

O R E G O N

# COMMENTATOR

JANUARY 19, 2002

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE IV

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

## Fall in Line...

Behind Blind Liberal Activism



What's In  
A Name:  
Grayson  
Hall Scandal

Socialist Hip Hop,  
Discriminatory  
Transportation,  
and Fake Football



**FOUNDED SEPT. 27, 1983 • MEMBER COLLEGIATE NETWORK**

**FUNNIEST COMEDY TEAM OF ALL TIME**

Pete R. Hunt                      Bret Jacobson

**KNOCK KNOCK**  
Sho Ikeda

**WHO'S THERE?**  
Justin Sibley

**DOM DELUISE**  
Jeremy Jones

**JOKEMAN.COM**  
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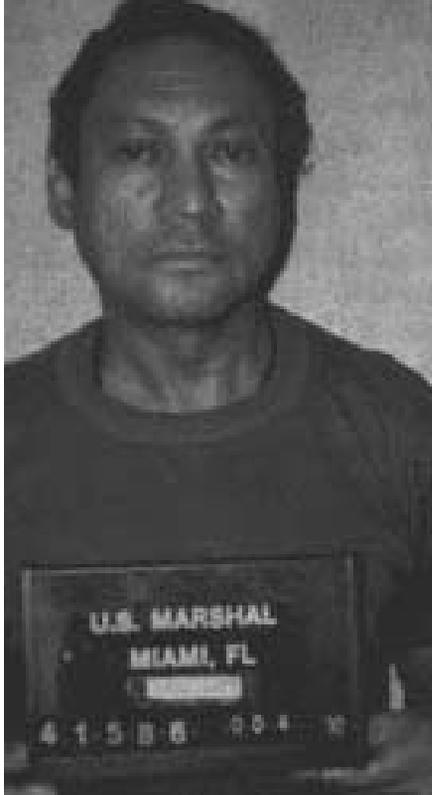
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# MISSION STATEMENT

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.



**Separate But Not Equal**

Jim Crow and Night ride make odd bed-fellows, but parallels are abundant. By Timothy Dreier. Page. 12.

**Paid In Full**

Will Hip Hop embrace socialism? Will Snoop embrace rehab? Will somebody get Creed off of television? Page 14.

**The Event Horizon**

What does the Fiesta Bowl victory mean to the image of the athletic program and the University's stature? By Pete R. Hunt and Bret Jacobson. Page 11

**Myths and Facts About Conservatives**

Is it true what they say? You know... that they make better lovers? By Timothy Dreier. Page 10.

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# COMMENTATOR

**The Fall of the House of Usher**

Grayson's embezzlement scandal may have tarnished his reputation, but it was his financial insolvency that really brought down the house. By Justin Sibley. Page 12

**Ducks Beat Colorado**

Are you nerd enough to read a video game recap? That's what we thought, fanboy. Page 16.

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January 19, 2021

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You want a toe? I can get you a toe. Believe me, there are ways Dude. Hell, I can get you a toe by three o'clock this afternoon.... with nail polish.

# AH CRAP, HERE WE GO AGAIN...

**A building with more name changes than Prince, two purging dictators in the ASUO and a service that hates white men.**

**D**éjà vu can either be a great experience, as is the case when you find yourself cracking open a new bottle of Jack and have the strange feeling you've broken that seal before, or it can be a terrible, disheartening instance of realizing you've already banged your head against the monstrous, unforgiving wall that is the ridiculous University of Oregon freak show. Unfortunately, that momentary nausea is all that a levelheaded student is left with now, as this year is shaping up to have all the earmarks of another year of administration debacles, ASUO malfeasance and galling acts of political correctness run amok.

The following are just a few of the problems that highlight the annual orgy of cosmic injustice.

**Back of the Bus, White Boy.** At this university, Rosa Parks is sitting up front and she's not taking any crap from Caucasian males. Possibly the most outlandish and insulting move this year has come directly from the office of the president and his legal dream team, who apparently have very little understanding of Title IX. After a complaint was lodged against the university for providing the Safe Ride service solely to women, General Counsel Melinda Grier told the *Emerald* that she couldn't understand how the Federal Office of Civil Rights could possibly think that it was wrong to serve only one segment of the population. So now the administration has cooked up a plan to serve all but one segment - the Night Ride shuttle, which should begin operation by summer, will now serve men but will be targeted to those segments traditionally thought by liberals to be especially burdened, such as the gay community, men of color and trans-genders. All we need now is a gay Polynesian prostitute with Spina Bifida and we've got ourselves a whole new little yellow school bus for Larry the Leper. How about we just make one Title IX violation trade for another: give us back our goddamn baseball team and you can keep your women-only service and everyone will be happy.

**Pro Player Hall.** The administration has had the uncomfortable issue surrounding the naming rights of Grayson/McKenzie Hall. As reported in this issue, the former law school building had to be renamed after the donor was found to have embezzled the funds he paid to the University Foundation to get his name slapped on the doors and printed on campus maps. Once the university illuminati realized it faced a lawsuit by parties with claims on that money, and once it became

clear that Grayson had stiffed them on half of his pledged donation, the decision to temporarily rename the building after a polluted Willamette tributary river. The foundation is likely to seek another donor in the coming year, and if there aren't any rich alums ready to fork over the cash, it wouldn't surprise anyone to see the organization seek out a deal with a junk food company to compete with the high class naming of Oregon State's Reser's Stadium. No official word has been issued, but we'd put our money on Political Science majors spending a lot of time in the Sizzler Hall salad bar line next year.

**Nilda and Joy's Stalingrad.** The ASUO Executive wasted no time this year creating their own mischief. After working to cover up questionable incidental fee spending practices by ethnic student groups they fired former controller and current **Commentator** business manager Justin Sibley ostensibly for helping news organizations legally locate information on the misdeeds. After purging their perceived enemy, the pair have since turned their attention to the exhausting work of hunkering down in their office place and offering no evidence of effectively leading students in any meaningful direction.

Besides these offenses that have already occurred, there are surely more to come this year, as there are still the ASUO elections in winter and a spring ball for protestors to don their cheapest slogans as if they were going out of style.

It is a natural response to look around for the nearest bathtub full of warm water and a razor blade and look for the quick exit out of this hell. But that is probably not the best bet for long-term success in improving the local environment, so the only recourse for students weary of the endless absurdity of The School That Time Forgot is to start telling everyone around them that the university must join the new world, where equal rights still apply to white males who need a safe ride home, where campus buildings should only be renamed once a decade and where the student body representatives have at least a small amount of integrity and an IQ of 75 or greater.

## An Open Letter



OREGON COMMENTATOR • *Founded 1983*

P.O. Box 30128 Eugene, OR 97403

Oregon Daily Emerald  
EMU Suite 300  
University of Oregon  
Eugene, OR 97403

Dear *Emerald* Editors and Business Manager,

Greetings from your friends at the OREGON COMMENTATOR! As you may know, we publish a highly entertaining, well-written magazine full of original content and hilarious satire. You, on the other hand, do not.

We're not looking to point the finger of blame at anyone. Far from it, we'd like to help you out with your obvious weaknesses. Not everyone can be good at comprehending complex issues, and we certainly can't expect everyone to try to report without their inherent liberal biases shining through brighter than a nuclear blast. And good lord, we're not even going to get into your headlines, which are obvious demonstrations of your disdain and low opinion of your readers.

