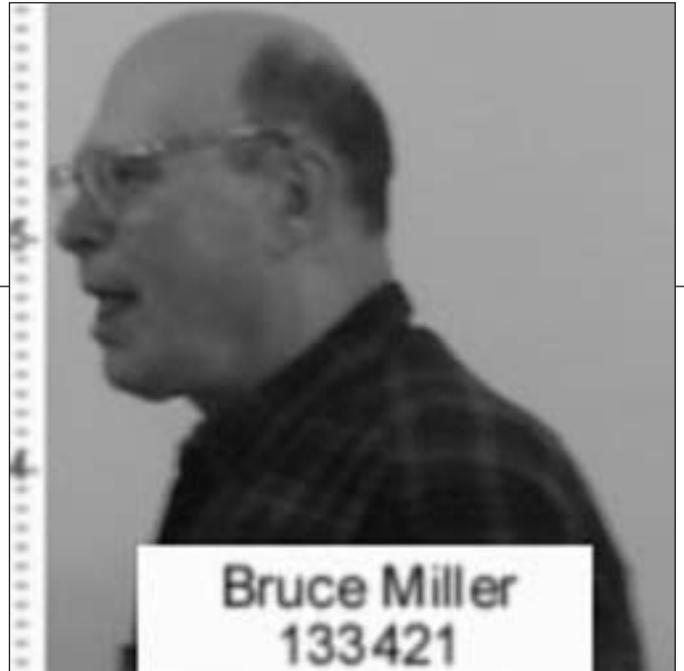
I wished I could leap into Bruce's head like the characters in "Being John Malkovich." What does the world look like through those eyes? What unique thoughts shoot through his cerebral cortex? Is he as sickened by these morally hollow glory-seekers as I am? No, probably not. Bruce has always admired students who took the time to involve themselves in student government. The student senators around this room have taken time out of their class schedule to involve themselves in a system that few outside of under-funded student groups care about. I know Bruce respects this dedication and admires their character. Personally, I can't help but feel that most of them are just here for resumé fodder.

"If I had any advice to my nieces and nephews," Bruce told me, "it would be to get involved in student government. Get involved beyond just taking classes. Just being an average student who really isn't involved can be a handicap in getting the full benefits of education."

Maybe he's right, but the debate going on in front of me over whether or not incidental fees should fund a traveling UO float is more than I can take. I pull Bruce Miller out of the senate meeting and lead him out into the hallway. I've got to take a few pictures of him for the article, and I can't bear to wait till the meeting ends.

"Just a few quick shots," I tell him as he backs up against a wall obligingly.

Bruce Miller carries himself with a stalwart dignity. He's almost sixty years old, but he's as spry as ever. Today he's



wearing a red and black checkered jacket, nice pants and respectable shoes. He stands at about six feet tall, give or take an inch. The top of his head is distinguished by a shining baldness. His eyes dart back and forth underneath his prominent glasses.

Those on campus who have dealt with Bruce think of him as a bit of an eccentric, but well-meaning.

"Bruce causes more trouble than any incidental fee paying student," says ASUO Vice President Joy Nair.

Bruce expresses his dissatisfaction in long hand-written manifestos he happily hands out to anyone who talks to him. His writing is filled with criticism of the ASUO, and suggestions for policies that may help students. Talking to Bruce, you realize that his concern is sincere. Some may question his mental health, but his resolve is unrelenting. Most people, myself included, have always wondered how it is this kooky old guy came to be such a fixture at the University.

Bruce Miller came to Eugene in 1998, working part time for Lazar's Bazar and Shoeholic, both operated by Mr. and Mrs. Lazar. He says he became involved in student senate meetings to find out about the merchants at the street fair and in the EMU who were possible competition to Mr. Lazar's businesses.

"I've done this strictly on my own," he says. "I want to emphasize that Mr. Lazar has never sent me out here. I do this on my own spare time. It's what I call exceeding expectations, being a person that goes above and beyond the call of duty to see what's going on."

Bruce's college career was fairly uneventful. He got a BA

in Economics from the University of Washington in 1963, working on the side to fund his schooling. He later went to law school at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. He describes it as an elite school for “southern gentlemen,” but it wasn’t a good fit for him. He dropped out after a year because of poor grades. During the Vietnam War, he worked in an Army ammunition program for three years, taking classes on the side at Northern Illinois University. Though he never got another degree, he gained a good deal of work experience.

