

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

APRIL 1, 2002

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE VIII

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

Mark it Zero

As in common sense, a commodity campus is woefully lacking.



Inside This Very Issue:

GTF Union Busting
PFC Under Fire
Legal Drug Abuse

DDS Vs. PC Nazis
Inside the Student Insurgent
The Tenets of National Socialism



FOUNDED SEPT. 27, 1983 • MEMBER COLLEGIATE NETWORK

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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.



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COMMENTATOR

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April 1, 2002
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 Steve Roll'n...Tag Team, back again...Check it, wreck it, let's begin

THIS AGGRESSION WILL NOT STAND

Random accusations of bigotry and misogyny? This is what happens when you sodomize an unfamiliar individual in the hind area.

Nihilists! Fuck us. Say what you like about the tenets of National Socialism, at least it's an ethos. But these kids today operate with no regard for the law. This is not 'Nam, there are rules here. Are we wrong?

The radicalism of campus is so entrenched that it is taken for granted. Sometimes making your way through this throwback campus leaves you with the uneasy feeling that you're like a child wandering into the middle of a movie. What do these people know that you don't? How could you have been unaware all this time of the dominant paradigm controlling the society around you? Weren't you invited to the meetings?

Campus radicals—by and large—are throwbacks to a more romantic era, the late sixties. Dillon, Nixon, the Port Huron statement and a little television show called “Branded.” Whereas a happening social scene surrounding the culture of their predecessors, these kids now-a-days are pariahs whose overwrought cynicism is more responsible for their “radical” behavior than any overwhelming pacifism.

The corporate monolith is the enemy because it's the easiest target. Word association time: Corporate. Rock? Corporate rock sucks. We hate the fucking Eagles. If corporations are distilling rock and roll, what else are they holding back from us? Corporations must be evil. Nader said so, and the dudes in Pearl Jam seem to like him. Didn't Pearl Jam fight Ticketmaster? Fuck Ticketmaster. Fuck corporate America. Thus goes the vicious circle of radical logic.

“Fuck it,” that's their answer to everything they disagree with. They might as well tattoo it on their foreheads.

Look at our situation with these PC Nazis protesting in front of the EMU. Nazis? Yeah, Nazis, come on, they were practically threatening castration. They needed some saps to pin their latest self-invoked crisis on, so they look around for some deadbeats, some losers, people the square community won't give a shit about. They blame the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

But we're not responsible for their problems, they are. Just as every bum's lot in life is his own responsibility, regardless of whom he chooses to blame. We can't solve their problems, only



they can.

There is no way to bring back a social atmosphere of personal responsibility and intellectual freedom except through a virulent war of ideas. “If you will it, it is no dream.” Theodore Herzl said that, and it's as true today as it was then. We didn't watch our buddies die face down in the muck so that some nihilists can fritter away the potential of a learning institution. Are we living in the past? One hundred and twenty-five years of beautiful tradition, from Phil Knight to Steve Prefontaine—you're goddamn right we're living in the past.

These fascists can tell us to keep our voices down, but the Supreme Court has roundly rejected prior restraint. We're going to stay right here and finish our White Russian. This aggression against common sense will not stand. It's about drawing a line in the sand. Across this line, you do not — Are we wrong?



A Beautiful Mind

Taking a cue from the *Emerald's* Pat Payne, the Lane Community College student paper *The Torch* has enlisted their own idiot savant to pen a column. According to his byline, John Macwood is a "special needs student on loan to *The Torch* from the LCC Downtown Center office of Adult Basic and Secondary Education." Translation: Wacko.

Mack's train of thought writing is an amalgamation between William S. Burrough's Naked Lunch and the movie I Am Sam. His favorite subjects seem to be coffee, doughnuts, the "cute German woman on the news on Cable 11" and more doughnuts. Here, we present to you the best of John Macwood. If nothing else, you'll figure out why LCC is cutting *The Torch's* budget.

On Coffee and Doughnuts:

How about walking to LCC? You could have coffee and doughnuts, mouthwatering and always very good. French vanilla in the coffee is a great choice, delicious even in tea with cookies or a doughnut. Cooking with invisible food makes my mouth water all day long.

On the Economy:

Sooner or later the economy will pick up, it's not the end of the world. It'll probably be better next summer or fall. It's not joke to be unemployed or homeless. The most important thing is to keep yourself healthy.

Sometimes I feel like I'm homeless or unemployed when I read a book or study a lot.

On Sweethearts:

I need a wife, a sweetheart. They're worth a lot more than some man's heart. A woman broke my heart and slowed it down, sooner or later it will stop. I have a lot of thinking to do.

I'm usually a quiet man. Sooner or later a ghost will come into my room and kiss me ... that would be a very good nightmare.

On Ocampo:

Come to my leader, new world, I come from Ocampo's people. We'll stop by your world, Earth and have a coffee and doughnut party with Earth people. Also, concentrate with us and make friends over a cup of tea and again a doughnut.

Ocampo spaceship on top of LCC: come to my leader. Lots of clear thinking, Earth people are so human, and Ocampo's people say goodbye and they will come back to Earth again.

On ???:

A man eats a TV dinner and watches a football game. Then his dog turns the channel to NBC news, then the man turns it back to football, and the dog turns it to ABC news. Then the man's wife comes home and sends the dog to work in the newsroom, and gets some dog food, and reviews a movie. The dog has a good night in his world and watches Northwest news.



Have you seen this man?

Name: Bruce Miller

Age: 50+

Height: Seems taller with hat

Occupation: Rabble rouser, freelance journalist, stalker

Last Seen: Taking notes at South Eugene High School student government meeting

If Contacted: Tell him you're interested in hearing about the student housing situation in Corvallis. Patiently nod head in response until the proper authorities arrive.

Ride The Snake

The Law-Abiding Citizen's Guide to Drug Abuse

By Ignatio J. Peters

Pseudoephedrine is a cruel mistress that brings you to the heights of decongestant bliss before leaving you alone in a cold sweat, bed sheets clinging to your Vap-O-Rub-embalmed body. I have spent many a night in the grasp of lady Sudafed, my mind reeling and my heart pounding. And let me tell you, if you haven't abused Robitussin, you haven't lived.

While there's no doubt that over-the-counter drugs provide welcome relief from a host of common symptoms, it's anyone's guess whether they do more harm than good. As any seasoned (not to mention frugal and law-abiding) drug abuser knows, the simple fact remains that you can't do anything with methamphetamines and Mad Dog 20/20 that you can't do with Tylenol Cold and Sinus and a bottle of Vicks Formula 44.

Here's a run-down of my knowledge of over-the-counter medicines (OTC's), and what they can do for you. Keep in mind that this is coming from a drug-abusing college sophomore who can't read an analog clock without moving his lips, so you shouldn't take this as medical advice. If you take any of this seriously, you deserve all the death and discomfort that a bottle and a half of NyQuil can render.

Speaking of death and discomfort, someone recently offered me a "fry stick." After I gave him the international sign for "What the Hell are you Talking About?," he explained that a fry stick is a marijuana cigarette treated with embalming fluid and laced with PCP. Who are you people?

My first experience with OTC's was nearly seven years ago, when I spent one rainy Easter Sunday at a theme park in Kansas City. My body was so saturated with Benadryl I was viewing the world frame-by-frame, like that scene at the end of "The Natural," but with less Robert Redford. The slow motion was especially interesting on the "Zambezi Zinger," a roller coaster that boasted speeds of nearly 120 mph ("nearly" meaning give or take 60 mph), and I almost went insane when a lightning storm struck as we crested the first incline. These things do happen.

I rediscovered over-the-counters in my senior year of high school, when I accidentally took two Drixoral tablets instead of one. It was a good night. "Do not operate heavy machinery," the package read. No shit.

Drixoral is a cocktail of two of my favorites: pseu-

doephedrine, the stimulant they put in "Yellow Jackets" (a staple of any self-respecting meth-lab) and a cough suppressant called dextromethorphan (DXM) that is classified by the FDA as both a cough suppressant and a "dissociative." Dissociatives are the chemicals that even your delinquent step-cousin is afraid of - PCP, ketamine... and, although comparatively weak, DXM. The good thing about dissociatives is that death is a relatively rare side effect. The bad thing about dissociatives is that severe brain damage is a common one.

DXM is also the main ingredient in most cough syrups, so if you've ever thought it would be a good idea to drink an 8 oz. bottle of Robitussin and were subsequently visited by demon dogs and/or Mötley Crüe, you can chalk it up to DXM.