We believe we've come up with an arrangement that will serve us both. Just as the *New York Times* publishes excerpts from books, we'd like to find a way to allow you to run our content in your newspaper, so you no longer have to bore your readers with all of those boring (and often incorrect) facts from which you derive so much joy.

After all, for years you've been taking snapshot, cursory inventory of complex issues we've already reported on. Now you can do it with a good conscience and smaller workload. And it's only fair for us to let you use our work when we're forced to quote your under-educated columnists and "slow" headline writers.

We also know your reporters are far too busy trying to get real jobs to do good work while at your paper, so this arrangement would allow them more time to focus on their bleak chances in a flooded journalism market. After all, your organization really can't boast the type of alumni success with which we are so blessed, so your eager young cubs need time to grasp for and fight for entry-level jobs.

Please take this recommendation under advisement and get back to us at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Pete R. Hunt

Editor-in-Chief

Bret Jacobson

Publisher

nobody asked us, but...

## Coach Caught on Cam:

# Bellotti pics on Internet!

Eugene—Oregon athletics have again been thrown into turmoil and scandal as Mike Bellotti tries to answer questions about recent explicit photos of the head football coach have been published on an adult Web site.

The COMMENTATOR found pictures on Friday of Bellotti's recently shaved face on the ShavedCelebs.com site. Recent media reports had the reason for the removal of the coach's trademark facial hair as a support mechanism for a friend with a serious illness and thus the conflicting nature of the pictures has raised serious concern.

The Web site, which also features pictures of a recently shaved Sinead O'Connor, a thinning Ted Danson and bootlegged snapshots of one-time movie success Kevin Costner's hairless crown, had Bellotti listed as its "Sexy Saturday Sports Special" for the upcoming week.

The OC, however, was able to break the story wide open before the public had access to the pictures. Now community members are raising serious questions about the morals of a beloved public figure.

"There are just some things you don't parade in public," said long-time booster Kevin McGrady. "And a clean upper lip for a



gentlemen — a highly trusted gentleman, I may remind you — is one of those things."

Athletic Director Bill Moos has denied any speculation that he has reprimanded the second-winningest coach in school history over the matter and said his department is still in the process of gathering facts.

"Obviously this is a matter some people take very seriously, and we are looking into it," Moos said. "I don't know yet if Coach Bellotti has done anything wrong,

though I can say at this time that even if he did what he is accused of, that still wouldn't be as bad as (Pee Wee Herman star) Paul Reubens with kiddie porn and public masturbation, so let's just prevent those analogies before they start."

Bellotti, however, maintains there has been no impropriety with his facial hair and says he was upset about the use of the pictures by the Web site operators.

"(The mustache) used to be there. Now it's not. I honestly don't get what the big deal is," the coach said. "I am upset that they published the pictures because I was told they were for personal use."

Insiders believe the coach will keep his job because Eugene desperately needs something — anything — to root for.

## THE REMEMBERING DAVE THOMAS

### 99 CENT COFFIN SPECIAL



To mourn the recent loss of our beloved founder, Wendy's is offering a special on all high-quality, mass produced coffins to house your loved one in the Fast Food Drive-Thru in the Sky. Each 99¢ coffin also comes with a free chocolate smoothie. Eat that, Mickey D's.



Offer not valid for those deceased after Jan 1, 1950. Not valid for Teamsters or midgets — Dave didn't trust them.

# Emerald Watch

We hate to be a one-trick-pony, but some tricks are just too damned easy to miss out on. So, we're just going to go ahead and make fun of the *Ol' Dirty Emerald* a little bit.

A week into a new term and the *Ol' Dirty* has a new Managing Editor. Jeremy Lang has returned to grace the pages of our favorite piece of liberal media. This, however, raises two very important questions: 1) Did Jeremy Lang finally get kicked out of D.C. for lewd behavior? and 2) What the hell happened to Mike Kleckner?

The answer to the first is definitely "yes," Word has it Mr. Lang had a dalliance with a young woman who turned up missing

and was driven out of town for good. As for Kleckner? Word has it that he has moved to Guam, grown his hair back out, dyed his pubic hair all the colors of the visible spectrum and taken to dancing naked beneath the light of the full moon. This, of course, isn't really anything new for Kleckner. We, however, are still very disturbed.

In addition to the change of ME, the Emerald has gone from somewhat wimpy, illogical editorial positions to positions weaker than a geriatric midget and less relevant than the platypus. The editorial about the ASUO exec lowering the energy fee was, in a word, useless. "Oooh, this fee is \$20 lower, the exec is cool." Really, how much does college cost these days, \$5000 per year at least? Wow, \$4980 is so much better. That \$20 is a bottle of whiskey, a bottle is not even a night's supply for a professional drunkard. Not only did the editorial board waste valuable column-inches with that drivel, but also decided to push the city for a "distracted driver" ordinance. Let's get this straight...the city should pass an ordinance that tells people they mustn't talk on their cellular phones while driving? What next, do we pull people over for eating a cheeseburger or fiddling with the radio? Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, that's a bad idea. Before we know it having conversations while driving would yield 10 years of sodomy in a federal prison.

And what's with the new Web site that looks like an asshole?



## THE OC ASKS:

### How did you celebrate Oregon's amazing Fiesta Bowl Victory?



Mike Bellotti Football Coach/ Hot Commodity

I just told the guys how proud I was of them. The feeling was kind of like of leprosy, or a disease that slowly and painfully kills off your loved ones one by one.



Eric Crouch Nebraska QB/ Chump

I got out a pen and paper and tried to figure out the math that put us in the Rose Bowl. That just gave me a headache, so I said "to hell with it" and let Miami roll over us.



John Walker American Taliban/ Traitor

I celebrated by eating the lice off my cellmate's head, then giving him a sponge bath with my own saliva.



Joey Harrington UO QB/ Swell Guy

I spent the whole night after the game nursing a sick kitten back to life. I found the poor thing stuck in a storm drain as I was walking back to the team bus. I can do no wrong.



Billy "Bong Water" Johnson Pizza Delivery Guy

Man, everyone in Eugene wanted a pizza that night. They were sending me all over town, and it was totally stressing me out. Finally I just pulled over on the side of the road, roasted a fatty, and ate some dude's pepperoni.



Andy Dick Comic/Coke

I free-based a whole fat load of Nuprin. That was the best show since mine got the ax from the 2:30 am slot on MTV. But that's OK, because I'm a well adjusted straight man and I have the inside track on doing voice-overs for a spanish porn channel.



Ken Simonton Oregon State Has-Been

Hey, I'm Ken Simonton, remember me? I played in a Fiesta Bowl once. We beat Notre Dame! Remember that? Huh?

Kudos on the victory. But next year, let's try to get those New Year's Day games pushed back a few hours so we aren't quite so hung over.

Send Us A

# Goddamn

Letter

ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu

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Myths

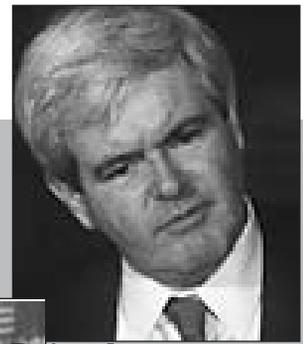
and

Facts

about

CONSERVATISM

by Tim Dreier



**Myth: Conservatives have no souls.**

**Fact:** We conservatives do have souls; most of us have quite a few. They are quite the collector's items these days. With the right people, the souls of notable activists can fetch quite a pretty penny. I heard that there was quite a bid for Noam Chomsky's and an even higher one for the soul of Bobby Seale. In some circles, I hear, the souls of members of the Kennedy family are considered quite the delicacy, I've personally never cared for Kennedy souls...too full of guilt for my tastes.

