

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

APRIL 20, 2002

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE IX

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

Mascot

Madness

The School of Law is trying to prohibit the University from scheduling sports games with teams with American Indian names or mascots. When PC culture and University sports collide, nobody wins.



Plus: Gladstone Websites, Spanish Hijinks and Eco-pledges

Middle East

9/11

conflict

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!Le Pen defeats Jacques Chirac!
 !Viva la revolución!
 !First France, then Israel, then the world!
 !Viva la France!

YO SOY UN HIPPY ESPAÑOL

How do you say “I have a pound of Bolivian coke and two hours to spare” in Spanish? Don’t ask Jeremy Jones.

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WEB OF REVULSION

With 1000+ student websites on Gladstone, you’d think there would be something worth looking at. Nope.

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 Justin Sibley is down for the count. Lisa, please come and pick him up.



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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.

The Endless Cycle of Middle-East Violence Begins and Ends in Eugene

The University is directly responsible for violence in the Middle East. Recently ads have appeared on TV explicitly telling viewers that purchasing illicit drugs directly supports terrorists and their violent behavior. And while that may seem like a stretch to the average American, that relationship explains just how this University plays a role in continuing the cycle of violence in places such as Israel and Palestine.

It is absolutely critical to understanding the Middle East to recognize that the violence that plagues the troubled region is based largely on intolerance, ignorance and unreasonable passion.

It is also absolutely critical to understanding the University's culture of worshipping at the altar of moral relativism and preaching through blind activism to acknowledge that the palpable absurdity of this institution is based largely on intolerance, ignorance and unreasonable passion.

The Middle East is a place where logic goes to die. As New York Times Foreign Affairs columnist Thomas Friedman points out in his book, *The Lexus and the Olive Tree*, the motivating factor for action in the Middle East is not the constant drive toward improving efficiency or building wealth as it is in the West, but rather a fight for identity.

In a region where there have been thousands of years to build identities and compile lists of past grievances, a population motivated more out of avenging past grievances is more likely to act out of unreasonable passion. Consider, for example, the apparent desire of many Palestinians to reject peace initiatives in favor of pursuing the total destruction of the Israeli state. That is not the logical position to hold if one wants peace and stability for one's people, but instead betrays an unreasonable passion born of an intolerant hatred for an adversary.

At a more local level this school plays an important role in forming the identity and ideals of its product. The University holds a special place in society. The Supreme Court recognizes it, perhaps wrongly, as a bastion of free speech and a place in which to exchange ideas. In most classes and in student government there is a self-congratulatory notion that Avant Garde social ideas are first incubated in academe and then spread forth throughout the rest of the world like a divinely germinated seed. But this particular institution, like too many of its counterparts, spreads a different influence — one that more closely resembles germ warfare than a seed of truly progressive ideas.

This school breeds young adults who have not learned the important processes for understanding the world. This school breeds young adults who hold beliefs they do not fully comprehend. And this school breeds young adults who believe that fiery passion is to be cherished more highly than rational solutions.

The consequence of the University's slant is akin to setting an ant colony on fire from the inside, jettisoning countless, thought-

less, flame-spreading menaces out into the environment. This school is well known for its abundant production of Peace Corps volunteers. While that may at first blush seem like a good tiding to the world, essentially what this school is perpetrating is a mass exportation of students who have an innate disdain for capitalist sensibilities (they work two years for a total of \$5,000) in favor of a romanticized trek into helping the underprivileged throughout the world. That means they are going to the four corners of the earth to spread their questionable ideas. And what's more, their ideas receive increased validity because they carry with them western medicine as well as agricultural and architectural improvements.

There is a direct link between the liberalism with which students are indoctrinated at the University and the effect it has on the Middle East. The freshly cemented liberal student exits these confines to go out and inevitably support European and elitist foreign policies that hold Israel responsible for the region-wide hatred to which it is a victim and malign the U.S. for its support of the only democracy and functioning economy in the entire region.

There are several reasons the University pushes a culture of blind liberalism. Chief among those reasons is an expectation that the chief objective of any student is to make it through the day without offending any of his or her fellow students through the expression of any unpopular idea. Several years ago a lone male student made comments in the course of a class that were labeled as racist and misogynistic. The fallout for violating that simple unspoken rule included the creation of a Bias Response Team (now virtually defunct) and a massive sit-in protest in front of the Johnson Hall administration building by radical students trying to force an even more rigid standard of thought intolerance. Another factor motivating the average liberal student to support Palestinian terrorist activities is the combination of an ingrained distrust for power and the inability to recognize moral certainties. That leads to the belief that the Israelis are exerting their military dominance on a weaker people, while at the same time not accepting Israel's moral duty to defend its state and people from a well-organized and well-funded enemy.

Don't expect this training ground for terrorism support to change anytime soon. The professors believe their thoughtless rhetoric is promoting positive social change and the administration doesn't have the courage or moral clarity to put a stop to it. And the students? The only students who are official leaders are as thoughtlessly radical as anyone on campus.

So, remember kids, don't buy drugs or you're supporting terrorists. And don't support the University because you may just be supporting violence in the Middle East.



Booze in the News

Hurrury for Norway

Every year, Norwegian high school students have a wild and very long graduation party, then they take their final exams, sometimes failing. Recently, the Norwegian government capitulated on the 97-year party tradition and announced that finals will be delayed by about two weeks starting next year to give the exhausted students time to recuperate. In exchange, the Ministry of Education asked the graduates to limit the party to 17 (!) days, from May 1 to May 17, Norway's Constitution Day.

Now, if you think the OREGON COMMENTATOR is going to express a desire to move to Europe, you're sadly mistaken. Horrible restaurant service, a socialist health care system and a holiday destination known as "Euro-Disney?" No thanks. However, we could all learn a little something from the carpe diem philosophy of our transatlantic contemporaries. Seventeen days of partying seems a little excessive—sure, we could handle it, but we've seen most of you pansies nursing one well drink for the better part of a night at Rennies—but we don't think we'd be out of line in asking for a little more out of dead week. Hmmm... maybe a University sponsored pre-graduation blast at the Sunriver Resort in Bend, complete with a pool party, an open bar, an opium den and enough coke to run a slalom. We're just throwing it out there.

Colt 45 and the Fortune 500

Professor Chris Auld, the economics don at the University of Calgary in Canada, has found that on average, the more people drink, the more they earn. (See story at http://www.ananova.com/news/story/sm_568176.html?menu=news.latestheadlines). He says the reason behind the correlation could be stress of a high-paying job driving people to drink, or perhaps that more sociable people are most likely to achieve career success.

We at the COMMENTATOR have a different theory. Heavy drinkers are in fact highly informed consumers who set their clocks by happy hours. You'll never find a true alcoholic wasting his money on expensive European vodka when he knows Burnetts is distilled the same amount of times.

However, that still doesn't explain why some of our staff writers our selling plasma out of the back of a van on 19th and Agate to get their Captain Morgan fix.

Do these guys a favor and spare some change, it's always happy hour somewhere.

Start slinging it on the Sabbath!

Despite a new Oregon law allowing liquor agents to sell on Sundays and holidays, only one out of hundreds of Lane County booze slingers has decided to go ahead and give us all what we need so badly.

That aggression raises the objective question of just who is running our cherished liquor lines and why they are so evil.

Do they hate old people? Probably, because if they had one ounce of human compassion they would sell a snifter of pure grain alcohol to dear old grannie who needs something for her whooping cough. But the liquor peddlers seem more interested in beating down the little guy.

Do they also hate people like us who have friends like ours? We can barely stand them drunk, so it's a dire situation when sober. Something has to give or there's probably going to be violence amongst ourselves if we don't get some Tanqueray up in this mother. Just like social leaders have been saying for years, The Man wants us to kill ourselves so he can keep us down and distracted. Word.

If increased drinking does go with success, this state must invest in its future and push more hooch on Sundays.

OC Shout Outs...

Ben, the bass player from Mine 37 (or 31, or 182, or some other number), for hooking us up with free Pabst before his band played at The Spot. We're not totally sold on his music, but God bless him for keeping a good stock of PBR available to the public.

The Brick House—Springfield's finest drinking establishment. \$5 for all you can drink from 9-11 on Wednesdays? What a deal! The Brick House is now officially this year's Tiki Lounge.

Tim the Hot Dog Guy. When we first came to this school he was just another mild-mannered food vendor. Now he's wearing hemp necklaces, smelling of patchouli, and drinking mass amounts of cheap beer at Taylor's every afternoon. As long as the polish dogs are still fresh... Cheers!



SIGN THE PLEDGE!

There has been a broad and deep movement throughout the land to include a pledge of social responsibility in graduation ceremonies. Here, the OC staff humbly submits its preferred pledge for your consideration.

I _____, pledge to take my role in society very, very seriously. And I'll do good whenever it fits into my schedule. And I won't make fun of orphans anymore. Or that guy with one leg who thinks it's still '72. And I won't call my mom a whore, even though she's been sleeping with that guy who isn't even my step dad. I solemnly swear to recycle my pop cans, condom wrappers and subpoenas. And I'll only work for companies who donate newsworthy sums of money to fighting hunger in Papua-New Guinea. I am committed to setting the high score on Ms. Pac-Man not before, but after two Long Island Ice Teas. I will always pay taxes on my domestic help but never for the military industrial complex. And I promise, above all, to spay and neuter my dog/cat because I know there's a problem with unwanted pets. Amen.

Signature _____

Date _____



**Free Chicken Whopper
with your signature!**

For a limited time only

Yo Soy un Hippy Español

Everyone has something critical to say about the University's foreign language requirement, but Jeremy Jones still hasn't figured out how to say it.

by Jeremy Jones

Hello. My name is Jeremy, and I am a hippie. But not always. In English, I am a loud, cantankerous, cynical, evil bastard. But when I speak Spanish I am a stinky, ignorant hippie. This University's foreign language classes are not bastard-friendly. In fact, few of my hate-filled words translate well into the Spanish I have been taught. The problem has gotten so bad that I become a totally different person. A person void of bastardry or cynicism. A person that has nothing left but to be concerned by the problems of this world.



