

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

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ELECTIONS 2002

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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.

COMMENTATOR

FRIES, NOT HIPPIES, WITH THAT

If the protesters gathered outside of McDonald really knew what they were taking about, then why did they pick a fight with Jeremy Jones?

By Jeremy Jones
PAGE 9

FEAR FACTOR

This campus is a bastion of "rape culture" according to many of the most vocal protesters. The real issues are a bit more complicated.

By Pete R. Hunt
PAGE 10

MADISON AVENUE'S NEWEST WEAPON...

The homeless: You've seen them on the streets, you've seen them on the bus, you've seen them passing out in the alley...but what can we do about them?

By Ignatio J. Peters
PAGE 12

OUR INVISIBLE EXECUTIVE

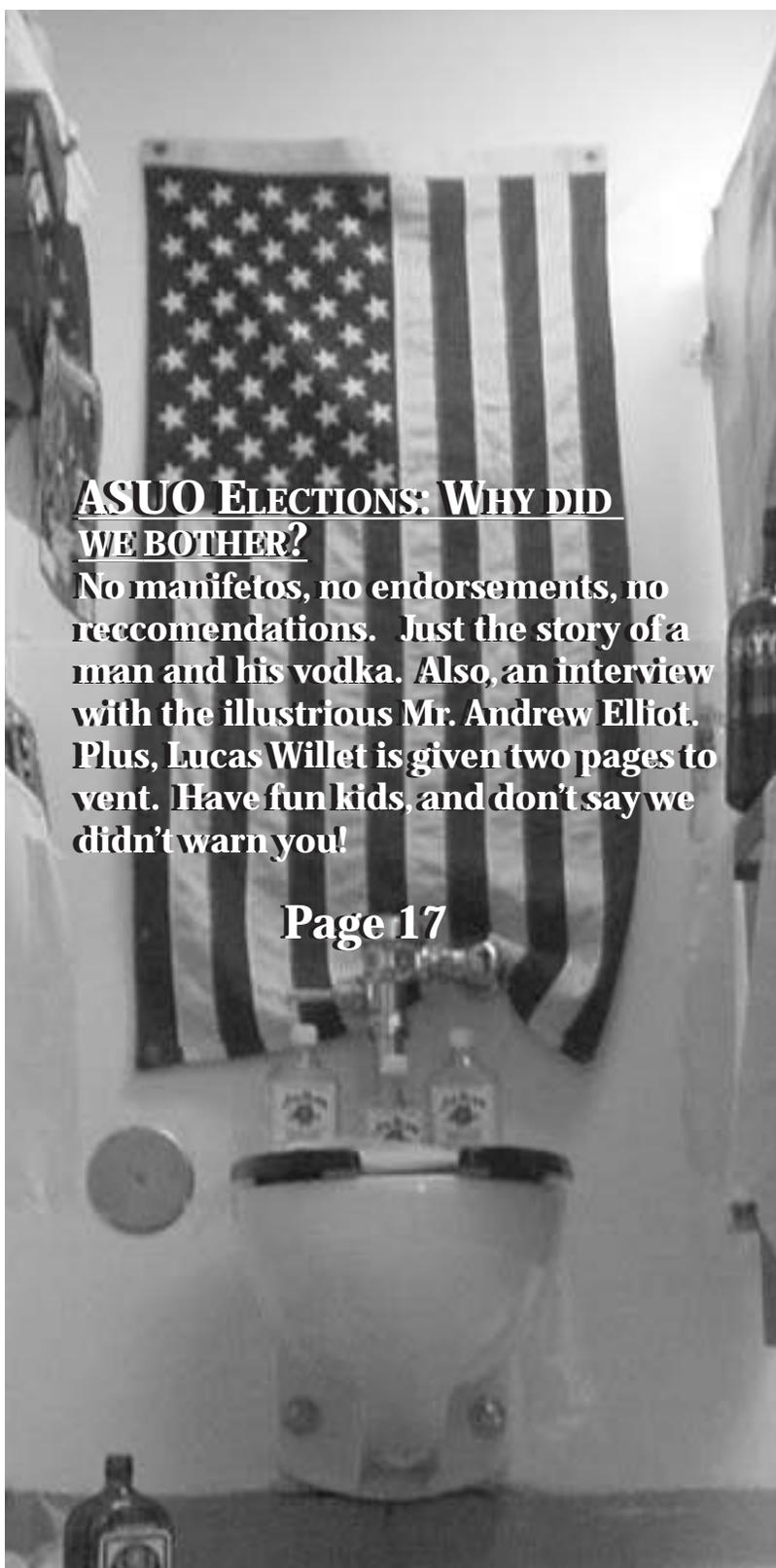
Last year's Exec, Jay Breslow, was worthy of harsh ridicule on a nearly daily basis. This year, our Execs have barely come out of their rather large hiding place. What have they done right and wrong?

By Timothy Dreier
PAGE 16

ASUO ELECTIONS: WHY DID WE BOTHER?

No manifestos, no endorsements, no recommendations. Just the story of a man and his vodka. Also, an interview with the illustrious Mr. Andrew Elliot. Plus, Lucas Willet is given two pages to vent. Have fun kids, and don't say we didn't warn you!

Page 17



DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL	4
THE PARKING LOT IS FULL	26
ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE	27
SPEW	30

February 26, 2001

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Taco Monday at Highlands. That's where the cool kids hang.

The Rules Are There...

THE ASUO SHOULD LEARN AND FOLLOW THEM

The ASUO is a lot like fifth graders. They run an election every year on vague platitudes and empty promises. They would rather spend money on making themselves feel better about their small roles in life. And they always screw up big time and plead ignorance. No more. We demand the ASUO finally understand the law and their duties.

Much like their younger counterparts, the ASUO continues to screw up those elections every year because the rules imposed on candidates are ridiculous, and then the Elections Board that oversees the entire process still manages to misunderstand the law every year.

This year the Elections Board decided that no media would be allowed into the ASUO office while the write-in votes were counted, contravening Oregon laws. Oregon's presumptive law is that every public meeting is open, unless specifically enumerated in law. However, if the board had done a quick legal search of the matter, they would have found that Oregon Revised Statute 192.660 states "Representatives of the news media shall be allowed to attend executive sessions other than those ... relating to labor negotiations..." Reporters from both the *COMMENTATOR* and the *Emerald* were turned away by Elections Coordinator Courtney Hight, who said that it was the burden of the media to produce relevant laws that would allow them to witness the proceedings.

But this is not the first year that the elections have been halted, altered or fixed by incompetency or corruption in the ASUO.

Two years ago, former Student Senate All-Star CJ Gabbe and running mate Peter Larson were kicked out of the elections by the board for illegally sponsoring the International Student Association coffee hour. But the board made errors in handling the decision and the Constitution Court placed Gabbe and Larson back on the general election ticket, from whence they were handed a remarkable defeat by Jay Breslow and an overwhelming tide of antipathy for the former senator.

In that same year several senators were embarrassed when it was discovered they were paid for their duties despite not fulfilling all of their duties.

Last year saw more trouble in the elections when cur-

rent *COMMENTATOR* publisher and former ASUO Executive candidate Bret Jacobson and running mate Matt Cook were kicked out of the election by the board, who so badly misunderstood and misapplied the text and nature of Oregon law that the board received a scolding from the court and Jacobson went on to face and lose to the current executive.

This year the ASUO has again had a number of embarrassments, some including this publication. The ASUO Executive decided to fire a controller, who later joined the *COMMENTATOR* staff, and then agreed to and reneged on a pledge to go through an arbitration process. That matter appears to again be an issue that will be dealt with by the Constitution Court. Then the Program Finance Committee tabled the *COMMENTATOR* budget because it couldn't wrap its members' minds around simple student speech issues before being forced to pass the magazine's mission statement.

The most disappointing aspect of the annual melee of mediocrity that is the ASUO circle is the continued self-righteousness that invariably envelopes the student government kids like a halo of ignorant bliss.

"If you guys show us the statute, you can sit in the corner and be quiet while we count the votes," one Elections Board member told the *COMMENTATOR* during the attempt to gain access to the vote counting process this year.

Notwithstanding that generous offer, it is the role of student government to know applicable rules, not the duty of students and journalists to prove their rights. But again and again the ASUO has proven that it has no interest in following Oregon and federal law, or even its own rules for that matter. The Elections Board apparently has no idea of the most fundamental tenets of state law and again has embarrassed the institution of student government.

It's time for the ASUO to graduate from fifth grade politics to adult responsibility. Fewer platitudes and a greater number of respected laws would be a great graduation present.

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OREGON COMMENTATOR

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Room 205, EMU



A Nasty Case of B.D.

Across the whole of campus, emotions collided when the departure of B.D. Gerhert from the *Oregon Daily Emerald* was quietly announced last week-- not by public declaration or shouts from the EMU roof, but by simple masthead omission.

News came at a particularly troubled time for the campus daily, described as "hngghhh" by a stooped, disoriented old man loitering by the LTD North Station on Kincaid. Perennially mediocre, some watchers believe the loss of Gerhert as columnist will cause the *Emerald* to be more accurately described as "sub-mediocre."

The series of events leading up to Gerhert's exit began with the *Oregon Daily Emerald's* particular interest in the clash between the Programs Finance Committee (PFC) and this magazine, the Oregon COMMENTATOR.

To refresh readers who may have forgotten the ordeal, from the first, controversial budget hearing, objective observers could plainly tell that the PFC was very, very wrong and the OC was right on every count.

The *Emerald*, led by Editor-in-Chief Jessica Blanchard, courageously adopted the "very, very wrong" position, making their moral incompetence and legal ignorance well known with the Jan. 28 unsigned editorial, "COMMENTATOR staff should 'toe the line.'"

When the finally PFC relented, abandoning their assault against everything that is right and good, the *Emerald* sputtered on for a few more days before letting the matter drop.

Gerhert, filing his next column for the newspaper, chose to disagree with the *Emerald* editorial board. Acting in good faith, he also disclosed his former association with the COMMENTATOR.

Blanchard promptly refused to print the column, citing her own lack of journalistic integrity and sense of fairness as precedent. Gerhert, in response, filed one

last thing: his resignation.

Asked about the incident, Gerhert said: "Hot damn! Lookit that over there. I gotta get me summa that!!"

Pat Payne, the opinionated veteran of last year's *Emerald* and countless unwanted comments in the front just about every journalism class he's ever been in, was not asked for his viewpoint.