**Myth: Conservatives only care about money.**

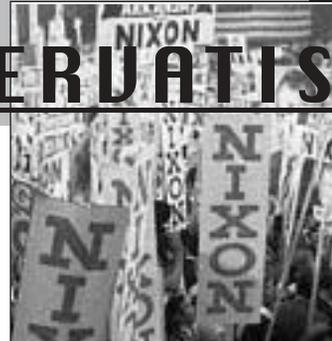
**Fact:** While we do, in fact, care about money; we also care about having a large underclass to beat-up for our own amusement. What we long for, really, is the Feudal System. For us, there would be nothing better than having Serfs to push around, to clean out our stables, and to perform sexual favors for us at our whim.

**Myth: Conservatives think the rich are superior to everyone else.**

**Fact:** We do not think that the rich are superior to everyone else; we know the rich are superior. Why else would they be rich? It speaks to their superior intellect and motivation that they saw opportunities to take things from other people and did so. The rich, obviously, know the value of making somebody starve in order to have a harem of supermodels to rub them down with the blood of virgins; kudos to them for having the gumption to make sure somebody else is on the bottom.

**Myth: Conservatives don't know how to share.**

**Fact:** We know how to share; we just don't like it very much. Our toys are just that, ours. If you want toys to play with go get your own and stop whining about it.



**Myth: Conservatives don't care what happens to people.**

**Fact:** Wait, this one is pretty much true.

**Myth: Conservatives are okay with the amount of child labor and low wages in the world.**

**Fact:** We are not okay with the amount of child labor and low wages; there needs to be more. At the rate we're going, too many people are going to end up rich or middle-class and there will no longer be the underclass for us to kick around at our leisure. Quite frankly, there need to be more looms for kids to fall into. There was a day when there were plenty of looms, chimneys and mines for kids to die in while making a couple of pence for the day, that era has passed on, sadly. We need to bring it back. These sweatshops and shoe factories just aren't doing the job. More looms are the answer.

**Myth: Conservatives do not care about the environment.**

**Fact:** We care about the environment quite a lot, particularly the environment around us. We like this environment to be filled with Ikea furniture and expensive booze. We also desire for our environment to have a large number of products manufactured by small children in other countries, especially Asian countries. We conservatives are also concerned about the general environment. We like trees and animals because both are useful in the creation of the aforementioned Ikea furniture and child labor produced products. Furthermore, we prefer not to live near pollution. With such a large underclass, why should we have to put up with the smell of paper mills?



*Tim Dreier, who has stolen the mantle of Leading Compassionate Conservative, is a staff writer for the OC.*

# The Event Horizon |

By Pete R. Hunt and  
Bret Jacobson

What does the future hold for the University's newly minted football powerhouse?

There are still those who believe the most impressive aspect of the University's athletic program is the cheer-leading squad. But as we all know, there is something more impressive — and fun — than hot women: money (after all, the analogous relationship is smoke and fire). But the recent success of the football team portends great things for the program and institution.

"Not only was it the biggest win," said Oregon QB Joey Harrington, "but it was on the biggest stage and in an emphatic manner." Harrington's word echoed around the nation as the media found a suiting sound bite from the post-game press conference. It wasn't as fervent as Coach Bellotti's "BCS is a cancer" statement a few weeks earlier, another sound bite that found its way into sports columns and ESPN segments, but it was good.

**Oregon's stats tell the story of a perennial contender with three straight bowl victories, a proficient offense, a touted defense, and a well-publicized coaching staff.**

The Ducks dominating victory of Colorado seemed to come as a something of a shock to the national sports media. For an ardent fan, watching Sportscenter over and over again into the night can be as rewarding an experience as the game itself. It's not the thrill of seeing the highlights again, it's the chance to hear sports pundits opine about Oregon's defense, Joey Harrington's passing agility, and Maurice Morris's immaculate touchdown run. The biggest media highlight of all was the

USAToday front-page cover from January 2nd featuring a mammoth picture of Joey Harrington alongside the headline "Oregon Shocks Colorado."

Though the talk of Oregon as a potential national champion faded like the sunset as Miami dragged a limp Nebraska behind it as it trudged along to its inevitable victory, the talk of Oregon's bright future is just beginning.

The situation Oregon faces going into next season is similar to the one Oregon State faced last year. Oregon State had just

flamboyantly walked all over former powerhouse Notre Dame in the Fiesta Bowl, and runningback Ken Simonton was being touted as a Heisman candidate. Enter the Sport Illustrated College Football preview with both Ken Simonton and Joey Harrington on the cover, and SI's bold pick of Oregon State as the number one team in the country. Add in Dennis Erikson's stature as a top-notch coach and the Beaver's were looking forward to a breakout year. But then came David Carr and Fresno State, followed by two early losses to UCLA and Washington State, and OSU was back in the Pac-10 cellar.

But there are a lot of differences between Oregon's current situation and last year's OSU team. Oregon's stats tell the story of a perennial contender with three straight bowl victories, a proficient offense, a touted defense, and a well-publicized coaching staff. This year was no flash in the pan, but the climax of year's of dynasty building dating back to "" coaching days. Oregon State's success last year was a Pac-10 high point, but Oregon's achievements this year have eclipsed even Washington State's Cinderella success. Such achievement will continue to transform our athletic department, but will bring criticism from critics who already see too much emphasis being put toward Oregon's athletic program.

There is no doubt that college athletics have now become a business, and a profitable business at that. After all, donors don't donate solely out of nostalgia and advertisers don't buy spots out of charity. They each get something in return; in one case, the donor usually gets a stronger tie to a winning institution and the advertiser gets face time between kickoffs. In essence, they are both looking for the same benefit from their relationship with winning players and teams; everyone wants to be associated with a winner.

And while many sensitive citizens worry about the impending arms race that will take over college athletics, it is important to remember that the benefits the University have seen have far outweighed the costs.

In one sense, those who worry about an arms race are indeed correct. But that chase for the perfect QB who can peer above the frantic lineman swarming in front of him and rope a forty yarder to a streaking receiver is nothing new, and that type of healthy competition is an absolutely appropriate arms race.

So, too, is it appropriate

**CONTINUED ON 19**

## S e p a r a t e

b u t

E q u a l ?

Night ride may pass  
the Title IX litmus  
test, but it reeks  
of Jim Crow  
style politics

by Timothy  
Dreier

**S**eparate but equal as a concept for legal practice in the United States was struck down by federal courts decades ago. Unfortunately, the University is attempting a resurrection with the Night Ride service. For those who do not know, Night Ride is the University's response to a lawsuit filed against Saferide by a student. The lawsuit alleged that Saferide violated Title IX by only servicing women. The federal office agreed. Thus, the University has been forced to alter its transportation policy to comply with Title IX.

The way in which the University has decided to alter its policy in order to comply is to establish Night Ride, a service for men. According to an article in the *Oregon Daily Emerald* on Friday, January 11, the Night Ride service hopes to serve gay men, men of color and transgender individuals. None of the quotes in the *Emerald* article makes mention of straight, white men. Don't misunderstand, providing a service is fine, but that service should be available to all members of the student body. If the Night Ride service primarily seeks to serve gay men, black men, and transsexual men, it does not provide a service to most of campus. Saferide and Night Ride will both service different portions of the population, namely female and male, respectively; this is a conical example of "separate but equal" policy.