Thinking he was participating in a parade, a freshly dread locked Jeremy Jones accidentally joins a Zapatistas rally. ¡Viva la revolución!

I first noticed the problem during my stint at the Albertson's warehouse back home in Boise, ID. I was working with Pablo filling orders for regional stores. As was expected, Pablo didn't speak English. However armed with the University's Spanish class, I could carry on a simple conversation with my co-worker. My boss came for a quick check-up and left. Then I leaned over to Pablo to say, "I hate that guy, he can never leave me alone." But to my horror what came out of my mouth was, "Ese hombre es un ejemplo de las clases mas alta dominan la gente." (That man is an example of how upper classes control the people) That

is not what I meant to say. And from the look on Pablo's face, he was not expecting that either.

If I had recognized the problem then, I could have learned some vocabulary that would better express my horribly abrasive personality. Instead, the problem just got worse. About a month later, me and a friend, Gary were walking across the Boise State University campus when we were nearly killed by a Mexican man on his bicycle. Gary attempted to give the man a verbal whipping, but it was obvious he didn't understand a word. Gary asked me to step in. But some how, "You stupid, bastard! Watch where you going, you fucking idiot!" came out, "Lo siento mucho. Me amigo y yo no queremos un conflicto." (I am very sorry. Me and my friend to do not want a conflict.) The man looked surprised, even a little scared and quickly peddled away. Gary looked at me and said, "Damn what did you say to him?"

I lied.

"I told him to get the fuck out of here before I beat him to death!"

Had I told Gary what I said then, he probably could have gotten me the help I needed. All it would have taken was a Spanish/English dictionary to look up the words I needed. But I was in a state of shock and denial. And thus, the problem could only get worse.

Months passed without incident. It was when school started again and I was in my Spanish class. We were studying the chapter, about the destruction of the natural world. This chapter was a nice follow-up to the chapter about the importance of being bilingual to help with cultural understanding. We were often asked such imbecilic questions like, "Como podemos parar la deforestacion del busqueo tropical" (How can we stop the deforestation of the rainforest.) I was tempted to answer, "Fuck the rainforest! Slash it, burn it and get it over with!" But what would always come out was, "La gente necisita educasion a comprender las problemas." (The people need education to learn the problems.)

My condition was gradually getting worse. Every class I went to put more terms completely contradictory

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Senor Jeremy Jones, a sophomore majoring in journalism, is doing 30 days in small Mexican jail for smuggling cocaine across the border. Send bail donations to the OREGON COMMENTATOR. Hurry, before they steal his manhood!

EL TEJÓN Y EL DAÑO HECHO

(The Badger and the Damage Done)

By Ignacio Peters

(Editor's Note: They say beggars can't be choosers. But what can a beggar do but choose? Colt 45 or Big Bear? A night at the shelter or a night under the bridge? Those are choices. And at three in the morning, I was flat out of choices. The issue was shipping off in a few hours, and I had a blank page to fill. One phone call later, this is what I got...)

This isn't going to go anywhere. I can feel it. Like a badger at a gun show. When editors stare at blank pages with no content to fill them, strange things happen. People get phone calls. I got a phone call. "I need you," she said. Or was it he? Like the badger ... confused. It was the editor of this esteemed publication, a Mr. P.R. Hunt (I guess that'd make it a "he"). That's right, you silly, unshaven bastards, you have him to thank. Of course I was willing to help. He's saved my life on more than one occasion - what sort of a heartless lunatic would I be to turn him down in his hour of need?

The obvious course of action would be to write one of those "here's what pisses me off" pieces, but I'm not going to do that, because although I'm youthful, I'm not especially "disaffected," and besides, I don't care much for clove cigarettes and I think The Cure sucked. Strike that - they still suck. I suppose I could write about that - how The Cure sucks - but I won't. Why, you ask? Because it's been done, and it's been done to death. It seems like every time you give a piece of paper and a pencil to someone between the ages of 18 to 25, you end up with a pile of crap so high that the flies on the summit are outfitted with oxygen tanks and gear from the North Face. And in between their gasps for oxygen, the flies smoke clove cigarettes and stare avidly at their little fly feet while a tape recording of "Disintegration" rolls in the background. Who gave these people a voice? Maybe we should take it back and leave journalism to the elites. All things considered, Norman Mailer was a jackass, but he's a far better writer than anyone at the *Eugene Weekly*. I'd make the same comparison of the writers at the *Oregon Voice*, but that's a little like comparing the thrift-store fashion of a suburbanite South Eugene sophomore to that of an impoverished leper. That's right, a fucking leper.

Of course, this discussion begs the question, "Who gave Ignacio Peters a voice?" Well, I like to think of it as God's divine will, but you dirty pagans, what with your drug smoking and baby killing, probably wouldn't respect that. And believe me, if there was any way at all that I could give you the finger via the written word, I would be all over it. I don't know who gave me a voice, or why, or what they expect me to do with it, but here it is and here I am. I'm at your gun show hiding under the WWI Bayonet table, hoping I can just take you on one by one. That's how badgers fight. Sometimes we play dead, just waiting for you to peer over our motionless bodies before we spring to life and claw the hell out of your face. Like a Taiwan whore, badgers do their best fighting on their backs.

Which brings me to my third point. I lack initiative. As

Americans, we're supposed to be famous for our ingenuity and willingness to bring about change. Like many of my peers, I lack the initiative to make that ideal into reality. I'm so satiated by blowjobs and Tetris that I doubt I'll ever live up to any of those childhood dreams. I probably won't even be a fireman like I wanted to when I was 6. They do drug tests, don't they? I've probably got a better chance of being Skeletor, like I wanted to when I was 7. I've always believed that I'm destined to do great things, but I won't. I won't because I'm just like everyone else. Everyone else believes that they are destined for greatness.

But everyone can't be great. As much as I hate to drag Brad Pitt into this, it's just like that monologue from *Fight Club* - middle children of history and whatnot - wondering if another woman is really what we need...

I'm not gay. At least I don't think I am - I've met a lot of great guys, but I've never wanted to fuck them, and I've seen a lot of great cocks, but there's just no magic in it for me. It's kinda like how one person can love Sharkleberry Fin Kool-Aid and another person can absolutely detest it. I know Sharkleberry Fin isn't exactly an apt metaphor for gay sex, but the point I'm trying to make is that I have no taste for gay sex. It's just not in the cards. I'll have the Crystal Light, thanks.

Seriously, though, I've been doing some thinking about what it is I'm doing in college. I'm living my life in the no-mans land between success and failure, just waiting for my life to fall gloriously into my lap or else come crashing down all around me. I wish the moment of truth would get here... I wish I would just hurry up and fail out of school and start my sand-poundingly dull blue-collar job and marry my mildly attractive, crotch-grabbingly adulterous wife.

In a lot of ways, I'm like that badger. The badger honestly believes he can make it out alive. The odds are clearly against him, but he's been hiding under the bayonet table long enough, and sooner or later he's gonna have to come on out and face all the thousands of guns that are changing hands like newspaper clippings. Speaking of newspapers, I read today that the AIDS epidemic is as old as I am. It grew up with me. In the 1980's we thought it only affected homosexuals, and then right about the time I turned nine years old we realized it was going to fuck some shit up (right about the time I realized that I was the greatest kickball player ever born). What's my point? I have been raised with the knowledge that I could get a fatal disease from sex. That is to say, I could die in the attempt to create life. I'm not sure what that means, but it's gotta mean something.

I think we're done here. As for the badger ... well, that's up to him, I guess. Buena suerte a usted, tejón.



Ignacio Peters was there when the OREGON COMMENTATOR needed him. What about you? Where were you? Asshole.

Never mind what Michael Moore says, the Bush administration isn't the greatest threat to your civil liberties. That would be the...

Liberal Tyranny

By Publius X. Emeritus

Are you a liberal? If you are, fine and dandy. You just need to realize that your entire political philosophy is based on violence, force, and the implicit threat of my life. You, my friend, are a de facto petty tyrant.

“But I'm gentle! I care about others! I'm a Li-Ber-al! It's fascist dittoheads like you who bomb abortion clinics, and [enter one of myriad left wing diatribes here].”

A good cause

I guess I should explain this little thesis before going on, yes?

Liberals generally like to fund government programs that aren't particularly efficient. Because they aren't particularly efficient, people would never voluntarily give them money. So to fund these programs more, they must raise taxes – and behind every tax is the implicit threat of what will happen if that tax is not paid. Mainly that if one refuses to pay his taxes, he will die.

So let's say our liberal friends at OSPIRG decide that abolishing hunger is America's Number One policy priority. With student fees, they come up with some thick report on how they could completely abolish hunger and make everyone happy at the bargain price of \$1 billion per year.

Hooray!

But not enough people are willing to write checks to OSPIRG because of that not-so-pristine ethical reputation they have.

So the PIRG people, being a public interest group and all, start knocking on the doors of congressbeings and senators, and before long, they have enough votes to raise taxes by \$1 billion per year, and turn the hunger drive into a federal program.

Sounds fair, right? Good cause, anyway.

But then suppose there's some nutty bastard (we'll call him Ralph) who doesn't think the government should get involved in abolishing hunger, because having people starve in the streets makes him feel better about himself. And one thing's for sure in America: that guy is entitled to his opinion.

Now, remember that threat of violence thing from above?

The threat of violence

OSPIRG can't get Ralph to give to them voluntarily. So they get Congress to pass a law and effectively coerce Ralph to pay up the money for the cause.

But Ralph is one of those anti-authoritarian types. He wears eye shadow, black lipstick, and burns flags at veterans' gather-



ings for fun. He doesn't like being told what to do, so he refuses to pay the new tax.

Well, around June, the IRS gives Ralph a call. What do they say? It'll be something along the lines of: “Ralph, if you don't pay this new tax, we're going to come and take your house.”

Ralph doesn't like this one bit. So when the IRS comes down, he tells them to fuck off. You know what happens next?

They come back with gun-toting federal agents to take Ralph to jail.

And if Ralph refuses to go to jail, you know what happens?

They will kill Ralph. You laugh, but if he resists enough, the taxman will kill him. No joke.