Blanchard, meanwhile, was unavailable for comment.

Readers of the *Emerald* know only too well its slow decline. From the glorious heights of Ryan Frank's 1999-00 love-fest, to the bitter, hate-filled months of the Laura Cadiz reign, on to the exploits of shadowy, 40-year-old Jack Clifford.

Others will remember how the *Emerald* launched a series of indignant, front-page editorials about its best friend the PFC last year, when they were not best friends, but instead upset that the *Emerald's* funding had been reduced. Onlookers would like to know just how the *Emerald* squares their defiance last year with this year's unqualified support.

Tom Goldstein, dean of Columbia's School of Journalism, observes: "The *Emerald* is in crisis. Part of it is the post-Sept. 11 advertising crash, not to mention Blanchard's wholesale inability to lead, and lest I forget, the overwhelming effects of the corporate media control, which everybody knows is certain to be the downfall of American democracy."

Others disagree. Says Gerhert, "Hoo boy, I needs me a drink!"

While the *Emerald* has only more eye-rolling stupidity ahead of it, the opposite is true for B.D. Gerhert.

Gerhert's journalism career at the University of Oregon was long and storied. From editorships at the COMMENTATOR and *Emerald* to awards, internships and verbal fisticuffs on the porch at Rennies, it will be a long time before another like him comes around.

With the departure of B.D. Gerhert, loyal fans must wonder: Who will provide balance to the newspaper? Who will make

them laugh, smile and think? Who can be counted upon to walk around heavily intoxicated, arms flailing, shouting at hippies and denouncing communists?

Questions remain unanswered, but one thing is known: B.D. Gerhert has come full circle.

Alumni Blues

We have long maintained that COMMENTATOR alumni boast imminently more impressive career success than any other political or journalism group on campus, and we've found supporting evidence from the *ODE's* very own files.

According to the Winter 2002 edition of the cleverly named "Alumni News," last year's Editor in chief Jack "Daniels" Clifford has somehow managed a mystery job title. Clifford returned to his Florida State University roots to become the "managing editor in the Department of English." That's a pretty good job title, almost as quirky as "Executive Editor of the Third Floor Men's Shitter."

Also in the latest edition of The News (as it's known to Washington insiders) is a correction to a listing of former editors. Apparently the *ODE* used to have two editors per year, which seems like a damn good idea when you consider that if the paper doubled the number of editors it could halve the number of errors that daily grace classroom floors. It should be noted, however, that if the errors were cut in half the paper may still likely read as unintelligibly as a Tourette's Syndrome manifesto.

But alas, there will be no doubling of editors next year, and instead there will be pay decreases due to financial problems faced by the *ODE*. Not only was their budget cut by the Program Finance Committee for next year, but the *ODE* reported an operating loss of \$31,800 last year and \$71,000 so far this year. At this rate they'll become as insolvent as they are insignificant.

WHERE WERE THE CANDIDATES?

When police were called to campus to investigate an alleged gunman stalking the residence halls on the final day of ASUO primary elections voting, only one candidate had the courage to lead in the time of crisis.

Candidate Tim Dreier, Managing Editor of the COMMENTATOR and running on a platform of ridding the campus of subversives and Communists, was there to ensure the matter was handled properly.

"I wanted to make sure the gunman knew who he should be shooting at," Dreier said. "Everyone was standing around and spreading rumors, and the other candidates were off sipping lattes or trying to get votes, but I had to be there to see no one would get hurt, unless it was a Communist."

Eventually police released a student for having a Beretta-looking BB gun, leaving bystanders disappointed that they wasted their time without a story to tell and no one injured.

"I was there to ensure a Commie died. That's just what being a leader is all about," Dreier said.



Blame Canada

An volcanic eruption in Congo killed more than 100 people, destroyed 12,000 homes, and forced the evacuation of hundreds of thousands of people. In the Middle-East, Palestinian gunmen killed at least six Israelis in an attack last week on an army checkpoint in the West Bank. The late-night shooting was likely to draw strong Israeli retaliation in a worsening cycle of death and retribution with the Palestinians. And somebody cloned a kitten.

But did you hear about any of this? Probably not, because our news outlets have been too busy reporting on Jamie "Whiner" Sale and David "Sore Loser" Pelletier, the Canadian figure skaters who just wouldn't take silver for an answer. Despite the relatively straightforward rules of this simple game, the Canadian team refused to concede defeat, seeking loopholes in the International Skating Union's official rules to somehow extract victory out of the jaws of humiliating defeat.

"The French screwed us," they said. Question: What's the second major language in Canada. Answer: French. The Canadian's have even adopted France's martyr complex, casting themselves as victims of an international figure skating conspiracy. A what?

For the record, figure skating is not a sport. It's a contest. The winners of sporting events aren't determined by judges, they

use less nebulous standards such as scoring and timing. The exception is boxing, the only sport with more scandal than action. No, figure skating is a contest. As in: popularity contest, pie eating contest, or ASUO election. Contests don't have winners, only losers. Men care about sports, pansies care about contests. Just who do you think is watching figure skating anyway? It's not the Monday Night Football audience, it's the Oprah crowd. It's the same people who get their political news from watching "The View."

Figure skatings' theatrics are nothing new. Flashback to Nancy Kerrigan, another first class whiner. "Why, why, why," she bellowed after being walloped in the shin with a metal pipe, as though her injury should be enough to warrant some sort of national response.

Figure skaters should just receive "Thanks for Participating" blue ribbons and leave it at that. Anything else would be ridiculous.



In Remembrance of a Fallen Soldier... Haiku for a Log



Large majestic tree
Looms high, hundreds of years old
George, get the chainsaw

Set a tree on fire
Watch hippies gather around
Set them on fire too

Why am I here now
Looking at a piece of wood
I could be drinking

A piece of wood stands
Used to be part of a tree
Now a blunt weapon



Connect the dots★



*Note: The purpose of this exercise isn't to see if you can draw a straight line. It's to help you find Jesus. You can't connect the dots of life without him.

**I don't read the OREGON
COMMENTATOR,
I do coke. Lots of coke. You will
never kill me.**

*A slow descent into coke addiction
is both socially repulsive and plain
unhealthy. Don't be
another victim, read the
OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

The More You Know
Sudsy here, OC mascot
and star of stage and
screen. "Remember kids,
that rash doesn't go away
on its own. So never kiss
anyone without a blood
test."



Fries, Not Hippies, With That

Do McDonald's protesters support terrorism? Probably not, but they do hold up the drive-thru. And isn't that the *real* terrorism?

By Jeremy Jones

On a dreary Sunday afternoon, SETA got together, smoked a bowl, and decided that the carnivores of Eugene are too happy. To that end, they marched to the McDonald's on Hilyard and Broadway to protest.

This is in no way a threat to our way of life. It is not a challenge of our ideals. It was just a really annoying exercise in futility that I think you flesh eaters will enjoy.

SETA (Students for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) is a splinter group of PETA (Take a wild guess what that stands for, fruity). Just to get an idea of the kind of intellect we are dealing with here, in Nov. 2001, while driving a PETA-owned Honda Civic, two members managed to hit and kill a deer. They then proceeded to sue the state of New Jersey because, "the state's mismanagement of the deer population, which includes purposefully increasing herd sizes in order to provide more live targets for hunters and so jeopardizes the well-being of people who use the roads." Yes, an animal rights group is complaining that there are too many animals. This is the "organized" national branch of the group. God knows what the disorganized Eugene hippie branch has come up with.

It was about noon on this typically cloudy Sunday, and I started to get hungry. I decided to go to the nearby McDonald's for a metric ton of cheeseburgers. At the time, I thought I wanted to go to because I can get 400 cheeseburgers for about five



bucks and in about thirty seconds. Imagine my surprise to find out that I really went to McDonald's because I have no choice. McDonald's constant expansion combined with relentless advertising have affected me. I am hopelessly addicted; I must have the corporate goodness that is McDonald's.

Within a few minutes, I arrive at the golden arches. As I am about to reach the restaurant, I notice that on the sidewalk outside are about a dozen protesters standing between me and the nutritionless corporate swill that I depend on. There were two types of protesters there. First, the sign holders, those enlightening fellows that try to impart their infinite wisdom upon the ignorant populace much the same way a homeless person tries to get money: scribble some incoherent crap on a piece of cardboard, and sit on the street. In practice, it is hard to distinguish these self-righteous hippies with the common bum. In fact, I have been known to lose up to \$3.00 in small change during a typical protest. Second, there are the sign holders' counter parts, the handbillers. These vicious bastards are as aggressive as a rabid badger with a stick up its ass and twice as tenacious. They hold in their hand the secrets for a happy life; you will read them if they have to pull your ass out of the car and staple them to your forehead.

As soon as I saw the crowd outside, I immediately ducked behind a bush. If the handbillers saw me, they would pounce on me like the hemp-clad velociraptors that they are. About that time, a fellow carnivore tried to make an escape from the parking lot in his truck.

The poor bastard was swarmed with hippies shoving reading material at him. They jumped on the hood, screamed through the windows, urinated in his gas tank and generally were rather rude. This was my chance; while they were occupied, I made a run for McDonald's.

One of them must have seen me running for the door, because just as I was about a foot away, one of the handbillers body checked me into Ronald's Playplace and shoved a dozen fliers

CONTINUED ON 26



Fear factor

The “No More Curfews” rally was supposedly about making campus safer, but its organizers did little more than point fingers. Is the UO campus really a haven for rapists and Klan members?

By Pete R. Hunt

The “No More Curfews on Campus” rally held on February 12th was effective in drumming up PR for the Women’s Center and similar campus groups, but it did little to offer solutions for campus safety. Rape is certainly a serious matter, and the attempted attack on a woman behind the Knight Library on January 30th deserves the attention of students, administration and the Department of Public Safety. The incident comes on the heels of last year’s string of attacks around the campus area. Though DPS won’t go out on a limb and say that the same person is responsible, it certainly seems plausible. With such a miscreant on the loose, all students on campus need to be on guard, and the authorities need to be making special efforts to find the culprit.

But when groups like the “radical cheerleaders” step behind a microphone and use words like “rape culture” and “controlling men’s behavior,” we should be more than a little suspicious of their motives. After all, it’s certainly a stretch to describe the University of Oregon campus as being anything but politically correct. For Saferide co-director Lezlie Frye to say that there is a campus “rape environment” that imposes a curfew on women is nothing short of hyperbole.