If a shuttle servicing system were proposed that would separate the vans for black and white people, the entire University would be up in arms. Night Ride and Saferide are the politically correct equivalent. Having two separate services creates unnecessary complications in funding and paperwork. In addition to being unneeded, separate services are just one more example of the politically correct thought police attempting to make issues out of nothing. The Saferide co-director, Nikki Francher, indicated to the *Emerald* that Saferide would not function as well if it were open to men. "Based on the information she received from Saferide volunteers and riders, Francher said she believes many women who use the service would not feel comfortable continuing to use Saferide if it were open to men," ODE, January 11.

The above quote makes the overreaction clear, sexual predators are not going to use Saferide in order to further their practice. A van, driven by two people, isn't exactly an environment conducive to sexual assault. Does DDS have a problem with sexual assaults occurring in its vans? I think not. There are plenty of circumstances more conducive to sexually assaulting peo-

ple than riding around in a van, like fraternity parties. Having a separate but equal service just establishes one more layer of needless red-tape and sets a bad precedent. Should there be a separate service for gay, transgender midgets of color with bipolar disorder and progeria? How many shuttling services are needed to effectively service the campus? The answer is one. And there is a simple solution.

The simple solution is to combine all three shuttle services into one system. This would provide a safe shuttle for all members of the campus community. The DDS vans, Saferide vans, and proposed vans for Night Ride could be combined to serve the entire campus along with the other resources of those services. Only one director would be needed, and thus one more layer of bureaucracy could be eliminated. The University could save the salaries of two sets of staff by eliminating two overlapping services. This single shuttle service could provide safe transportation to those fearful of sexual assault and those too drunk to find their own way home.

One shuttling system would not only be logistically easier, but also would be more consistent with Title IX and other legal precedents. One simple, effective shuttling service would eliminate the separate but equal" standard set by establishing Night Ride. Incidental fees from every student fund each of the current services, but two of three do not allow all students to ride. One service, funded by incidental fees from every student and providing safe transportation to the entire student body is the most logically consistent and logistically feasible solution to the University's transportation problems.

**One shuttling  
system would  
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tically easier, but  
also would be  
more consistent  
with Title IX and  
other legal  
precedents.**



Tim Dreier, who knows how to drive da' bus hardcore, is a staff writer for the *Oregon Commentator*.

# The Fall of the House of Grayson

by *Justin Sibley*

The legal claims of Jeff Grayson's creditors continue to plague the UO Foundation.

The prevailing consensus is that the name change of Grayson Hall to McKenzie Hall springs from ethical propriety after a scandal surrounded the namesake of the building. The University administration does not want the name of a building on this campus to be associated with scandal, or so the theory seems to go. However, the reason for the change is not an ethical one, but rather one necessitated by the legal claims of the now-defunct donor's creditors who sought to recoup their lost money.

Jeff Grayson, a 1964 University of Oregon business graduate, was the chairman and CEO of Capital Consultants, a Portland investment management firm he created in 1968. In 1997, Grayson pledged a donation to the UO Foundation and that seemed to be that until Grayson's legal problems surfaced. The Securities and Exchange Commission took control of Grayson's firm after it was discovered in September to have robbed its investors of several hundred million dollars.

On behalf of Capital Consultants, Grayson and his wife Susan promised to give \$1.5 million to remodel Grayson Hall, the former School of Law. But only \$850,000 of the \$1.5 million promised by the Grayson family was actually received by the UO Foundation for the remodeling of Grayson Hall, said Pauline Austin, the deputy director for media relations in the University's Office of Communications. The UO Foundation is a non-profit corporation that receives, invests and distributes funds resulting from private donations to support the University of Oregon.

In the wake of the scandal, the UO Foundation received a letter on July 20, 2001 from lawyers for a bankruptcy receiver regarding the validity of the \$850,000 contribution. The letter claimed that Capital Consultants donated the \$850,000 at a time when "it was insolvent, had unreasonably small capital, or had debts beyond its ability to pay." Because of this, the attorneys interpreted the transaction as being "voidable," and requested the money be returned to the receiver, Thomas Lennon. A receiver is appointed by the courts to administer or hold in trust property in bankruptcy or in a lawsuit.

The \$1.5 million has already been spent on the renovation of Grayson Hall and the Foundation claims there is no way that they could have known about the insolvency.

"When we received the pledge, and then subsequently the



cash payment on that pledge, we had every reason to believe it was made in good faith," said Vinton "Slim" Sommerville, president of the UO Foundation, in a press release. "We had every reason to believe that the money and the pledge were available to support the University's renovation project [of Grayson Hall]."

Moving forward under the belief that there was no problem with the money, construction commenced. According to the press release, the total cost of the remodeling project was \$4.25 million and was completed in September 2000 with all the Grayson money having been exhausted.

"This money is not sitting in a bank somewhere," Sommerville said. "It has been expended, as has the outstanding balance of the pledge to pay for the contractor and the building materials. It has been used to create new classrooms and other facilities. Students and faculty are in that space now."

In a Dec. 7 press release, Sommerville said funds that are being held by the foundation for other projects have to be used to repay the \$850,000 as well as cover the \$1.5 million private portion of the remodel budget. President Dave Frohnmayer said he supported the foundation's decision to repay the funds, although it will result in a loss of revenue for the University of Oregon.

"This is a sad situation for all involved," Frohnmayer said. "The university has worked closely with the foundation from the start." Despite expressing concerns for how donations are received, the University administration doesn't have plans to work with the Foundation to change the current methods.

"It's a difficult issue to know where money is coming from," said Maureen Shine, acting director of communications. "We accepted this money on good faith."

But from the start, some suspected that the common perception about the Grayson scandal was not, as many believe, the real cause for the name change.

Steve Matsunaga, an accounting professor who teaches a class in McKenzie Hall speculated that the "name change [of the building] is most likely not due to [Jeff Grayson's] conviction for embezzlement."

Austin said that the name switch to McKenzie Hall is permanent, though others in the campus

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The phrase “hip-hop” is often used interchangeably with “rap,” but there is a large difference between the two terms. Hip Hop is a culture, not a music, and like any culture there are certain values and traditions that surround it. I would argue that today’s hip-hop is characterized by a strong belief in individualism and the virtues of self-reliance and personal independence. This individualism is driven by an entrepreneurial sense of capitalism.

But hip hop is a broad culture encompassing many voices, and not all of them fall in line with the Puff Daddy notion of *carpe diem*. In fact, some rap groups are dramatically opposed to the commodification of hip hop culture. Following in the footsteps of Public Enemy, a new fleet of activist rappers have stepped to the podium to denounce capitalist materialism and preach about social equality. They bring up valid points about the declining morals of a generation of 2 Live Crew fans, but their socialist embracing message seem dated with the success of less altruistic but more cunning rap entrepreneurs who have succeeded in expanding hip hop’s audience, bringing money into urban communities, and promoting a message of self-endurance.