I was so impressed by my first Drixoral experience ("Drixperience," as it's known in the industry) that I tried it again at our drug and alcohol free all-night graduation party. I received my diploma with three Drixoral tablets wrapped up in a paper towel and hidden neatly in my sock. I ingested all three on the bus ride to whatever bowling alley/community rec center/grange hall the grad party committee had decided on — I can't remember what it was — and thus began my second Drixperience.

About 15 minutes after ingestion, you get the feeling that nothing is going to happen. You, my friend, are wrong. Something is noticeably different as you get out of your seat and walk towards the front of the bus. It's a difficult sensation to describe - your mind is held captive by a ferocious interior monologue, while your perception of time gradually deteriorates to the point that it no longer has any hold over you. Your motor skills are dull, and you have trouble negotiating complex situations such as exiting a yellow school bus.

Once out of the bus, you are greeted by a terrifyingly beautiful world of color and blurred motion. I almost started crying. Pseudoephedrine is a synthetic version of ephedra, which you might know as "herbal ecstasy." The marketing of natural ephedra as a herbal equivalent of

MDMA is largely a scam. Pseudoephedrine doesn't have the same affect on everyone, but in higher doses the drug can feel a little like MDMA (it can also make your heart explode). Stepping off the bus, I gave my health teacher a big hug, and thanked her for all her hard work. The irony was startling.

At about midnight, you're feeling quite drowsy. People who take DXM like it's their job know that it's best to take with large quantities of caffeine, as it tends to put you to sleep. If you do, and if the DXM brings along its friend pseudoephedrine, you've got two stimulants, caffeine and pseudoephedrine, staving off your body's natural urge to shut itself down in order to figure out what the hell to do with all these new chemicals. But you've got a young, healthy heart (right?) so a couple of caffeine pills can't hurt.

At this point, pat yourself on the back. You are now a confirmed pill-popping drug abuser. Apartment rentals in Springfield are surprisingly reasonable.

At around 2 a.m. you're sitting at a blackjack table across from the dealer, who also happened to be your former high school woodshop

If you've ever thought it would be a good idea to drink an 8 oz. bottle of Robitussin and were subsequently visited by demon dogs and/or Mötley Crüe, you can chalk it up to DXM

teacher. He may or may not be on to the fact that your body is dripping with psychoactive compounds, but you don't really care. You're sweating from the caffeine pills and the pseudoephedrine, and your eyes wander erratically, fascinated by the fluorescent light fixtures that seem to be the source of all life on earth ... so beautiful ... so amazingly beautiful.

With a growing sense of respect, you realize that the Drixoral buzz has legs. Each tablet is supposed to afford 12 hours of symptom-free cheer. But for our recreational use the high probably lasts about six.

If you were in college, you would have forgone all that pussy gel-cap shit and downed an entire bottle of Robitussin and as many Sudafed's as you could swallow before your face met the floor. And you will. And you have. But this time you didn't.

It's 4 a.m. and the buzz has left you like a barefooted prostitute. The delightful euphoria has evolved into a mild paranoia, the clumsiness has become more pronounced and your inflated sense of self-worth has turned into a hankering for cheese-fries. Somewhere in the building a group of your classmates is singing "Just a Gigolo" on the karaoke machine. The night is over. You're a drug addict. You spend your remaining conscious moments looking for a teal vinyl booth on which to die.



Ignatio J. Peters, a third year senior majoring in culinary arts, is paying \$50 a month to sleep in the OREGON COMMENTATOR office.

Getting HIGH On Your Own Supply



Name: Yellow Jackets

Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Ephedra

Price: \$1.29 for three caps down at the 7-11 on 29th and Willamette

Packaging claims: Taking more than the recommended serving may result in heart attack, stroke, seizure or death

We Say: Empty the tabs, line the powder, sniff it up and experience nirvana at 120 mph



Name: Drixoral Cold and Allergy
Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Pseudoephedrine and dextromethorphan

Price: \$8.99 for 20 pills

Packaging claims: Helps decongest sinus passages

We say: Helps you find hidden patterns in swirling lava lamp



Name: Ephedra

Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Ephedra

Price: 99 cents for six pills

Packaging claims: Herbal Stimulant

We Say: Let's crank out that info-gathering paper in three days with no sleep



Name: RobiTussin

Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Pseudoephedrine and dextromethorphan

Price: \$8.99 for 12 fluid ounces

Packaging claims: Do not use more than 4 doses in any 24-hour period.

We Say: Extract the DXM using 100ml of water, NaOH, a heating device and a coffee filter

Palms of Darkness

By Ethan Montana

*This is the end
Beautiful friend
This is the end
My only friend, the end
Of our elaborate plans, the end
Of everything that stands, the end
No safety or surprise, the end
I'll never look into your eyes...again
Can you picture what will be
So limitless and free
Desperately in need...of some...stranger's hand
In a...desperate land
Lost in a romance...wilderness of pain
And all the children are insane
All the children are insane
Waiting for the summer rain, yeah*

I opened my eyes. The fan spun hypnotically above me, casting shadows that crawled along the walls. Chase... shit. I was still only in Chase. Every time I woke up from another nightmare I thought I was back in the jungle, back in the dorms. When I went home after spring term it was worse. I'd wake up and there'd be... nothing. No stereos blasting 2Pac at three in the morning. No drunk roommate emptying his bowels into the trash can. I couldn't live without that white noise. I hardly said a word to my parents — better that way. They wouldn't know what to say to me, either.

When I was in the dorms I prayed to God to send me home. But when I got home, all I could think about was going back. Going back to the jungle. I'd been living in Chase Village for two terms, and every night I stayed there I grew weaker. Every time I looked around the walls moved in a little tighter. I wanted back in the jungle. I wanted another tour of duty.

I popped two Vicadin tablets followed by a chaser of cheap rum. I was numb. I was alone.

The sun was hibernating behind the glaciers of clouds, but the heat was beating down on the DPS. Fitzpatrick was sweating bullets. The *Emerald* was busting his balls on the front page, demanding answers. There was a mad man running around, getting off in front of dorm windows. The students didn't know what to think. Finals were creeping up, that should have been stress enough for them. But now this, this pervert running around like a wild coyote putting his scent on every shrub. The press loved it. The DPS hated it. Fitzpatrick hated it. He was chain smoking Marlboros and drinking cup after cup of bad coffee. He had to stay in control. He couldn't descend into the kind of paranoia that had stricken so many great leaders before him. The bastards had crippled Nixon, but they wouldn't get to him. He was sure of it.

Two thugs dragged me into his office by my arms. They slammed me into a chair. Fuck, I had a pounding headache. I'd been drinking all night, and driving around the town like a lunatic all morning. When I stumbled out of my Taurus and crawled to my front door two ROTC men were there to meet me, one had a lacrosse stick and the other was in a cowboy hat. Roughed me up a bit before they threw me in the shower. I was too drunk to care.

Fitzpatrick put on a tape for me, a message they had intercepted through the dorm mail. He said it was the masturbator. The voice sucked the air out of the room, sending a chill down my spine. So assured, so confident...

"I stretched the condom around a straight razor," said the voice on the tape with a deep drawl. "That's my dream. That's my nightmare. Making love to a blade, and surviving."

The voice paused.

"They must see me, they must see me degrade myself for them. Girl after girl, dorm after dorm, campus after campus. And they call me a voyeur. But what do you call the voyeur when he becomes the observed, becomes the hunted?"

Fitzpatrick stopped the tape and looked down at me. He looked right into my eyes as he tapped his fingers on the desk. Faster and faster. Faster...

“Walt Kurtz was one the most outstanding students this University has ever produced,” Fitzpatrick said slowly. “He was brilliant and outstanding in every way and he was good man too. Humanitarian man, man of wit, of humor. But he saw too much in the dorms. Those girls, those 18-year-girls running past him left and right. Their hard little bodies pressing up against him in the elevator. Their dirty panties left in the laundry room, tempting him. After he graduated, he got his parent’s to loan him more money so he could get his master’s. Moved back into the dorms at 23, three years older than anybody on his floor. But he stuck it out. He stuck it out, and then he snapped.”

“You see Ethan,” Fitzpatrick continued, “on this campus, things get confused. Power, ideals, the old morality. You can hang feminist vaginal art in a gallery but you can’t put a Hustler centerfold up on your door. Where’s the justice? In the dorms with those freshman girls it must be a temptation to... cross the line. Sometimes the dark side overcomes what Lincoln called the better angels of our nature. Every man has got a breaking point. You and I have. Walter Kurtz has reached his. And very obviously, he has gone insane.”