See, we don't like Ralph because he doesn't want to help hungry people.

Same reason lots of folks didn't care much for Randy Weaver, a white separatist who lived up in Northern Idaho. In the early 1990s, Randy and some other folks in Ruby Ridge, Idaho, decided they didn't like the federal government so much that they refused to pay taxes. To keep all their tax evasion a secret, none of them had bank accounts, and they all dealt in cash so that the federal government wouldn't find out.

But the feds always find out. And when they did, some federal agents came to take Mr. Weaver's house. Randy said "no." They came back with armed federal agents. He still resisted. The feds then ended up killing his fourteen year-old son by shooting him through the back with an

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Should the University sponsor the Graduation Pledge of Social and Environmental Responsibility? Of course not, because it's the...

Worst Idea Ever

By Pete R. Hunt

During my tenure at this University, I've become increasingly protective of my signature. Last year, after a drunken night of debauchery at Taylor's, I accidentally signed a legally binding contract guaranteeing one of my kidneys to a rich industrialist from Saigon. You can only imagine my surprise the next morning when a black van pulled up to my house with a fully stocked mobile operating room, an anesthesiologist and an unlicensed but surprisingly competent surgeon. After that, I promised myself that I'd keep my John Hancock to myself, and that I'd stop drinking so heavily so as not to damage my one remaining kidney.

The relevance of this story—if there is any—is that the recent push to reinstate the Graduation Pledge of Social and Ethical Responsibility is just as bad an idea as giving away organs. While the organ trade has always remained on the black market, the pledge movement recently entered the mainstream, thanks to the *Emerald's* editorial against it. By giving ink to the pledge, the *Emerald* inadvertently created a pro-pledge campaign in the form of letters to the editor that rallied support for the cause. The pledge instantly went from being a mere idea to an actual issue on the table. But discussion is always a good thing, so let's discuss some of the cons.

The pledge movement was initiated at Humboldt State University in 1987, but the current pledge movement is part of a campaign effort launched in 1996 by students at Manchester College. Since then, dozens of colleges and universities across the nation have followed with similar programs. The University of Kansas, Harvard, Notre Dame, and Stanford all offer the pledge as an option on graduation day.

The pledge reads: "I _____ pledge to explore and take into account the social and environmental consequences of any job I consider and will try to improve these aspects of any organizations for which I work." On the back of the card is a listing of organizations that may help the student find a job with an environmentally responsible and socially conscious employer.

What's all the fuss about? After all, the card is optional; you don't have to sign it. And even if you do, it's certainly not a legally binding document. What's the harm in encouraging students to make socially responsible decisions?

Here's what it boils down to: if you want to sign the card on your own time, then by all means, grab a pen and sign away. But when you offer the pledge card at graduation, you're entering a difficult gray area. Though student-initiated, in order for the pledge card to be a fixture at University graduation ceremonies it has to be approved by the administration. Approving

the pledge card aligns the University with an agenda, which is inappropriate for a graduation ceremony. And make no mistake, the pledge definitely supports an agenda. Links from the Graduation Pledge Alliance's website include Environmental Careers Organization, The Feminist Career Center, and Naturalist Network. If these groups don't have agendas, then they certainly have priorities, and drilling for oil in Alaska certainly isn't going to be one of them.

When the University signs up for the pledge, we all become statistics for the Green movement. The Graduation Pledge Alliance will be able to list the University as a member, and that will be used to promote the pledge to other universities. That's how grass roots based programs perpetuate themselves. GPA's website lists ways in which the pledge can be used as PR, including having those taking the pledge wear green ribbons, getting one of the speakers to discuss the pledge, and having the pledge printed in the commencement hand-out. The website also encourages getting the local media involved to garner up support for the cause. These are all standard grass-roots techniques, but they seem more appropriate for a rally than for a graduation.

Consider this, would the University allow a pledge that read: "I _____ pledge to support the Second Amendment of the Constitution, and I will take into account the rights of gun owners when choosing an employer." The back of the pledge card could have links to NRA-friendly sites. I doubt this would hold water with the student body. I'm not comparing the graduation pledge with the NRA, but the example is relevant. Being pro-environment no longer means simply recycling your beer cans, it's about taking a solid stance against opening up national forests to logging, protecting our natural resources against "industrialization," and making non-issues like miniscule changes in arsenic levels in water into national headlines. Maybe you agree with these points, maybe you don't, but let's not pretend that the pledge isn't about promoting an agenda when it clearly is.

But I'm just a guy with one kidney, what do I know?



Pete R. Hunt, Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, is currently accepting bids for his appendix.



LOGOMANIA

Within days, University President Dave Frohnmayer could deliver himself to a very bad place where irate students occupy his front lawn, reporters call and cameras come calling — a place he was at just twenty-four months ago.

Frohnmayer may again find himself caught between the interests of anti-business students and student-indifferent businesses, where he will be stuck with the thankless job of settling the matter in such a way as to enrage the smallest possible mob of angry letter writers.

The situation is remarkably similar to April 2000, when the ASUO petitioned the Administration to consider membership in a non-governmental organization — basically a corporate monitoring collective — called the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC). Students camped on the lawn of Johnson Hall long after its organizers knew Frohnmayer was going to sign, and when he did, Phil Knight of Nike fame led investors and alumni (often the same people) on a temporary walkout. Two years later, Knight is still giving money to the school and for all of the negative reaction to the UO's WRC membership, UO athletics could hardly be the worse for it.

This time it isn't an external organization but a promise that students want Frohnmayer to sign. Led by law student Laura Baxter and endorsed by the school's Sports and Entertainment Law Forum, this petition will ask Frohnmayer to stop the Athletic Department from participating in events with schools whose mascots and logos are deemed offensive.

It's an interesting idea, but Frohnmayer should not consider signing this petition. He might, though, because rarely has Frohnmayer displayed much in the way of fortitude. It isn't that

Whether the University has an Indian mascot or not, the School of Law is determined to drag Frohnmayer into the controversy.

By William Beutler

the Frohn is a bad guy, it's just that the Frohn doesn't really have a strong vision for his job, and so minor squabbles often balloon into full-fledged *debacles*. Frohnmayer should learn from past mistakes: the more he lies down, the more he gets walked over.

In 1997, Frohnmayer accidentally used the word "Oriental" to describe Asian students at a town hall meeting. He obviously meant nothing by it, but felt it necessary to apologize in a formal letter anyway. In 1999, students occupied the lobby of Johnson Hall, demanding Frohnmayer address their misplaced concerns, resulting in yet another meaningless pro-diversity program: the Center on Diversity and Community, or CODAC. Everyone felt better about themselves and Dave didn't lose any friends. But the fiasco surrounding the

WRC just one year later was too much for him to handle. The story became a news circus, attracting interest from government officials and private businesses all over the state. Other presidents at major American universities may or may not be worse than the Frohn, but it just hasn't been his luck recently.

At the moment, this debate looks like it might just shape up the same way. The proponents of this particular petition, including School of Law Dean Rennard Strickland, are coming from the same perspective as many, many other dissidents in spring terms past. They are eager to be on the side of what's right and good, want very much to combine moral clarity with a defiantly good time, and are willing to ruin Dave Frohnmayer's week if it comes to that. It is certainly plain to the law students and professors, if not to others, that they understand the meaning of other schools' symbols better than do those schools whose symbols are being targeted.

The story is, tortuously, a very long one. It goes back to the middle of the last century to the 1944 founding of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI) and American Indian Movement (AIM) in 1968. While both groups focused primarily on important issues such as economic freedom, abrogated treaties and tribal land use, they also got a little distracted by opposing the use of Indian symbols by schools and franchises as athletic mascots. Most of the early success in this respect was in the Midwestern states. Among the first targets was the Cleveland Indians' grinning Chief Wahoo. In the liberated, post-civil rights era, the NCAI persuaded many a school to abandon long-held mascots — though they have to date proved less successful in professional sports.

Some of this name-changing is acceptable, particularly where school boards and sports fans are already willing to change their name. But those that prefer to keep a team's name probably shouldn't be called racists because of it. That only makes people more determined to stand by their team, not less. Persuasion by sincerity and example is a fair method of effecting that kind of a change. Demonization is easier, but counterproductive.

Sometimes the name changes just don't make any sense. Hartwick College in Oneota, NY, decided in 1994 to abandon the name "Warriors" for "Hawks." Why they thought that their warrior couldn't be of any ethnicity is apparently an argument just too obvious to have been taken seriously. Furthermore, when Marquette University retired the name "Warriors" before the 1994-95 season, they opted for another bird mascot, the "Golden Eagles." One imagines the current of thought must have been: *At least we still get to use the feathers.*

Stranger still are the mental reservations made about the use of Indian words and symbols in circumstances outside of athletics. After all, more than half of the fifty states in the union take their name from Indian words and tribes. Add to that hundreds of cities and towns. Then factor in rivers, creeks and landforms that are still called by the same names the Indians used. The closer one looks, the more apparent it is that Europeans largely deferred to the sort-of-native people on what to call things.

In 1996 the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga discontinued the use of their "Chief Moccannooga" mascot — but evidently remained the University of *Tennessee at Chattanooga*. And it gets dumber still — the year after it was decided the school would clip its nickname from "Moccasins" to "Mocs," supposedly

in honor of the Tennessee's state *bird*, the Mockingbird.