I ask him about his college days. I’m curious what a young Bruce Miller was like during the wild sixties. “I was in a Jewish fraternity,” he says. “There was drinking, partying, a few scandalous things. I observed it. I was kind of a nerd.”

He wishes he could have had the ambition then to involve himself in student politics, but he was “psychologically unprepared.” Bruce describes that era as being a very different atmosphere for campus politics. Student government was an important social status, the realm of frat guys with Greek letters on their white jackets. Today, Bruce admires the diversity of people on student senate. “If you have a moderate amount of ambition,” he says, “there is so much apathy on campus you can easily get involved in things.”

Bruce feels that the student senate doesn’t do enough to publicize themselves

to the students. He’d like to see them put notices in the Emerald when positions become available, and move their meetings to a more public forum. But all in all, he thinks most of the Senators are fairly competent.

“Peter Watts,” he says slowly, dramatically letting the name linger in the air

Frankly, I don't think Wylie liked me that much. But he said, 'Here's a Bruce Miller. He wants five minutes to talk to me. Let's get him in and get him out. Maybe he'll have something important to tell me.'

“is organized. He’ll carry on a two-way conversation. He’s an approachable, pleasant person. I think he has made these meetings more efficient.”

Bruce Miller certainly has a healthy respect for the Student Senate, and in the past, he has had a good relationship with the ASUO. He is especially fond of Wylie Chen, the ASUO president back in 1998-1999, who Bruce describes as a “role model.” His relationship with last year’s executive Jay Breslow was also built upon

mutual respect. But, he hasn’t gotten off on such a good foot with Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair. He came to them this summer to discuss the issue of off-campus housing, having done research on the problem by examining policies in place at Oregon State University and attending city council meetings. When he walked into Suite One, he says he saw “interns playing video games, lounging around talking,” and noticeably getting very little accomplished. Bruce was upset, and spoke his mind to the interns in the room.

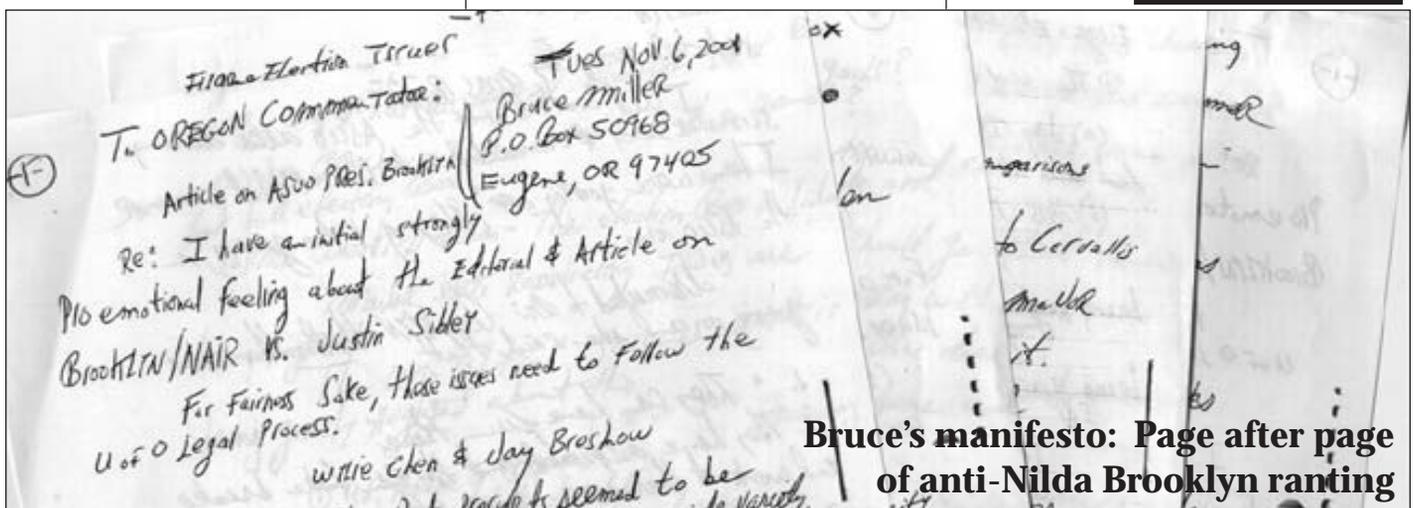
When Bruce finally caught up with Nilda, she was upset over the incident. Bruce says she told him, “my interns can have fun, I don’t want to stress them out. If they want spend time having fun, relaxing, playing video games, having fun, that’s fine.”