“We know about his porn,” he continued. “His hard-drive is full of it. Underneath his bed he has back issues of Beaver Patrol dating back to the late seventies. They weren’t even shaving then. And the videos— nobody can ever see those videos. Nobody. We know he’s the masturbator. Who else could it be? But we don’t have enough evidence to press charges, not yet, anyway.”

I listened to Fitzpatrick for another hour as he explained to me the details of my mission. I was going back into the jungle to smoke Kurtz out, to catch him in the act. Then I had the authority to use extreme prejudice. But I didn’t know yet if I had the will. This wasn’t a terrorist, this was a kid just like me. I empathized with Kurtz. I’d seen those dorms girls running around in their pajamas. But I kept my vices hidden, while Kurtz wore his like a badge of honor.

I wasn’t the first sheep sent to the slaughter house. A week ago another student had been sent on a mission identical to mine. But he hadn’t been heard from since. Rumor was that he had moved back home and joined a monastery. Guess he couldn’t take it. Why would I be any different?

I spent my first few days back in Hamilton getting acquainted with my floor. My roommate was a German exchange student named Hanz. He liked his beer warm and his women plump. I liked Hanz.

The other guys on the floor were nice enough. Invited me in on a monopoly game my first day there. I won handily, taking their money from them like a shady card dealer. Boardwalk, Park Place, the train lines... all mine. Some of the guys didn’t like my methods. It was their floor, but it was my mission. They couldn’t forget that.

After three days I still hadn’t made contact with Kurtz. Nobody knew where he was, exactly. “The desert,” one student told me. “Out in the desert finding himself, finding his humanity.” The kid then started crying uncontrollably, but he’d just dropped a lot of E so who knew what was going through his warped little head.

I looked for Kurtz in the breakfast line every morning, but he was never there. No doubt he was busting one off in his room, a little wake-and-whack to start his day. Healthy to masturbate now and then, relieves stress, helps you sleep. But when you start setting your clock by it, well ... you’ve playing a different ball game.

I spent my days in classes, but my mind was always on Kurtz. I wasn’t scared of him. What I longed for—what I dreamed about—was the confrontation. Kurtz knew they were looking for him. He knew it was only a matter of time.

So every night I prowled the campus, chasing shadows. I was beginning to see what Kurtz saw. One night I stood rigid behind a bush—concealed in the darkness—as a naïve blond stripped down to her bra and panties in front of an open window. I felt dirty watching, standing there fondling myself like an animal. But I couldn’t move. Then her roommate woke up and started giving her a back massage. Her hands caressed her shoulders, methodically moving down her back. The flesh...God, there was so much flesh. Then one of them turned off the desk lamp, and they were alone in the darkness. I wasn’t able to move for a few seconds until the sensation passed over me. I was in Kurtz’ world now. And I was loving it.

One night I caught a glimpse of him exiting the laundry room. I ran over to the machine he was using and looked for evidence. There, jammed behind the dryer, was a black thong. I picked it up, and immediately dropped it to the floor. It was still sticky. I put my hands under the hottest water I could bear and scrubbed for what seemed like forever. Days later they still felt dirty.

After a week of living in the dorms I had little to show for my work. I still hadn’t found Kurtz, and the only evidence I was able to collect was the crusty thong and an old issue of Beaver Patrol I found in a waste-paper basket. Kurtz was elusive, but I felt closer to him than ever. Fitzpatrick’s e-

Jump to 18

Staring at the Sun

Are the proposed solar panels on the EMU going to save us any money? Is the project even going through? Don't ask the EDC committee.

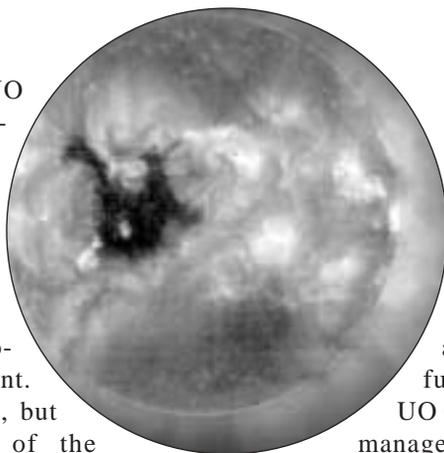
By Ben Brown

In the spring of last year, the ASUO discovered that they had over-budgeted for the year and were left with \$100,000 dollars in student fees and no way to spend it. In an effort to keep the money from "going to waste," the Student Senate organized a campaign known as Bucks for Ducks. The idea was that students would submit proposals for how the money was to be spent. A number of proposals were submitted, but Ben Gates and Jocelyn Eisenberg of the Environmental Design Committee submitted the winning proposal. Their plan was to use the money to place solar panels on top of the EMU, hoping to both reduce the amount of money spent on power for the EMU and to show that the University is committed to green energy. Now, almost a year later there has been no visible progress on this project and the students are left to wonder just where exactly their \$100,000 is and what exactly the EDC is doing with it.

The project ran into problems early on when engineers discovered that the original site, the top of the EMU ballroom, was not structurally sound enough to bear the weight of the three panels. The ballroom had never been built with the intention of having anything else built on top of it and thus it has no load bearing walls, a brief scanning of the structural plans for the ballroom could have revealed this but it seems to have taken the EDC almost a year to discover these facts.

The EDC only recently received permission to begin checking their new site, on top of the breezeway, to see if it will be able to hold the three panels.

The plan for these panels has more to do with student and community education than it has to do with actual energy production. The three panels will produce about six percent of the energy needed to run the EMU a year, although EWEB has agreed to buy that power at three times what it is worth, providing the university with 18% of it's power.



The EDC hopes that these panels will help in showing that the University is committed to green energy and will help educate students and the community about green energy. The EDC also hopes that this project will spur donations from businesses and private donors, allowing a larger solar panel array to be built on the EMU in the future. Current donors include EWEB, the UO Corporate Foundation the EMU facilities manager.

Essentially the power the solar panels produce will be used to power the EMU and EWEB will pay the University three times what that power is worth because the power is "green," both EWEB and the University get the PR benefit of being known as supporters of natural energy without the cost of converting the whole EMU to solar energy which could cost into the millions of dollars.

For now the \$100,000 sits in a holding account in the EDC's name and it appears that no one is keeping much of an eye on how they are spending it, although the EMU Board does have to approve everything they do to the EMU itself. A full accounting of where this money is how it is being spent could not be made because, despite repeated attempts to contact them, including multiple e-mails and phone calls, as well as several mornings spent standing outside the EDC offices at 219 Allen, at press time Jocelyn Eisenberg and Jesse Ellington of the EDC could not be reached for comment leaving the student body to wonder just what the hell happened to their money.



Ben Brown, a sophomore majoring in Journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

The AMAZING GTFF

Free tuition, health care and spending money. Sounds like a deal to us! But the GTFF is holding rallies to demand a "fair" contract. Maybe they should be grading your papers instead.

By Timothy Dreier

As if the Graduate Teaching Fellow Federation (GTFF) rallies of yesteryear were not enough, the GTFF has recently been at it again. With posters, signs, and a boom box blaring "Faith" by George "Bathroom Encounter" Michaels, many members of the GTFF gathered in the EMU amphitheater to rally for what they consider a fairer contract. The GTFF's current contract with the University expires March 31 and they have been negotiating with since November. A fair contract is a perfectly reasonable demand, but the GTFF may be overlooking the benefits they already have as Graduate Teaching Fellows.

The average salary for a first-year GTF is \$7,315.20 for a nine-month period. This works out to \$812.80 per month. Considering that it is relatively easy to find an apartment or other living arrangement in Eugene for \$200-\$400 per month, that still leaves about \$400-\$600 per month for a first-year GTF to spend at his or her leisure. While this is not a large sum, it is certainly possible to eat on that much money ^ undergraduates do it all the time. Also consider that GTFs get health care and a full tuition waiver; an in-state GTF gets his or her \$4,185 annual tuition waived. For an out-of-state GTF this waiver is worth \$15,025 (available at <http://admissions.uoregon.edu/expense/estexp.htm>). If we add those numbers to the average pay mentioned above, we come up with \$11,500.20 and \$22,340.20 for resident and non-resident GTFs, respectively. The tuition waiver is not take-home pay, but it is a large sum of money that the GTFs do not have to come up with in order to go to school. Nine months of work worth \$11,500.20 - \$22,340.20 plus health care sounds like a good deal to me, at least as a 20-year-old headed for graduate school. School is expensive, and in terms of cash it seems like the GTFs have a pretty decent deal.