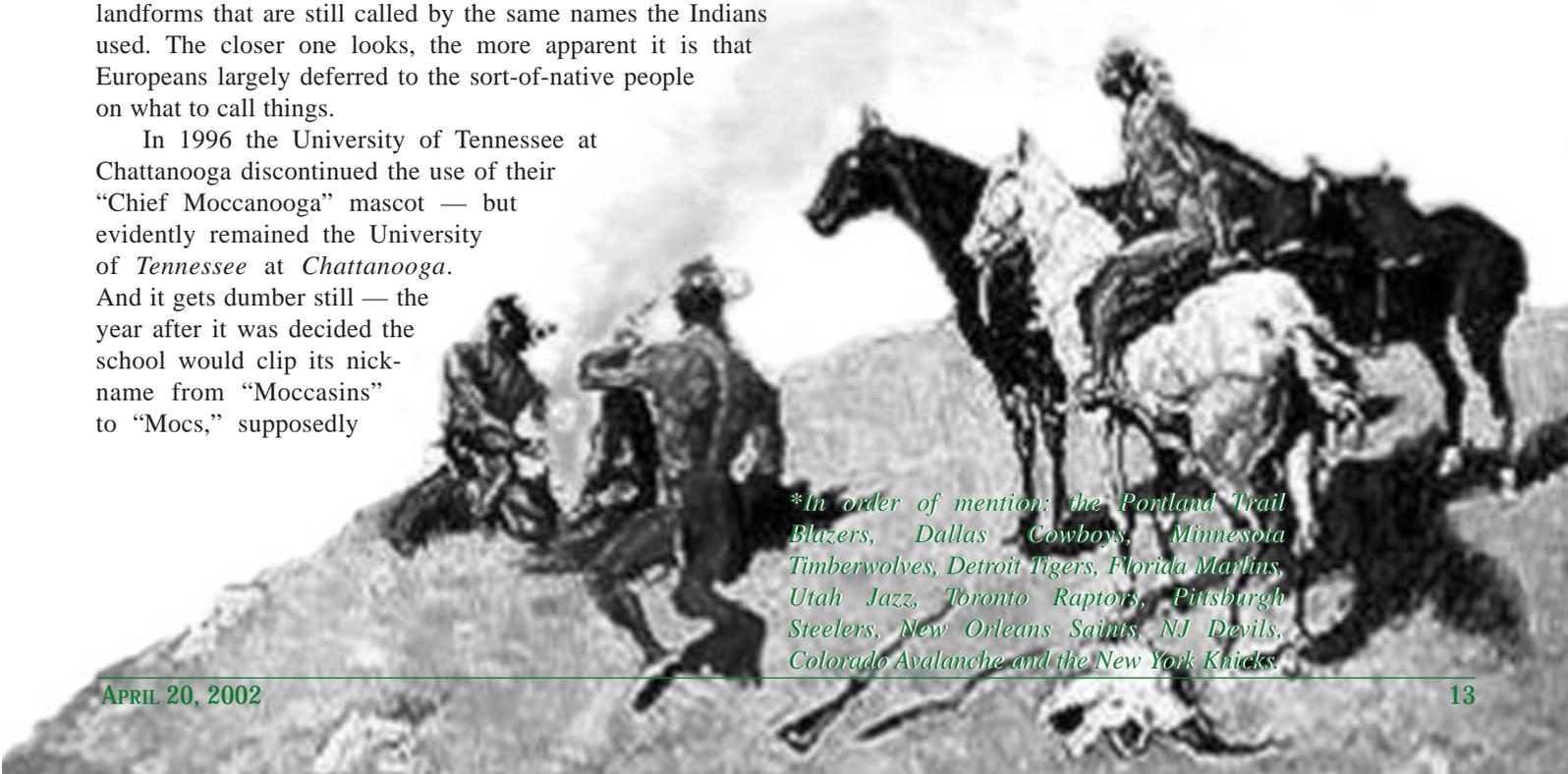
If American Indians themselves owned such a franchise or school, they would be lobbied to abandon an ethnic-specific logo? Of course not. After all, in a supportive statement issued by the American Jewish Committee, the use of such names and logos is acceptable only when "the affected group has chosen the name itself."

That may be a fine operating ethic if you're afraid of causing offense. But it's harder to understand as a sensible legal position that only a particular racial group can use the symbols associated with it. This controversy also pops up whenever the newest Caucasian rap artist starts climbing the charts. Can a race own a cultural artifact?

So do Indians have the sole right to use Indian iconography? Not quite, but occasionally somebody gets offended (and organized) enough to make a case of it. A lawsuit filed against the Washington Redskins in 1992 could strip the team of all federal trademark protections. It's certainly not impossible: Speedy Gonzales is no longer found on the Cartoon Network in this country, for fear of encouraging negative stereotypes. (This is stupid, right? If the stereotype assumes that Mexicans are lazy, then doesn't our hero, Speedy, defeat that notion?)

It is a fair point that logos using Indian symbols are indisputably cartoonish, whereas geographic names are not. Even so, activists should consider that Indian mascots are caricatures not because they are Indians, but because they are mascots. And it is not like they have been singled out for the indignity of mascotdom. Mascot names come from anything and anywhere: frontiersman, ranch hands, canines, felines, birds, fish, music, dinosaurs, local industries, religious figures, sacrilegious characters, natural disasters and even unfashionable clothing.*

Granted, the term "Redskins" is more easily taken as pejorative than any of the above, and more so than the names "Indians," "Braves" or "Chiefs." The latter words all have neu-



**In order of mention: the Portland Trail Blazers, Dallas Cowboys, Minnesota Timberwolves, Detroit Tigers, Florida Marlins, Utah Jazz, Toronto Raptors, Pittsburgh Steelers, New Orleans Saints, NJ Devils, Colorado Avalanche and the New York Knicks.*

tral or positive connotations, while “Redskins” draws attention to the difference in skin pigmentation, a touchy subject for a great many people. Some or all of these may eventually be tossed on the ubiquitous ash heap of history, for better or worse.

But when mascot opponents carp about there not being teams like the “New York Blacks” or “Miami Hispanics.” But there are such teams: the Boston Celtics, for example, or the New York Yankees. “Yankee,” in fact, was once a term of derision, applied to Americans by the British first and to New Englanders by Americans in the South. Eventually the Yankees grew to be proud of the designation, not ashamed, as has unfortunately happened with many who prefer the technically inaccurate moniker “Native American.” The Yankees redefined “their” term, something that can be done with any phrase or word, given enough concerted effort.



Women have recolored the word “bitch,” which is now far beyond just denoting a female dog and connoting negative feminine attributes. Today it can be a multipurpose interjection used by one sex or the other to describe one or the other, perfectly decent among consenting adults. So too, almost, have sexual minorities (another disputed euphemism) done with the word “queer.” Why that tongue-twister, alphabet soup of a student group, the LGBTQA doesn’t just economize and become the QA is beyond explanation. Not only could they make use of “Q&A” as a catchy poster concept, but it would save everyone four whole syllables.

Debate in Eugene is already under way. The Sunday, March 24 *Register-Guard* included a commentary by UO journalism professor Debra Merskin about an intramural team at the University of Northern Colorado — roughly as prestigious as Eastern Oregon University in La Grande — that cleverly nicknamed themselves the “Fighting Whites” to protest a nearby school’s mascot, the “Fighting Reds.”

Contrary to the impression most fans of “Red Dawn” may be left with, the mascot is not a goateed Lenin but rather a mohawked Indian. Merskin thinks the “Whites” are swell, and uses it to argue that

the “Reds” perpetuate negative stereotypes and hurt the interests of real Indian people today. Actually, the “Whites” have hurt exactly as few Caucasians as the “Reds” have hurt Indians. But when she disapprovingly cites the “Jeep Cherokee, Dodge Dakota, Toyota Tacoma, Pontiac and Winnebago” car makes as evidence of “the depth of the problem,” she loses it. By hinting at the “oppression” of Betty Crocker and “damaging” portrayal of Uncle Ben without giving any good reasons for interpreting these corporate logos as demeaning, Merskin mistaking her

“Stereotypes are based on a history of oppression consistent with a shared cultural, economic and political system that has benefited from the construction of the perpetual ‘other.’”

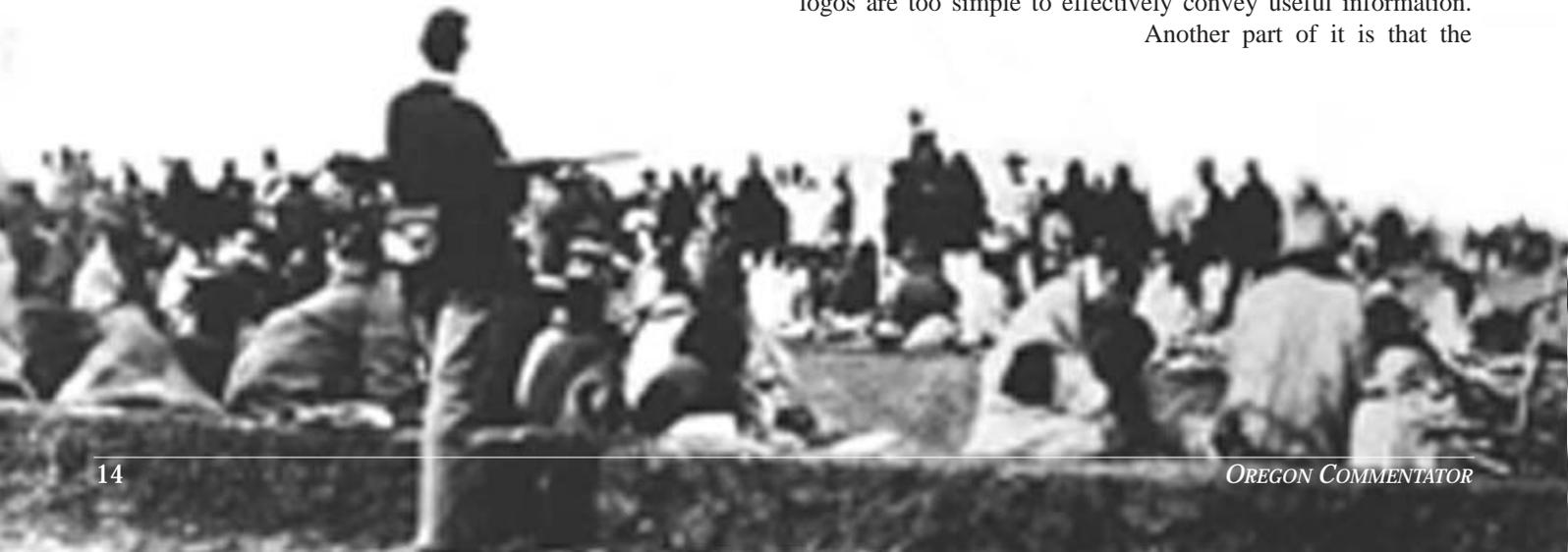
assumptions for the proof. Because she thinks society at large is tainted with racism, any so-called minority represented in the mainstream media is necessarily being treated poorly.