One group unhappy with the current status quo is The Coup. The Coup’s last album was supposed to feature a picture of front man Boots Riley blowing up the World Trade Center, though the art was changed after the events of September 11th. Riley has said that while he condemns the attacks, he believes in the Marxist notion that there will eventually be a violent revolution against the government, a revolution he advocates. Another rap

“Fight the Power” has always been a hip hop anthem, but rarely has it expressed a concrete political philosophy. Will a radical agenda find a mainstream audience, or will the entrepreneurial independence of the rap market prove the victor?

group embracing military tactics for a people’s revolution is Dead Prez, whose last album featured the lyrics “I’m down on running up on them crackers in they city hall.” Political hip-hop occupies the fringe of the commercial rap market, well under the radar of your typical *Source* reader. But it does have a strong following with the college crowd and the legions of anti-globalization protesters.

The logic behind political hip-hop is rarely sound, but the sound is always inventive and engaging. The music echoes with deafening bass, air-raid style sound collages, and rap manifestos espousing the evils of the white-run, capitalist-driven political system, the white-run, capitalist-driven society around them, and the white-run, capitalist-driven persecution of Fidel Castro and his swell buddies down in Cuba. In such a forum, Mumia Abu-Jamal isn’t a murderer, he’s a martyr.

The best political rap group has always been Public Enemy. In fact, Spin magazine recently did a list of the 50 best bands of all time, and Public Enemy came in at number 8, nestled between The Clash and The Rolling Stones. Public Enemy was led by the energetic Chuck D, a student of the politics of the Blank Panthers and Louis Farrakhan. Through Public Enemy, Chuck D attempted to reintroduce black nationalism to black youth within a contemporary social context.

NWA followed Public Enemy into controversy, but for different reasons. While Public Enemy had talked vividly about the struggles of the black man in a white society, NWA talked about the struggles of the black man in the urban environment. NWA lacked the cohesive political ideology of Public Enemy, but they at least matched Chuck D’s anger.

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By  
Peter  
R.  
Hunt

Their anthem was “Fuck the Police,” a call to arms against police brutality and racial profiling. Whereas Public Enemy were quick to distance themselves from the stereotypical image of young black men as forty drinking gangbangers, NWA embraced the persona.

The political hip hop of Public Enemy died off and was replaced by the

tricked out SUVs), or 90% of the NBA, hip hop is everywhere you look. Hip Hop culture has moved from the streets of Brooklyn to the corn fields of Iowa, the suburbs of lilly-white America, and across the globe to England, Europe, and recently Japan. The spread of the culture is a direct result of the commodification of hip-hop.

**MASTER P AND NO LIMIT RECORDS  
EVENTUALLY WENT ON TO MAKE MIL-  
LIONS OF DOLLARS USING A CONSUMER  
FRIENDLY APPROACH OF ESSENTIALLY  
RELEASING THE SAME ALBUM OVER AND  
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REAL TALENT.**

gangsta rap of NWA. PE’s attempt to create a political insurgency failed because their politics existed beyond an actual political movement rooted in political concerns. Don’t blame Public Enemy, they gave it a shot, but failed because they emphasized the government and society’s responsibility to uplift the African-American communities, while gangsta rap emphasized that capitalism in the form of hustling was the best means of personal empowerment.

Mainstream commercial hip hop hasn’t had any affect on politics either, but it has had a measurable effect on the business world. Hip hop albums are consistently in the Billboard Top 10, and as a genre it outsells nearly every other music format. As hip hop has become more rooted in mainstream culture, every element associated with the music and culture has become commodified. Be it clothing (Tommy Hilfiger, FUBU), accessories (platinum watches, platinum chains), high-end automobiles (Bentley’s,

Yet such commodification comes in theoretical opposition to the politics of a group like the Coup, who see such commercialization as yet another example of white-owned corporations taking advantage of a black-bred music. They argue that corporations will only release material that sells, not material that necessarily exemplifies the best of hip hop culture.

Meanwhile, across the tracks, mainstream hip-hop sounds like the Wall Street Journal with a beat. Capitalism is the word of the day, and “mind on my money, money on my mind” is the motiff. The hustling mentality emerged from the street scene and the drug market that emerged in the eighties.

By the early eighties, poor cocaine consumers turned toward smoking free-base, which is cocaine at its basic alkaloid level. In free-basing, the cocaine is boiled in water and the residue is placed in cold water where it forms “base” or “freebase.” The chipped-off pieces are called “crack” because it often makes a cracking sound

as it burns. The increase in the popularity of free-basing coincided with a dramatic decrease in the growth of coca leaves in Bolivia, Peru, and Columbia that drove down the price of cocaine. In 1980 the price of a kilo of coke was \$50,000, in 1984 it was \$35,000, and by 1992 it was down to \$12,000. Crack took cocaine away from the ivory towers of rock stars and politicians and brought it within reach of poorer addicts.

The crack industry quickly filled the vacuum created by the ongoing loss of working-class jobs to the suburbs and then to poor Third World countries. Teenagers and adolescents were picked up from the streets and put to work in the trade—manufacturing, packaging, and selling illegal drugs. By 1992 it was estimated that as many as 150,000 people were employed in New York City’s drug trade.

The fallout from crack’s addictive power was felt most severely in the inner city. During crack’s heyday in the early nineties, 40 percent of crackhouse denizens were female. A vicious cycle was born of drugged out moms, incarcerated dads, and misguided children soon to follow in their footsteps. The free market of crack generated millions of dollars, though very little of that ever appeared in the hands of the common street drug dealer. But with this access to quick money, a voracious appetite was stroked for material possessions— fashion, cars, and women. An agenda of social change and civil rights was all but forgotten.

Out of this atmosphere was born the “gangsta” rap genre, tales of young drug dealers on their own in the face of growing adversity. This new generation recognized that rugged individualism was the true path out of the poverty. Nobody knows this more than Master P. Whether or not you admire the man’s musical skills— and trust me, few do—you can’t help but not respect his sheer business brilliance. Master P, like 99% of all rappers in the game, grew up poor in the projects, in this case the third ward Calliope projects in New Orleans. When Master P’s (real name Percy Miller, hence on “P”) grandfather came into an inheritance, P

was given \$10,000 that he used to open up an independent record store in Richmond, California named No Limit Records. By running No Limit Records, P was able to gain first hand knowledge of the music industry as a retailer, knowledge he used to wedge his way into the music business with the launch of No Limit Records. The first release from No Limit Records was P's solo album "The Ghetto's Tryin' to Kill Me," which sold over 100,000 units independently. P's next solo album sold 200,000 units, also without major distribution. These two albums were significant underground hits and confirmed what P suspected — there was an audience for straight-ahead, unapologetic, hardcore rap. He soon moved No Limit to New Orleans and began concentrating on making records.

With his success, several of the major labels came to P offering him a deal. P eventually signed a straight pressing and distribution deal with Priority Records, keeping creative control of the record label in his hands, as well as a larger chunk of the profit.

Master P and No Limit records eventually went on to make millions of dollars using a consumer friendly approach of essentially releasing the same album over and over again, with rapping provided by either himself or lesser-talented family members. Nepotism was a wise business move, saving him the trouble of going out and finding real talent. While other "pretentious" artists kept their fans waiting a whole year for a new album, P rushed his albums out through the No Limit assembly line, pushing out upwards of ten albums a year, all masterminded by Master P himself and Beats by the

Pound. Entire albums were recorded and released within two weeks. The musical integrity of such an endeavor is questionable, but nobody could argue against P's business savvy.