Perhaps Frye’s real message, subtly hidden behind the smoke and mirrors of fear tactics, is summed up in her statement that the Women’s Studies Program and the Women’s Center are “grossly underfunded,” and that increasing funding to them would go a long way toward making campus safe. If you believe that there is any correlation behind the funding of these groups and the actions of the “campus stalker,” then I’ve got thirty shares of Enron to sell you.

“It’s not about women changing their behavior,” said guest speaker Michelle Manoguerra, quoted in the Register Guard. “The focus should really be on the person who is perpetrating the assault.”

Michelle’s statement comes in contradiction to the message of the rally. The person perpetrating the assault wasn’t the one on trial before the angry masses gathered in the EMU amphitheater, holding up “I Eat Rapists For Dinner” signs. The atmosphere seemed to suggest that it was the entire male gender really standing trial. Never mind that the campus stalker—obviously a mentally disturbed and deeply troubled individual— isn’t really

a good representative for male society at large. Sadly, the January 30th assault was just an excuse to gather and bash male-driven culture. As evidence of the discriminatory patriarchy, organizers pointed to the University’s supposed curfew of women on campus. It was unclear from their message just when or what this curfew was, but it seemed to stem from the fact that the University dared to have the audacity to suggest that women needed to be careful when walking around campus at night. In their minds, the focus should be on controlling men’s behavior, not women’s.

Nobody can expect to walk around campus at night and not risk some sort of criminal assault, be it robbery, rape, or panhandling. Male or female, you’re certainly as safe walking down 13th street at night as you would be walking down Broadway. But common sense says walking through a dark graveyard or unlit alley isn’t a good idea. If you feel unsafe walking around campus at night, you can always arrange for the DPS to give you an escort. The *Emerald* actually offered the reasonable suggestion that student groups could become involved in the escort effort. If Saferide is going to remain on campus in its current form, this would be a good opportunity to branch out.

The *Emerald* editorial about campus safety was mistaken in painting the campus to be an unsafe place. The campus crime statistics—readily available online at safetyweb.uoregon.edu—don’t point to any large rape epidemic. Between 1998 and 2000 there have been two incidents of forcible sex offenses on campus or in on-campus residential facilities, and one incident of non-forcible sex offenses. Aside from minor burglaries, the statistics show campus to be a relatively crime-free place. Again, you’re probably safer walking around campus at night than through any of the bordering neighborhoods.

The uproar over campus safety is similar to another exaggerated epidemic: hate crimes. Hate crimes have become an issue of late in light of the situation Arab-Americans and practicing Muslims face in the aftermath of September 11th. Obviously any discrimination they face is entirely unjustified, as both our President and every major media have been quick to point out. But even before September 11th, liberally slanted media like MTV have been pushing for hate-crime legislation. In January 2001, MTV launched a major campaign to raise

awareness of the hate crime “epidemic.” The campaign opened with a documentary about the Matthew Shepard murder titled “Anatomy of a Hate Crime,” followed by an MTV News special on hate crimes and a “scroll” of hundreds of names of hate-crime victims.

“It is shocking in 2001 that hate crimes still happen on a daily basis,” said MTV spokesman Brian Braden. “While 90 percent of our viewers overwhelmingly recognize that discrimination is a serious problem facing our country today, fewer than five percent will acknowledge their own bias.”

When Braden suggests that people should acknowledge their own bias, he’s really suggesting that white males driving around in pickups and watching WWF are perpetuating a racist climate. But do the facts support his statement? Not at all. In 2000 (the most recent year for which statistics are available) the total number of hate crime offenses for all bias motivations (9430) was less than one-thousandth of one percent of the total number of all criminal offenses (11,605,751) in America. (For all the numbers, see www.fbi.gov) This hardly seems to justify a whole hate crime caste system. Yet MTV continues to paint hate crimes as a virus infecting all walks of American life and a by-product of American elitist culture. Yet hypocritically, MTV continues to air videos by Eminem with blatant anti-homosexual messages. Further more, the PC police at MTV took it upon themselves to blur out a poster of Scarface with Al Pacino holding a gun from a recent episode of MTV Cribs. This was deemed more offensive and dangerous to society than the show *Dismissed*, in which the winner is the person most willingly to put out in front of a national audience.

Perhaps the worst insult to intelligence of late is Susan Rankin’s skewed diversity survey. You may remember the ads that ran in the *Emerald* hyping the figures. Did you know that 53% of students

believe that classrooms are discriminatory? That’s what the ad says, so it must be true. Never mind that Rankin admits to designing the survey to overrepresent minorities. You don’t have to take statistics to find something wacky in that logic. Using the same polling technique, you could find that 74% of the population believe in the tooth fairy by overrepresenting the repressed toddler voice.

Still, even if the survey is biased, it does seem notable that some people truly believe that the campus atmosphere is discriminatory. This is Eugene after all, the most politically correct town this side of Berkeley. What more is it that the University could do to promote diversity?

How about setting up a research institute designed to promote and support inquiry and dialogue on racial, ethnic and cultural diversity? See: Center on Diversity and Community. How about setting up University and State sanctioned programs with the goal of recruiting and retaining more minority faculty members? See: Minority Recruitment Program and Faculty Diversity Initiatives. How about diversifying curriculum by adding majors in ethnic studies, women’s studies and Judaic studies in an effort to increase the diversity of programs available? See... well, never mind, it’s already been done.

The fact of the matter is that minority professors are in high demand at many Universities to fulfill their own diversity programs. That limits the pool, and increases the cost of recruiting. This doesn’t bode well for the University of Oregon, which notoriously under pays its faculty. That’s why many prominent minority professors are lured to Washington and Californian schools, plus the fact that Eugene isn’t exactly a cultural melting pot, minus the influx of Californians and hippies.

But in Oregon’s favor, the UO does rank well in minority student enrollment. 12.9% of students enrolled are ethnic minorities, and 8.0% are international students. Those numbers are comparable to

Oregon State’s 14.9% ethnic minorities and 8.0% international students. Portland State University lists their minority students at 17% and international students at 5.0%. All in all, the UO numbers run fairly parallel to other state universities. But of course none of these numbers will show up Susan Rankin’s survey.

Neither will these numbers: There are 14 registered Democrats to 0 registered Republicans in the Political Science department. 30 registered Democrats in the English department; 1 registered Republican. 12 Democrats in the Sociology department. 1 Socialist. 1 Green Party member. 0 Republicans. Things don’t get any more “diverse” in the other departments either. Combined number of Republicans in Journalism and Women’s Studies departments: 0.

Of course Democrats are just as qualified to teach Writing 121 as Republicans, or Socialists for that matter. These numbers aren’t a grand indictment against the University’s faculty. But if you really want to talk about “diversity,” these numbers are just as relevant as Susan Rankin’s. Numbers are just that, numbers. And numbers alone should not be enough to sway someone into believing that the University of Oregon campus fosters racism, rape culture, or sexism. We can leave that up to the “No More Curfew” rallies.



Pete R. Hunt, a senior majoring in journalism, is the Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

MADISON AVENUE'S NEWEST WEAPON...

by Ignatio J. Peters

How advertising can save
the world. (Or at least
clothe the homeless)

For better or worse, the homeless are simply a fact of life in Eugene. You know you're a true Eugenie when the sight of two overweight transients "porking" in Pioneer Cemetery no longer upsets you. But no matter how long you've lived here, the strong homeless presence in this town can be trying at times, particularly when they're asking you for money or breaking into your car or stabbing you in the forearm with a "shiv."

Now, I'm not the kind of guy who likes to make gross generalizations, but based on the empirical evidence I've observed, homeless people are worthless and foul-smelling. They also love beer, loose change and porn, but those characteristics hardly distinguish them from the rest of society. While it may be fun to toss a few pennies into a crowd of transients and giggle at the ensuing loose-ball fouls, by and large the only homeless people worth recognizing are the ones with knives, and then only if you have a larger knife and/or a car.

As heartless as I strive to be, there's no denying the human side of homelessness. Pungent odors notwithstanding, there's



nothing as saddening (or as sadistically thrilling) as the sight of a shivering old man hiding from the cruel January wind, or a tearful young woman humbly asking for spare change (for food?). But what can we do to help these poor souls? Or if not help, what can we do to get them to stop fucking touching me?

In half-assed response to decades of failed economic policy, I have found an answer. My answer (which I call the "Newer Deal") has not come easily, but as one of my semi-edified friends pointed out, FDR probably took a while to come up with the New Deal, too. FDR may have wrestled with the problem of homelessness long before I hit the socioeconomic scene, but without the ingrained Gen-X cynicism that I wield like a gym towel, FDR failed to recognize that solving problems is clearly not one of the functions of government. The government can't give meaning and dignity the life of the urban nomad. To solve the riddle of homelessness, you have to look beyond the confines of government, all the way out of the public sector, to the miracle of corporate advertising.

Advertising, like some post-modern corporate messiah, has the power to save the world, if only the world would accept its free gift of grace (limited time only, offer void where prohibited, see rules for details).

Those who decry corporate exploitation and the inescapable manipulation of advertising forget that corporations, like other large-scale organizations, can themselves be exploited. All we have to do is give them a reason to think that their advertising dollars will be well-spent buying beer and clothes for the homeless.

First, let's talk about advertising in the broad sense. In my mind, the crudest form of advertising is the sandwich board: two flat, rectangular pieces of lumber hung over a person's front and back, advertising anything from car washes to the Apocalypse. This is grassroots advertising, and it's as effective as it is simple. Now, while wearing a sandwich board adorned with a Pepsi logo might generate some demand for Pepsi products, this sort of advertising would do little to benefit the homeless (aside from breaking the monotony of a day otherwise spent begging for change and masturbating). This is mostly because the homeless don't have any use for sandwich boards (aside from building

Left: The homeless are like wild animals. You wouldn't touch a wild animal would you? Then why would you give one your change?

forts). So what do bums need? Exactly what they use all that spare change to buy: sweet, sweet alcohol.