The GTFF's second major gripe is over the nondiscrimination language in its current contract. The GTFF, of course, wants more. Specifically, the GTFF wants language to cover discrimination against transgender and transsexual employees and to classify "arbitrary and capricious action by faculty" as harassment.

Not only is this request redundant, but also it opens the door for any unpopular action taken by a faculty member toward a GTF to be labeled harassment. A phrasing such as "arbitrary and

malicious" could be valid, but "arbitrary and capricious" is superfluous and lacks the indication of any intention of harm.

Language to specifically cover transgender and transsexual GTFs seems, honestly, just whiny. Not because these people, however few of them there might be, do not deserve a work environment in which they feel comfortable, but because they are already covered in the nondiscrimination section of the GTFF's contract with the University. The language in the GTFF's contract states "The University and the Union shall not discriminate nor tolerate discrimination on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, gender, age, national origin, marital status, sexual orientation, disability, or any other extraneous considerations, not directly and substantially related to effective performance" (Collective Bargaining Agreement Between The University of Oregon and GTFF Local 3544, Article 8, Section 1). The phrase "or any other extraneous considerations" covers transgender and transsexual individuals already. They do not need to be added to the contract. Adding language specifically for transgender and transsexual individuals would imply that the same nondiscrimination language is not good enough for everyone and that somehow they are special as a group, not equal to everyone else. For those interested in reading the GTFF's contract with the University, it is available at <http://hr.uoregon.edu/employee-relations/gtff2002.html>.

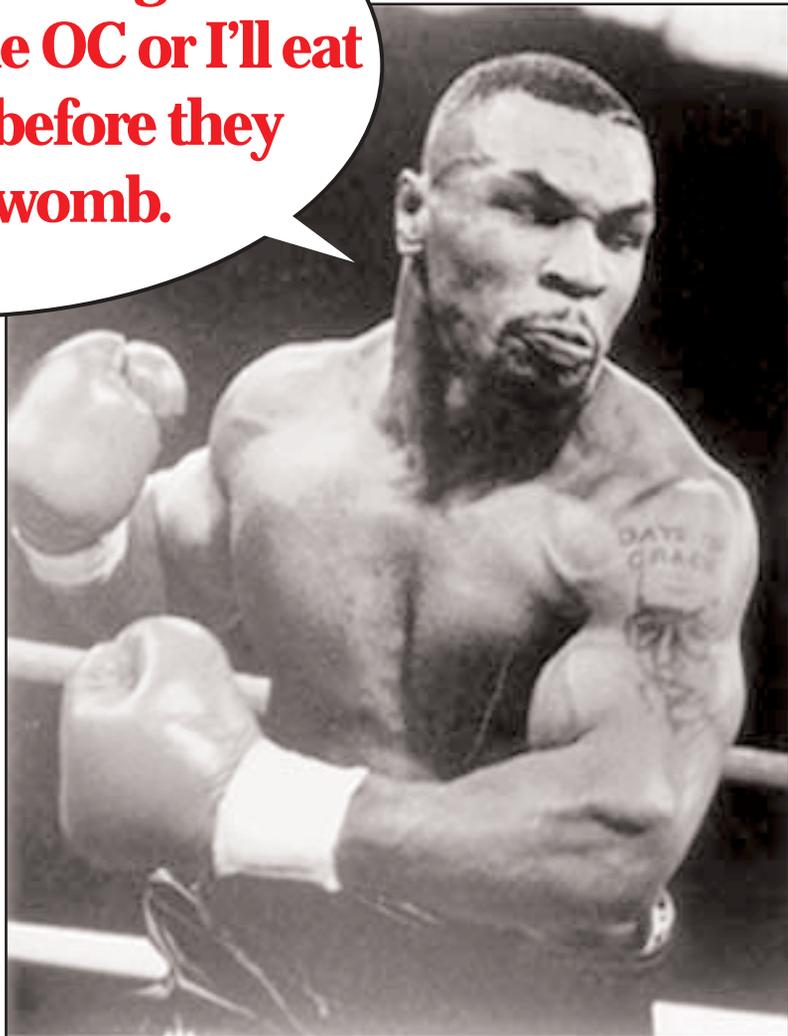
The GTFF rally earlier this month was not so much a rally to inspire good-faith negotiations as it was a rally to whine about a fairly decent situation. GTFs are not going to get rich any time soon, but they do get paid enough that they can live. The numbers cited above are for a first-year GTF; there is, of course, a pay scale. The nondiscrimination language in the contract already sufficiently covers those that the GTFF is demanding be covered by nondiscrimination language. With some pay, a tuition waiver and health care, GTFs do pretty well here at the University. The most recent GTFF rally was nothing more than whining over issues that either don't exist or have already been solved.



Timothy Dreier, a sophomore majoring in Economics, is the Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Mike Tyson: **OC** Class of '87

**I ain't not
afraid of nothing.
Join the staff of the OC or I'll eat
your children before they
reach the womb.**



OREGON COMMENTATOR, Room 205 of the EMU. Come by, grab an application. You damn well better. Big Mike doesn't take no shit from nobody, you heard the man. Join staff or he eats your children. You have been warned.

~~Censorship~~ by Any Other Name

Free speech for me – but not for thee? Censorship crosses party lines.

By Greg Diamond

The COMMENTATOR has its share of detractors here on campus. Some critics carry (or at least appear to carry) personal grudges against the magazine, others simply deride it as a "right-wing" publication. True, the COMMENTATOR does describe itself as a "conservative journal of opinion," a description that would probably give many people (myself included) an instant bias against whatever might be published within. But that description is exactly why publications like the COMMENTATOR should be encouraged, rather than dismissed.

How many other "conservative" magazines are there on campus? Not too damned many. The reality is that the COMMENTATOR gives exposure to a variety of viewpoints: left-wing, right-wing, and falling-down drunk. Being exposed to a multitude of viewpoints is healthy for anyone, of any political stripe. It's all too easy, in an environment such as the University, to become trapped in a bubble of positive reinforcement, bereft of criticism.

Legally, the kind of censorship that violates the First Amendment can only happen when it is perpetrated by an agent of the state. Other kinds of censorship, practiced by private parties, are perfectly legal, and routinely practiced. Indeed, both the American left and right routinely censor each other. Notice that I've indicted both conservatives and liberals here. No segment of the political spectrum has a monopoly on censorship. Don't believe me? I've got a neat story from West Hartford, Connecticut to tell you.

In 1990, there was an anti-abortion protest at a local clinic. Several protesters broke into the clinic and blocked the entrance, which is illegal. The police responded by arresting not only the protesters who had broken the law, but also the ones who were picketing peacefully outside the clinic. The nonviolent protesters responded by going limp, and the police countered by more or less torturing them until they cooperated. One journalist, Nat Hentoff (upon whose book a lot of material for this column is drawn – that's my Doris Kearns Goodwin disclaimer), who saw a videotape of the events, described them as being "at least on the level of the official violence in Selma, Alabama..." And he used to write for the *Village Voice*, people. Not exactly a bastion of conservatism. What Hentoff notes in his book, "Free Speech for Me—But Not for Thee," is that there was no public outcry after the incident. The one resident who did criticize the police at a town meeting was derided as "a well-known eccentric." More recently, down in Berkeley, a conservative student publication's office was burglarized after printing an article critical of MEChA, the Hispanic student group. The publication, the California Patriot, had labeled MEChA a "government funded hate group," which, to say the

least, is inflammatory. After distribution of about half of the papers with the offending article, Patriot staff members charged that MEChA members began harassing them on and around campus, and there were even death threats made to the editors. Finally, the Patriot office was broken into and the second half of the print run (30 stacks of 100 papers) was stolen. After the incident, Robert Berdahl, the UC Berkeley Chancellor, wrote in the daily student newspaper that the theft was, "completely antithetical to the values that form the foundation of our democracy," and, "particularly egregious in an educational setting." He hits upon a good point there. It's one thing if the *Weekly Standard* or the *Village Voice* edit themselves for content: they're trying to sell papers, and pissed off readers buy fewer papers. On a college campus, however, where open debate is theoretically cherished, and publications are funded by student fees as opposed to sales, there's really no excuse.