Bruce couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He asked her what duties they were supposed to be fulfilling. She said it was “none-of-your-business,” and told him she couldn’t possibly find room in her schedule to speak to him for another two weeks.

When Bruce came back two weeks later, Nilda cut his scheduled half-hour down to twenty minutes. Furthermore, Bruce says she dismissed him by saying that she didn’t even have to give him any time because “you’re not a student or an alumnus, you’re an older person.”

The whole

CONTINUED ON 19



Bruce's manifesto: Page after page of anti-Nilda Brooklyn ranting

CONTINUED FROM 9

that the correct feminist response to danger is identical to a prudent male's response to the situation at hand.

The forces of evil are always just outside of striking distance, it seems. The women's liberation movement of the sixties has, unfortunately, birthed the whiny social victims of today. Luckily, title IX has brought the Saferide program in line with equality. We have no choice in the gender we given; the ORC has done well this time in seeing that we are not penalized because of it. After all, if the University has to sink equal amounts of money into unequally exciting women's sports it is the least they can do to give us men a lift home from school when the busses stop running also.



Philippe Cornet, partial to naughty, voluptuous brunettes, is a second-year Junior majoring in biology. He is also a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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Fitzpatrick said that they hired a new Lieutenant this summer and he feels "really good" about the current management team. "We hope to continue developing our policies and guidelines, commission our officers and provide better training for them to offer increased safety on campus."

So externally, DPS has made a lot of improvements to better suit the needs of the community. However, there are still questions about its internal sector and their ability to function as a team of officers. If they can't trust each other, how does the community learn to trust them?



Arlene Juan, a journalism major, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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expressed concern over what they feel are privacy violations on the part of ResNet. "It's kind of disturbing that they can see everything I download if they want to," says Lesea. "I mean, it's not like I'm downloading anything wrong, it's just that I don't like the idea of that in general."

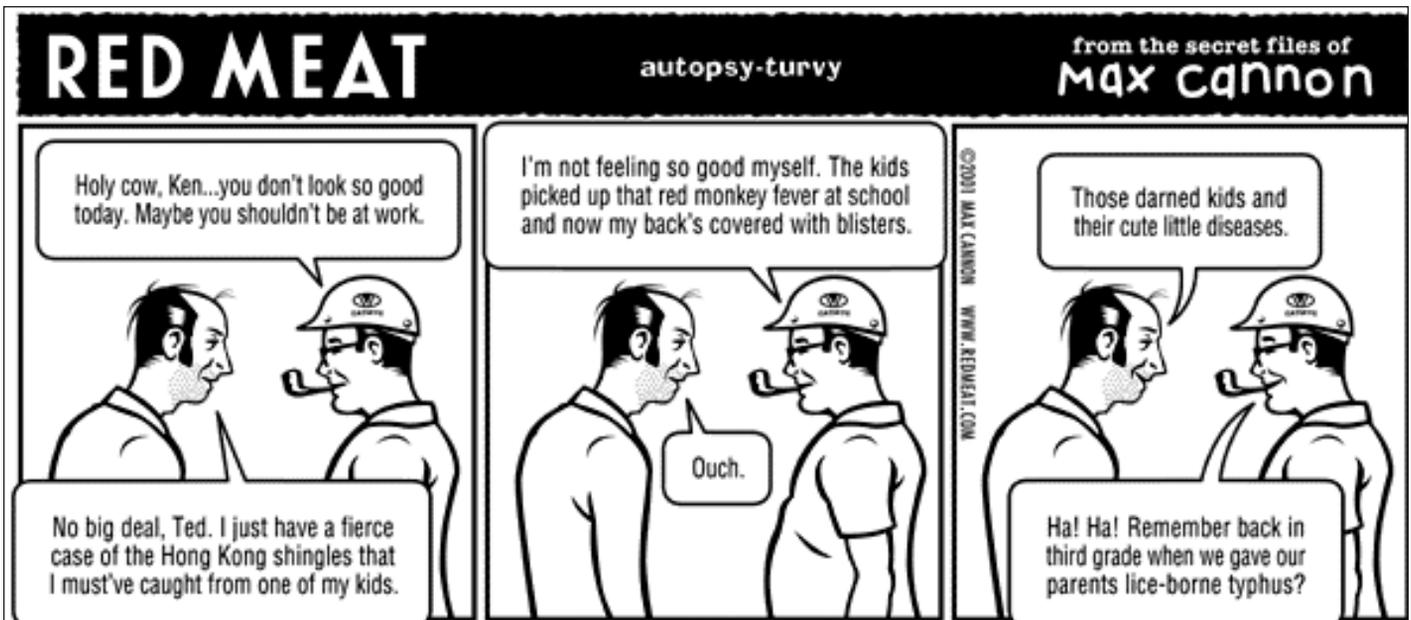
Most likely, the University hasn't heard the last of this. Where there's a will, there's a way.