Here's my plan, in two (2) simple steps that even an inebriated, brain-damaged fourth grader should be able to grasp:

STEP ONE

Instead of sandwich boards, outfit the homeless with sweat-shirts, jackets, t-shirts, dresses, muumuus - any form of clothing, really - emblazoned with advertising slogans and corporate logos ("slogos," if you will). Sandwich boards may be cheaper and more direct, but the whole idea here is to benefit the homeless, not the corporations. Realistically speaking, clothing is more practical than plywood, and typically warmer on those chilly nights out on the town (which, if you're homeless, is every night).

The corporations will pay for everything, from production to distribution and, in return, they will have their "slogos" prominently displayed wherever particular people congregate (of course, in this case, "particular" means "homeless," and "congregate" means "lurk").

STEP TWO

Now that the homeless are clothed, how can we make sure that they don't just hide under their refrigerator boxes and garbage bags? After all, what good is a billboard if it's passed out behind the Methodist church? In order to keep the transients on their feet, we need to give them a reason to wander the city. My plan is to establish checkpoints at various locations throughout the city, stocked with beer and manned by corporate reps with clipboards. The homeless would wander (stagger? meander?) throughout the city like mice in a maze, moving from checkpoint to checkpoint, drinking Pabst out of Dixie cups at every stop. The homeless can't just camp out at one or two checkpoints, though. They have to keep moving. There will be incentives (more beer, for example) for those industrious vagabonds who manage to make it to all the checkpoints in a given city, or for those who make the rounds in the fastest time.

Imagine a world where the homeless are the fastest-moving and most well-dressed segment of the population. Their disproportionate thirst for ale is quenched by friendly corporate representatives who lovingly provide Dixie cups of beer in exchange for the unmatched advertising presence of the homeless. In effect, we are taking the only marketable skills common to all homeless persons (i.e. the ability to occupy space and be seen), and turning them into profitable assets.

Like any example of raw, unadulterated brilliance, there are flaws in this plan. For example, it's not really a

solution to the homeless problem, because a drunk and well-clothed bum is nevertheless still a bum.

But the "homeless problem" that left-leaning softies sometimes base their local election campaigns on has more to do with the discomfort that the rest of us feel when we see a homeless person than it does with real concern for the people who, by definition, lack homes. This is simply because homeless people don't vote, and those of us who do don't associate much with homeless people. It's the bleeding heart middle-class that whines about the homeless problem, and while this concern is presented under the clever guise of compassion, I know the truth: we just want to be able to walk down 13th without some diseased ex-hippie asking us for change.

Honestly, how often have you heard a homeless person complain about being homeless? How many times has a transient approached you on the west end of campus and asked you if you could "spare a few dollars for a home?" They don't want homes; they want malt liquor and crank. So if even if this plan only takes care of discomfort that the rest of us feel when we encounter the homeless, we will have vanquished a great portion of the problem. In the eyes of the voting (homeful) public, if we can get the homeless to stop looking so damned depressing, to stop bothering me for change, to stop lounging around bus stations with their "every day is Saturday" attitude, we will have solved the homeless problem.

In all seriousness, this plan has no weaknesses. The corporations get publicity, the homeless get beer and clothing (not to mention some much-needed exercise!), and I don't have to worry about being harassed by some rank-smelling transient trying to get me to "spare some change." Everybody wins (except for the morbidly obese and disabled war veterans who can't wear normal clothes), and it's all due to the miracle of advertising. 

Ignatio J. Peters, still living a secret double life, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



THE

OREGON COMMENTATOR

CATALOG

OREGON COMMENTATOR EMBEZZLING Co. now has a fresh new line of products for our fans and their everyday suburban survival needs!

It's a jungle out there, and you've got the fever. But to be stylin' and survivin' you gots to have this dope shit, including the brand-new OC Hip-Hop Breath Mints (with 100mg of ephedra), the new OC stainless steel Irish Coffee Travel Mug and the OC Porta-Cross for carrying away drunk roommates.

Of course, each OC product is guaranteed with a money-back offer if you can track us down and beat it out of our junior staffers.

Come see our storefront in our EMU 205 office or call 541.346.3721



Bolts, locks and restraining orders are no match for the OC battering ram. This stylish item will literally open doors to your future!

ONLY \$500.95



Traffic too fast by your house? Or do you just want to have a bit of fun on the interstate? The OC removable speed bump is an easy and fun way to initiate third-degree burns from some prick's grande latte.

ONLY \$240.95

Wake up at Sigma Chi with no recollections? The OC home pregnancy test will not only let you know if you are pregnant, but also calculates the future value of child support payments!

ONLY \$1.95



KILLER!



Those wacky drunks at the OC are always doing something to piss off the tree huggers. Now you can too, with your very own OC chainsaw! Cut down 200-year-old trees, with the hippies still chained to them!
ONLY \$29.95



It's almost spring, and you all know what that means...protests! Be well equipped for the next demonstration with the OC protest kit. Kit contains riot shield, riot helmet, tear gas grenade and riot gun. Scalping knife and "planted gat" sold separately.
ONLY \$1,200.95

DOPE!

Because sometimes, just getting to school on time can be a battle. Ford Explorer with greek letters parked in *your* space? Not for long, sliz-zut. Presenting the OC tank: good for crushing revolutions, running over protesters and scaring the hell out of the meter maid.
ONLY \$1,248,637.95



Our Invisible Executive

The current ASUO Executive ran on a platform of visibility, so far they've only managed to be notably absent.

By Timothy Dreier

With the latest ASUO election season just wrapping up, it does some good to examine the activities and accomplishments of the current ASUO Executive as we move forward into the future. As this issue goes to press the results of the general election are unknown, but the choice between Pilliod/Buzbee and Ritche/Babkes is the same choice that occurs most every year: one leftist wonk and another leftist wonk. The question of whether or not the new wonks will actually be seen around campus remains, however. The current Executives, Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair, have been most notably absent from press around campus so what have they done with this year in office? Not terribly much, but some of the Executives' decisions have been quite surprising, others have been just plain stupid.

First on the list of recommendations that stunned the hell out of anyone paying attention to the PFC was the Exec's recommendation of the \$23,605 cut to the budget of everyone's favorite lobbying group, OSPIRG. The PFC this year gave OSPIRG only \$120,819 of the \$144,162 that the group requested. That fact alone is surprising enough, but that the recommendation came from the candidates who ran on the "we're women, we're ethnic" platform last spring is enough to shock even the most jaded of campus onlookers. We here at the COMMENTATOR have been calling for cuts to OSPIRG's budget for the better part of two decades with no luck; that the current ASUO Exec would finally make such a recommendation fills our hard, bitter little hearts with glee. Ideally, OSPIRG would receive no funding from our Incidental Fees, but on this campus, that is simply not going to happen. So, those of us with an objection to paying the rent of a political group will have to be satisfied with a slight reduction in funding.

The second surprising action taken by the Exec recently was the recommendation for cuts in the budget of the United States Student Association (USSA) and the Oregon Student Association (OSA). These two groups also receive funding from our Incidental Fees and ship that money off campus to do the bidding of a few liberal-minded activists throughout the state and nation. OSA and USSA are typically the darlings of a classically liberal Exec office, so to see any cut recommended by Brooklyn and Nair is astonishing. It is nice to see a small degree of fiscal accountability come to the ASUO office, but the Exec has done plenty of right out stupid things this year and those shall not go overlooked.

Item number one on the list of follies? The large sign proclaiming the ASUO to be "your student voice." If one takes a closer look at the sign, one will see that it is not, in fact, "your student voice," but rather the voice of a few pretentious liberal wankers. The sign's points are all classically left and have no bearing on campus life. Renter's rights, campus involvement, diversity, these are all the classic themes covered by every left-leaning Executive since the beginning of time. This sign, however, has the particularly noxious axiom, "prison industrial complex" near the bottom. What is the prison industrial complex? The name would imply that somebody is making

money off of prisons. The government certainly isn't and most prisons aren't private, so who is making all the money in this "industrial complex"? It seems like a complicated way to complain about increased spending on prisons while spending on higher education has waned. News flash: prisons are needed for a stable society and higher education is a privilege not a right. If you want to go to college, bloody well pay for it. All tangents aside, the sign on the window of Suite Four is one of the silliest things since the platypus.

The second horrendously moronic undertaking of the current Executive is "Doin' It in the Dark." This program, the most visibly thing Brooklyn and Nair have done all year, is a useless undertaking to get the campus to conserve energy in protest of a \$30 energy fee. One wonders why the Exec wasted all of the effort. If school, in state, costs about \$5000 per year saving \$30 doesn't make a bit of difference. If the Exec was really interested in saving us money, why not cut the huge budgets for the MCC, OSPIRG, and the other money-draining programs entirely and lower the incidental fee? Saving \$200-\$300 a year would be an appreciable savings, even if the total cost of going to school is in the neighborhood of \$5000 per year. Aside from the sheer foolishness of protesting what amounts to beans in the large scheme of total costs, "Doin' It in the Dark" has no chance of actually reducing energy usage on or around campus. The EPA (Environmental Protection Agency, for those who are daft) has been putting up similar signs for 20 or 30 years to no effect. Like protests to use less oil and save water, the Exec's "Doin' It in the Dark" has no hope of any appreciable success. Furthermore, it makes sense that students pay for the energy they use on campus. If students expect to have many power-using services available to them through the University, they should expect to pay for those services.

The final asinine aspect of the current Executive is its total invisibility. If you are an avid reader of this publication, you have noticed a lack of Exec bashing this year. Where have the days of Jay "King of Knobs" Breslow gone? The Brooklyn/Nair duo have been so innocuous on campus that they have not even warranted nicknames in the COMMENTATOR office.

Recently, I ran for ASUO Executive and in four or five visits to Suite Four the only sighting of either came as I filed my intent to run. That one sighting was of Brooklyn at 4:30 in the afternoon on January 30. Besides that, the two Exec members were MIA.

This year's exec has surprised us with stunning cuts to left-wing darlings, but has not managed to do anything else particularly intelligent. A stupid sign, a program with no chance of success, and total invisibility are the true earmarks of this administration. Will Brooklyn/Nair go down in history as great leaders for our campus? Hell no.