And yes, of course, there are plenty of well-documented cases of censorship undertaken by right-wing causes. Be it the Kansas school board banning evolution from the state's science texts, school districts around the Midwest banning (sometimes burning) books they deem "offensive," or the good old House Un-American Activities Committee, no one is really innocent when it comes to censorship.

The flip side of the equation is that people from across the political spectrum also flock to the defense of the First Amendment from time to time. Consider this quote from Spiro Agnew: "Every time I criticize what I consider to be excesses or faults in the news business, I am accused of repression, and the leaders of the various media professional groups wave the First Amendment as they denounce me. That happens to be my amendment, too. It guarantees my free speech as it does their freedom of the press. There is room for all of us - and for our divergent views - under the First Amendment."

Yes, our shady former vice president actually said that. Defenders of the press are not limited to the left side of the Congressional isle. The bottom line is, the COMMENTATOR has every right to publish whatever they want, just as the *Oregon Voice*, the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, and the Insurgent are allowed to print just about whatever they want, within the bounds of libel law and defamation. Simply being offended by a publication isn't grounds for shutting it down. Offensive works often stimulate debate within a community, thereby providing a valuable service. Remember that, next time you're offended by some drunken rant.



Greg Diamond, a junior majoring in Political Science, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Fear factor

REDUX

The ongoing incidences of campus attacks have provided the perfect cover for unjustified accusations. DDS, the Commentator... what *can't* we blame on rape culture?

By Pete R. Hunt and William Beutler

Compared with other universities, the University of Oregon is a remarkably safe place to attend school. But reality persists, and reality is ugly. Take for example the ongoing incidences of attacks and attempted attacks against women on and around the UO campus. It has become clearer and clearer, since the reports first surfaced during the spring of the last school year, that there is a sexual predator actively pursuing victims in the community.

Only vigilance and preparedness, by men and women, officers and civilians alike, can find and stop the perpetrator. In the meantime, political tension around the campus is necessarily heightened, especially with regard to perennial concerns like sexual harassment and “rape culture.”

For example, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* has served as host to a dispute over allegations of harassment aboard the ASUO’s Designated Driver Shuttle (DDS). Controversy began after the Diane Huber news article “Shuttle criticized for unsafe climate” ran on Mar. 8, depicting one woman’s negative experience using the service. Referred to in the *Emerald* by the sobriquet “Melissa,” the woman’s complaint alleged that DDS drivers failed to respond to a potentially dangerous situation. According to the *Emerald*, Melissa was on a DDS shuttle going home when a male passenger made an unwanted advance toward her, putting his arm around her and saying: “How’s it going, baby.”

Assuming that Melissa’s recollection of the story is correct, then her complaint is certainly valid. After all, students shouldn’t have to deal with unwanted physical contact while using a student-subsidized service. Following the incident, Melissa did send an e-mail complaining to the DDS. In their reply, DDS told Melissa that she should notify the drivers the next time something like that occurred. But the problem with her complaint is that she failed to let the drivers know that she was uncomfortable with the situation at the time. As DDS employee Donald Thompson pointed out in an *Emerald* guest commentary, “If someone is physically touching you and you don’t want him or her to do so, you have to tell us. We can’t read minds. If someone is threatening you, you have to tell us. We are not monitoring people’s conversations. The person will be told to cease the activity. If they do not, their alternate choices are to get out of the van and walk home or have a conversation with DPS or EPD.”

In late February, shortly before the initial Huber piece, Melissa was again faced with what she perceived to be an uncomfortable situation while riding in a DDS shuttle. This time, she was upset that a rowdy passenger in the back seat yelled out “Fuck,” and then punched a window. She promptly complained to the drivers, who told her that the situation shouldn’t worry her. But Melissa was not satisfied with the explanation.

In the first incident, Melissa certainly had a valid reason to be upset. With the second incident, Melissa simply overreacted. As Thompson said, “People sometimes act inappropriately, they drink and use bad words. They burp, fart and vomit. Sometimes their actions irritate you. I’m sorry, but get over it.”

DDS is one of the few student services with a proven record of success. Most students have used it at one time or another, and it is an invaluable asset to students both on and off campus. But DDS is not a limo; it’s a van—usually an old van—used to haul around students who have been drinking (hence its nickname as the “Drunk Bus”). No one should expect a red carpet treatment—let alone the drivers, who have to put up with belligerent drunks every night. Such attacks against DDS’s safety factor are totally unwarranted, and an unfortunate by-product of the recent “rape culture” hype.

But the *Emerald* hasn’t been the only publication hopping on the “rape culture” bandwagon. The “new” *Oregon Voice* has been sporadically funny, but with Raechel Sims’ “Out of the Dark: Rape Culture” article it is has firmly established itself as a joke. Not only does Sims fail to make a convincing argument for the concept of “rape culture,” she uses most of her article as a pulpit to bash this publication. Apparently Sims – who neglected to disclose her former affiliation with this publication – spends most of her day poring over the COMMENTATOR looking for offensive content. Her choice of reading material is the only area where she exhibits any sense.

In the article, Sims takes exception to statistics from the Department of Public Safety’s website indicating that between 1998 and 2000, there were two (or in her words: “twp”) forcible sex offenses on campus. She points to undocumented figures from Sexual Assault Support Services that show over 900 victims of sexual assault—270 of them UO students—from January to March in 2001 alone.

If these numbers are correct, then we do not merely have a rapist loose in the community; we are in the midst of an epidemic unlike anything ever documented in modern history. 900 sexual assaults in three months mean 4700 cases a year.

A phone call to Sexual Assault Support Services (SASS) put these concerns to rest, refuting Sims' woefully inaccurate statistics. Sims' mistake was thus: Every month SASS receives between 250-300 client contacts. A contact could mean any number of things. A phone call is a contact, a walk-in visit is a contact and an appointment is a contact. A contact is simply a person who contacts SASS seeking information, help or counseling. A contact could be someone reporting sexual assault, but it could also be someone who wants to talk about a traumatic childhood incident. If the same person comes by seven times within the reporting period, that counts as seven contacts.

Instead, Sims takes 250-300 contacts to mean 250-300 actual cases of assault, a dangerous misrepresentation. Sims obviously didn't contact SASS to verify these numbers. It's much more likely that she simply heard them used by a spokesperson at the "Take Back the Night Rally," a dubious source of information. Along the same lines, Sims also reasoned that if "3000" issues of the COMMENTATOR were read by about "three people," that meant that "6000" students had been exposed to rape culture. You do the math on that one. Sloppy reasoning and sloppy math need not always go hand in hand, but their association isn't incidental.

Inchoate though it may be, the broad term "rape culture" has lately been a buzz-word of on this campus and elsewhere. It is more of a term than a concept in of itself, a phrase used by left-wing feminists such as Andrea Dworkin, Catherine MacKinnon and their acolytes in Sociology and Women's Studies departments to reinforce the notion of rape as a pervasive and even sanctioned behavior in society. Is there any truth to this? The *Oregon Voice* obviously thinks so, and the *Emerald* is willing to entertain the possibility. The *Emerald* should stick to being a journal of record until it can muster some real investigative work, and maybe the kids at the *Voice* should stick to covering emo-rock and leave the reporting to the adults.

The recent campus attacks against women are a serious issue, and every constructive measure toward apprehending the individual or individuals responsible must be taken. Anything less would be unforgivable. However, the recent "No More Curfews" rallies and Sims article do a disservice to the victims by clouding the attacks in a fog of feminist rhetoric – not to mention meaningless statistics. The Huber article, while not as damaging, softens the issue of sexual assault by allowing minor complaints into the same arena of discussion.

A "rape culture" is not responsible for the recent campus attacks. The men perpetuating these assaults, taking advantage of poorly lit areas, are responsible. They are dangerous criminals who should be fully prosecuted under the law, but they are not by-products of any "rape culture."

Liberals have been complaining that since September 11th, voices of dissent have been silenced by a patriotic push for war. But to the turn the tables, it's obvious that anyone who questions the validity of a "rape culture," especially on a university campus as liberal as this is going to be unfairly labeled as an unsympathetic misogynist. After all, who would dare take issue with advocates of women's safety? This was certainly the case with Sims' critique of the COMMENTATOR.

While Sims' was certainly welcome to question our statistics, she went a step too far in painting the COMMENTATOR as being misogynist. Since the COMMENTATOR started publishing in Sept. 1983, the left has accused it of everything in the sociology textbook – racist, patriarchal, homophobic, militaristic, capitalistic – but it doesn't mean it's all true, and it also doesn't mean that those words necessarily belong together.