"I think this is going to go on for a while. It's too hard to control," says Lesea. "The UO is doing its best to control it and protect everyone's rights, but it's happening everywhere, and it's really hard to police."

The University is certainly justified in trying to cut down on network gridlock, but we should all be wary of a "big brother" presence. If nothing else, this should demonstrate that Napster was only the beginning in what's sure to be a long struggle over copyrighted material. University networks with high speed internet connections like ResNet will continue to be a major source of illegal files.



Stacey Lauer, who still gets "to" and "too" confused, is the copy editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



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incident made Bruce question the accountability of the two executives.

“Does [Brooklyn] have a diary or book that shows what she's doing? What's her plan when she comes in her office? She put me off for two and half weeks and said she had a solid block of things scheduled. What was she doing?”

He no longer feels as though he can go to the ASUO office and have a good talk. “If [Nilda] was a friendlier kind of person, I'd love to talk to her. But she has a negative attitude towards me, and unless it was life or death I don't think she would help me. I think she has people from her MCC days helping her and those are the people she wants to spend her time with. She should be extending herself.”

In fact, Bruce feels the exclusivity of their office is a major problem. “You worry about cliques and friends. Instead of getting a lot of applicants [for positions available], you just tell your friends about it. I have seen it in the past years. In Lane County politics you see the same thing. It's a scheme. There are pre-picked men and women who get positions with little or no publicity. Not a good precedent.”

Bruce carefully followed the ASUO elections last year, and he remembers a promise Joy Nair made during the debates. “Miss Nair specifically said that she wanted to bring student government to the students. ‘Maybe I'll set up a big table next to the bookstore,’ she said. I would like to ask her if getting as many students as possible in student government is still one of her goals. She should document how successful that has been.”

Bruce again references Wylie Chen as being an approachable executive. “Frankly, I don't think Wylie liked me that much. But he said, ‘Here's a Bruce Miller. He wants five minutes to talk to me. Let's get him in and get him out. Maybe he'll have something important to tell me.’”

Bruce obviously has strong feelings about student government, the city council, and people in positions of power. I decided to throw Bruce out some names and have him respond with the first thought that comes to his head. Bruce settles back in his sit and carefully ponders each name...

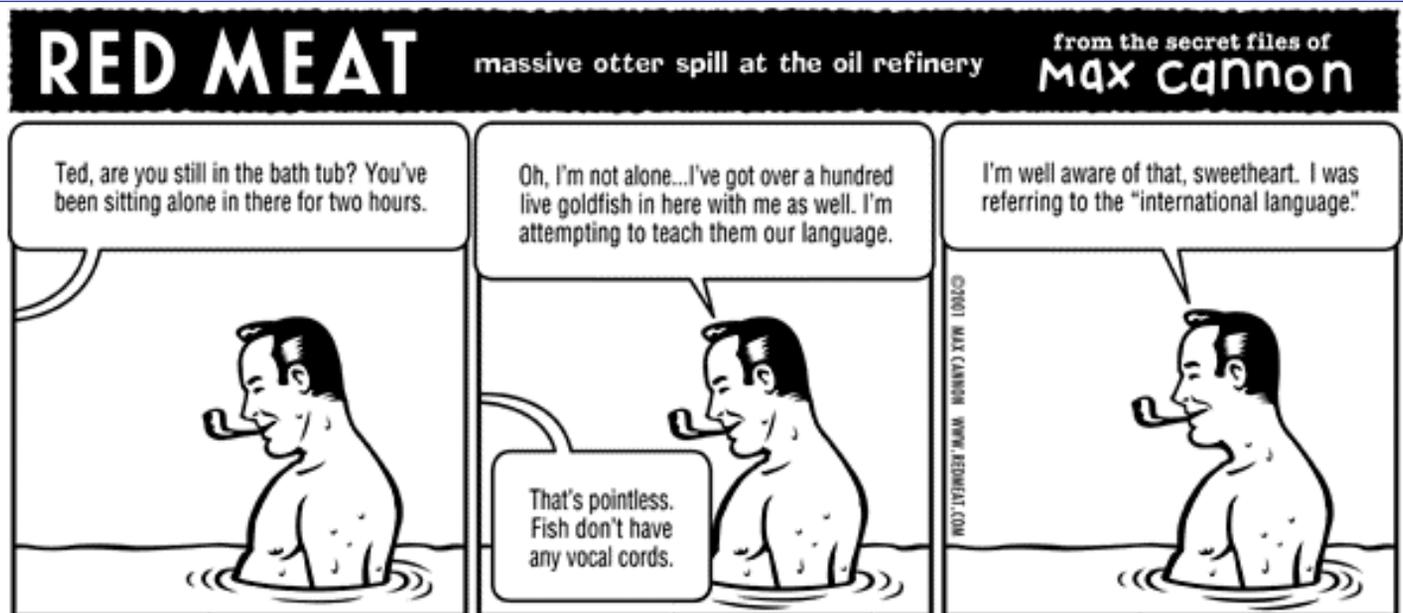
Jay Breslow	Hard Worker
Peter Watts	Polished
Joy Nair	Shy
Nilda Brooklyn	Rude
Wylie Chen	Role Model
Dave Frohnmayer	Underachiever
Jim Torrey	Phony
Frog	Good Man
Bret Jacobson	Potential
ODE	Erratic, inconsistent