Timothy Dreier, victim of a communist plot to silence him, is the Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

OREGON COMMENTATOR

Case #666

CONFIDENTIAL

Elections

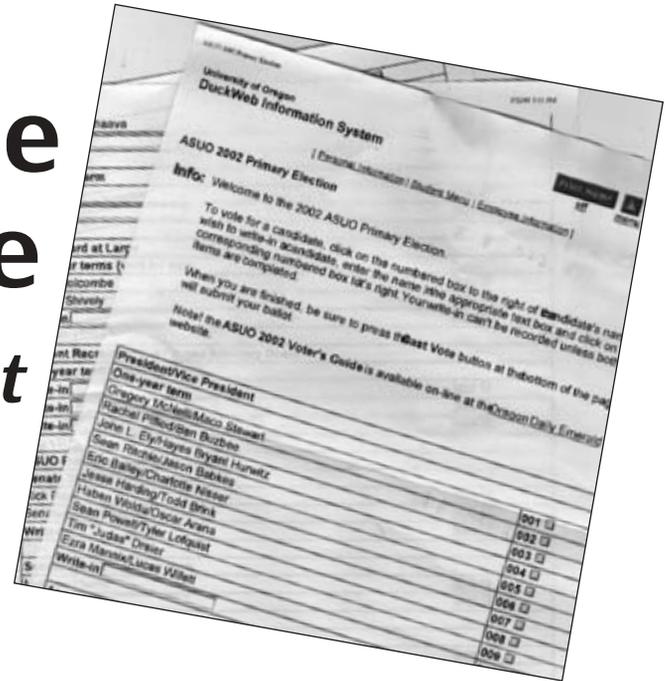
2002

Inside:

**How I Chose My Candidate
Andrew Elliot Interview
Luke Willet Whines
Some Other Stuff**

How I Chose My Candidate

By Pete R. Hunt



I dreaded writing something about this year's election, as I'd given the issue little notice. I'd glanced over the *Emerald's* candidate profiles, I'd talked to Greg McNeill outside of the EMU and tried to get him to buy an ad, and I'd had some dollar micros at Taylor's with Ezra Mannix. But that was the extent of my involvement, and I doubted that would be enough to fill up a whole column. I needed help—or at least release—so I sought a partner to help me write.

Cheap vodka is a dark mistress, a sadistic queen of bondage whose hot wax burns equally upon your liver and soul. Hood River Vodka is perhaps the cheapest of all vodka, a mere distillation removed from being an anesthetic. The lost souls of Hood River have dedicated themselves to turning even the most tactful alcoholic into a raging drunk, overtaken by the Fear and Darkness of a spiraling vortex into insanity. Alone in her grip, the world is your enemy. This is the sort of distorted enlightenment you need to choose a worthy candidate for any office. HRD was responsible for my winning campaign for class president my senior year of high school, so again I called upon her guidance to navigate me through the political fog.

There's no time to waste. My ice is melting; I'll need a refill soon. Best to get writing while I can still see the letters on the screen, and while my mouse is still attached to the keyboard and not swinging around my head like a ball and chain swatting at invisible insects.

To give a candidate-by-candidate profile would be giving way to much credibility to their respective campaigns. All candidates are not created equal, but all campaign platforms include the words "diversity" and "rapport." As in "Build diversity and create a rapport with administration." Rapport just sounds like an important word. Who are else are you going to build a rapport with? The pizza guy? Let's ignore for an instant the lexicon of spin. Ten candidates, one ring to control them all. That ring, of course, is the *Emerald's* editorial selection, more often than not a free pass through the primaries. You could also say that having ties to the previous administration is another ring, but that would be two rings, one too many.

You can promise students that you're going to buy





ABOVE: Greg McNeil tries unsuccessfully to get a girl's phone number. Better luck next time, Greg-O.

Below: (From l to r) 1. The Kiosk covered in political propaganda. More people piss on this thing than sit on it. 2. Empty tables from the candidates fair. Only Greg McNeil bothered to stand in the rain, and he couldn't even get a phone number. (see above.) 3. Sho Ikeda's notes from the first candidate's meeting. Apparently he was bored... and homicidal.

them the old Sacred Heart parking garage, you can look them in the eyes and say that the Blazers will be here for exhibition games, you can even swear upon your mother's ashes that you will once and for all rid this campus of subversives. But nobody will believe you. Campaign promises are like women, cheap and hollow. Heather wasn't a woman. She was a girl. I thought she loved me. But looking back I don't know that she loved anyone. Not even herself.

All you can ask of a candidate is to not mess up, to try to keep their noses clean, and to stop dreaming about flying cars running on ethanol and free public health care. That only exists in Canada, and the traffic is a nightmare. Campus activist and folk legend Bruce Miller keeps telling me how neither the *Emerald* nor ASUO seem interested in the massive educational budget cuts going on in Salem. He says the *Emerald* threw him out on the pavement when he stormed into their office and demanded they pay attention. Songs have been written about lesser men. But don't mourn for him, organize. The Doing it in the Dark campaign seeks to save students \$20 in energy fees. The state budget cuts will wind up costing the University millions of dollars and will ultimately require tuition hikes. Register-Guard editorials have compared our current predicament to the aftermath of Measure 5. The Register-Guard will only lie to you 35% of the time, and these numbers reek of the truth. So why is the energy fee even an issue? Especially now that poor campus lighting is being blamed for campus rapes.

But let's ignore the issues for now and focus on the candidates. Like Mad Max in the Thunderdome, a true contest is always between two combatants willing to claw it out until the death, or at least until someone squeaks out an "Uncle."

Pilliod and Buzbee seem like a seamless continuation of Brooklyn and Nair, and for better or worse continuity is the only thing we have left to hope for out of the ASUO.

CONTINUED ON 20



CONTINUED FROM 19

But you have to admire the spunk of Ritchie and Babkes. Their ad on the back of the *Emerald's* election issue was classic. They stood together defiantly—surrounded by about twenty of their frat buddies—ready to take on the world, or at least untap the keg. These kids are fighters, but they lack a real cause. Their primary platform is that they're different than previous Execs. Fair enough. Heather said she was looking for someone different. She said I made her feel "boxed in." When she got out of the shower I thought she smelled like peaches. Maybe it was the conditioner. Or it maybe it was the rotting smell of her heart.

So who will it be? Pilliod/ Buzbee or Ritchie/Babkes. Do you remember the story of Ralph the Mouse? He could ride a motorcycle. I don't know how he did it. I don't know who I'll vote for, either. Probably Ritchie and Babkes. Critics complain that they bought their way into the campaign. But money can't buy you love, it can't put a clock on the side of the EMU, and it can't be used to purchase food. That's because the money we're talking about is the incidental fee, and it doesn't belong to the ASUO. It belongs to the students.

One way or another, log onto DuckWeb and vote. The preservation of the office demands it. But make sure they count your vote. Don't let them herd you along like sheep while they oversee a false election. And don't let her break your heart. You're better than that.



Pete R. Hunt, who is never informed when his TRIG meeting is canceled, is the Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

People Who Didn't Receive Any Write-In Votes For ASUO Executive

Howard Hughes



George Soros



Todd Bridges



Barry Goldwater

Also:

Captain N the Game Master, Mario Savio, Philip K. Dick, Dwayne Wayne, The kid with the glasses from the Wonder Years, Jack Reed, Shawn Kemp, the cast and crew of *The Producers*, (1) for Harry but (0) for the Hendersons, Jesus Christ, Orson Welles, your mother, Jeffory Lebowsky, Big Daddy Kane, and Count Blacula.

VICTORY!

Thank you for voting "no" on Eric Bailey

Rumor has it Eric Bailey has dreamed of being ASUO President since he first arrived on this campus. He approached his goal slowly and meticulously, rising through the ranks, working through the grind, always one step closer to the seat of power. But it just ain't happening. For two years in a row he has been thoroughly beaten by candidates with neither his experience nor valor. And for that, we say thank god.

Brought to you By Student Against Eric Bailey (SAEB)

Andy Elliot

The Senator behind the man.

The OC Interview



Q: How many felonies have you committed in the past 12 months?

A: None that I can admit to.

Q: You have a reputation for having a bright future. So why are you hiding out in Oregon?

A: See Above.

Q: What is your real plan for power?

A: What are you talking about? I'm only doing this for my resume.

Q: Could you comment on your past relationship with Scott Austin?

A: It was only a summer thing.

Q: What does the term "fisting" mean to you?

A: \$20 in my pocket and a ride in a cherried out 78 Camaro.

Q: You have been said to harbor certain unpopular views. Who do you really hate more, midgets or the elderly?

A: I got no problem with midgets... or Little People, as they're called. I guess, the elderly, they're such elitist bastards. I've played more bridge than half those bastards and they won't let me in AARP. And I'm tired of that Greatest Generation shit. It's cool they won World War II, but don't poo poo our economic achievements. And they get cheaper movie tickets.

Q: You're often spotted in intimate discussions with EMU head honcho Dusty Miller. What's going on there?

A: I can't say much about that, but I can say they sell condoms in the third floor bathroom.

Q: You're an extremely tall guy and one is led to believe your pituitary gland went haywire. Why did God hate you?

A: Cause I want his job. And it was his way of handicapping me for the amazing intellect with which I was blessed.

Q: Give us five words on why you wanted to be a senator again:

A: I want to spend your money.

Q: Does this look like a rash?

A: I didn't give that to you, did I?

Q: *OC* or *ODE*?

A: *OC* for fun, *ODE* for bathroom reading.

WHAT THE F#@! IS A MOOK ANYWAY?

A Savage Journey into the Heart of Boredom in Eugene

by Luke Willet

No. Calm Down. Learn to enjoy losing. The important thing is to live life on your own terms; leave the details to the mooks, at least for now. Such is the attitude we took into the election.

Our candidacy began at 4:20, forty minutes before the filing deadline. At least that's what the sandwich board outside the EMU read. Already late for my biology class, I decided why not skip it entirely and take care of the important business, like setting straight the University as a whole? Running for the Presidency seemed as good a place to start as any.

By 4:25 I was in, out and official, as was my running mate, Ezra Mannix. He just didn't know it yet.

A braintrust was immediately formed, a steel reserve of campaignage: myself, Ezra, and our Attorney, who, despite being bogged down in several civil litigation cases of his own was willing to help in humble regard for the Greater Good.

We were running on the Your Mother campaign. Because Your Mother would vote for us. She did.

It was our Attorney's idea, who understood that the key to getting votes was to market yourself well. "Ezra and Luke are such nice boys, you'll vote for them – if you love me, I mean." Hey, it was your mother who said that.

The problem we faced was thus: the University of Oregon, and all its inherent faults. And how we were the best people to fix it.