If some of our content is offensive to some people, that's really more a matter of taste than of "discrimination." The anecdotal people portrayed in our "Scenes From A Bar" piece were clearly just stereotypes taken to their fullest extent. And the two "Frat Guys" portrayed were ribbed for being buffoons looking to prey on drunk girls. We were mocking their behavior, not advocating it. Sims' also pulled quotes out of an article titled "I, Sex Addict" that had risqué content, but if you read the whole thing it was the male, seeking resolve in a Sexual Anonymous group, who ended up taking the brunt of the criticism. The COMMENTATOR has a number of women on staff, and it always has; last year's Publisher was a woman herself. Women have always contributed meaningfully to the OREGON COMMENTATOR, and the magazine would be the lesser if did they not. After awhile, it gets a little tedious to defend ourselves against every allegation of insensitivity that is sent our way.

Sims, and those before her, make an unfortunate mistake, namely confusing that which we make fun of for that which we represent. If you didn't know before, now you do. Read a little more carefully, but keep reading. We know you will.



Pete R. Hunt, a senior majoring in Journalism, is the Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR. William Beutler, a senior majoring in English, is Editor Emeritus of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

When the bureaucracy fails, that self-same bureaucracy
must be trusted to fix itself — the bureaucracy, that is.
No wonder we're all about to...

Do It All Over Again

By William Beutler

Before the fact is entirely forgotten, let's take a moment to reflect. This last term was the first time since the middle of the last decade in which the ASUO Election was not decided by a ruling of the Constitution Court. Consider that just a few years ago, this kind of uneventful transfer of power would have been unimaginable, out of the question.

While this may have made for less lively happy hour debate, perhaps this marks a sea change in ASUO politics, a positive trend by itself. Some might make a good case for the kind of knock-down, drag-out electoral end-games we'd become accustomed to, but they've always ended up more tedious than riotous, and never provide enough catharsis to balance the obvious counter-productivity of it all.

So that's the good news. The bad news is that this quiet electoral season happened during a bureaucratic meltdown that is still playing out, and may well for some time to come.

The negative press started in late January when the Programs Finance Council (PFC) tabled the request for the budget of this very publication. A few days later, it was announced that a \$536,000 clerical error meant that the PFC would have to go back and review a number of budgets. After that, the PFC angered a number of student groups by asking inappropriate questions, making procedural mistakes and inserting their personal views into the fee process. In recent weeks, the PFC's reputation has done a flameout under fire from the *Emerald*, the *COMMENTATOR* and from within the ASUO itself.

As recently as Mar. 7, the *Emerald* editorial board was all but calling for the dismantling of the PFC; in the February 26 issue of this magazine, contributor Justin Sibley proposed a list of advisable changes to the student fee process: making records more accessible, opening the PFC up to a larger membership, including law students. What they know, but the casual observer likely doesn't, is that it's all happened before, and may now be happening all over again.

Forsooth, this is not the first time that a fee-allocating committee of the ASUO has lost the confidence of the student body. The resolution of this particular fiasco is not likely to closely resemble what happened before, but there are still lessons to be drawn from the past.

Nine years ago, while Bush 41 and Boris the Bear officially called off the Cold War, while South Central LA responded violently to the LAPD-Rodney King verdict, and while Bill Clinton

came back to win the Democratic nomination for President, the ASUO was entering a transition period of its own.

The Incidental Fee Committee (IFC), which then fulfilled allocative purpose of today's PFC, ADFC and EMU Board, came under increasing criticism for — well, all of the things that the PFC is accused of this year, and worse.

The IFC did not go away all at once. Rather, as the outrage reached a critical mass, then-President Bobby Lee took action, engineering the ouster of then-IFC chair Steve Masat in a one-of-a-kind game of musical chairs.

Six days before the end of his presidency, Lee resigned office; VP Eric Bowen, already elected and scheduled to take office, became President Bowen six days ahead of schedule.

President Bowen's first act was to appoint Lee to replace Masat as chair of the PFC. Lee told the *COMMENTATOR* in a 1995 interview: “[Bowen] appointed me, then the Senate approved me to go into the IFC for six days. We re-did all the books and then on the last day, May 24th, we kicked [Masat] out.” Lee straightened out many of the problems, but the feeling persisted that too much power was still held by the single committee.

The following year, as criticism mounted again, Bowen called a special election to dismantle the IFC and restructure it as three separate committees under the Student Senate: the PFC for programs related to student groups, the ADFC for programs in cooperation with the Athletic Department and the EMU Board to provide for the administration of the Erb Memorial Union.

Now the Senate oversaw three fee-allocating bodies, and with mixed results. The upside was that more students got a direct say in the spending of student funds, yes, but the downside was that there was less scrutiny at each step of the process — opening the door for more corruption. Corruption isn't always the misuse of funds: it can also be covering up for breaches of policy and letting personal issues get in the way of proper decision making. This year we've had to relearn that, but events of the last decade indicate that somebody should have known it all along.

Suffice it to say that Nilda Brooklyn is not likely to resign as President, eject PFC head Mary Elizabeth Madden and rewrite the entire PFC Bylaws — though we'd love to see her try. However, incoming Executive Rachel Pilliod and Ben Buzbee are in a position to instigate effective reform of the PFC.

The purpose of such reform, contrary to so much discussion,

"All right now, student officials, repeat in unison: You cannot make student government matter to all students equally. Notice the negative with that auxiliary verb. C-A-N-N-O-T. Won't ever."

should not be to open up the ASUO to everybody. To claim such a thing would be to fall victim to that old canard, to this day still not entirely disowned by ASUO Executive candidates, that notion of making the ASUO open to all students.

All right now, student officials, repeat in unison: You cannot make student government matter to all students equally. Cannot. Notice the negative with that auxiliary verb. C-A-N-N-O-T. Won't ever.

But the OREGON COMMENTATOR will pay attention, and the *Emerald* might too. *The Insurgent*, showing signs of life after this year a well-conceived redesign, might deign to start commenting on ASUO politics again. It isn't worth trying to get every student involved not only because it's impossible, but also because the problem is actually best solved by letting competing interests have convenient access to relevant budget information.

And why stop there? What about records of Senate meetings or committee hearings? The ASUO tries to keep a minutes-taker on staff (emphasis on tries) and is usually able to produce records of meetings to the press. But one must already know what they are looking for, look up the number or email address of a Senator and get ahold of them. If a minutes-taker has been attending meetings, then a transcription can be photocopied — often by you, out of your own pocket. If you aren't so lucky, maybe you can give them a couple of 90-minute tapes and they'll come back in a few days time.

Sometimes records disappear entirely. In 1999, *Emerald* reporter David Ryan tried to find the ballot measure from the above-mentioned Bowen-called special election. By the time he got there, the file had disappeared from the filing cabinet of former ASUO Den Mother — er, Executive Coordinator Cheryl Hunter. "I don't know why or where [it was taken]," Ryan reported her as saying.

Cheryl Hunter, long a source of institutional memory, has since moved to a different office, working for the "adults" in Johnson Hall. Suite Four's other longtime fixture, Jennifer Creighton, is reportedly leaving at the end of the year — almost a decade after she arrived as an undergraduate. The appointment of a daily records organizer not only would improve the ease of referencing past decisions, but the organizer would also likely become an important source of knowledge.

Compilation is necessary, but it must also be supported by ease of access. The more barriers to information that exist, the

worse we are for understanding what happens in student government.

If you can put it all in an accessible binder, why not put it all online? The ASUO is possessed of scanners and Photoshop and a website. Scan these, distill them to PDF format, and post it all.

Furthermore, why can't all meetings be transcribed and all minutes posted on the web within 24 hours? They should. It wouldn't be an all-encompassing panacea, but it would make information easier to come by. Done effectively, it could make thoughtful consideration about the ASUO more common.

Is this likely to happen? History is against it. No administration has made very effective use of the ASUO website, located for almost a decade at <http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~ASUO>. The current officeholders found someone to make a flash intro, but neglected to do anything with it, much less apologize for the broken links.

There even used to be a newsgroup devoted to discussion of the ASUO, and in 1996 dozens posted to the group regularly. Over the years, participation steadily declined to the point where it was only Autumn Depoe and a few others that bothered to post anything, due to boredom and too much time spent at a computer terminal. The newsgroup known as UO.ORG.ASUO is now, for all intents and purposes, defunct.

On a heavily networked college campus like this, the lack of an engaged online community doesn't indicate a free and open debate about matters of local governance. As reform of the PFC starts to get under way, it should be done with as much information available to as many people as possible.