Merskin is actually rather genial toward the obviously horrible people who cling to old ways, compared with the NCAI-supporting ““American Indian’ Sports Teams Mascot website”, which states, “By coupling American Indian people to such traits via the use of symbolically related logos, etc., negative stereotypes and historical inaccuracies are subtly encouraged and perpetuated.”

It sounds grim, but it’s opinion, not fact. The actual symbols themselves — the Indians’ Wahoo, the Blackhawks’ war-painted profile — are not patently derogatory. Only when negative attributes are ascribed to them by others (read: hysterical guardians of the politically correct) are they even remotely sinister. What’s more, the mascots bear no more resemblance to most American Indian people today than the Notre Dame mascot bears to (most) Irish-Americans.

Another mistake is that they ascribe simply too much power to the logos in the first place. It’s the same mistake made at greater length and more frequently by the anti-commercial “culture jammers” at *Adbusters*. Part of their argument is that the logos are too simple to effectively convey useful information.

Another part of it is that the



logos are controlled by large corporations ruled by the patriarchal oppressor class, who of course have it in for us all.

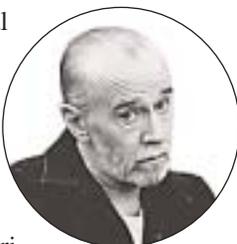
If that assumption sounds harsh, consider the following paragraph about the psychological damage done to American Indian by the tyranny of American football, worth quoting at length from the “American Indian’ Sports Team Mascots” site:

“ATTITUDES TOWARD THE USE OF “INDIAN” RELATED MASCOTS ARE INCULCATED AT AN EARLY AGE WHEN THE INDIVIDUAL IS HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO INFLUENCE AND SOCIAL PRESSURE. THIS PHENOMENON WAS SUCCESSFULLY EXPLOITED PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO CONDITIONING YOUTH TO ADOPT ANTI-JEWISH BELIEFS.

SIMILARLY, IT IS ALSO INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT SEVERAL ELEMENTS THAT WERE TYPICALLY PRESENT AT NAZI SPECTACLE EVENTS INCLUDING CHEERING CROWDS, MARTIAL MUSIC, MARCHING, AND LIGHTS (SUCH AS ARE USED IN NIGHT GAMES) ARE ALSO REGULAR PARTS OF HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL.”

Wow. But wait a second, what if your team is the Indians, and you’re playing the rival Senators? Wouldn’t you, drunk on cheap beer and armed with a plastic noisemaker, then be rooting for your tribe to defeat the hated European invaders?

Even if this paranoid interpretation of high school sports was true, then changing the mascot would do nothing. The patriarchal oppressors would still make sure you arrive before the game starts and stay until at least halftime.



None of this contrarianism is to suggest that American Indians don’t face a substantial number of problems today. Name any five social ills and chances are that each one is disproportionately more common on Indian reservations than in the rest of society. But as far as mascots and emblems go, surely nobody thinks that changing the mascots could possibly effect a noticeable (to say nothing of positive) change in the welfare of American Indians.

Actually, UO student Laura Baxter does, and so does Dean Strickland. Why? Part of the answer may lie in their telling insistence on use of the phrase “Native American.” The term is a somewhat misleading category invented by the Department of the Interior in 1970. Comedian George Carlin, writing in his 1997 tome “Brain Droppings,” is especially informative on this controversy, arguing against knee-jerk rejection of the word “Indian.”

The first point is that the word Indian was

not derived by Columbus out of carelessness, as we were all told in school. After all, the country we know of today as India didn’t exist; it was known as Hindustan. “Indian” is derived from the phrase “in Dios,” which in Columbus’ Spanish means “in God.” Only a Madalyn Murray O’Hair atheist could find that ominous.

Carlin also agrees that the activists have identified problem areas, “but I don’t agree that these failed campus revolutionaries know what to do about them. When they’re not busy curtailing freedom of speech, they’re running around and inventing absurd hyphenated names designed to make people feel better. Remember, these are the white elitists in their customarily paternalistic role: protecting hapless, inept minority victims.”

Sensitive it’s not, but to the point it is. And Carlin is essentially right about the paternalistic nature of the protesters. The petitioners are certainly guilty of this, but they only wield so much power. And there’s no disputing that no one has more

“The impulse behind political correctness is a good one. But like every good impulse in America, it has been grotesquely distorted beyond usefulness.”

power to exert unintentionally detrimental influence upon Indians in this country than the federal government. Reservations are tightly controlled by Interior. In February, the Interior and Treasury departments were found guilty of failing to disburse funds from an account promised to the Indians in 1887. There are few problems that Indians today couldn’t fix by getting the government to keep its promises and stay out of their lives.

AIM leader Russell Means, who was in “The Last of the Mohicans,” “Natural Born Killers” and other movies, has run for elective office several times — on the Libertarian, not Green Party ticket — to end federal mismanagement.

Why wouldn’t the law school, which should know a thing or two about law, lobby the US government to cease acting upon its inability to plan society on Indian reservations? Write legal briefs, publicize them, explain what went wrong and what might be done to rectify it. Don’t just extemporize about incalculable debts and subconscious repression, because the law doesn’t usually have any jurisdiction in such matters. Whether their heart is in the right place or not, this is the epitome of supporting a cause

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Web of Seduction

There are thousands of student websites hosted on gladstone. Timothy Dreier looked at as many as he could stomach.

There are thousands of websites hosted on the University's Gladstone server. Some of them are good; some are bad, and all of them ugly. Out of the 8000 Gladstone sites, I managed to find just a few of the very worst. So, without further ado, here they are in no particular order.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~clambrig/>

This page is just a couple of links to different bakery sites. The only page has a couple of pictures of bread that are links and an email address. Christ, who designed this thing? Didn't the author of this site have anything better to do with his or her time? Obviously not, seeing as this slice o' crap was placed on the web. We don't care about your bread. Please, for the love of God, put up porn or something.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~aishikaw/>

This is the homepage of a girl named Aya. Apparently Aya loves two things: Oasis and snowboarding. The latter can be forgiven as a foolhardy obsession of the young, however loving Oasis is just sad. I don't mean to sound like Rob Sheffield, but for Christ-sake Oasis? There has never been a band that wished to be the Beatles so badly. Hell, not even the Beatles wished so badly to be the Beatles as Oasis does. Noel and Liam Gallagher are two of the saddest wanna-bes in rock and roll. I saw this interview with one of the twits where he responded only with the phrase "God like" no matter what question was asked. John Lennon was at least right about the Beatles being more popular than Jesus.



I'm trolling... for babes! Watch me wiggle the worm.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~kkenned1/>

I didn't even read this whole page. It's just stupid. Go there, check it out, you'll be treated to a story about something. I think this story involves boxes somehow, and being young,

but I'm not quite sure about the details. You might even be treated to a couple of pictures that have been poorly edited with Photoshop. I think a couple of these photos have poor renditions of genitals done with what looked to be the pencil tool. OOOH, pencil tool, boy this site is cool.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~zschweic/>

The last page in alphabetical order on the Gladstone listing of web authors, this page blows. It completely blows. It blows goats. Plural. There is literally nothing on this page except a statement that the page should be blank, a link to some poem that is presumably by the website's author, and a really absurd looking graphic involving frogs or puppies or something. If you're ever really in the mood to hurt yourself, you should check this site. It's almost as bad as Al Sharpton's hair cut, almost, but not quite.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~mkleckne/>

If you cannot guess from the bit after the tilde and before the last slash, this site is authored by the one and only Mike Kleckner, everyone's favorite Ol' Dirty copy editor. Does the author's sexual proclivity matter? Nope, this website still sucks. The front page is mostly about Kleckner's love of "queer life" in Eugene. This is my favorite quote: "Other than that, I'm your run-of-the-mill, queer, Taoist, socialist, anarchist, post-punk, post-hippie, idealistic, tree-hugging, card-carrying liberal, feminist/post-feminist, free-love supporting, sex positive assimilationist hoping to blend into society and make it look a little bit more like me at every moment. Peace and Joy!" That might be how Kleckner describes himself, but I can do it in one word: dumb. Beware. Also beware of the background to the "Cute Boys" section on Kleckner's page; just thought I'd mention that now before it's too late. To think, he's going to be the ODE's Editor-in-Chief next year.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~barnold/index.html>

Bad poems are here. Do you need to read bad poems? Well, if you do, check this site out. There's nothing better for a cold, rainy Eugene day than curling up in front of the computer to read poems shat out by disenfranchised Bean residents of yesteryear. But, trust me, the poems are bad and you will be better off without reading them.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~blewis1/>

An aquamarine site dedicated to some form of water-breathing animal that lives in New Mexico and about which we are supposed to care for some reason or another. I don't give a fuck, do you? I didn't think so. At least this page is readable that is more than I can say for a lot of the sites on this list. It is, however, still stupid. Why do we in Oregon want to conserve fish with dumb names likes "Chihuahua Chub" in New Mexico?