People have dismissed Bruce Miller as a kook, a loony and a potentially dangerous stalker. This is nonsense. I tend to think of Bruce in more philosophical terms than his critics.

The University of Oregon has a pulse, an energy that bursts through the clouds and rain. During the fourth quarter of football games you can feel the energy charge the air. During a sunny spring day you can lay in the grass in front of the library and let the energy pour over you. Bruce Miller is a conduit of that energy, someone so overtaken by his concern for the University and its students that he puts the burden on himself to make it to every student senate meeting, every EMU board meeting, and every debate he can. It's this energy that makes you glad to know Bruce Miller, glad to reach and shake his hand, glad to say “Thanks Bruce, thanks for being here.”



Pete R. Hunt, eternal champion of Excitebike 64, is the Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR



WAR IN WHITEAKER



BY OLLY RUFF

Outside, huge mounds of leaves shore up against the sidewalks, and children comb through the heaps for clues, memora-

abilia, household pets that have gone astray. It is November already, and I'm at the deli on the corner, perched by a window with some soup and a pint, watching yet another heated political discussion unfold. The specifics are hard to keep track of since it's happening on the street, but this one seems to be going unusually well for around here. I see fists being pumped, the gestural patois that we've all seen in rallies on TV, elaborate handshakes and an exchange of numbers. Three of the four of them bound off southwards, and the remaining guy gazes after, with the air about him of a job well done.

Flushed with success, he shoves the door open. He is an imposing figure in a green hoodie and slacks. I want him not to notice me, but I'm the only customer, so my attempts to become one with the wood siding are futile, and he approaches my stool.

"It's a fine day, brother," he tells me. "You live nearby?"

"Yeah, nearby," I say. Looking at him, this might be too much detail already. I decide to lie. "Not too close or anything. You'd get really tired if you tried to follow me home." I am running out of ways to back this up. "It's a tiring walk. I'm tired myself, a lot of the time."

He pauses and I can sense him steeling his resolve to plough through whatever I have just said. "Exactly," he nods. "Exactly. Which is the reason why - well, it's tangential. But it definitely taps into the principal reason why I want to interest you in something forthcoming, which will be large-scale, and will be us - of us, anyway, coming from us, a military strike against Whiteaker."

It is of course possible that I am mishearing him. I look around for moral support, which comes there none. In the muted lighting of the deli, I am stuck with this.

"The meeting is in December," he goes on, and I think I recognize some of the same body language beginning to recur. "Once the papers are signed, which is a formality, then our time will come. Together, we shall be strong, and we shall smite them."

And now I have a horrible feeling that I know what he's

referring to. Buried somewhere in the drifts of paper that have slipped through my front door over the last few months, two or three at a time, and that are now making it a little difficult to get into the house, there is a leaflet that has some bearing upon this. He's talking about alliances, or would be if he were talking about anything that corresponded to an object in the real world.