Pilliod and Buzbee are in a position to see that this next era of student government makes itself more accessible to those already involved. Watch them. Make sure they do.



William Beutler, deemed "too vile to read" by New York Times columnist Paul Krugman, is Editor Emeritus of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Continued from 8

mails were becoming more frequent. DPS knew it just a matter of time before the masturbator struck again, and they wanted me to be there when it happened.

Finally I found a source, a student named Joe who claimed to have lived with Kurtz during fall term. He said Kurtz's obsessions, his ... perversions, had forced him to leave. But Joe seemed to bear him no ill will.

"Hey, man, you don't talk to the Colonel," he said, referring to Kurtz with a nickname I was unaware of. "You listen to him. The man's enlarged my mind. He's a romantic in the classic sense. I mean sometimes he'll, uh, well, you'll say hello to him, right? And he'll just walk right by you, and he won't even notice you. And suddenly he'll grab you, and he'll throw you in a corner, and he'll say 'do you know that "if" is the middle word in life? If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you, if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you' — I mean I'm no... I can't — I'm a little man, I'm a little man, he's ... he's a great man. I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across floors of silent seas — I mean —"

I punched Joe in the stomach as hard as I could. He crumpled to the floor, trying not to show his pain. My fists pounded his small frame. I wasn't mad at Joe. Joe was just another victim. But I broke him. I broke the poor bastard and made him tell me everything. Now I knew where Kurtz was, and it was only a matter of time before I made my move.

I painted my face in the warrior style favored by my ancestors. They were clowns, but they were good people. I had to be ready, mentally and physically. I knew Kurtz was going to Blockbuster in an hour to return *The Color of Night*, that awful Bruce Willis movie. It was already two days overdue, how many times was he going to watch it? I was going to make my move while he was gone.

Hanz sat in the corner, watching me with curiosity.

"Zethen, want to go zhang in Jim's room with me? We're getting his zampster stoned," said Hanz in his heavy German accent.

"I can't, I have... something to take care of."

"Zes, alright then. Good luck with the make-up," he said as he left the room.

I turned the key in the slot, and the door slid open. I was in, there was no going back now. But God.. It was horrible. It smelled like slow death in there ... malaria ... nightmares. Everywhere I looked I saw pictures of the Olson Twins. God, how old were they now? Tampons were hanging from the ceiling. The floor was covered in wadded up tissue paper. I knew Kurtz didn't have a cold. Even the air was dirty, like a slime sticking to your skin.

I pulled open his desk drawer, only to find piles of dirty magazines. I dug through the filth till I found what I was looking for, his diary. I skimmed through it, hoping to find a confession.

Page seventeen, there it was....

February 25h, 2001

I bathed in pigs' blood last night. I am more animal than human, now. I found her at 2 in the morning, staring into her computer screen. I started pleasuring myself there, watching her, watching her dissolve away. Then she turned and saw me. She screamed! As though I should run away! Ha! I toyed with her, I slammed it against the window and proceeded to....

God, it was too much to handle. I'd turn it over to Fitzpatrick, let him read through it.

"Hanz, fuck, I'm ripped out dude..."

"Zes, me too..."

"Let's get this fucking hamster stoned,"

"Zes, that will be zery funny."

I stared taking pictures, trying to document everything I could and then get out of there. That's when I heard the door close behind me. I stood frozen. I could see his reflection in the window. Then the lights turned off.

"Blow it in the bag, dude"

"Zhut?"

"In the bag, you've got to blow the smoke in the bag."

"Where are you from Montana?" asked a voice from the darkness. Christ, he knew my name.

"I'm from Southern Oregon, sir."

"Were you born there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereabouts?"

"Medford, sir."

"How far were you from the river?"

"The Umpqua, sir? I lived right beside it."

"I went down that river when I was a kid. There's a place in the river.. I can't remember... must have been a swimming hole. But there were girls there, laying out on the rocks tanning themselves. I watched them from the bushes, watched them spread the oil on their skin. God, I loved it. It was the first time I'd felt alive."

Then he delivered a powerful blow to the back of my head, and I fell to the floor on top of all his jizz rags. I was barely conscious, but I could feel his hot breath on my neck. Time seemed to slow, the blackness enveloped me, but I could still hear him ramble, talking to the darkness.

"I've seen whores ... whores that you've seen. But you have no right to call me a pervert. They have a right to kick me out of this institution. They have a right to do that ... but you have no right to judge me. It's impossible for words to describe what is necessary to those who do not know what whore means. Whore. Whore has a face...And you must make a friend of whore."

Before I blacked out I heard his pants unzip.

"The wh o r e"

Jump to 19

Continued from 18

“This fucking Hamster is stoned as hell! He’s just sitting on his wheel gnawing on his lettuce. Can’t even fucking move!”
 “Zes, he is zery stoned.”
 “Fucking A, dude.”
 “Zes, fucking A!”

school, and he may be looking at probation. I don’t know what to think about the whole thing. I’m taking some time off of school. I’ve got to get away—away from the jungle....

THE END.

I woke up in the bathroom alone. I had a horrible headache. I crawled back to my room, dragging my dignity behind me. Hanz was there with Jim. They both reeked of weed. Hanz offered me a warm beer, started telling me about a gerbil or something. I couldn’t hear him. I couldn’t tell them why I was hurt, but Jim seemed to know. He handed me some strips of paper—acid—and then they left me alone while they went to get Jim’s bong. I dropped the acid and went to the roof. I stood underneath the stars and took off my clothes. Then I danced. I was a creature of the night. I was a child of the moon. I knew somewhere Kurtz was watching me.

Fitzpatrick hauled Kurtz in the next day on an indecent exposure charges. They say he’s already been thrown out of

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THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



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The Law of Averages

The Story of



By Olly Ruff

Malaise continues to set in, and right on time there is news from the administration: the University has, in a piece of marketing-speak to make the spine chill and the heart shrivel, been "evaluating its graphic identity". The eventual goal will be to introduce a universal logo for the UO in place of all these confusing mountains and initials and game fowl, and an unspoken secondary objective of the administration is, one feels, to make sure that it has as little to do with Donald Duck as possible. The likeliest outcome, then, is that the big O, emblem of the athletic department, will be adopted as the official crest of the school. Preliminary reports are mixed as to precisely how much of a logistical pain in the ass this will be to implement, but even people who think it's a good idea can't deny a definite sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach.

Lots of their opponents are that way, of course, because the scheme has something to do with Nike, and lots of arguments against the endeavor seem to involve the claim that it's a bad thing to do because associating the school with Nike would be crass, or commercial, and that crassness and commerciality are to be avoided. That's not the approach I want to take here, because I like to keep from bringing personal preferences into these things wherever possible. Unless it has been proposed that Phil Knight gets a veto on professorial hiring, or a free ride on labor issues in Nike factories, the Nikeness of the affair is still just a question of taste - the foundation for untold numbers of circular, unsatisfying arguments and circular, hugely satisfying exchanges of insults. Even Naomi Klein's recent book *No Logo*, more measured and less crazy than I had secretly hoped it would be, still has its share of dodgy theoretical stretches in which it roundly elevates aesthetics to the level of ethics. Aesthetic arguments against aggressive branding require you to privilege your own sniffy opinion of, say, Nike over that of the multitude of unenlightened consumers. You can say that they're a part of des-

picable, sheeplike, homogeneous American culture. They can say that you're perhaps looking for spiritual validation in the wrong place - namely, your running shoes. The argument won't go anywhere. Similarly, while it's easy and fun to scorn people for buying coffee at Starbucks simply because Starbucks are big and irritating and don't make very good coffee, it lacks universality to do so simply because you are (or, in this case, I am) a snob. (Less concisely: Starbucks aren't bad because of their annoying hippy-dippy advertising. They're bad because they buy out the leases of independent competitors and replace them with more Starbucks. It's the difference between a birthmark and a tumor.)

So I'm going to claim that personal, negative feelings towards Nike and/or athletics in general aren't really germane to the logo question, no matter how deeply held they may be. And, as the *Emerald* pointed out, if the University wanted to ensure its identity was perceived as being separate from that of Nike, the time to start worrying about it was probably before the Knight Library was built. There are other arguments against the wholesale adoption of the big green O besides the fact that it's admittedly a little crass and will look incongruous painted onto the side of the law school. Essentially, slapping the big O on everything that would otherwise display the seal - or, for that matter, forcing all the football players to have "MENS AGITAT MOLEM" written on their helmets, whereupon they would be taunted by other Pac-10 teams for being Latin weenies, and they'd have to go and hang out in the corner with Stanford - is a classic example of reorganizing the system for no discernible reason, of change for its own sake. It's a waste of resources, and given the state's current financial straits, no such waste can really be said to be harmless.