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~bweekly/>

This is the homepage of a guy named Bert Weekly. You cannot read any of the text, the background is hideous, and there is a goat on the top. A goat, ladies and gentlemen. Goats belong many places, the slopes of the Alps, the wilds of Afghanistan, farms. But, the top of a website is not one of these places. What is it with people and putting random pictures of animals on their websites? I guess this Weekly guy must really like goats or something. Beats the hell out of me.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~cciobanu/>

Claudia has a poorly put together website. Claudia did not put much thought into her homepage. Claudia's banner is a simple yet ugly jpeg. Claudia wants you to visit her site. Claudia says you should hurry. Claudia is leaving the University soon. I'm glad because her stupid website will be gone.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~jparshal/>

The girl who wrote this site is more pathetic than its appearance. Why, you ask? Why is this sad, lonely, web-author so pathetic? Because she's obsessed with Beverly Hills: 90210. I may have a list of strange fascinations a mile long, but I've never sunk so low as to obsess over a 90's TV show written, produced and directed by Aaron Spelling. There aren't even pictures of the sexy cast members to look at. I mean Tori Spelling is ugly as sin but there were some hotties on the show...not that I've ever watched it, that is.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~mallison/>

Another site with a purple background! Wow! I'm so excited to see this purple background and one sentence of text. I'm also excited to see the clip-art palm tree and the picture of some random LA Lakers basketball player, presumably Kobe Bryant or some such person. Thanks...umm...Mitch, so much for putting this site together for our viewing pleasure.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~legbert/>

Legbert, I wonder if Legbert is the disembodied leg of a former employee at Dilbert. There's Dilbert, Catbert, Dogbert and now, LEGBERT! Imagine a leg walking around talking to the Pointy Haired Boss, telling the engineers management things that don't make any technological sense and generally being inane. Wait...it sounds like any Dilbert strip. This site is looped animation advertising a local fraternity. The ad is bad and you have to manually turn "loop" off by right clicking to get the actual page to load. Bite me Sigma Chi.

<http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~nbrookly/>

And last, but certainly not least, we have Nilda Brooklyn's website from the 2000 ASUO Executive campaign. I'm sorry to say, but that election has long since come and gone. Unfortunately, you won. So please, Nilda take the damn thing down. I don't want students to be subjected to the horrible content or the frightening pictures any longer. Isn't it enough to fire good conservatives for doing their jobs and keep blatant mistakes under wraps in order to "protect the fee." Do we really need to be reminded on an ugly Gladstone website?

That wraps up my exclusive coverage of Gladstone sites. Feel free to explore http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~joe/gladstone_web_authors.html in search of your own list of terrible things. Remember, these are just some suggestions and a place to start; they are by no means a comprehensive list of all things bad. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to go put a gun in my mouth.



Timothy Dreier, who still uses a Remington manual typewriter, is the Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Other Websites You Might Dig

<http://www.ercollection.com>

Too obscene for words. Well, English words anyway. The French can be pretty vulgar.

<http://www.restrooms.org/standing.html>

A woman's guide on how to pee standing. Somebody needs to come up with a guide to peeing passed out.

<http://www.technicalvirgin.com>

How to the run the bases without touching home. How to put the pickle in the mayonnaise jar without grabbing the cookie. Third and long, and nowhere to go but down the middle. 32 Dive!

<http://www.x-entertainment.com/messages/506.html>

The ten strangest Masters of the Universe action figures. Not quite as good as the ten most offensive garbage pail kids cards.

<http://www.ratemypoo.com>

Hot or not? Nah.... Peanuts or cabbage.

<http://www.furnitureporn.com>

Who knew lawn furniture could be so filthy. Why the lights go out, the futons get busy.

<http://www.oregoncommentator.com>

It'll be back soon, we swear.

Jump from 10

automatic rifle, as well as his wife and newborn daughter, whom she was carrying. It was only then that Randy Weaver gave up.

Force, you see, is really at the core of all leftist thought. It's no coincidence that Mao said "power flows out of the barrel of a gun." There may be a difference between you and Mao, but it's only a difference in magnitude. Liberals are petty tyrants, socialists are big-time tyrants, and Mao was a psychotic genocidal killer. You're probably somewhere between the three.

But...

But what about the Right? Don't they raise taxes to pay for needless national defense and the police department?

First, the Right tends to look down upon raising taxes because taxes, as a percentage of the economy, are higher than they've been since the height of World War II. This is fact.

Second, things like national defense, police, highways and sidewalks are the types of things that no particular person benefits from any more than any other. We can argue over how much national defense or homeland security the government should provide, but you don't benefit from it any more than I, and vice versa.

That's the crucial difference between the Right and Left. The Right doesn't generally like to fund programs

that benefit some people more than others

But if you're a liberal, you probably want something that won't benefit me, so I don't care to pay for it. You then get the government to raise my taxes to pay for it regardless of my opinion. If I refuse to pay the taxes, the government comes to take my house and assets. If I refuse to let them have my house, they'll come to send me to jail. If I refuse to go to jail, they will kill me.

So how does it feel? Being a tyrant and all?



Publius X. Emeritus does not work for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. We thought he worked for you guys. Really? We'll have someone look into this.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



copyright © 1998

How AIDS was first transmitted from monkeys to humans.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



copyright © 1999 The Parking Lot is Full

Jump from 8

to my nature into my head. The language was starting to invade my thought process. I tried to learn words like odiar (to hate), pendejo (asshole), and other words used often in my daily discourse. I studied the words for hours on end. Whole days were spent trying to get a taste for those words. But it was too late. The programming set by years of only speaking about helping people, saving the earth and generally being a decent human being had taken its toll. I found the words distasteful. It was too late.

There was only one thing that could help me now. I would need to let the Spanish Jeremy take over. He would need to see what the English Jeremy sees. To do that, I would need to let Spanish Jeremy take over. I would need him to develop the same hatred for humanity that I had.

Every night I would turn on the Spanish channel and fall asleep. Every morning I would wake up a different person. At first I had control of Spanish Jeremy. I would make him walk down 13th street and scorn the bums laying on the sidewalk. He would give them change and even bought a joke book from Frog. I took him to the amphitheater to be hounded by the petitioners. He signed 11 of them, and then helped the bastards gather signatures. I even took him to parties to meet the women that had rejected me, and he managed to get their fucking phone numbers!

Then one day, I woke up on some guys couch. I was dressed completely in hemp. I had not bathed. Lying beside me was a cardboard sign that read, “No destrue la Madre Tierra.” (do not destroy mother earth). I immediately ran home. I looked at my calendar; I had been asleep for a week. Spanish Jeremy had taken over.

I tried everything to reclaim my body. I watched George Carlin tapes for 49 hours non-stop. I would watch CNN and

laugh at the misery of others. I even went so far as to hire hitmen to beat the living shit out of me when Spanish Jeremy took over. Yet, even the business end of a pool cue was not enough to curb his faith in mankind.

Then one day, I was walking from my dorm. I had a craving for some vegan cuisine at Carson, because, “Comer animales es malo.” (Eating animals is bad). As I crossed Agate street, I was nearly killed by a frat boy going mach 10 down the street.

Without thinking I yelled, “Mira, el basterdo estúpido!!” (Watch out, stupid bastard)

Suddenly, I was in control again! At last, Spanish Jeremy had learned to hate someone. It was enough to free me. Thank God for frat boys, the only thing so fucking irritating as to make the most peaceful hippie want to commit a mortal crime horrendous enough to be mistaken for the work of Jack the Ripper.

Slowly, I have started incorporating more hate-filled vocabulary into my Spanish discourse. It is a long process, one that will require time, dedication and a lot of tequila. But I have become a more well-rounded bastard, one that is capable of belittling a person in two languages.

There are many others like me. Assholes, forced to learn a language without the essential vocabulary needed to make a smooth transition. I got off lucky. Some move to Mexico to help build clinics and feed the hungry and are never seen again. But if the assholes of this University unite, we can save others from that horrible fate. We need a more bastard-friendly foreign language department—one that allows the hate-filled to fully express their hatred toward humanity.



Jump from 15

that requires no sacrifice. Everybody will have a really swell time and be done in time to shoot a few hoops and hoist a few pints.

If the law school actually intended to see a change in other universities’ polices, the law itself or even society at large, they might first have to locate an issue where one could show measurable success or failure.

If Dean of Law Rennard Strickland, who claims Osage and Cherokee ancestry, wanted to focus his legal acumen on a really substantive issue, he would do well to start questioning the power of the federal government over his fellow Indians. Rather, he’s following the script, like so many others since 1968, and will continue to do irrespective of all common sense, objecting to a symbol instead of a policy.

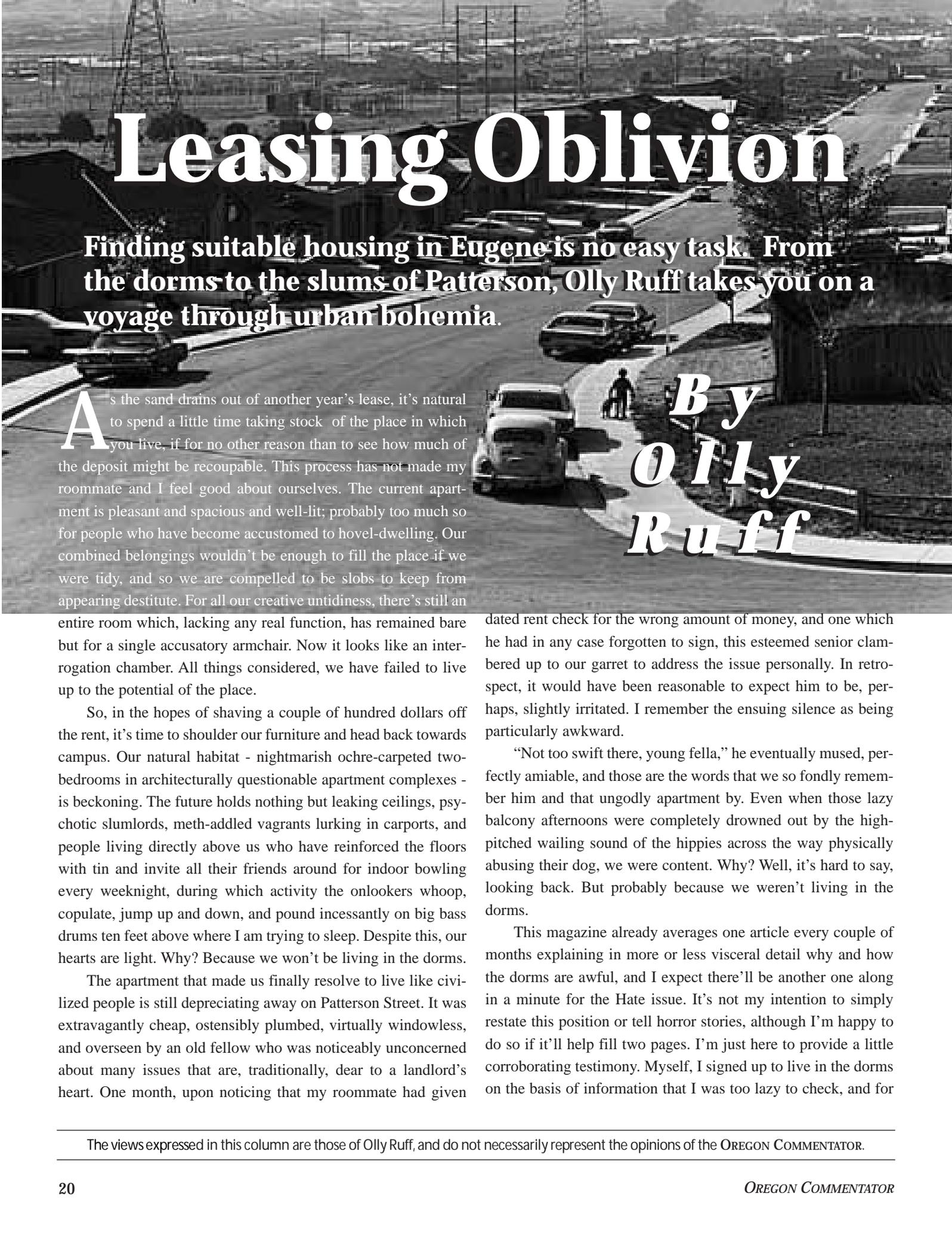


William Beutler, who is often to be found shaking his head at atrocious calls and cavorting with unassuming sports fans, is Editor Emeritus of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