Following some negotiations between the relevant local Illuminati, the neighborhoods formerly known as Jefferson and Westside are to join forces within the next month or so. They will become a single, larger neighborhood, whose name is yet to be determined at the time of this writing. New names are being solicited. If the rechristening will affect things like electoral wards or councilors or anything like that, everyone is keeping very quiet about it. Apart from some fun to be had with potential names, and some half-hearted attempts to organize a block vote so that we might rename the neighborhood Springfield and confuse people, local opinion has not become especially polarized.

This is hardly surprising. While the renaming may (or may not) have some impact on municipal paperwork, it's unlikely to ever be a matter of life or death. These are not neighborhoods with clearly defined boundaries or particular cultural histories or, God knows, gang colors. A straw poll of local residents has revealed a lingering uncertainty on the part of many as to which of the two they actually reside in. Eugene, at 140,000 inhabitants, isn't really of a size to have massively differentiated districts. As a matter of fact, as downtown bleeds leftwards into West 11th's endless succession of strip malls and strip clubs, the only neighborhood with any kind of cohesive social feel to it is Whiteaker, rambunctious though it admittedly can be.

"We are many, man. Many. But soon it will be winter," intones the guy, undeterred. "If we have not overrun Sam Bond's by mid-January, we will be forced to dig in along Sixth Avenue."

Why does this always happen? He is between me and the door. I briefly consider flinging my soup in his face. Apart from anything else, it occurs to me, he doesn't even seem to have

The views expressed are those of Olly Ruff, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



The harbingers of impending doom, the horsemen of the foretold apocalypse, the chilled breath of death itself

considered that our expanded industrial base won't automatically translate into an effective strike force. Is it possible that this man, with his hair, has so impoverished a knowledge of military strategy that he just wants to march up Blair Boulevard with a pitchfork? Am I surrounded by incompetents? "You're insane," I tell him. "Whiteaker will destroy us."

Clearly accustomed to dealing with peaceniks and foreign infiltrators, he shrugs this off. "A year ago, you're absolutely right, they could have destroyed us. They could have. But we're too strong for them now. The initiative sits with us."

Almost entirely against my will, the conversation is now taking place on his terms. "Look," I say. "I'm not sure you understand what you're trying to engage with. A friend of mine lives on Eighth, and he found a corpse in his back yard last year. And you, sir, your life expectancy would be about thirty seconds in Tiny's if you start a fight, and thirty seconds in the Side Pocket just trying to have a quiet drink. I still don't think this is a very good idea."

None of this reasoning hits home, of course, but he has spoken his recruitment piece, and accepts that it may take time to sink in. Tipping me an ironical salute, he turns away, leaving me with no weapon but a spoon. I am angry suddenly, and try to measure my words. "You would never have tried a stunt like this while Kesey was alive."

He halts, which is an acknowledgement of something. "Kesey's way is not our way," he says with one hand on the doorframe. "Keep watching the skies."

Before the door has fully swung shut, I am already drowning in the implications of all this young, unserious person has

had to say. A winter campaign, a balmy Stalingrad, senselessness notwithstanding, is a hard image to escape from. The rhetoric is distressingly applicable to a situation in which it has no grounding, let alone justification. I drift for a moment: considering the inevitable difficulty in getting to the Red Apple set against the welcome prospect of Eighth Avenue becoming a demilitarized zone or, at the very least, of Hollywood Video besieged by mallrats. I don't see the waitress coming back, but she apparently does, and my expression attracts her notice.

"That's nothing," she says. "We've had some kids hanging around here whose thing is the institution of fundamentalist Islamic law. You know, Taliban-style."

I try to picture this. I have seen no burkas, no automatic weapons, a statistically insignificant number of beards that were not goatees. Such a grassroots movement would surely be more visible. "How long have they been this ambitious?" I ask. "I mean, this is going to be tougher than legalizing pot. Come to think, how long have they been Muslims, even?"

"I don't think they are, technically," she replies. "But you know what? They're actually opposed to the neighborhood thing."

A moment passes, during which she winks. I consider asking her where her own sympathies lie, but I know that the answer will be unenlightening.



Olly Ruff, a chipper Maoist monk, is the Another Perspective columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

War Galore!

ON **ERECTING EDIFICES** —

The average cock is six inches. Put on top of each other, all the cocks I have fucked would be higher than the Empire State Building.