First, we need a twenty four hour building on campus – (you wouldn't believe how many students I've talked to who don't understand WHY we might need a twenty four hour building! Why would people want to study after midnight? Mooks, all!)

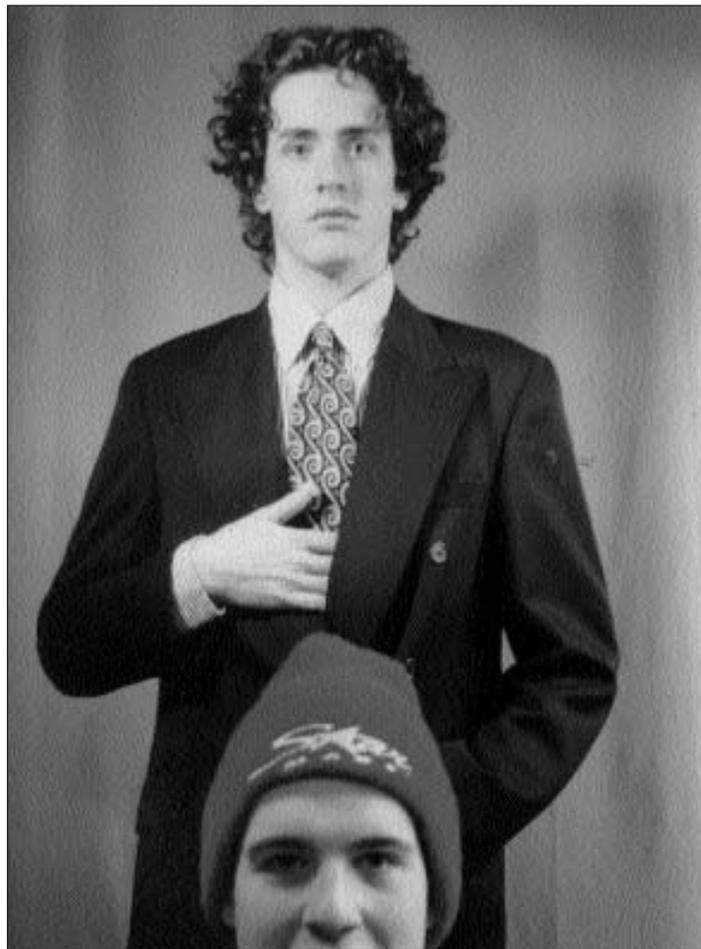
Next, put a clock on the tower of the EMU—

And of course, to bring the Blazers to Eugene for an exhibition game—

We threw in a couple other tangibles to represent the student body at large. Use the dorm meal cards in the EMU restaurants. Covered bike racks in strategic locations. Establishing full-tenured professorship for Chuck Hunt (whom I'm certain the COMMENTATOR nobly supports).

Now that we had at least one platform for each member of the student body it was time to get the word out. Because once people knew they agreed with us, they would vote for us. C'mon, this is America.

Assisted with a half-gallon of Old Crow Bourbon and a giant marker from Rite-Aid we made the first of the campaign posters, focused by our two marketing themes: Ezra Knows



Above: Ezra Mannix (top) and Luke Willet (below) in all their glory Your Mother. And don't get mooked again.

Bailey and Nisser were already wearing around their red screen-printed t-shirts and trying to get out the vote in 2002... mooks, all. And that's why we'd get votes. The ridiculous reason we even had a chance with less than a hundred bucks and three weeks to prepare. Because students are tired of getting mooked. What the hell does the ASUO Exec do for you? Nothing, again, and next year, same old shit.

Our first set of posters didn't even last the day. Campaigns even more cynical than ours complained that they covered other posters. They did. We put them up on that bench-thing by the EMU that's always plastered with flyers and no one gives a goddam about. Funny posters. Well, we thought they were funny. But we were drunk. At least they didn't say It's about issues, not gimmicks. Our posters covered up no more than 5%

Note: The views expressed in this column are strictly the views of a losing ASUO Executive Candidate, and not the views of the OREGON COMMENTATOR. When we say losing, we should clarify that losing means getting seventh out of a possible ten. Nine, really, since one was a joke ticket. Jesus, who did these guys beat?

of any other campaigns posters, which were plastered everywhere.

Too bad. They were taken down so that you, the voter, could consider what All The Buzz Was About and make sure you had ample exposure to the Bailey-Nisser name for

the next three weeks. Your mother would not vote for them.

So we began our campaign blitz – trying to get the word out to the students that we represented them. But it’s harder than you think. People have lost all their faith in the ASUO – and to think I wondered why.

Our braintrust of three was very underrepresented without the I’ve-been-in-the-ASUO-since-I-was-a-freshman mook campaign volunteers, who will one day go so far as us and run for office and at the 2006 Presidential debate can a speech about how they support diversity and student leadership on the U of O campus and goddamit, after they’ve tossed a thousand dollars down the hole hopefully they’ll lose too. Probably not though. The only other candidate who was tired of the same old shit was Timothy “Judas” Dreier, anti-subversive, whose elections goals were uniquely met when the red shirts were eliminated in the primary elections. Ironically, this was the one goal that unified the other nine campaigns in silent agreement.

My goodwill towards other candidates may appear to be lacking. Before telling you that they’re ALL mooks, which just might be the case, I’m going to plug for Haben and Oscar, who got shafted out of the election by soft money, coming in a close third to the campaign that easily had the highest budget thanks to mommy’s money and got little kids to hand out their flyers on the last day of the election. No offense Ritchie and Babkes. What the hell, offense. But there’s no way you can deny it with each of your parents tossing down a cool five hundred the first week of the elections.

John and Hayes are also cool – kinda. Unfortunately they represented the same demographic as us, and we were in direct competition for votes. Which makes it even more ironic that we tied.

And props go out to McNeill and Stewart, who personally made the election twenty percent cooler. If only they had a gimmick.

If you vote in the general election, which you probably won’t, you are guaranteeing that the rest of us will get mooked again. Why do you give a fuck if your soon-to-be ASUO president is running around in a gorilla suit? Wouldn’t you rather have a place to study with coffee and internet access after the library closed at midnight? Or maybe better desks and chairs in some of the shittier U of O classrooms?

FEBRUARY 26, 2002

Primary Election Results	Votes	Dollars Spent*	Mook Points
McNeill/Stewart	105	70	1,352
Rachel/Ben	541	735	541
Ely/Hayes	144	465	270
Ritchie/Babkes	403	1,625	1,111
Bailey/Nisser	266	940	2,07
Jesse/Todd	115	350	380
Haben/Oscar	385	250	180
Sean/Tyler	145	70	541
Tim “Judas” Dreier	98	0	142
Ezra/Luke	144	20	69

*Dollars reported spent in first three weeks. The fourth week was easily the biggest spending week but results were not recorded. So I figure at least 3 campaigns topped the \$1000 mark and Ritchie-Babkes easily eclipsed the big 2000. Way to be a winner.

No. Because if you did you would have voted for us. Or maybe you just didn’t know about us, because our flyer-making budget was limited to what we could crank out in the EMU computer lab so

all our flyers were black and white... and that’s after the majority of them were taken down for infracting some pissy election rules... Or maybe you missed the Presidential debates, I mean hey, most of the student body did. But that’s the point. Why else would they hold them fully three weeks before the election upstairs in the EMU? Why are people afraid to debate in public, say in the Fishbowl, say from 11-1 on a bright sunny day when people will actually see who is running?

We wouldn’t want that. You might not vote for the ASUO’s favorite mook.

Maybe you don’t read the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, and if you don’t, don’t get me wrong, I’m not encouraging you to. It’s even worse than the Insurgent. But we were on the cover one day.

Or you, the voter, might be more educated than people think, and vote down the biggest mook, who just happened to receive less votes that he did the previous year. Hey, his running mate was nice. But this is politics and nice just doesn’t cut it. That’s why the leading ticket is a blond. Which is almost worth anyone’s vote.

Our blitz continued during the final week, highlighted by a 150 square foot sheet of black plastic with Vote Ezra and Luke spray-painted on it, half a dozen hand-painted t-shirts that said **CLICK WITH YOUR MIDDLE FINGER** and a couple more bottles of the Old Crow.

So if you voted, cool, thanks. If you didn’t there’s a good chance your name is Glen. Mook off. If you’re planning on voting in the generals, you might want to think twice. The candidates are so similar they’re both distributing yellow flyers. Or you could tell them you’re really excited about their campaign, have them both drop another thousand and let the final results come down to a bloody beatdown in front of the EMU, winner takes all—

Congratulations, U of O. The two campaigns that spent the most money survived the primaries. American politics 101.



Luke Willet, a senior environmental studies major, is in no way affiliated with the OREGON COMMENTATOR. But he met Pete at Taylor’s, and that’s good enough.

Small adjustments in the way the incidental fee is managed would create financial accountability and require objectivity from the PFC.

By
**Justin
Sibley**

With all the campus construction projects being discussed, few have mentioned the area most in need of a drastic remodel.

The shortcomings of Oregon's incidental fee system have come in the form of bad executive decision making, accounting errors and a Programs Finance Committee that doesn't know the laws they are to enforce. In hindsight it is easy to see what went wrong and why it did so. It is now our responsibility to use that information to come up with some adjustments to make the system more effective in the future. In short, learn from our mistakes.

Things to change:

The Current system does not make records accessible to ordinary students. So where's the **accountability**?

As the system works now, if a fee paying student wishes to know exactly how much and on what his/her money is being spent on, they have to go through a timely process. First, they need to know which group they have an inquiry about and then get a document number for a specific expenditure. Then, they must take that information up to EMU Accounting where they will finally be able to see a receipt or invoice. Although technically each student can find out what his or her money is spent on, there is too much bureaucratic red tape for the ordinary student to cut through and the process is a mystery to all but a few who won't share this information. Most likely they guard this information because they don't want the exec to fire them for revealing public record. If Joe Student could just walk into the ASUO office and find out that a given student group spent 20 bucks of his money on a package of three golf balls, it would provoke him to get involved. This pressure would encourage student groups to really examine each expenditure and ask themselves "if every student on this campus knew I was buying this with their money, would they be upset and cut my budget

next year?" Frequently, this answer would be yes. On many occasions, the money is spent in accordance with the rules, but not in a way that would benefit the campus community. The only way to achieve accountability is through better information.