**Are you there
God? It’s me,
Margaret.**

God? There is no God. There is only man. And when there is no longer man, there will only be the
OREGON COMMENTATOR.

**Free Minds, Free Markets, Free Booze
Since 1983.**



Leasing Oblivion

Finding suitable housing in Eugene is no easy task. From the dorms to the slums of Patterson, Olly Ruff takes you on a voyage through urban bohemia.

As the sand drains out of another year's lease, it's natural to spend a little time taking stock of the place in which you live, if for no other reason than to see how much of the deposit might be recoupable. This process has not made my roommate and I feel good about ourselves. The current apartment is pleasant and spacious and well-lit; probably too much so for people who have become accustomed to hovel-dwelling. Our combined belongings wouldn't be enough to fill the place if we were tidy, and so we are compelled to be slobs to keep from appearing destitute. For all our creative untidiness, there's still an entire room which, lacking any real function, has remained bare but for a single accusatory armchair. Now it looks like an interrogation chamber. All things considered, we have failed to live up to the potential of the place.

So, in the hopes of shaving a couple of hundred dollars off the rent, it's time to shoulder our furniture and head back towards campus. Our natural habitat - nightmarish ochre-carpeted two-bedrooms in architecturally questionable apartment complexes - is beckoning. The future holds nothing but leaking ceilings, psychotic slumlords, meth-addled vagrants lurking in carports, and people living directly above us who have reinforced the floors with tin and invite all their friends around for indoor bowling every weeknight, during which activity the onlookers whoop, copulate, jump up and down, and pound incessantly on big bass drums ten feet above where I am trying to sleep. Despite this, our hearts are light. Why? Because we won't be living in the dorms.

The apartment that made us finally resolve to live like civilized people is still depreciating away on Patterson Street. It was extravagantly cheap, ostensibly plumbed, virtually windowless, and overseen by an old fellow who was noticeably unconcerned about many issues that are, traditionally, dear to a landlord's heart. One month, upon noticing that my roommate had given

*By
Olly
Ruff*

dated rent check for the wrong amount of money, and one which he had in any case forgotten to sign, this esteemed senior clambered up to our garret to address the issue personally. In retrospect, it would have been reasonable to expect him to be, perhaps, slightly irritated. I remember the ensuing silence as being particularly awkward.

"Not too swift there, young fella," he eventually mused, perfectly amiable, and those are the words that we so fondly remember him and that ungodly apartment by. Even when those lazy balcony afternoons were completely drowned out by the high-pitched wailing sound of the hippies across the way physically abusing their dog, we were content. Why? Well, it's hard to say, looking back. But probably because we weren't living in the dorms.

This magazine already averages one article every couple of months explaining in more or less visceral detail why and how the dorms are awful, and I expect there'll be another one along in a minute for the Hate issue. It's not my intention to simply restate this position or tell horror stories, although I'm happy to do so if it'll help fill two pages. I'm just here to provide a little corroborating testimony. Myself, I signed up to live in the dorms on the basis of information that I was too lazy to check, and for

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

that I paid the price. Moving to the US presents certain logistical problems: lots of paperwork, lots of things to organize, the inevitable running battle with the Immigration and Naturalization people. After a few months of this, in addition to the usual school-related hijinks, I was ready to sign almost anything for the sake of a quiet life. The prospect of arriving in a foreign city with two suitcases and immediately setting out on an apartment hunt didn't appeal. I figured I'd live in a dorm room for a while, until I got the lay of the land, and save up some money. Had I spent another, say, five minutes thinking this idea through, it need never have happened. The decision wasn't quite as stupid as it seems with hindsight, but it was still pretty stupid.

My fatal assumption was that student housing would, here as elsewhere, be provided as a scuzzy but inexpensive alternative for people who couldn't afford anywhere decent to live, and that the rents would have to compare favorably to the ambient housing market. If this were a densely populated urban area, where private landlords charged young professionals exorbitant enough rents to make it totally unreasonable for students (or most other people) to live anywhere near the school, the dorms' sub-youth-hostel squalor and distressing prices might be a reasonable trade-off. But this is hardly Manhattan. It's Eugene. Economically, things are downright sulky. The University is surrounded by swathes of inexpensive housing, much of which would admittedly require a great sense of humor from any prospective tenant, and this has had seemingly no effect on the rents settled on by University Housing. Even taking into account a meal plan whose aim appears to be to provide every student with not quite enough bad food, the standard housing contract charges you an above-market rate for living quarters that take the worst aspects of every \$450 two-bedroom in the West University neighborhood, compress them into a fraction of the space, and throw in a communal bathroom for good measure. Moreover, no matter what you might think about Von Klein Property Management, they are not entitled to kick you out of your apartment outside of termtime, nor to empower other tenants to patrol the hallways sniffing for incense. (Which is not to say that other tenants may not choose to do this for their own reasons, but that's not the point.)

Others need not make my mistake. In direct contrast to University Housing, which it is easy to imagine as being run by a cabal of evil troll-like creatures, the Office of International Education and Exchange is a decent endeavor, staffed by nice people. Their patience, every tax year, in explaining to exasperated non-resident aliens that they're not allowed to file as head of household knows seemingly no bounds. I like them. I'm sure they don't want any trouble. A reluctance on their part to openly badmouth other aspects of the institution would be totally understandable. But even bearing all this in mind, there surely must be

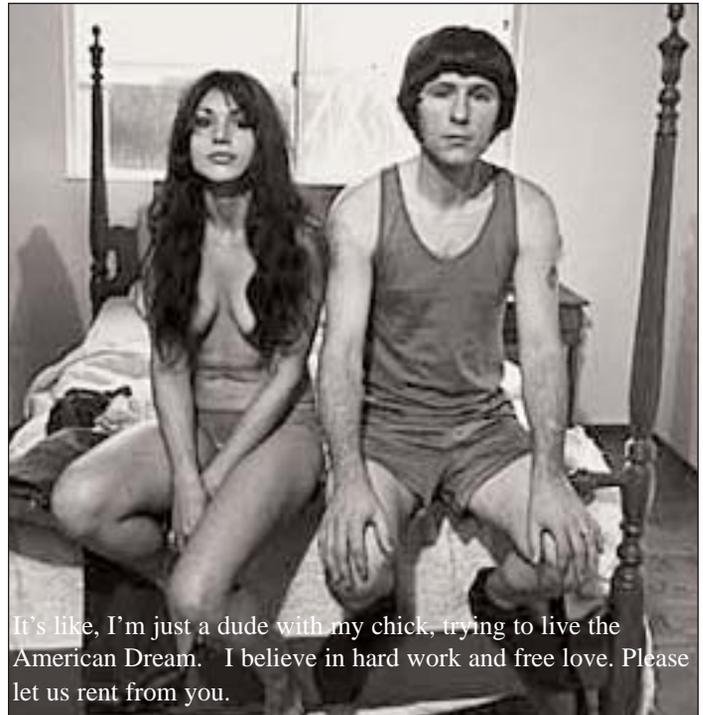
some way for them to diplomatically warn people about the dorms. A

simple pamphlet, perhaps entitled "Ten Times The Space For Dramatically Less Money" or "Not Sharing A Bathroom: The Impossible Dream" might make all the difference, slipped into the half-hundredweight of promotional material already sent to international students. There are reasons why one might still choose to live under the auspices of the school: masochism, or a desire to avoid wrangling with landlords in a second language. The automatic sense of community engendered by communal suffering is certainly nice. But the relative cost of living on campus is disproportionately high enough to be worth pointing out, especially to the people least likely to know what the going rate for a two-bed on-campus oubliette ought to be.

We are encouraged to refer to the dorms as "residence halls," on the grounds that a dormitory is merely a place to sleep and store things, while a residence hall may serve as the setting for all kinds of personal growth and development. Noble sentiments, to be sure. But it might be an idea to get the "sleeping and storing things" bit sorted out before we get too ambitious or start charging too much money. Meanwhile, for my part, I'll probably end up in a cardboard box underneath the Ferry Street bridge. It'll be OK, though, because I won't be living in the dorms.



Olly Ruff, pictured below (right), is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



It's like, I'm just a dude with my chick, trying to live the American Dream. I believe in hard work and free love. Please let us rent from you.

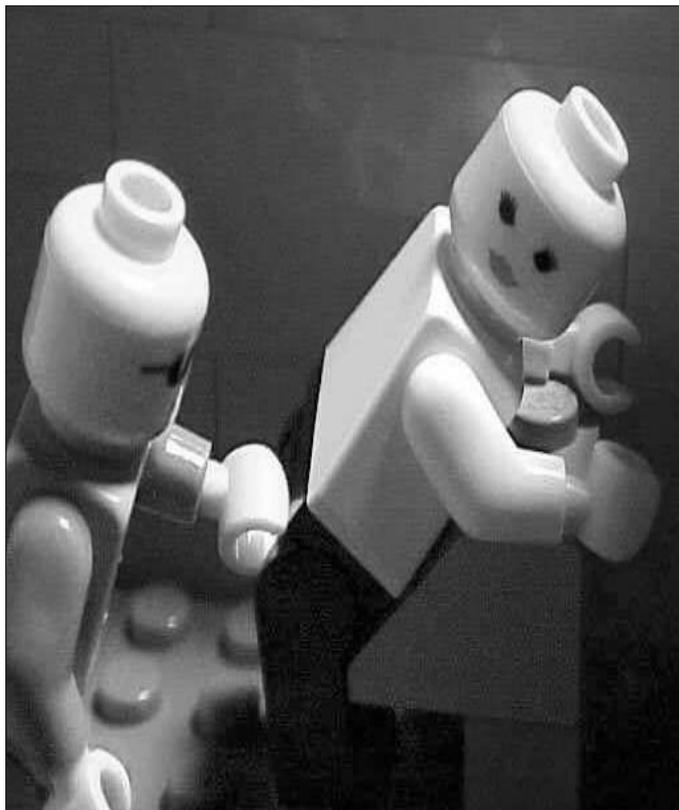
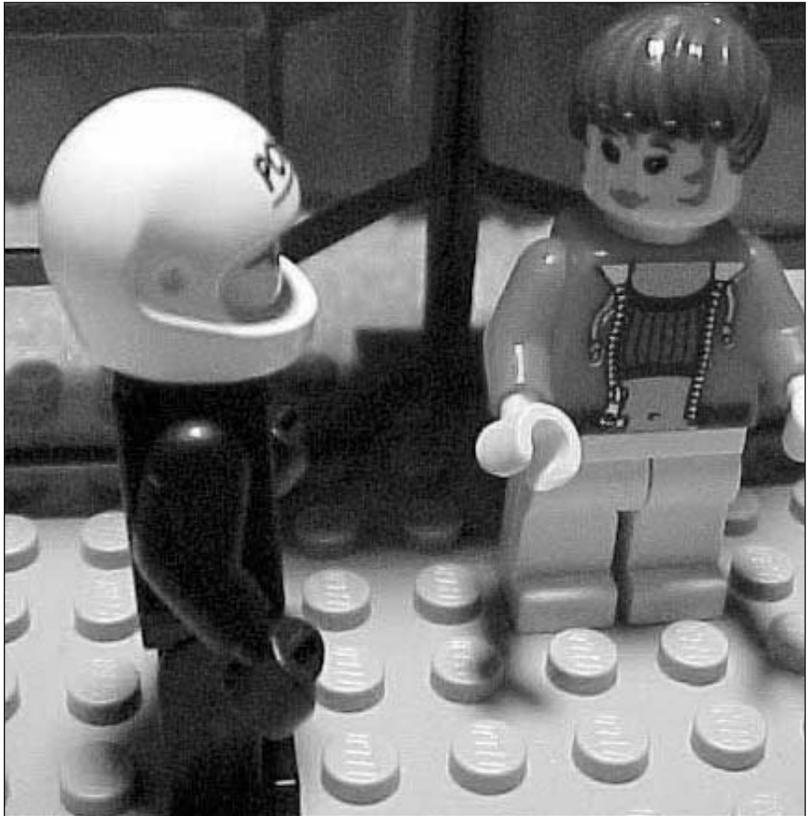
ON THIRTEENTH

You know, not a lot of CEOs went down in the World Trade Center.

—*Doug, the Free God News guy, on the corner of 13th and University. We've always defended Doug as a tolerant alternative to the ravings of Bible Jim, but now we see the error of our ways.*

No, but you know what did—lots of Enron documents—and no Israelis.

—*The guy selling trinkits out of a booth nearby, even more out of line than Doug. While we could entertain the possibility that Ken Lay hired the Mossad to engineer the highjackings, we could also assume you're an idiot and leave Occam's intact.*



ON AMERICAN GLADIATORS-

For the UO Department of Public Safety, let's have an April physical fitness test, and see how long it takes each DPS person to run fifty yards, including the chief and the assistant— like in the Marine Corps or the Israeli army. I know there's an older guy on the force who's like 35 years old and weighs 245 pounds, and I doubt if he could run 50 yards in 8 seconds. How are they going to chase one of these hot shot stalkers if that's as slow as they are?
—*Transcribed from a message Bruce Miller left on the OC answering machine. How are they going to catch the stalkers? With a brand new shiny 2002 Dodge Dakota, that's how. Regulators, mount up.*

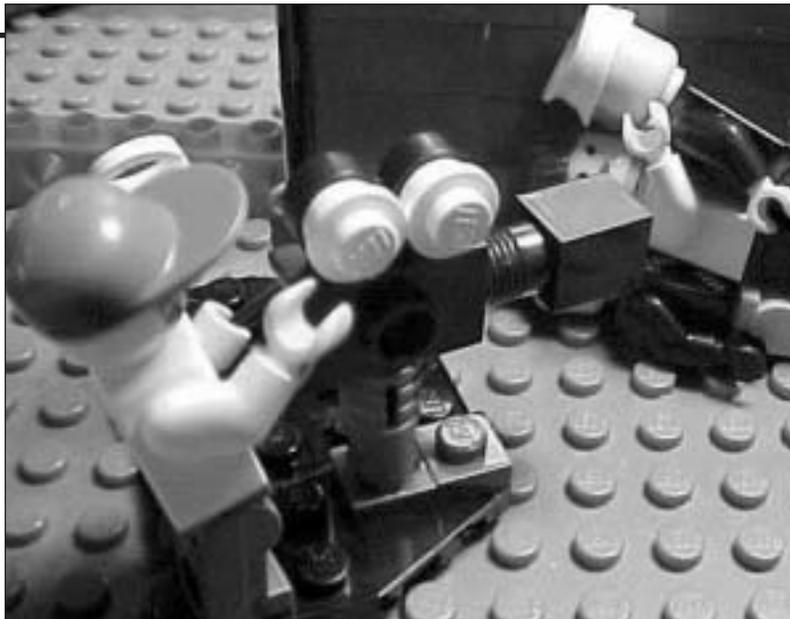
Please, OREGON COMMENTATOR, come to the public safety meetings and urge that these physical tests be made of DPS, and give them 90 days to meet the physical standard. Or put them on some kind of special duty like checking out library books at Knight Library or cooking pancakes at Carson Hall, because it looks like some of them are eating too many pancakes already.

—*Bruce Miller, again. We think the preferred cop snack is donuts and coffee, but Bruce may be on to something. But why stop at a foot race? How about an American Gladiator-style competition to be held in Mac Court? Winner skips a week of graveyard duty.*

ON *OUT-OF-TOUCH*

We know there were numerous warnings of the events to come on September 11th. . . . What did this administration know and when did it know it, about the events of September 11th? Who else knew, and why did they not warn the innocent people of New York who were needlessly murdered? What do they have to hide?

—Rep. Cynthia McKinney (D-Ga), in a recent interview with a Berkley, Calif., radio station. We know the Democrats are losing credibility with the public because of their wild conspiracy theories regarding the Bush administration, but it looks like McKinney is about to turn the patriotic tide with an honest and credible examination of the facts.



ON *MOTOR ENVY*

Stamm said the buzz among parking officers is that the new truck is "cool," and officers seem eager to take it for a spin after enduring years of automotive inadequacy.

—DPS parking Nazi Rand Stamm, in a April 8th ODE article about the new DPS truck. Stamm went on to describe his brand new baton as "big, long, and throbbing" and a welcome change after enduring years of baton inadequacy.

Does this seem slightly ridiculous to anyone else? I mean, when was the last time you saw DPS take off four-wheeling through the mud after someone who let the meter run out?

—Junior Brian Stutzman, in a letter to the Emerald. The last time? October 28th, 2001. We were double parked in a handicapped zone, boxing in an ambulance. The emergency worker began waving his arms and yelling frantically about a heart attack victim. But Lars Larson was on, and we were getting really good reception.



ON *INFLATION*

Does the School of Journalism believe in grade inflation? The answer is no.

—J202 Professor Steve Ponder. Can we assume, then, that our C- Visual Communication grade was the result of a curve? Some people must not show up for class at all.

The multimillion-dollar Osbournes might want to think about inflating the figure a little.

—Web site dedicated to watching the Ozzy Osbourne-led clan that has become an instant sensation for MTV viewers. While Ozzy wants \$10 million to do another year of the show, he's only offering \$500 reward money for the retrieval of the family's lost dog. Hey, nobody ever got rich off spending money for an aging dog. Hell, nobody really makes money off of dogs at all, unless you can teach them to fight. Then you start raking it in, baby. The money flows like sangria.

Q and A with the HP Barnhart panty bandit

Q: Why panties?

A: Why stamps? Why baseball cards? Why do children dream? The guy down the hall has the world's largest Gundam model collection. Why don't they arrest that freak?

Q: Okay, but why so many panties?

A: Well, it's called something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, something vinyl, something covered in rhinestones, something edible, something glow in the dark, something deloused, something...

Q: Yeah, we get the idea. Don't you think it's an invasion of privacy?

A: The lock said "no," but the pick said "yes," "yes," "yes." Hell, I've snuck into those rooms so many times I can crawl under the covers in the dark.

Q: Ummm, so what's your defense going to be when you're on trial?

A: Society made me do it.

Q: Society?

A: Society doesn't readily accept men who love women's underwear. That's not my fault. I'm just a victim, like that Robert Blake guy.

Q: Come on, Robert Blake isn't a victim of society...

A: Sure he is. We live in an O.J., culture. You know, like Warhol said... 12 minutes of fame.

Q: I think that's 15 minutes...

A: Sure, if you're O.J., you can stretch it out to 15. That's exactly what I'm talking about.

Q: So what are you wearing right now?

A: Buddy, there's nothing between you and me but these pants.