—*Feminist Porn Star Ann Sprinkle. In other news, Korina Dalman, a freshman, lost her virginity at a recent frat party. With all the cocks she took that night, they'd all add up to a Leggo Empire State Building.*

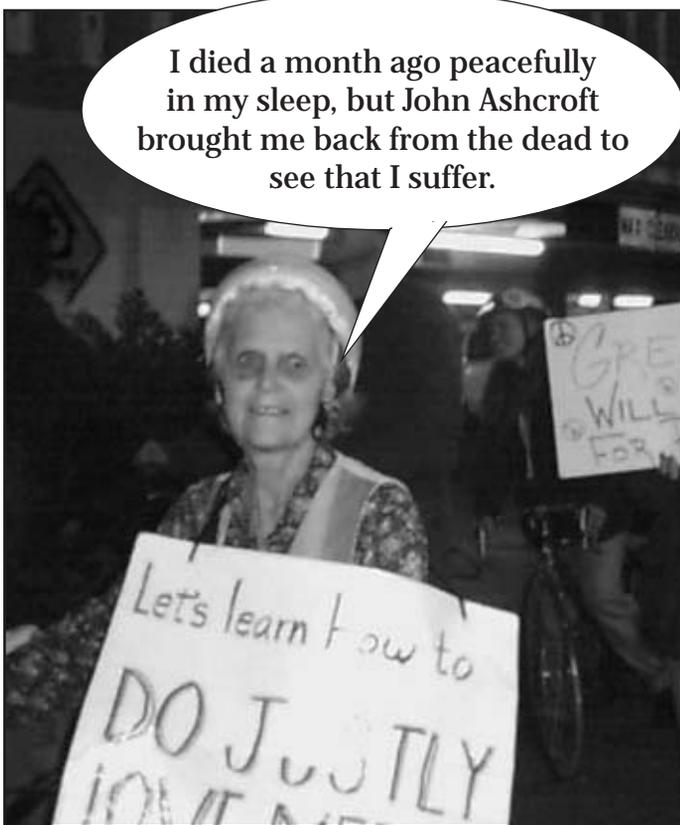
Whores help the handicapped.

—*Sprinkle, again. So do seeing-eye dogs, but they don't drain you bank account and leave you with a nasty rash.*

ON **SUPPORTING THE TROOPS** —

Fuck you guys! War kicks ass!

—*Yelled by man driving by parade of anti-war protesters. No doubt this venture into the Socratic method changed the minds of many of the middle-of-the-eco-friendly-road protesters that day.*



Come on guys! Show some enthusiasm, we're trying to stop a war here.

—*Words of random protester trying to rally the troops together. It's just so hard to get good help in defeating a common sense, popular war effort for the survival of the American way nowadays.*

ON **BOWL IMPLICATIONS** —

Watercraft operator dies after high speed collision with a flying duck in Florida.

—*Headline from Drudgereport.com. Sounds like just another BCS fiasco to us, but we'll still put money on our guys.*

ON **TALKING POINTS** —

If this was two hundred years ago, there'd have to be a duel, and believe me, I'd win.

—*Fox News host Bill O'Reilly challenging cyber-journalist Matt Drudge after the Drudge Report broke a story about a possible O'Reilly radio program. Word has it Geraldo Rivera has expressed interest in taking a position at the BBC to cover the contest.*

ON 420

It's not even 4:20 in the afternoon and you're going to hit me with an argument like that.

- Conservative talk show host Lars Larson to a caller arguing that by requiring high school athletes and others partaking in extracurricular activities to take drug tests the government is hampering creativity, and in turn, the evolution of the human species. No word on whether or not pissing in a cup hurts one's long jump efforts.

The average driver on pot is as statistically safe on the road as the average driver not stoned on anything.

- Patricia Schwarz in a letter to the editor in the Oct. 30th issue of the ODE. This may be true, but stoned drivers are also 150% more likely to pull a U-turn in the middle of a four lane highway after passing a Jack-in-the-Box, so the numbers are deceiving.