The ASUO needs to consider producing a booklet in the controller's office of all non-fundraising account activity. This should merely be a list of what was bought and how much was paid for it. A photocopy would be made when a receipt is first taken to the controller's office. These copies would be filed in a binder organized by group and left at the controller's window. By doing this, we enable the common student to go to the controller's office, and look at all the receipts and become informed about how the incidental fee is being spent, thus holding the ASUO groups accountable to the students.

The Programs Finance Committee (PFC) is making too many decisions based on personal bias and limited information. Whatever happened to **objectivity**?

Currently PFC has seven seats, with only four of them present at a hearing to fulfill quorum. Last year, the PFC allocated over two million dollars to student groups. That is a large sum for a group of four to seven people to be making decisions on. Attending these meetings, all you have to do is listen to the side conversations and you can hear PFC discussing what they are going to do with certain budgets before that group has even had a chance to present their reasoning. Some groups are getting cut merely because they can't make a good argument, while others are being cut (or experiencing "reduced growth") because the four PFC members evaluating their budget don't really think they make a worthwhile contribution. The fee allocation process is supposed to be, under federal law, viewpoint neutral and free of any bias. I would argue that this is not possible with only seven students on the PFC, none of which are law students. The way to help prevent some of these biases is to have more people on the PFC and therefore more



Representation.

There are examples that exist on this campus already that we can take and adapt into a workable format for the Programs Finance Committee. The Student Senate is one such example. Although some, including the COMMENTATOR, have doubts to the senate's overall effectiveness, there is a suitable framework in place. There are designated seats for the different academic areas; Undeclared, AAA, A&L/Journalism, Social sciences, Business and Graduate/Law. This is a great system for better facilitating equal representation, something that the current PFC doesn't seem designed to do. Another policy-making body from which to extract a good idea is the EMU Board. Like the senate, this group includes students, but the main difference is the addition of an administrator who holds a non-voting position that is used for consultation on matters in which the students don't have the expertise to make a decision on their own. In this system, the students reserve the right to make decisions against the administrator's advice.

I suggest using the positive pieces of both bodies to make a new PFC. Consider this; twelve members, six academic seats as listed above, two finance senator seats, two seats elected at-large by the student body and one seat appointed by the ASUO President and the remaining seat be non-voting and filled by an administrator.

The main problem with adding members to the Programs Finance Committee is of course, the budget. The stipend for these positions was budgeted for over \$6,000 dollars for this year. Adding more seats would only increase that amount. However, with the desperate struggle for upper division credit, something could possibly worked out so that the PFC received four credits for their work during winter term. This would kill two birds with one stone. First of all, it will cushion the blow financially for the PFC and secondly, it will allow the members to take less classes winter term and therefore be able to devote more time and energy into their position.

When discussing the idea of adding more members, none of the people I talked to were apposed to the idea. PFC Chairwoman Mary Elizabeth Madden said she agreed that there needs to be more members. "When the PFC was created, there were only eighty groups. Now there are well over one hundred" said Madden. Madden also speculated that the reason a change hasn't already been made is due to the lengthy process of changing the ASUO Constitution. "Now there are too many [groups] for seven members."



Justin Sibley, a senior majoring in business, is the business manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Did You Know?

At the senate meeting held Wednesday Feb. 20, the senate handed out a couple thousand dollars to groups asking for money to go in their travel budget. Both APALSA and WLF were granted their requests. The troubling part of this is that no senator asked them how they planned on using the information and experiences to educate their fellow students or add to the campus community.

ASUO Accounting Coordinator Jennifer Creighton isn't accountable to the students or the administration. In previous conversations with Creighton in regards to her hiring practices she told the OC that since she isn't really an administrator nor is her position really a student position, she doesn't have to follow the hiring guidelines set for the ASUO. Maybe that is why she is still around after her \$500k mistake. (explained in Issue V of the OC)

The Students for Choice (SFC) group takes a stipend for the co-directors the entire academic year while producing only one event during Spring Term.

Oregon Marine Students Association (OMSA) has a total budget of \$4,827 this year. All of which goes off campus.

down my throat while screaming, "Fight the Nazi corporate oppressor, man! What are you afraid of!?"

It took me the better part of an hour to squeeze my torso out of the Hamburger's fun slide, and by that time; the vegans had managed to divulge their entire thought process to me. Perhaps it was the way they explained it to me, or perhaps it was the fact that I had to listen to them, or maybe because my cranium had just smashed through four inches of molded plastic, but their rantings finally started to make sense.

I now realized that through a method of mind control and social conditioning, I had no choice but to eat the nutritionless corporate swill that was McDonald's. But now I truly had free choice! Now I knew the truth! Now I knew I had to get the fuck away from these hippies! With my new liberty of free choice, I dashed across the street to the Carl's Jr. Sitting there eating my burger with other carnivores driven from McDonald's, I started to think about the information they crammed down my throat.

Unlike some groups that withhold information until they finish the mind control tactics, SETA will enlighten anything that will stand still long enough. Here's what I managed to find out about why McDonald's is the evil corporate empire:

1. They run advertisements which make McDonald's look good. This, of course, was the brilliant innovation of Jacob Peawacker in 1985 who discovered that people tend to respond better to advertisements that make the client look good. For some reason the 1984 slogan,

"McDonald's: we sell you cow shit because you're dumb enough to buy it," never took off.

2. They kill cows... Yeah, I know! I was surprised too! You wouldn't expect that from a burger joint.

3. Their commercials and use of prizes in meals target children. Damn them! Damn them for making intelligent marketing decisions!

4. They kill lots of cows...with big knives.

5. People have no choice but to eat at McDonald's. Yeah, I remember going into McDonald's for the first time...at gunpoint. They don't do that much anymore. I kind of miss meeting people who would pull a gun on me and force me into the nearest McDonald's.

6. Have I mentioned that they kinda kill cows...and chickens too?

7. They sell exactly what the public wants at a low cost. How dare those fuckers! Why must they sell what people want to turn a profit! Damn them for following simple rules of economics! Damn them to hell!

8...well numbers 8 through 1,657,473 are all about killing cows.

This protest was nothing. In the end no fewer cows were killed. The routed carnivores found other means of securing their animal flesh. How many cows have to die to feed our fat lazy asses? Answer: as many god-damned cows as we can find!



Jeremy Jones, a sophomore majoring in journalism, is the graphics guy at the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek
<http://www.plif.com>



Little-known Fact #147: Every American war since Vietnam has really been fought against the Smurfs.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek
<http://www.plif.com>



Far from torturing sinners, Hell is actually a paradise for sick and evil people. Why shouldn't it be? Wouldn't the Devil take care of his own?



97 CHANNELS AND THERE'S NOTHING ON

By Olly Ruff

On the screen, the old man in the blue shirt clears his throat and continues to talk about the Federal Reserve. The desk in front of him is covered in pamphlets and newsprint, and he will occasionally, while looking for something to read from in support of his case, almost knock the camera over. When this happens, there is applause. There's no studio audience - and not much of a studio, come to that - but an awful lot of eyes are trained on him nevertheless. His eyes are downcast and his tone has been muted to some kind of assertive mumble. Behind him hangs a Gadsden flag; bright yellow backdrop, coiled rattlesnake, and the legend "Don't Tread On Me." The poor guy looks very, very trodden on.

Channel 97 is usually a comforting sight, something you can feel at home with during the long winter months - nothing but static and an occasional lonely shot of someone with dreadlocks looking confused. Then, seemingly at the moment the camera is switched on, all their cable flotsam coalesces into a solid feed, and God only knows what's going to happen next. What has happened in this case, and what everybody in our living room is staring fixedly at, is this guy - bowed head, spirit-of-76 decor, baffling leaps of rhetoric, beaming himself into our lives for an unpredictable period of time to hold forth on whatever topic he pleases. Attendance for this event has been steadily rising, for reasons that are unclear but are causing some wor-

ried speculation, and everyone here is rapt. Hard to say why this should be so compelling - the high turnover of subject matter, the unassuming delivery, the aggressive lack of production values? For whatever reason, it's public access programming at its very best. It's genuinely hard to stop watching the guy.

This week's principal target appears to be the practice of usury, and he has a couple of novel ideas to very quietly get across here. Firstly, when you take out a loan, where do they get off charging you all that interest? You have to pay back all this extra money that you never saw a dime of, and if the value of the thing you bought has decreased, you're sinking up to your eyeballs in negative equity. This then leads on to a number of unflattering assumptions concerning the morals and motivations of the institutions that loan money under these restrictive interest-charging schemes instead of (presumably) doing so out of the goodness of their hearts. But the second major question, the real kicker, is this: why does the Federal Reserve itself engage in this practice of paper transfer, of imaginary money, holding the government it supposedly serves to ransom? The Federal Reserve can make more money any time it wants, by just printing it, right? You want to stimulate the economy? Make it policy to every so often print up a few more piles of those crisp, money-smelling hundreds and distribute them to the citizenry. If we increase the

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CONTINUED ON 28

CONTINUED FROM 27

amount of money that's in circulation, and hand it out to people, then that means more people can buy more stuff, right?

It's pronouncements like these that generate the most enthusiastic viewer response.

"You know, he's on to something here. It worked incredibly well in Weimar Germany. You can't argue with results."

"Did he just have someone foreclose on his house, or what? Why the hatred of interest?"

"I want to know what he thinks about Enron."

These unkind words notwithstanding, this man has us transfixed. Water drips from the ceiling of our ravaged apartment, makes xylophone sounds in the half-eaten bowls of ramen. More people are crammed between the arms of the couch than it can withstand without complaint, and others lurk on the sidelines, perched and balanced on what little other furniture we possess. Not everyone here is immediately identifiable to me by name, and that's another slightly troubling thing. Occasionally someone else will shake the rain off and come in to receive the word.

"Has he blamed everything on the Jews yet?" smokers ask as they reenter from the porch. No, he has not. But you can never tell what's going to happen next. It might only be a matter of time.

One of the ideas that has been toyed with regarding the sudden, inexplicable appeal of this endearingly shy demagogue is rooted in the elements: Conspiracy theories gestate in the winter, so goes the hypothesis, and they overflow in the spring. After four months of medium-to-bad weather in a city that might as well have a major thoroughfare named Seasonal Affective Disorder Boulevard, people are hurting for diversions, needing leadership and direction, becoming curious

about cable channels in the high 90s. And we can hardly be alone. It seems not just plausible but inevitable that there are groups of like-minded souls glued to their TVs all over the Eugene-Springfield metropolitan area, and further afield - Coburg, Junction City, even Creswell. Especially Creswell, come to think. In

lazier, happier seasons, there would be juleps, and the conversation would cover no topic deeper than whether the house number "78520" on that party invite is what they intended to say and, if so, whether or not 785th Street is on this side of the state line. Instead, we are listening to an analysis of the current war effort filtered through what appears to be an informative booklet on ancient Greek society. On the screen, through some miracle of production, there now hovers a phone number.