I don't wish to sound like a reactionary, or to argue that change is necessarily bad, or anything like that. But what change

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

invariably is, at an institutional level, is time-consuming, expensive, and more of both than can be predicted at the outset. With this in mind, it is not something to be undertaken lightly or out of boredom. The burden of proof always rests with the people who think that the change is necessary, and the proposed benefits should, at the very least, justify the effort and expenditure that they demand. Leaving aside the fact that an institution with such a massive PR gap should probably pick its battles less obviously at random, there has been no attempt to justify this (God help me) reevaluation of our graphic identity, except in the vaguest terms: something about increasing the school's profile, expanding our share of the market. And if this is truly the reason, then the whole initiative meets three very important criteria that crop up a lot in this sort of thing: it's weird, it's expensive, and it's not going to work.

The two University-sponsored activities that these ideograms call to mind - the titanic struggle through, respectively, general-ed requirements and the first rounds of collegiate sporting events - are only connected in the vaguest sense, and are frequently actually at odds with one another. Demanding a coherent brand from the University is, to put it kindly, wistful. But worse than that, trying to call it into existence via college sports is doomed to failure and ridicule. It's an idea that could only ever have arisen in a year during which the men's football and basketball programs have been berthed in the national top ten. (Better yet, they arrived there in an interesting way. Pity the sports-neutral channel-surfer who passes up the quote "In the first quarter, Joey Harrington has thrown five completions; one of them to himself," on Fox Sports. Envy them as the basketball commentators wrestle with new puns on the name "Luke". This correspondent killed the sound shortly after "The Lukes of Hazzard".) The nut of the problem here is: what happens if the football team just decides, somewhere down the line, to suck for a ten-year period? I know nothing about sport, but a quick survey of the clientele at Doc's seems to indicate that Notre Dame (it says here) was a football powerhouse during the Eighties, before falling off to such a dramatic extent that they would be hard-pressed to win against a team consisting of (it says here) the clientele at Doc's. Now, suppose that they had chosen, at the peak of their dominance, to stamp their sporting logo of a tiny,

APRIL 1, 2002

pugnacious Irishman on all the official stationery. Even disregarding the potential for huge offense, it's a picture to bring a smile to the recruitment people at IU.

So this is the situation, and this is the ennui it produces. An increasing number of people recognize the Nike O, and associate it with our proud emissaries in the world of college sports. Great. Now why, exactly, do we have to change all the damn letterheads? Are we afraid that this burgeoning O-consciousness will be scooped by some other state, like Oklahoma? Are we concerned that this multifariousness of insignias will cause confusion in some of our potential new students? And in that event, mightn't they be more happy with, instead of a four-year college, some kind of shape-sorting game?

The rebranding is a promising early sign of what could be a spectacular 2002 silly season, once it gets warm enough to protest things out of doors. It's hard to avoid the suspicion that, somewhere, there is an image consultant getting paid an awful lot of money for this.



Without an official University of Oregon towel, what kind of Duck fan do you think you are? A dirt poor one, if you ask us.

ON *DUE PROCESS*

I'm not critiquing or criticizing the verdict, But it seems to me we are still back in the days of the Salem witch trials.
-George Parnham, attorney for Andrea Yates. George reminisces fondly upon the romantic days of yore when it was socially acceptable to drown your children.

They picked the wrong guy to mess with.
-Campus icon Bruce Miller, on being kicked off of campus. Bruce is currently sneaking around the EMU in disguise, using the alias Mruce Biller.



ON *D TO THE D TO THE S-*

Are the women of this campus really so afraid of the men that they cannot even share a van for 10 minutes?
—Freshman Ben Strawn, in a March 18th letter to the Ol' Dirty. Share a van? Hell, it's only a matter of time between they put us in different bathrooms.

The purpose of DDS is to take drunks home. It is not to provide you with a Disneyland experience.
—Donald Thompson, senior and DDS employee, writing in the March 13th Ol' Dirt. If you've ever ridden on Splash Mountain with a nauseous person, you know this comparison isn't entirely unjustified.

ON COITUS

One ejaculation kicks out a billion sperm. We're designed to want more than just one. One woman is not going to be able to have all those sperm. The reason we can ejaculate more than once—well, those who are healthy and attractive and powerful like myself—is for multiple partners.

—Gene Simmons, interviewed in the *Onion*. Ironically, one listens to Simmon's solo album is enough to forfeit the idea of repopulating the world altogether.

There have been a couple of people who do pretty good Cartman voices ... they tend to be fat girls with the right vocal timber. So there's a good chance if you hear a good impersonation, it might be a fat girl. Which I'm sure is great consolation to fat girls.

—Trey Parker, on ESPN's Page 2. We're sure the movie *Baseketball* was a great consolation to critics who claimed Trey and Matt couldn't work in any medium outside of cable.

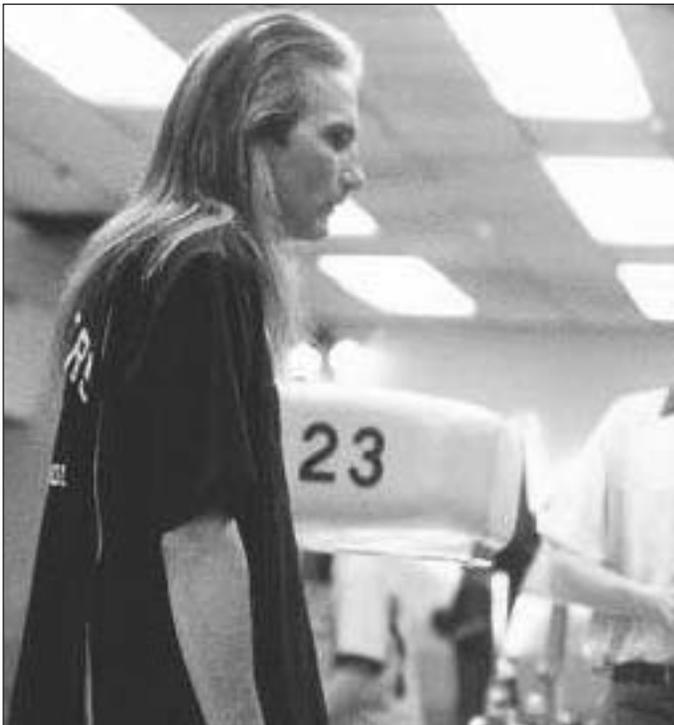


ON SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

We hear you kids are taking off from here at 10 to go get dollar micros down at Taylor's. Well starting next week, you can stick around here an extra hour and drive home totally sloshed. —DJ at the Brick House, Springfield's finest drinking establishment. We mean that.

He (the professor) already gave us half the answers... dude, I could get an "F" without even studying.

—Overheard in *Espresso Roma* during finals week.



ON 'NAM AND 'DAM

Unlike many other films about Vietnam, "We Were Soldiers" does not bother with the soldier's inherent nihilism. There is no smoking joints, jamming to Jimi Hendrix or popping rounds at an invisible enemy. This movie is too corny for that— sort of a Vietnam Lite.

—From John Liebhardt's review of "We Were Soldiers" in the *ODE*. According to John, any war movie that doesn't feature lengthy drug montages backed by psychedelic rock isn't historically accurate. After all, it's not like the soldiers didn't have time to light up and jam in between fire-fights.

Never mind Saddam. What about nuking the Belgians?

—Headline from the March 13th issue of the London-based *Guardian*. We've always hated the Belgians, those shifty little Anglos with their tasty, tasty waffles.

They told me I should stop drinking.



They told me I wasn't safe to drive.



But nobody told me to put on my seat belt.



If You're Going
to be



Driving Under the

INFLUENCE

Make Sure You're

BUCKLED UP!

Myth: "I'm too drunk to buckle up!"

Fact: If you're sober enough to run red lights with your eyes half open and one foot out the window, you're damn well sober enough to put on a seat belt.

Myth: "Seat belts make me uncomfortable."

Fact: Your driving makes other people uncomfortable, especially after you're a fifth of Jim Beam in the bag. Just do us this one favor.



Save Lives,
Save Drinks,
BUCKLE UP!