Master P was certainly not the first rap artist to take business in his own hands. Suge Knight had already created a street-based record label by the name of Death Row years before, and underground gangsta rappers like E-40 had already showed that regional success could still equal big profits. But P's empire was greater than any before it, as No Limit branched out into direct-to-video movies, toys, phone cards, phone sex lines, gas stations, and in the case of Ricky Williams, sports contracting. Thought the cookie cutter No Limit sound

eventually lost it's audience, P kept his money, and added a boost to No Limit's credibility a few years later with the success of his son's rap career.

The point here is that Master P was able to create a true commodity out of rap music and rap culture that he could easily market and profit from. In doing so he made a lot of money, and moved himself, his family, and his entire posse out of the hood and into a gated mansion somewhere.

It can be argued that the values that underpin so much hip-hop— materialism, brand consciousness, gun iconography, anti-intellectualism— are very much byproducts of a larger American culture. But it can't be denied

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# DUCKS BEAT COLORADO And This Time It Counts



Playstation 2 battle gets ugly, but Oregon prevails over Colorado as Matt Ferrua's pretty passing attack overcomes Joe Knapp's grinding running game. "In your face," says Ferrua after the victory.

**SOUTH EUGENE, Oregon. (AP)** – Trailing 28-7 at halftime, everybody thought Matt Ferrua and his feisty Oregon Ducks were out of it. Everyone but Matt Ferrua.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Matt as his opponent Joe taunted him while flipping through the halftime stats, "and when it comes to me and Playstation 2, there's always a way."

Joe had challenged Matt to a game of NCAA Football 2002 on his Playstation 2 twenty minutes earlier to kill time before the 1:30 Fiesta Bowl kickoff. Matt would be Oregon and Joe would be Colorado in a battle to predict the winner of the anticipated showdown later that afternoon. The other residents of the house were sleeping off a hangover, but they were soon awakened by Joe's hoots and hollers as he used a strong running game to pound down Matt's defensive dime package.

"If he's not putting guys in the box, he's just going take a beating all night," said Joe as he pounded in his second touchdown to put the score up to 14-0 with 3:50 left in the first quarter. One onside kick later, Joe's swagger was starting to get on Matt's nerves.

"How are you going to score without the ball?" asked Joe.

"How do you score with such a small dick?" replied Matt.

"Like this," said Joe, as his running back dove into the endzone.

Matt was able to score once in the second quarter, but Joe widened the gap with a deep pass from the shotgun formation that upped the score to 28-7.

"The computer's cheating, man," said Matt as Joe got up to get a beer. "My coverage is perfect."

Joe's audacious halftime celebration included a keg stand and a dramatic backyard recreation of first-half highlights. The alcohol consumption combined with a blind collision with a hemlock bush may have affected his second half play.

Matt opened up with a dominating drive from his own 20 using a lethal combination of QB option and slant passes from the I-formation. Joe started off aggressively with a series of pass rushes, but Matt's passing protection soon drew him back into a cover 2.

By the start of the fourth quarter, Joe's 28-7 lead had diminished to 28-21.

"I'm coming back, I'm coming back," said Matt, mere inches from Joe's face.

"You can't stop what you can't contain."

"We'll see," said Joe and he stumbled to the garage for a stunning fifth cup of beer from the keg. "I'm going to beat your ass, and then finish this keg before any of you pansies even have a drink."

In the fourth quarter, Matt's offense went stale, but his defense was a steel curtain. Twice he held Joe on crucial third and longs, forcing him to punt.

With thirty seconds left in the first half, Matt found himself only 30 yards from six points. But with no timeouts. He decided to go deep on his first play, and it paid off with another patented Harrington to Howry connection.

But the game was far from over. As the special teams menu popped up, Matt decided to go for the gusto with a two-point conversion. For two quarters he'd been passing all over Joe, but now he decided to run it. HB Izzo from the I-formation. His bread and butter running play.

The room was silent, the whole house was awake and gathered around the television. This was it, a symbolic preview of the game to come. Matt dropped back, his half-back pushed through the line as Harrington handed off to Morris... three steps... four steps... he was in! Victory!

"In your face," said Matt after Joe's attempt at a kickoff return failed and the clock ran out.



	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Half	Total
Oregon	0	7	14	8	7	29
Colorado 21	7	0	0	28	21	28

Hi,  
my name's Lunchbox.  
Twelve years ago I got an A-  
in my Visual Communication  
class at the University of  
Oregon.

Rufus T. Wainraight III, heir to a ball bearings fortune, was everything a Journalism student should be until...

One day he snapped after failing the LSDT twice. Stumbling out of Allen, rushing past Rennie's and crossing the train tracks, Rufus began his new role as a free-style street rapper. Lunch Box now spends his nights drinking fortified Nighthtrain and collecting Dean Gleason's empty gin bottles to purchase The Box's morning fix of spray cheese.

But for every forty-eight Lunch Boxes out there, there's also a successful J-student who was smart enough to latch onto an opportunity better than even the best Amway product. That's the OC. Join up, so you don't have to fight a seething mass of maggots for your breakfast only to wash away your day in Franzia. Well, we still do that, but you get the point....



**DON'T BE ANOTHER STATISTIC.**

**Join the staff of the Oregon Commentator,  
where the only percentage that  
matters is your BAC.**

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that many dangerous themes in hip-hop— anti-Semitism, racism, violence, and sexism— while not unique to hip hop, are certainly glorified by the music. Political hip hop at least addresses that youth should not disillusion themselves into believing long term success can be achieved through drug dealing, or any other illicit behavior. They also point out that the unfettered materialism in rap music is probably not to the benefit of a poor society that should be spending its money on food and family, not Nikes and gold chains.

That's not to say, though, that gangsta rap originated these themes. The persona of the drug dealer as a glamorous rogue operating on the outskirts of the law came in part from the blaxpotation movies of the seventies and from the real lives of many famous New York drug dealers. Check out the magazine F.E.D.S. sometime if you want to read about the life and times of some of New York's most notorious criminals.

In conclusion, it would appear to be to the benefit of young urban African-Americans to embrace the capitalistic virtues of

mainstream rap. Political groups like the Coup may seem like revolutionaries in some circles, but the reality is that most of their listeners are just nodding their head along with the beat, not seriously considering an overthrow of the system.

Meanwhile, mainstream rap faces in challenge in overcoming some of the street themes that have long defined it. Regional groups like Outkast have already found that a less cliched gangsta style can move a lot of records, and other up-and-comers seem to reflect this move.



Mix Master Pete R. Hunt, who was recently dropped from Suge Knight's label, is Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

## THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



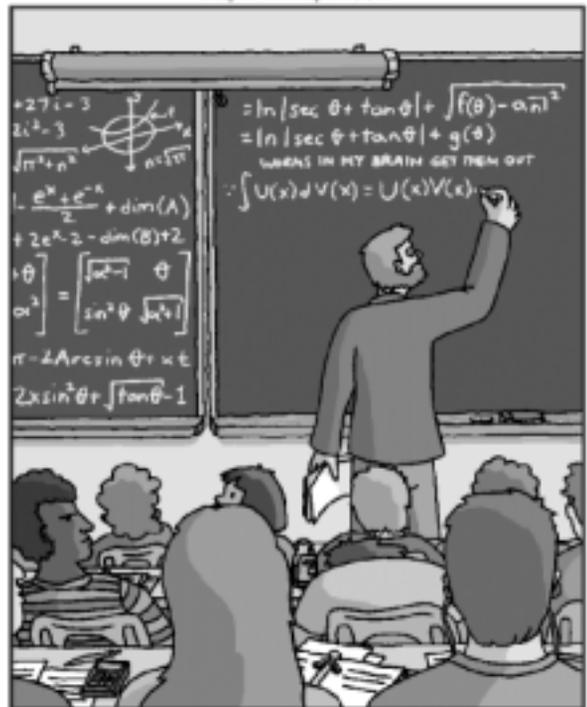
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Like any industry, cockfighting has to change to fit the times. (And if you think *that's* exciting, just wait until you see what they have planned for *bullfighting!* Mornna!

## THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



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Professor Jameson's cry for help goes unnoticed due to student inattention.

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community believe there may be a move in the future to find another donor to purchase the name of the building.

Matsunaga said he believes McKenzie might be “a temporary name” for the building due to the extensive process of finding a new donor for a sum that size and using his or her name on the building.

“We are faced with a non-funded construction project. We are in the process of thinking about how to get that funded.” said Vice President for Public Affairs and Development Allen Price. “We are not currently discussing a building naming, but who knows about the future? For right now, it is important to get this situation behind us and think about the name later.”

The Foundation will be considering situations such as this when receiving donations in the future, Price said. Donations are accepted without questioning, especially when its in cash, as was the case with Grayson. They will however, more closely examine the situation before the fronting of pledged money in the future. “It’s a function of the foundation capacity to take risks”

“To prevent these situations, we usually lean towards not naming things after people who are still alive.”



Justin Sibley, lover of kibbles; hater of bits, is the business manager of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

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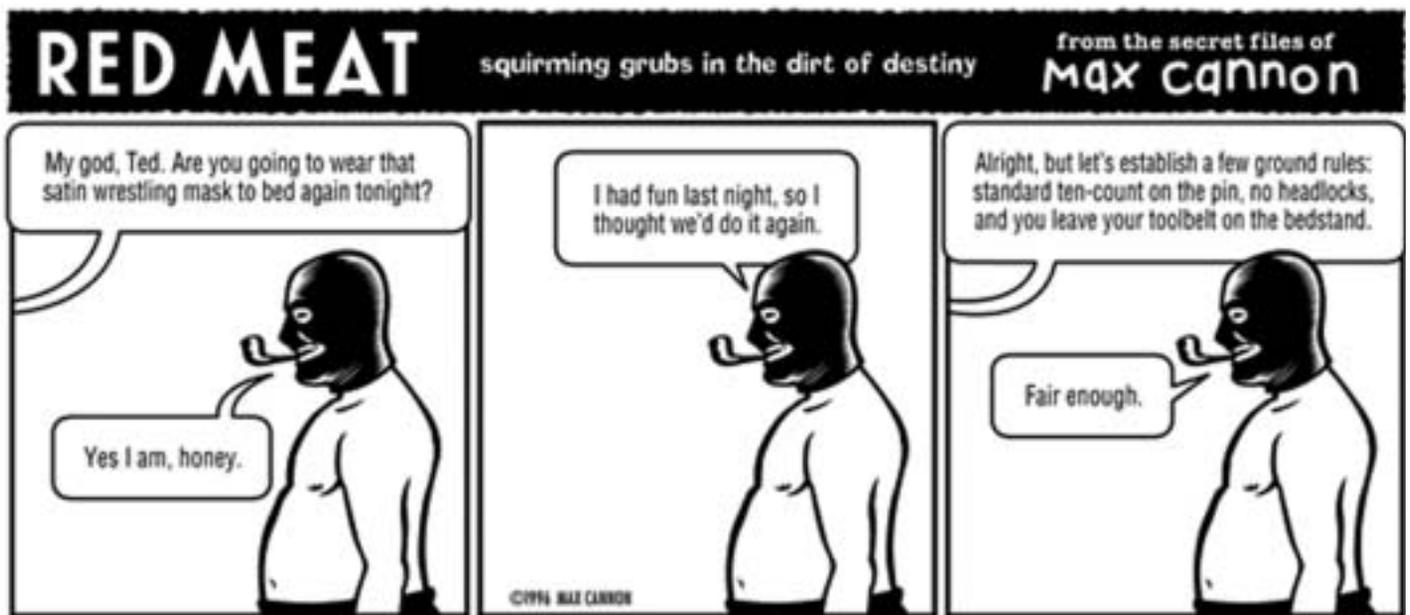
that the athletic department spend and raise every dollar possible. Out of the \$32 million annual budget for that division, only a paltry \$2 million comes from the general university fund. And even that has been scaled back to zero in the coming years. So the leftists won, right?

Well, not if their entire goal was to end the commercialization of colleges via the dependency on athletic revenues. Now that the athletic department will be wholly self-sufficient, there will be absolutely no moral authority for outsiders to complain about that department’s spending practices, a reality that will in turn spur more spending for better on field and monetary results in the future.

In the long run, it is absolutely important that it is remembered that the investment in the University’s athletic endeavors will pay nothing but positive dividends in the long run, and there’s no greater value to our community than that. And that’s true. As long as you acknowledge the value of cheerleaders.



Pete R. Hunt and Bret Jacobson are actually the famous Wonder Twins from Super Friends. Their mission: To battle the minions of evil. Shape of OREGON; form of COMMENTATOR.



# TERMINAL PHILOSOPHY

This tale is a must-read for anyone who knows anyone who ever wants to fly again.

BY OLLY RUFF

Flags and garbage flutter prettily in the breeze in New Jersey, and the turnpikes are beginning to overflow, some of the run-off traffic puddling in the long-term lot at Newark airport. Traveling around the holidays was never much fun, and this freakishly warm December is even worse than usual. In fact, past the security at Newark, the tension is growing palpable. There is a humble, nondescript bar in the center of the departure lounge, and every time a boarding call is pushed back by fifteen minutes, or Wolf Blitzer's face fills the CNN screen, or something totally unexpected happens like, say, an airplane passing overhead, it is a cue for another few passengers to leave the cluster around the gate and decide that they could use a drink.

"This is my first time flying since September" is a frequently heard phrase.

The statistic has it that, terrorism or no terrorism, flying is still significantly less dangerous than driving. That's not the problem. What has everybody piling in around the Sam Adams taps tonight is the lack of ambiguity in air travel disasters. In a car - even a car piloted by a drunk, in a thunderstorm, with no functional taillights - there is still some neutral space between safety and death, a space in which people miraculously survive eighty-mile-per-hour spinouts and imperfectly negotiated police roadblocks. Granted, it'd be unlikely for everyone in the car to come through



unscathed - particularly if the police start shooting - but your own personal chances are not quite extin-

guished. Plus, if you're the sole survivor, you can claim that you were kidnapped. If Danny Aiello can survive a limo falling off a cliff, on fire, with him hanging on to the hood, goes the logic, then it'd be foolish to abandon all hope the moment the damn car flips over.

This slight, hopeful margin of error does not manifest itself in plane crashes. Within a minute of a 747 leaving the ground, you can look out of the window in full certainty that there is no earthly means by which you could survive a fall from this height. Dim optimistic images of the plane gliding to safety are overcome by the realization that you're trapped inside something metallic and heavy, whose natural disposition will be to fall downwards quite fast as soon as something goes wrong. These morbid images mesh quite well with the tone of tonight's news coverage, not to mention the two-hour wait in line to clear security, and the experience of having a guy go through your luggage for nail scissors while someone from the National Guard stands a yard behind him with a rifle. Nobody resents the additional security - in fact, it's the first time I've ever seen people demand that their bags be searched or thank the security guy for being so painstaking - but it is an unwelcome reminder of recent events. And anyway, it's nigh-on Christmastime, so everybody was miserable to begin with.

"We bombed them during Ramadan, didn't we?" asks one nervous backpacker. "Or did we? When is Ramadan, exactly?"

Those passengers who show outward signs of concern can be fairly categorized as introverts or extroverts. Sadly but inevitably, the lively conversation of the latter has basically driven the former out of the bar to clutch their beads and mutter at the gate. The remaining swirl of conversation is gratifyingly free of intangibles about war, Afghanistan, or Osama bin Laden. Instead, practical-minded people are trying to reassure themselves by reverse-engineering the hijacking procedure. On its face, it's unclear why this should have much of a soothing effect. It almost goes without saying, though, that everyone

**Left:** Richard Reid, formerly a Nike spokesmodel, told reporters he'll never fly American Airlines again after the way flight attendants treated him. His new footwear will consist of state-issued shower flip-flops, which will double as kneepads after exercise time.



here is settled on a plan of action against the possibility of someone trying to hijack our respective flights. Anyone tries anything, we will rise up against them with a spork in each fist. Any lingering suspicions that we would actually just behave like the vast majority of hostages in the vast majority of hostage-takings throughout history are dutifully and thoroughly suppressed.

After three beers, it seems entirely likely that we shall all die like heroes, if called upon to do so. Or, perhaps, after four beers, just for the hell of it.

At the very least, it's a comfort that our combined acumen is unable to point out any obvious holes in the veil of metal-detecting apparatus that we have passed through.

"It's clever," says a Java programmer, arranging a line of peanuts on the bar to delineate the secure zone. "Look: the fel-las with the rifles are here and here, right." Casting about for suitable visual aids, he settles on lime wedges as representing Guardsmen, sprinkles a couple of them behind the line of peanuts, and points out fields of fire as best he can. "They're not covering the checkpoints. Uh, 'checkpoints' is the wrong word. Anyway. They're covering the line of people. And from elevation wherever possible. Someone was actually thinking about this. It's not just a random grouping of guys in fatigues."

A couple of us must look underwhelmed by this observation, because he grins and tells a true-crime story about some maniac opening fire on passengers waiting to check in for an El Al flight. "You're vulnerable when you're standing in line," he tells us. "And they've closed all the areas where you can get above lines of people, too."

An older man with the appearance of an executive chimes in. "Sometimes they put nets up across the concourses to stop people throwing things down from a higher level. I saw that in Europe."

He pauses to look at the tables around him. Not many of us

look as though we're traveling on business this time around, but it's still a pretty well-upholstered crowd. Nervous people shred napkins, gulp at steins, gaze resentfully at their calmer brethren sitting near the Virgin Atlantic counter. "We're targets now," the guy says with an expansive gesture. "Potentially, at least. On ideological grounds. Our existence is decadent. Our occupations are decadent. Our work here. It's not good to feel damned simply because of, you know, an upscale job."

The bar staff, in between bouts of overwork, are playfully arguing about something. "I'm not saying another word on that," says the one in the apron, realizing that he is cornered, "without a lawyer present."

"Actually, I'm a lawyer," say three people at the bar, more or less in unison. Then they wince. Another fucking airplane roars by above us. In addition to the remembrances of the dead across the river, someone proposes a toast to all the folks in the bar at JFK, and says "Happy holidays," with a grimace.

and an aging  
Iron Maiden  
on tour

## ON HIPPIES

You can't walk anywhere in Eugene without seeing a hippie. I mean, they just like... they're everywhere. That's one thing that's cool about Eugene. You're not going to go anywhere else and see hippies like we've got hippies.

—Oregon Cornerback Rashad Bauman, quoted in the Oregonian. Hey, somebody, get the Chamber of Commerce on the phone. Have we got an ad campaign here or what!

When I got up there and saw these hippies, I was like "What's wrong with the hair, and why do they smell like that?" You know what I mean? Because they wear that musk or whatever. It was just wild for me. It was just totally different. I hadn't seen a hippie. Hippies were '60s. I thought they didn't exist anymore.

—Bauman, again. Oh, they exist all right, they exist in the heart of every little boy and girl as long as they keep believing.



## ON ROCK AND ROLL

It isn't only rock and roll. It's about the corruption of children. It's about beating up women. It's about lying. It's about all kinds of —every immoral action that I could ever think anybody, short of murder.

—Bill O'Reilly, opining about the moral character of the Rolling Stones. Yeah Bill, but it's also about the music man, the rock and roll. Oh, and the promiscuous sex and rampant drug use. What else are we forgetting?

You don't think that they're evil guys? I mean, Brian Jones, for example, six children out of wedlock, doesn't support them, beats up his girlfriends. I mean, physically punches them in the face. Keith Richards, heroin addict for decades, sharing needles with other people. His own son, Marlin, watching him take heroin.

—Bill O'Reilly, again. Oh the audacity of that Keith Richards. Hording the heroin for himself while his poor son suffers through withdrawals. Sweet brown sugar, indeed.

## ON **MEDIOCRITY**

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Watching the Baltimore Ravens play football is like watching scum freeze on the eyeballs of a jackass, or being stuck for six hours in an elevator with Dick Cheney on speed.

-Hunter S. Thompson, in his ESPN Page 2 column.

Comparatively, watching Shawn Kemp play is like watching Dick Gephardt on coke.

We are striving for mediocrity, and failing. If this were a grading system, we'd get kicked out of school.

-Tim Young, student board member for the State Board of Higher Education, quoted in the 1/14/02 Oregon Daily Emerald. We at the *Commentator* have strived for mediocrity, failed, and still passed J201.



## ON **ZEALOTS**

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For me it was a very clear expression of patriotism as a religious zealot experience where the God is money and power... It was very paternalistic, transparent, and certainly had overtones of fascistic control.

—Amy Pincus Merwin, a protester gathered outside of Parkrose High School during President Bush's recent trip through Oregon. Clearly the fascists never got around to forcing Madam Merwin into their evil, repressive vocabulary classes.

I'm willing to die for those trees. That's why when someone pulled on my rope I kept climbing and I fell. That's how I got these scars on my arm, the scar on my forehead... the lesions on my brain.

- Mike McCarthy, 1/02/02, on Cascadia Alive. Mike was described as being a "tree-sitter extraordinaire." It's great to have heroes in the war for lumber, but we hear strange reports of these brave souls coming back with Tree War Syndrome.



## ON **FREAKS AND GEEKS**

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I spent the evening with my most beloved, uh, cousin. Of course, I would like to have spent it with someone unrelated to me -- there is only so much embracing you can do with even a male relative.

-Tara Debenham, in the 1/12 ODE. This one's too easy, just insert your own funny comment. Cousin's embracing, sinful lust... do you need a map?

When I heard "red alert", the "wormhole" sequence, and "Spocks Vger tour" I was appalled. They changed the Klaxon for Red Alert to some kind of soft keyboard tone, and completely cut the chick (Mrs. Roddenbury?!) who talks about the proper use of a Thruster Suit... Why?

—Posting on [www.aint-it-cool-news.com](http://www.aint-it-cool-news.com) regarding the Star Trek: TMG director's cut. Never mind this quote... did you understand what was funny about the last quote? She's "embracing" her male relative... what does this lead us to presume? It's incest you stupid fuck, that's the joke. Incest!