"We should call that," some smartass says. "I want to ask about the Illuminati."

But the phone has already been safely hidden. There will be no enquiries regarding the Illuminati, or the Freemasons, or Zionist Occupational Government, from our home number. We are careful - some would say obsessive - about such things. We have been bitten before.

The story is that, after one too many late nights watching terrible films, and one too many exposures to the Army of One ads with the 1-800 number, we stumbled unwittingly into the ranks of (to paraphrase Full Metal Jacket) the phony tough, the crazy brave, and the people who spend too much time on the couch and decide that Army recruitment films are funny. Now, some weeks after the ill-advised call, we still haven't seen any of the promised free stuff, but the fringe benefits have been considerable. In a word, recruiters. The courtship of my roommate that ensued so speedily has been something impressive to behold, and may actually be paying off for the folks in the uniforms. After all, how many times would somebody have to ask you whether you wanted to join the Army before, in a moment of weakness or distraction, you accidentally said yes? I've already caught him whistling the occasional martial air and channeling Jack Nicholson's character from A Few Good Men while engaged in innocent activities like, say, grocery shopping. A similar fate may have scooped up even the estimable Bryan "Che" Roberts, curator of this column in the 1999-2000 season and, currently, defender of freedom somewhere down in Texas. Unlikely though it may sound, we can't rule out the possibility that he just called up for a free T-shirt one night, and awoke to find himself nose-to-nose with a drill instructor. Either way, we're getting increasingly leery of any phone number that appears on our TV screen. And the Don't Tread On Me fellow isn't doing much to put us at our ease.

In fact, when the next segment of the show - slowly reading from an old Reader's Digest and looking uncomfortable - starts, myself and the roommate excuse ourselves and go to stand on the porch. I try to figure out if the person parked across the street might be another Army recruiter. He balefully puffs cigar smoke at a pickup that's in our parking spot. We stand there trying to recapture the feeling of those halcyon





summer days, days in which we never asked these counterintuitive questions about banking, never almost joined the military by mistake. All we did was speculate about the location of 785th Street, and demonstrate our faith in the institution of credit by running up huge amounts of it. Can it be that it all seemed so simple then? Can we not recover this spirit of insolent innocence? What the hell is the matter with everybody?

After a few minutes' psychological strain, I have to conclude that these questions have no answers, or no answers that we'd care to know. Even without the overwhelming kitsch factor that the anti-banking TV guru represents, there is still plenty going on in the way of malaise. For one thing, the Oregon Logging Convention is in town, perhaps to study the efficacy of our recent citywide "wait until the trees are pulled out of the ground by the roots and pinwheel across the street in a gale-force wind" initiative. The tone of the neighborhood has... changed, somehow. A free shuttle to Springfield's finest - or most astutely marketed, at any rate - strip club has been laid on, and by the looks of things it's going to be run off its axles by the end of the event. Why the whole damn convention isn't happening at the strip club, nobody has been able to figure out. Being the David Lynch fans that we are, we were at least hoping for some nice Twin Peaks moments - people carrying logs around with them for no reason, Piper Laurie masquerading as a Japanese businessman, that sort of thing. What we are having to settle for is a few discordant echoes of *Wild At Heart*. And in case you haven't heard, the city of Eugene was recently hailed as having the cheapest street heroin anywhere in the contiguous United States, by no less an authority than the DEA. (The Register-Guard seized the opportunity to scale new heights of Onion-esque hilarity with their headline "Area Heroin Plentiful, Cheap.") Even discounting the hurt feelings on the part of Eugene's busy little meth-producing community - entire motels full of twitchy-looking people on Highway 99 were said to be "angry" at the lack of recognition afforded them in this report - this can hardly be good news. Least of all in our neighborhood,

where the petty thieves are already discombobulated enough to break into a car, steal a pack of cigarettes, and ignore the stereo altogether.

The rain keeps coming down. It's the middle of the night. Inside, a cheer goes up as our newest hero - for many, alas, the face of third-party politics in America - comes up with another zinger for the moneylenders. Three robustly-dressed men wander past us, heading north in the direction of Blair Boulevard. They probably aren't here to steal cigarettes from cars, but that's a dangerous assumption to make. They might be looking for logs, loggers, or other log-related activities. They might be out-of-towners looking for inexpensive heroin. Who knows anymore, in this crazy mixed-up world? And just to cap it off, to really make things perfect, when we venture back inside we're probably going to be faced with the beginnings of a massive grassroots write-in campaign to elect the public access guy to the state legislature.

"Assuming he's not there already," Frank notes.

Always assuming that, yes. This is getting to be beyond a joke. Everyone's waiting for Spring.



Olly Ruff, who to the full extent of our knowledge did not take part in the GTF march, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

ON *DESPAIR*

I am contesting this. There is no way that I only got 144 votes. I work in a sorority house, and they all voted for me, and I had a whole fraternity behind me.

—*John Ely, the little ASUO candidate who couldn't. Life's full of disappointments John. Twenty some years ago your mom gave birth to you in the back isle of a 7-11 in Austin, Texas. But she didn't curse God, or blame your conception on a travelling band of gypsies. She married the clerk and started her life over. So let's not start playing the blame game now.*

I want to split that position up into two—one male and one female—because I think both are groups that participate in our student body.

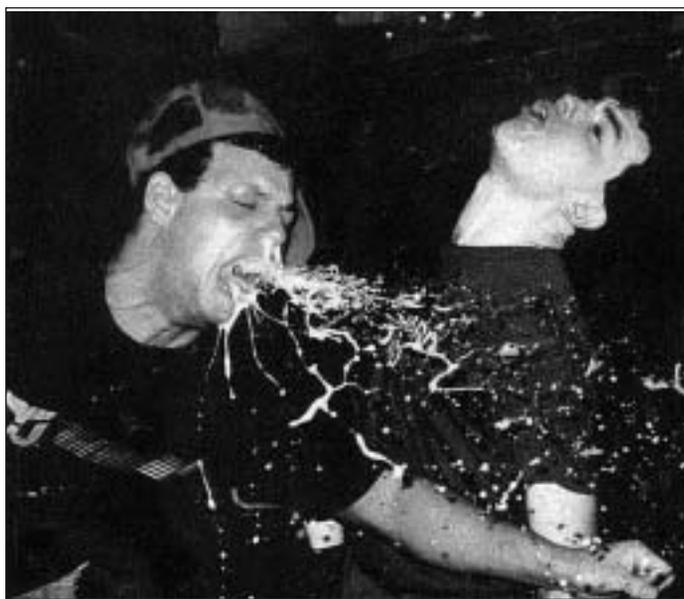
—*John Ely, again. Sorry for being so rough before, John. You've obviously had a tougher time of things than we thought. Best of luck.*



ON *THE FIX*

Okay Eugene, you can sell your pot later so turn off your pagers.

—*“Quick Fix” performer scolding an audience member. Okay Quick Fix, you can put your politically correct drug intervention on hold for a minute while I see how many ounces Pedro needs.*



I love drinking, that's my shit. I love talking shit when I'm fucked up. That's my shit.

—*random quote from “The Quick Fix” seminar. Yeah officer, I'm probably a little to drunk to be driving. But hey, that's my shit.*

ON *DECEPTION*

I haven't lied yet, but I won't say I never would...I want to graduate.

—*Bill Galose, EC420 GTF Don't worry Bill, your virgin moral compass need not steer you toward dishonesty. In economics, the numbers lie for themselves.*

I'm willing to screw myself.

—*Galose, again. Okay Bill, we take that last comment back. We don't find your honesty refreshing, just disturbing.*

ON **ORGY PORGY**

When the baby is having an orgy, you've got to throw it out with the bath water.

—Fox News Host Bill O'Reilly, debating a Cal-Berkley student on the value of a student run sex-ed class. Remember in the seventies when everyone would just throw their keys in a hat? Mom does.

She was always pressuring me to have sex in public places. She had a fascination with it.

—Brandon Yants, quoted in an ODE story on sexual fetishes. Don't get up her web of lies, Brandon. One minute your getting a hand job on the LTD, the next you're receiving fellatio in front of a gathering crowd of onlookers at the retirement center. It only goes downhill from there.



ON **THE FROHN**

I've become really disgusted at my lack of vices.

—UO President Dave Frohnmayer, quoted in the ODE. High and mighty aren't we Dave? Seems a little presumptuous after you were spotted jaywalking all the way across Franklin.



First of all, Dave Frohnmayer is a member of my frat and we're pretty tight.

—Greg McNeil. Second, my cousin Bruce was the sound check guy for Huey Lewis. He played my prom. Bruce, that is.

ON **BIG BROTHER**

We're Being Censored From Within

—Message flashing across the screen during Cascadia Alive as host wandered off camera and left the audience on their own. How can you censor something nobody watches?

ON **OLD SCHOOL**

We're going to take you back. Way back.

—Nelly, before launching into a performance of "Country Grammar," his hit song from waaaayyy back two summers ago.

I knew I had to leave after the twelve-year-old girls ran in front of me.

—Audience member at same show. Sadly, most of Springfield stuck around. We hope it was for the music. We pray it was for the music.

Don't Like Smokers?



We Don't Like You Either.

And quite frankly, we're sick of hearing your crap. You know they haven't even proven all that stuff about nicotine being addictive, or about secondhand smoke being bad for you. Oh, sure, the state of California says so, but everyone knows that California is just a bunch of actors and prostitutes. Are you going to let a bunch of actors and prostitutes tell you what to do? And all of this hullabaloo about secondhand smoke is a load of crap. Breathing my smoke isn't dangerous; pissing me off is dangerous. Who's afraid of a little smoke, anyway? That's like being afraid of the dark, or being afraid of your shadow. That's baby stuff. You non-smokers are whiny little babies. Up yours, sissies.

A MESSAGE FROM THE OREGON STUDENTS PRIVATE INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP (OSPIRG)