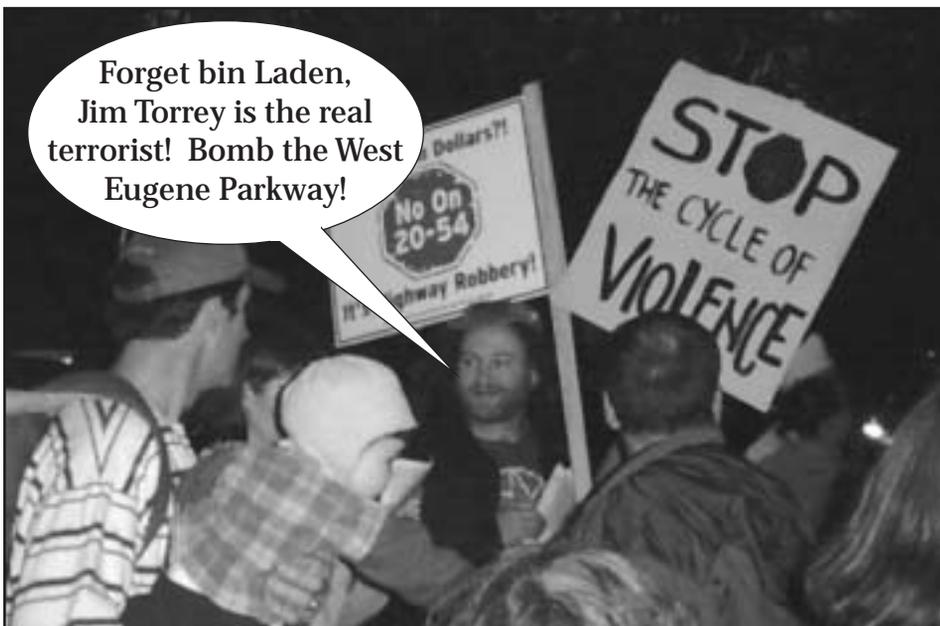
ON MANDELA

I didn't know what Nelson Mandela did. I didn't know he was President of Africa.

—Girl in ELTA 407 Leadership class. Yeah, it was a tough job ruling all over the entire continent, but not as big a job as Winston Churchill faced as Prime Minister of Europe or Ronald Reagan ruling over the Western Hemisphere.

Mandela? He saw a job that needed to be done, nutted up, and took care of his business.

- A follow-up reply. Excellent point, good fellow. No doubt his chapter in history will be titled, "Nuttin' Up For Democracy," or "Takin' Care of Apartheid With Extreme Prejudice."



ON BURGERS

One of the girls is smart, and nice and everything you'd want in a girl but she's just plain. Then you have the other one, a nothing burger with boobs.

- Speaker at a conservative college publication convention in response to a staffer's theory that women always travel in symbiotic pairs with one the physical attraction to would-be suitors, while the other is the individual of substance. Wish we could put things that succinctly, but we were distracted by the cute one.

FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE

**MURDER OF U.S. NATIONALS OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES;
ATTACK ON A FEDERAL FACILITY RESULTING IN DEATH;
NEFARIOUS PARKING PRACTICES.**

USAMA BIN LADEN



Aliases: Lucifer The Dark Angel, barebackrider@hotmail.com, Captain "Take One For The Team", Usama "Bong" Laden, Hajj, Notorious B.I.N., the Director of Booty, That Guy Who Parks His Fake Ambulance In My Spot.

DESCRIPTION

Date of Birth:	1957	Hair:	Brown, ratted, filled with lice
Place of Birth:	Roasting Bowels of Hell	Eyes:	Brown, void of remorse
Height:	6' 4" to 6' 6"	Complexion:	Pale, due to months of living in caves
Weight:	Approximately 160 pounds (minus the 5 pounds where his soul should be)	Sex:	Male
Occupation:	Terrorist/Home Wrecker	Build:	Thin
Remarks:	Bin Laden is the leader of a terrorist organization known as Al-Qaeda, "The Base". He is left-handed and walks with a cane. Wantonly parks on University Street without feeding meters.		
Scars and Marks:	Tattoo of heart with "I Love My Mommy" inside on left shoulder.		

CAUTION

USAMA BIN LADEN IS WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH SEVERAL TERRORIST ACTS AS WELL AS NUMEROUS CAMPUS PARKING VIOLATIONS. WANTED FOR 314 UNPAID FINES. HAS PARKED IN PRESIDENT FROHNMAYER'S RESERVED SPACE. ATTENDS BASKETBALL GAMES WITHOUT PAYING CITY PARKING METERS. USES FAKE HANDICAP STICKER. PARKS OVERNIGHT IN BEAN LOT DURING RITUAL "FRESHMAN RENDEZVOUS." IGNORES COMMON COURTESY IN EXITING LOTS. LAST SEEN DRIVING A RED 1992 GEO METRO WITH WASHINGTON LISCENCE PLATES.

CONSIDERED ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS