

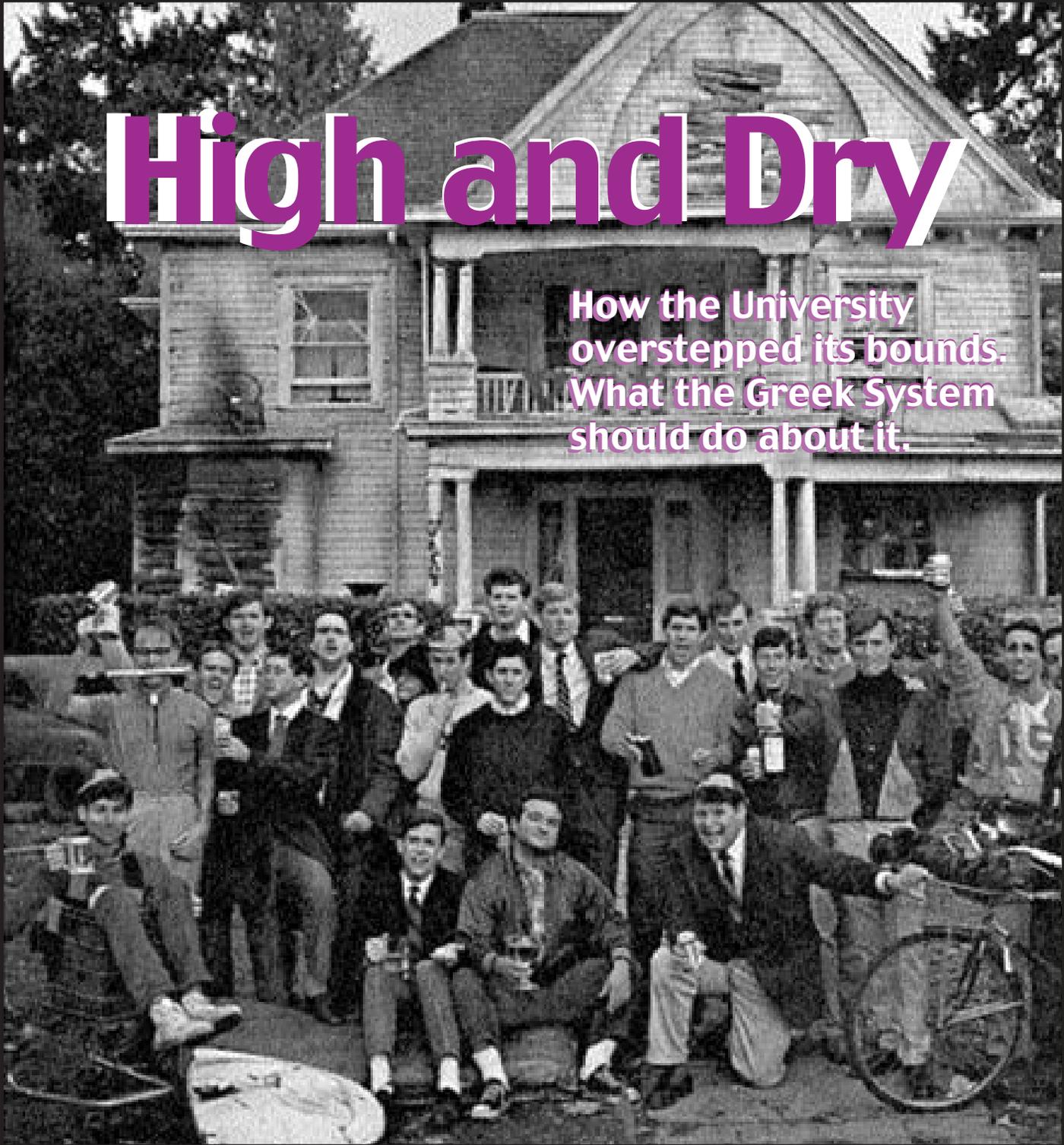
O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

MAY 8, 2002

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE X

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



High and Dry

How the University
overstepped its bounds.
What the Greek System
should do about it.

Plus: Midgets, Crime/ Pot and 13th Street Blues



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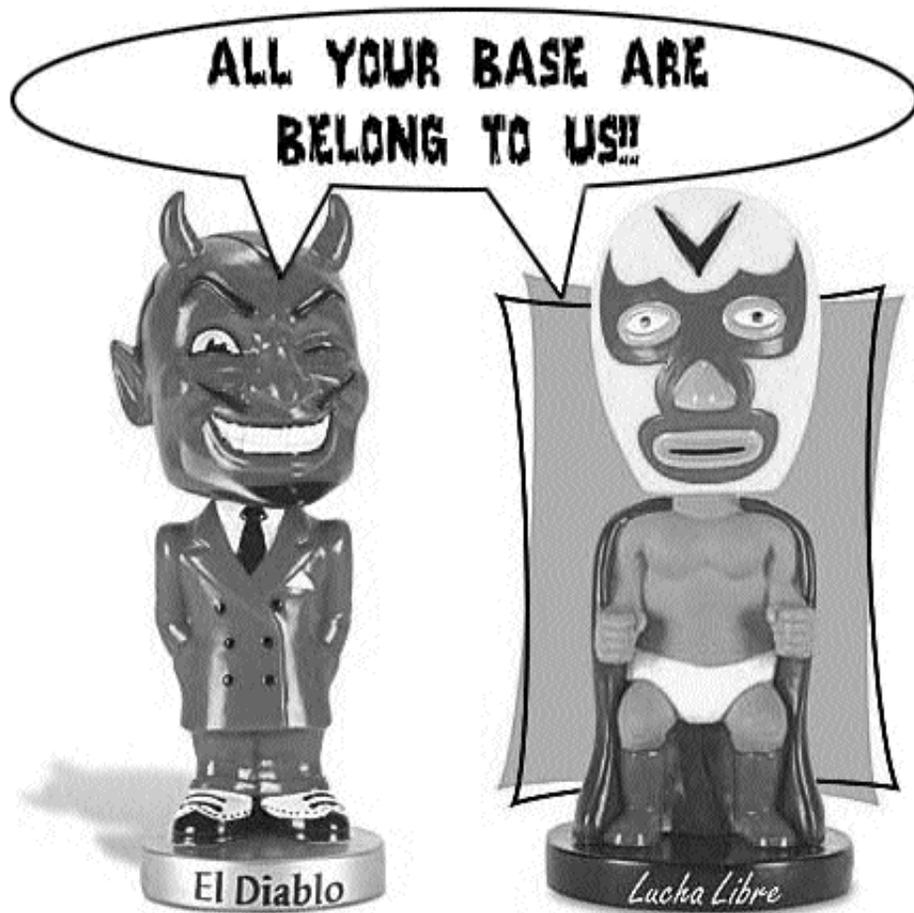
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The OREGON COMMENTATOR is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists Sept. 27 1983, the COMMENTATOR has had a major impact in the “war of ideas” 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.



A [SHORT] TALE OF CAUTION

Little People have a big problem. The OC Publisher rebuts a new wave of anti-midget sentiment and sets the record straight.

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Fading Fast

How to flunk out of school before IntroDUCKtion even starts.

by Jeremy Jones
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REEFER MADNESS

Is it hard to track the flow of sweet Mary Jane in Eugene? Not really.

By Andrew Adams
PAGE 10

DRY HUMPED

The University Greek System may have to go dry pretty soon. That doesn't mean that the wet T-shirt contests will end, just that they'll have to put down the Busch Light.

By Ben Brown
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FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT

If you want to party like Andrew W.K., you've got to draw a line in the sand. Across this line, you do not cross.

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13TH AVENUE HEARTACHE

If you thought Frog was an annoying vagrant, just wait until you hear how bad it used to be.

By Timothy Dreier
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May 8, 2002

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Michael Bolton: There WAS nothing wrong with it. Until I was about 12 years old, and that no-talent-ass-clown because famous and started winning Grammys.



The Usual Suspects

We humbly submit our candidate-by-candidate examination of the candidates for Governor.

“Hand me the keys, you f***ing c***sucker.”

It’s time for them to seek power and for us to make the decision... to whom will we give our vote? As a quirky twist of fate would have it, the state of Oregon is once again holding its gubernatorial election for the seat of ultimate power at the exact time nobody seems to care. Maybe that’s just Oregon politics, or maybe the problem is that there is no surprising or inspiring candidate. Once again, it’s the Usual Suspects.

“You don’t put guys like that in a room together. Who knows what could happen?”

Politics is aptly described as a crooked bunch of thieves thrown together, with the public acting as the police, trying to figure out just which politician screwed them on the most recent public policy debacle. In this election, there are six major candidates, each with a specific role to play in the shake-down.

Todd Hockney. The one guy who didn’t give a fuck about anybody. Hockney is the grunt of the group. No real imagination, not even much muscle. Just a willingness to do the dirty deed. If that isn’t Bev Stein, I don’t know who is. Stein runs ads featuring several unflattering photos of the candidate over the years. It’s so bad that it could be a smear campaign if there wasn’t a voice-over and pro-Stein text at the end.

(Author’s note: Former COMMENTATOR staffers are involved with her current candidacy.)

Fenster. Tight ass, smart man. In the end he runs and is the first to pay with his life. Honestly, you can’t tell what the hell this guy is saying. Republican Kevin Mannix is making his second run, and doing very poorly. With a crushing disappointment in the Seaside-held Dorchester Convention, Mannix further deflated. Poor communications execution and unimaginative speeches have put the coffin in Fenster’s tomb early.

McManus. They say he’s a good guy. Crazy, though. That’s Democrat Jim Hill. The only moderate candidate who has flatly said that the bloated Public Employees Retirement System shouldn’t be adjusted, Hill is the only African-American candidate in recent memory. However, Hill has relatively low name recognition and reportedly has had trouble turning fundraising efforts into successful voter outreach.

Verbal Kint. Pathetic, really. Not too much to offer but a confidence scam here, a con game there. In the end, Verbal doesn’t really even exist except in the lore of a diabolical mind. It’s not hard to figure out that Democrat Ted Kulongoski isn’t the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree. Legislators who have worked with him comment on Big K’s lack of deep thought. Many constituents don’t know exactly what he stands for. Most voters will only vote for him on party line.

Dean Keaton. The bad cop turned good crook with his focus on attractive options instead of pure survival. Republican Ron Saxton has a solid base of support from both parties, but only in the Portland region. Saxton also seemed to have himself in the driver’s seat for the primary election after impressive media blitz of well-crafted political ads portraying him as an earthy and humble individual. Neither seem to be true, but ads go a long way in politics.

Keyser Soze. The mastermind that cops and crooks hate, and the badass everyone else wants to be. It’s pushing it a bit to say that any of this year’s candidates have the stature or beautiful brutality of a Soze, but the candidate who seems to have the best shot at being intelligent and winning is the state’s labor commissioner, Republican Jack Roberts. Roberts gets high marks from both parties and has been successful statewide before. He is a graduate from the University and has received strong support from critical special interests. He’s fairly smart, reasonable and can win. Those are things Oregon Republicans ought to care about.

(Author’s notecurrent COMMENTATOR staffers are involved with his current candidacy.)

Epilogue:

In the end, life will imitate art. Soze will stand over his fallen pawns, light up a Marlboro and calmly pull the trigger. After that, he’ll be explaining his corruption and failure to the police before escaping the limelight. Then he’ll vanish like a fart in the wind and ...

“After that, my guess is you’ll never hear from him again.”

ODE Screws Up Again...

MODERATION AGAIN DISAPPOINTED

Claiming that his ongoing war with the *Ol' Dirty Emerald* seems to be reaching a precipice of untold carnage, Moderation recently told reporters, "I'm about to pack up my shit and leave for good."

The most recent shot fired in the war between the daily newspaper and Moderation was the ODE's decision to promote open anarchist and gayer-than-disco Michael Kleckner to the position of editor-in-chief for the upcoming school year.

"That action was such a horrific shot at me it may as well be considered a war crime. You don't just openly thumb your nose at the average student of the school by giving an insane individual the reins of the newspaper," Moderation said.

Kleckner recently highlighted the lens through which he views the world when he told the *Emerald*, "As an out gay man I am proud to take the reins of the *Emerald*." No comment was immediately available from the most recent closeted gay man as to whether or not he was equally proud to head up the daily.

Moderation said he thought there was a peace accord offer on the table that could have eased tension between the two par-

ties. However, that possibility ended abruptly with this incursion into insanity, said the force of nature widely recognized as the underdog in any campus policy fight.

"When the editorial board actually had the foresight to come out against that preposterous effort to make graduating students make a social conscience pledge, I thought, 'Wow, there's actually a sign of progress.' It turns out it was just an ambush and we all took it straight in the ass this time."

Moderation wearily recounted to reporters the morale problems brought about by the constant string of losses to the *ODE*.

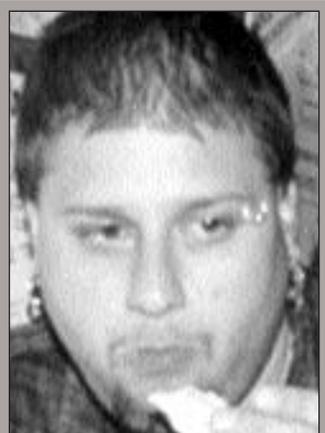
"We're reaching a breaking point. Instead of hiring a student who could connect with the average reader, the *ODE*

put its finger on the red button and decided to go nuclear on us. I'm not going to lie, that's going to leave a mark."

Moderation has been fighting a losing battle for decades. Among his major efforts that ended unsuccessfully, Moderation counts the burning of the ROTC building, the brief membership with the Worker Rights Consortium and the last two years at the *Ol' Dirty* as his most disappointing losses.



Moderation, as photographed in 1932, says the ODE has gone too far.



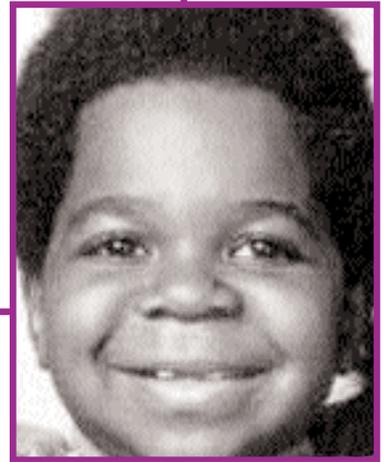
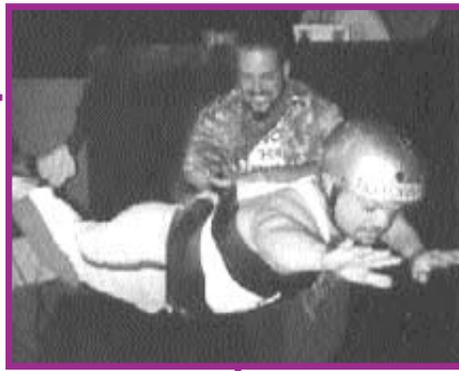
Kleckner, the face of everything unholy, hasn't heard of his accuser.

The Insider....

There have been numerous sightings of Joey Harrington behind the bar at Rennie's. The Lions may have gotten a solid QB with a strong arm, but they also got an awful bartender who wouldn't know a stiff drink if it jumped up and bit him in the ass. Christ, our mom makes a better Long Island... Enter: Yellow Jackets. Not the notorious pick-me-up pill, but the entirely non-threatening volunteer safety group. Only 16 people showed up for the first patrol night. The campus stalker couldn't be reached for comment... Rumor has it that if you buy an OC staffer a drink, you'll be blessed with seven years of good luck. Or is that seven years of pestilence and impotency? Either way, ante up... After a brief sabbatical, the OREGON COMMENTATOR website is back up, complete with a fully functioning message board. (www.oregoncommentator.com) We're still waiting for a link off of the Drudge Report, keep your fingers crossed...



Big Shout out to Ozzy Osbourne for being the official OC representative at the White House correspondents dinner. Never mind what Lynne V. Cheney says, you're cool with us. (Greta: Thanks for the invite...)



A [SHORT] CAUTIONARY TALE

The newest group to be hunted like witches often fly below our radar. Because they're too small to be picked up on radar. Because they're midgets.

BY BRET JACOBSON

I am not by nature a civil rights activist. In general I find social activism in the defense of perceived victims to be a foolhardy errand. But I can no longer tolerate the current aggression against midgets.

Granted, there is a kernel of truth to every stereotype. That's how stereotypes thrive. So, as the arbiter of final truth and journalistic integrity, I am forced to admit that it is probably true that midgets boast higher domestic abuse statistics and disproportionate use of Guatemalan Quaaludes. But beyond those understandable shortcomings, midgets are just like the rest of us.

Listed in bold are the platitudes leveled at the good people of Dwarfville. What follows are crucial arguments that must be taken to heart when designing social policy around the so-called "Midget Problem." Only through promoting awareness and fostering diversity can we live in a perfect, Utopian commune.

Midgets should have a 3/5 clause.

Though Constitutional amendments have granted voting equality to all persons based on race, gender and creed, the new wave of anti-dwarf critics point out that no such rights have been explicitly extended to the Half-People. Domestic Engineer Marcia Bailey says, "An educated person studying the voting patterns of that particular segment of society will definitely notice an unpleasant tendency for Little People to vote for higher taxes. Which is funny if you think about it, since they're always trying to make everyone else lower everything from countertops to the little cardboard guy at Malibu Grand Prix that says, 'You must be this tall to drive our race cars.'"

The 3/5 argument is an old trick. Because midgets are only half-size of normal, it almost seems generous to give them a full

3/5 of an entire vote. But that's pure hatred and propaganda. In fact, midgets have always had the assumption of full voting rights. And it is not clear that their vote tends toward any particular policy.

Midgets spread disease.

The odd method of attaching social health crises to unpopular groups is nothing new. Once upon a brutal time in history they blamed everyone from Gypsies to rats for the Bubonic Plague. (Of course, now we all know the real cause. Damn Gypsies.)

"Midgets do not spread AIDS, Herpes or The Clap faster than any other God-forsaken population," according to Dr. Spencer Liston of Baton Rouge, LA-based Center for the Study of Midget and Dwarf Ailments.

Midgets are sure screwed in prison.

Actually, that's pretty much true. There's a reason they say a Perfect 10 is a midget with no teeth and a flat head. 'Cause the flat head is a good place to set your beer.

Midgets are too provocative in R&B videos.

Have you seen them in their little Thong-the-Thong-Thong-Thongs? Shaking their cute little rumps in licentious, luscious circles. Midgets, especially African-American variety, are constantly used as Mini-Jay Z's or Mini-Snoop Doggs. The trend is clear and the social implications are debatable. "It's a scandal is what it is," says Martha Furlong of Poughkeepsie, NY. "I know where it's going from here."

While it's true that midgets are adorable, they are not alone in provoca-

Continued on 19

OREGON COMMENTATOR

Fading Fast

College career going down the drain? Are Mom and Dad not liking the report card? Is your drinking far outweighing your studying? You're not alone. But you are screwed. If you're going to go out, **Jeremy Jones** advises you go out like a champ...

It's spring in the dorms. Rooms once vibrant with the sounds of rap music, promiscuous sex and projectile vomiting are now silent. Every year, many freshmen fail the Darwinian midterm and end up packing their shit back home to start on the exciting career path of a mechanic or a waitress. From here on out, only the most functional drunks will survive. This is my second year in the dorms, and I have seen many leave long before the end of their first year. I don't remember all of them, just the ones who committed acts of self-destruction to rival many suicide attempts. One in particular that I will make reference to several times in this piece was a man that lived next door to me fall and winter term. We will call him Richard. His name was not really Richard, but I think Richard is a fucking stupid name. Richard only lasted for about two terms, but his drunken and drug-soaked antics still reverberate in my memory.

By now it should be clear that you have about a Krispy Kreme donut's chance in on Sally Struthers' desk of graduating. Sure you could just withdraw from classes, pack your shit, and leave without a word, or you could hit the wall, crash and burn like Mr. Magoo in a NASCAR race. I think we can all agree that the latter is more entertaining.

Stage one, The Beginning: Ok, you have noticed that your future here is about as promising as a portfolio containing 300 shares of Enron. It's time to turn the slow descent into a 300 mph flaming vertical dive. Stop going to morning classes. Stay up until at least 4:00am and stagger in, drunker than an Irishman at a funeral every night. Always sleep until at least 3:00 pm. Right now, you are just honing your full powers of belligerence.

Stage two, Public Performances: Ok, enough with rehearsals. It's time to let the public know just where your are headed. Going to the midterm drunk and throwing up in the aisle is one idea. Pretty much anything that includes a lot of booze, no clothing and a public place would be effective. All that is required is proof that you are committed. For Richard's big performance, he got completely slobbered and went to the roof. He was dancing around and being a typical drunk asshole. It wasn't long before he fell over and hit his head. After a few brave souls ventured up there to retrieve his body, we threw it in



his room and tried to decide what to do with it. In the end, it took six of us to haul his fat, lifeless ass down the stairs and into a friend's car where he could be taken to the hospital. Although it is not always necessary to cause great physical harm to yourself, but it is a good start. A good rule of thumb, if you woke up at hospital with several wounds and no recollections, you did good.

Stage three, Spontaneous Road Trip: Well, by now you should have thoroughly destroyed any hope pulling out of this alive. Time for a road trip to Mexico! The key to this is a complete lack of planning. This road trip must be planned, approved and executed within 5 minutes. To everyone that knows you, it

Ok, enough with rehearsals. It's time to let the public know just where you're headed. Going to the midterm drunk and throwing up in the aisle is one idea.

should seem like you dropped off the Earth. Extra points if you are arrested before you reach your destination. Females can easily complete the crash during this stage. Instead of a road trip, simply find some wacko on the internet and move in with him. Do not inform the dorms of your absence, nor make any attempt to withdraw from classes. Just don't pay your bills and they will get the message. This trip should last about one to four weeks. When and if you return, act like nothing really happened.

Stage four, Crash and Burn: By now, you should be on your way out. **Continued on 19**

Letters

DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR,

My wife says birth control pills fail about three percent of the time, while I've read that condoms fail about 12 percent of the time. So what would the failure rate be if a couple used both the pill and a condom—0.36 percent?

J.T.

College Station, Texas

Birth control? Condoms? What the hell are you talking about? If we've said it once, we've said it a thousand times: The only fail-safe form of birth control is to have sex with women who no longer menstruate.

DEAR ELECTRONIC GAMING MONTHLY,

I am planning on buying a PS2 in the near future and wanted to know if there would be any difficulty running it on a hi-definition TV. Can the PS2 put out a resolution high enough for my TV? Since the HDTV is wide screen, will that have any adverse effects on the PS2? Will the PS2 image fill the entire screen despite the aspect ratio?

Mark Pawlak

Mentor, OH

Jeez, this is a toughy. Let's see... right now we've got an original Turbo-GrafX 16 hooked up to the back of an 18-inch black and white Toshiba we bought at a yard sale in Springfield. We're not sure what this "aspect ratio" thing you're talking about is, but if somebody holds the antenna in one hand and puts one arm out the window, we can get channel 5 in pretty clear.

DEAR BASS MASTER,

I am starting to fish a new body of water and it is relatively clear and I need help on lure selection. I have caught a few fish, but mostly small ones. I live in Kansas and all the other lakes I have fished are muddy or stained. This is new to me, so I need all the help I can get. The water temp lately has been in the lower to mid 60s. There is no standing timber, but it does have a bunch of let-down—some alive but mostly dead. This lake has a rocky bottom with a lot of silt and mossy grass beds. Thanks for any help you can give!

Terry

Lawrence, Kansas

Terry, you probably do need all the help you can get. We're taking Psychology 201 and hear a disturbing undercurrent in your letter. Obviously your "fishing" means being serviced by prostitutes and "all the other lakes I have fished are muddy or stained" means that you have contracted a STD from a trailer park brothel. Either keep your johnson in your pants, or try a spinnerbait along rocky points projecting into deep water.

DEAR DRAGON MAGAZINE,

I found a breakdown of a samurai character class on the Internet that I think is much more appealing than the one in *Oriental Adventures*. Some of the unique features include an ability for summoning inner strength, in which a ki-op cry gives the samurai an extra +4 to his Strength a number of times per day; an ability called study foe which allows the samurai to lose AC for a couple of rounds while he studies his opponents' weaknesses, which then grants him subsequent bonuses to attack and damage; and a whirlwind defense ability, which allows the samurai to defend himself effectively against many opponents. The samurai also gets no penalty for wearing armor, has access to a fea-

Letter of the Month

DEAR GUITAR ONE,

I've been a guitarist for several years, playing mostly jazz, blues, and rock. Recently, though, I've become interested in the Indian music of sitarist Ravi Shankar. Are there specific scales I can use to achieve an Eastern sound? Any tips would be greatly appreciated.

Andy Berman,

Andover, MA

I don't know about scales, but there are definitely some good drugs you can ingest to reach a state of Eastern Mysticism. You should try the psilocybin mushroom Teonanacatl, a fixture in generations of Native American religious ceremonies. To get the full effect, it's best to eat at least a full 1/8th, including the stems. After a few hours you should start seeing some pretty trip-

py shit. Dead relatives, Jesus, burning moons and religious iconography; you know, the usual stuff. We talked to Ken Kesey for three hours while floating through our mother's womb. Fucked us up for a month. Be careful.

Name and Address Withheld

First of all, the samurai that you mention finding on the Internet is one of the most horribly unbalanced pieces of shit ever dreamed up by power gaming munchkins. Sure, a first level Barbarian gets a +4 Strength and Constitution from raging, but he can only do it for a few rounds and is winded afterwards. It balances. A Barbarian doesn't have any of the nifty shit that this samurai does. If, as we presume, the whirlwind defense ability works like uncanny dodge in that it eliminates being flanked, the soonest a standard class can have it is 5th level. A brief look at the feats this class gets for free will also demonstrate how imbalanced it is. Alertness isn't that great, but Quick Draw, Spring Attack and Whirlwind attack are all excellent feats. The last two have major pre-reques and this class gets them for free ... no way in hell is it balanced. Secondly, only nerds play role-playing games. You can't screw anime characters, you can't smoke "mystical forest plants" and you can't play craps with 20-sided dice, so who gives a damn?

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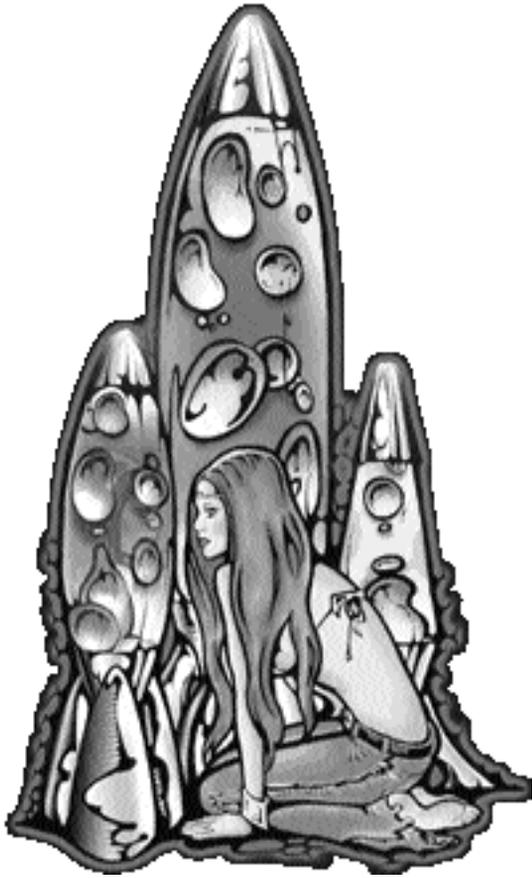


**We finally
got it up.**



W W W . O R E G O N C O M M E N T A T O R . C O M





REEFER MADNESS

**What's the deal with weed on the UO campus?
Are students the bunch of drugged out hippies we
always thought they were, or is it just drug hype?
The answers are as hazy as a Bean Hall dorm room.**

By Andrew Adams

For the past few weeks, I've been tracking the marijuana culture of Eugene and the University. "Tracking?" one likely is saying, "there can't be much tracking involved in finding the marijuana culture here; it's all around you."

That is definitely true, I grew up in a small town in Sonoma County, Calif., one of the state's producers of both high-potency indoor and outdoor marijuana, the variety "Sonoma Coma" being an example. When I came here to Eugene, I was not surprised to find many folks smoking it because I had already lived on the outskirts of the culture during my teenage years and knew a thing or two about the drug. In fact Eugene's reputation preceded itself and some guide-books had actually described the school as a pot-friendly campus.

What did surprise me was the way the marijuana culture here cuts across all segments of the campus community. Be it the BMW-driving frat boy, skate punk or flea-bitten hippie most everyone seemed to be puffing marijuana. It was a fixture at parties and every person seemed to follow the same polite rules of etiquette that accompanies using the drug. Pass it to the left and match bowls please, thank you.

This school's colors are green and yellow, and if you know any stoners, they can tell you that "green buds with yellow hairs" can make for some potent smoke. I know this school, I've been here for four years, I'm a senior, and I know this campus can make some potent smoke. But the tricky thing in tracking this marijuana culture is actually being able to demonstrate in a journalistically sound way that it does in fact exist. I

watched "Training Day" again this past weekend and as Danzel Washington's character was fond of saying, "it's not what you know, but what you can prove." This is quite true for the world of journalism. I may know that a marijuana culture exists here at the UO, but could I prove it?

That was the question posed by a journalism professor in a reporting class I'm taking this term, and one that proved rather difficult in tackling. For one thing, the drug is illegal. Now as I've demonstrated I know many people who enjoy marijuana. They enjoy smoking it, eating it and I knew one guy who liked to snort the ashes. The problem, of course, is that these folks don't particularly like the idea of some journalism professor or, heaven forbid, their bill-paying parents to read that Joe Smith enjoys smoking a marijuana joint before his coffee in the morning. Therefore, as a journalist, you're likely to be left with many sources that are only identified by a first name or pseudonym. I'm sure there are some students who would gladly talk to me about their love of marijuana and go on record about it, but with my time constraints, I didn't have the time to conduct an exhaustive search.

As a journalist, you then have to head to other sources, and that usually entails surveys and statistics. Numbers don't lie, but they can be confusing. However, they were what I could prove.

According to statistics supplied by Department of Public Safety Associate Director Tom Hicks, there were 76 drug violations on campus in 2000. These were incidents that were a violation of a city or state law and resulted in a citation. Of these 76 citations, there were 69 marijuana violations, three of which

were for growing plants. In addition to the violations, there were 260 "drug referrals" or a breach in the student conduct code involving marijuana, which are most commonly possession of the drug or related paraphernalia in the residence halls, Hicks says. These are dealt with by the University's own judicial process for students.

Last year, drug violations increased to 103 and Hicks says, "marijuana right now is the substance to abuse of choice."

This jump in drug violations may not be an increase in marijuana smoking, but the result of an increase in DPS officers patrolling in residence halls on campus, and an increased willingness of other students to report marijuana use, Hicks says.

"We were getting so many complaints from people, who were saying, 'I'm sick of smelling this stuff in the hallway,'" he says.

This was an interesting comment because that would seem to imply this prevailing marijuana culture I had so strongly believed in was not so prevailing. If people were actually calling in to report smokers, then obviously they did not have any idea of marijuana etiquette and are probably disgusted by the very notion of such things.

What I also found is that this upward trend in drug violations is being mirrored at other universities. The Chronicle of Higher Education reported in its Feb. 1, 2002 issue that "drug arrests increased 10.2 percent in 2000 (the most recent year statistics were available), a rise that some college officials attribute to a more casual attitude among students toward drugs, particularly marijuana."

Yet the Chronicle also listed schools with the highest numbers of crime and while the University was not on the list for drug arrests, it did place fourth on a list of five schools for the highest number of drug referrals.

Not only did the University place fourth on the Chronicle's list, but it also came in fourth in a ranking by The Princeton Review of the top 20 "reefer



Most likely it's the ready supply of the drug and the laid-back almost libertarian nature of the place that allows people to do what they want as long as it doesn't hurt others.



madness" campuses in the nation that was released in 2001. The rankings are a result of 65,000 interviews conducted on college campuses across the nation.

Even though most other universities seemed to also be experiencing an increase in marijuana incidents, the University appeared to be at the head of the pack.

There is little doubt that there is a ready supply of potent marijuana in and around Oregon. In an "intelligence brief" on the state of drug running in the United States the Drug Enforcement Agency reports that Oregon is one of the top producers of domestic high-potency marijuana, and that the number of teenagers using the drug has also steadily increased in the past decade as well.

What is not clear is if there is any tangible "marijuana culture" that encourages drug use on the University campus. While it appears the University may have more marijuana smokers than other universities, this could also just be the local effect of a nationwide surge in marijuana use.

But even with my eventual conclusion that a marijuana culture is a murky notion, not unlike many conceived by people who smoke marijuana, I cannot help but still believe that there is still some truth to it. Like I mentioned before, I lived in a place where marijuana was enjoyed by many and I see many similarities to that same philosophy here in Eugene.

Most likely it's the ready supply of the drug and the laid-back almost libertarian nature of the place that allows people to do what they want as long as it doesn't hurt others. Sure the liberal majority may not believe in allowing conservatives their opinions, but largely in Eugene and the rest of Oregon one can usually be left alone to do what he or she wants. For the most part I think if this is what is behind the marijuana culture here then it's relatively harmless.

And for me, well, I don't inhale.



Andrew Adams, who came out of retirement for one last big score, is the Copy Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



DRY HUMPED

The initiative's goal is to improve the living conditions of the Greek houses by forcing them to meet a "platform of minimum standards." This platform includes maintaining a house grade point average and, worst of all, going dry.

By Ben Brown

Two years ago, the University offered Greek houses incentives to go dry. Now, it seems bent on forcing them to become so. An initiative put forth by Director of Student Activities Gregg Lobisser and others involved with the Greek system plans to change life in fraternity houses in a number of ways, including forcing all fraternities to be dry by September 15 of this year. While all sororities, and many fraternities, are already dry, this issue has still stirred up controversy.

The initiative's goal is to improve the living conditions of the Greek houses by forcing them to meet a "platform of minimum standards." This platform includes maintaining a house grade point average equivalent to the University's undergraduate average, about 2.85 for men and 2.9 for women. It also wants to increase fire, safety, and health inspections and aims to have a live-in adult at every house by 2005.

Houses that refuse or fail to comply with this initiative, should it pass, will be given a year to clean up their act, after which their affiliation with the University will be revoked. Greek

houses without that affiliation will not be able to do all of the things that make them Greek houses, including taking part in Rush. On top of that, the University will send a letter to that Greek house's national chapter, asking that they revoke the chapter's affiliation. Lobisser says this is not a request that is often denied. This makes the choice for the Greek system very simple, if the initiative passes: comply or lose your house.

There are a few reasons why there is a movement in favor of the resolution. The Greek system has seen decreased enrollment and the condition of the houses probably figures into it. It also shared some of the negative publicity from the recent alcohol-related deaths of two young men in Oregon State University fraternities: one fell off a boat at Lake Shasta last year, and another fell off his house's fire escape and died of head injuries only a few months ago. On top of this comes a report from the Task Force on College Drinking, which states that more than 50 percent of University of Oregon students binge drink.

But it is the suddenness of this move that surprised members

of the Greek system, including Kyle Knepper and Jackie Rey, presidents of the Inter Fraternity Council and the Pan Hellenic Council, respectively. Along with the presidents of many of the University's fraternities and sororities, Knepper and Rey were meeting with University officials, including President Frohnmeyer, on an almost weekly basis, discussing how to deal with the issues of decreased enrollment, house safety and minors drinking at houses. Then the meetings suddenly stopped a month ago, and the administration announced that houses would be forced to go dry or lose their affiliation. Rey and Knepper say no students were consulted in the decision.

News of this proposed policy did not come to Knepper or Rey directly from the administration, but from their liaison to the administration. Rey and Knepper then reported these possible changes to the Inter Fraternity and Pan Hellenic Councils. They say Frohnmeyer became angry with them for doing so, because he had not intended for the students affected by the policy to be told about it until after the decision is made in May. This would have given the Greek system about four weeks

How many 21-year-old students would want to live in a house where they can't drink, something they can do legally anywhere else?

to comply. To Knepper and Rey, it seems as though the Administration is trying to move this policy in over the heads of the students it will be affecting.

The main problem Greek students have with this proposed policy is that they feel they are being singled out because they are an easily recognizable group that can be easily punished.

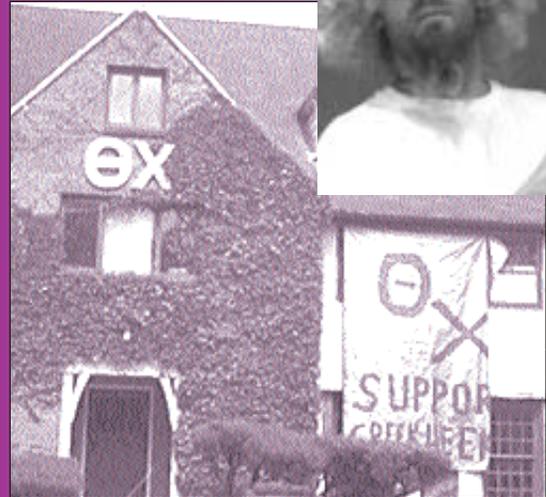
"They act like drinking is our whole life," Rey said. "We are students like everyone else, we go to classes, we make grades."

They added fraternity and sorority houses are on private property, making them the same as any apartment or house. The University has no power or right to tell you what you can and can't do in your own house, they argue, so what right does it have to tell Greek students what they can and can't do in their own residences?

"I'm 21 and they're telling me that I can't go home and drink a beer where I live," Knepper said.

Keep in mind, that room is on private property and is legally rented by that student. The hypocrisy of this becomes even more apparent when one realizes if the same student were still living in a dorm room on University property, there would be no problem. A 21-year-old who still lives in the residence halls is perfectly free to do keg stands until he or she hurls, as long as that person keeps the door closed.

The University administration believes the new standards proposed by this initiative will help increase enrollment in the Greek system, which has been sagging in recent years, but Knepper and Rey fear that it will only drive numbers lower. After all, how many 21-year-old students



Dry Humped continued

would want to live in a house where they can't drink, something they can do legally anywhere else? Knepper and Rey also point out that if the University was really concerned with enrollment in the Greek system, they could do things such as waive the \$9 a day fee a dorm student has to pay in order to break their contract with the University, keeping them from having to pay roughly \$3,430 on top of the rent on their new room at the fraternity or sorority.

In the end, people, especially underage people, are going to drink no matter what deterrent you set in front of them. Many students who might have joined the Greek system and done a great deal of good on campus will now probably opt to live off campus with friends, and those who do remain will move their parties to the homes of older Greek brothers and sisters who have moved out of the house. Even if the parties do remain in the house, it will be hard for the University to enforce its policy because the houses are on private property and no University official can set foot on the grounds without permission. This policy may even lead to a few more cases of alcohol poisoning because Greek students will be scared to take friends to the hospital to avoid any attention to their partying at the chapter house.

The policy, which has not been formally submitted to anyone and in fact does not exist in any written form, is still under consideration by Frohnmeyer, who will not make his decision until sometime later this month. Until then, the Office of Greek Life will continue to try to negotiate with the administration for a better deal. They delivered a letter from the collective Greek Community to Frohnmeyer at the ASPAC meeting held on April 30. This might do something to help the Greeks out, but in the end it is the Frohn's decision, and he may end up alienating a number of people depending on what he chooses. As Rey said, "they are going about this in the wrong way to get support in the community and campus."



Benjamin Brown, a sophomore majoring in journalism, writes for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Did you wake up in the middle of Amazon park last Tuesday with no idea how you got there? Sorry, bro, we thought you were sober enough to walk home.

ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu



Photo: Jeremy Jones

Above: Clancy Thurber's, empty as usual, used to offer alcohol in the afternoon. Now there's no joy in Sudsville.

The Conspiracy for Campus Prohibition

The Greek system isn't the first target of the University's crackdown on student alcohol consumption. Many people know Clancy Thurber's Underground as yet another unexciting coffee house and lunch spot, but only last year it was the haven for many lazy campus alcoholics unwilling to make the trek over to Taylor's. Located in the basement of the Collier House, Thurber's was the only place on campus where students and faculty could buy alcoholic beverages. Thurber's was open to all ages in the morning and early afternoon, offering virtually the same way they do today. But from 3-8 p.m. Thurber's served micro-brews and Oregon Wines, providing a nice gathering spot for after class drinkers. Thurber's shift from a chill on-campus pub to a mundane coffee shop was the result of a change of ownership. Previously owned by the Faculty Club, University Housing took over the Collier House and Clancy Thurber's back in 2000. Apparently wanting to remove the stigma of alcohol consumption from on-campus. Given the simple fact that University Housing—like other University programs—has an unspoken bias against booze, it was only a matter of time until they found a reason to remove it. Clancy's was never exactly a popular hang out, but alcohol was the one thing that separated it from every other campus eatery. When the booze left, so did Charlie, the beloved bartender. Now he's stuck making café mochas for dorm rats at the Common Grounds, a coffee bar in the Hamilton complex.

-Georgia Patera

Fight For Your Right...

The Greek System shouldn't fold because the administration feels like flexing their muscle. Banning alcohol in private institutions is ludicrous, and they should fall back on their "Animal House" legacy to fight back the beast of prohibition policies.

For several years now, the University has attempted to strip the rights of its fraternities; this current controversial move by the administration is not different from what has come before it, and hopefully our frat brothers will step up their fight against this latest encroachment.

If one has been on campus for some time and is familiar with the Greek system here, then the Select 2000 idea probably rings some bells. This was the much trumpeted but largely unsuccessful move by the toadies in the Greek system and the administration to first try and restrict the rights of Greek houses.

This policy would have made all Greek houses dry by the year 2000. Well, it's 2002, and obviously frats haven't gone dry or this wouldn't be an issue. Sure, the details may be somewhat different than two years ago, but the basic concept is still the same. The administration is trying to take away the rights of some of its students just because those students live in Greek houses.

But whatever the name and whatever the guise of the efforts by the administration to take away their right to drink, the Greek system should be standing much taller than it currently is in defending its right to enjoy the same privileges of any other private organization.

Drinking is not some constitutional right on par with freedom of speech, but drinking does represent some fundamental rights of expression. This policy or resolution would restrict the social life of those in Greek houses, and any restrictions placed on an individual's or group's social life goes against the grain of the basic idea of American liberty. Here one can also begin the age-old argument over what exactly constitutes liberty, obviously laws against smoking marijuana do inhibit the social life of many (See "Reefer Madness" pg. 10) but for the sake of argument, let's say that American liberty is based upon ideas of traditional Western morality, basic democratic ideas and faith in our political system.

This political system, despite a brief spell of insanity in the 30s, has kept booze legal and in the hands of the people it serves. Therefore, if we hold that a faith in liberty holds for a trust in the political system designed to protect it, drinking has nearly become a right of American liberty.

And let's look at Western morality; the basis of which is Christianity. Many Christian faiths make wine part of their communal rites. The Puritanical prohibitions against alcohol that followed are not an extension of Christianity, but a narrow political focus that came about because of societal ills that arose out of the highly complicated process of industrialization. It was quite convenient for those Christians who did not appreciate wine to

blame problems in the world on those that did, especially Catholics, and from there to try and prohibit drinking for everybody.

But this is all moving away from the basic point. Alcohol has always been a part of our society, and this most recent and localized version of prohibition is nothing more than the same old tired effort that has failed repeatedly over history to blame societal ills on one cause.

Try as it may, the University will not be able to shed a supposed image of a party school by forcing the Greek houses to go dry.

The very idea of "forcing" the houses to go dry is reprehensible and against any concept of liberty as conceived by anyone. It may be arguable if drinking is protected by American democracy, but what is not arguable is the abhorrent nature of an executive power using its influence to force people to abide by its antiquated notions of society improvement. Our president may have gone dry, but our Greek systems shouldn't.

And do not be fooled. This "resolution" to improve this University's Greek system is nothing more than an attempt to try and "enhance" the University's image through infringing upon the rights of its Greek students. By showing that the University does not allow drinking in its Greek houses the University "supposedly" shows that it is a "progressive and forward" university that deserves more federal funding and more private donations.

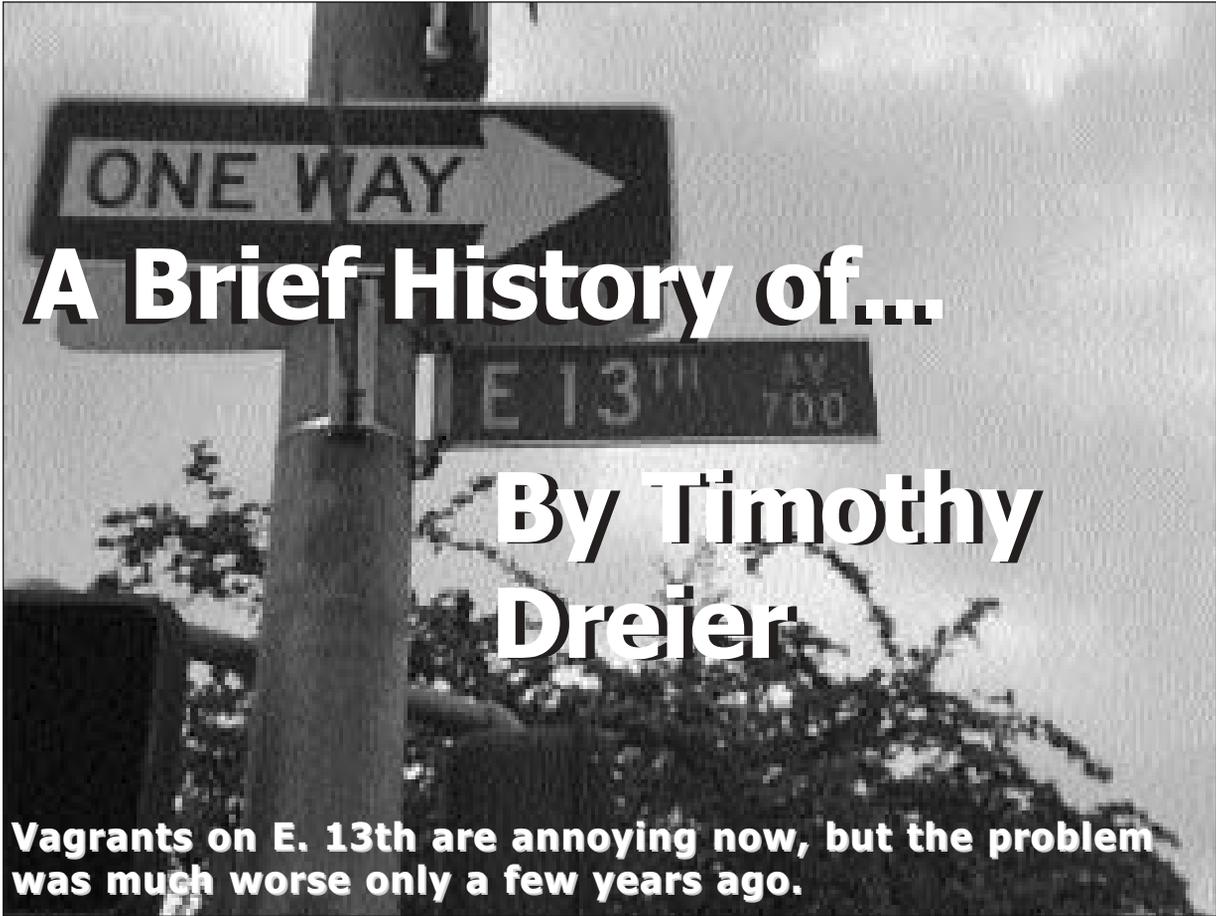
At the very core of this issue is that the Greek system should stop taking this and remember that they are private brotherhoods that should take their own destiny in their hands and stop allowing the administration or some of the brown-nosing, resume-building flunkies in the Greek system to decide its fate. There is no reason why this campus that hasn't seen an alcohol-related death at a frat house in recent memory should allow the University to paint it as some beer-soaked and nefarious den of iniquity.

The frats who still have some idea of liberty should join together and give a big one-fingered salute to the University. So what if you can't participate in those dorky rush events start your own damn rush events. There's alternatives to the University's internet system as well, so please ball up and fight this ridiculous dry resolution.

By B.D. Gerhert



B.D. Gerhert, campus ruffian, keg tosser and sophomore chemistry major writes for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



A Brief History of...

By Timothy Dreier

Vagrants on E. 13th are annoying now, but the problem was much worse only a few years ago.

Between Alder and Kincaid on 13th Ave. one can find many stunning examples of the dregs of society—from Frog, the ever present annoyance, to the Banjo Guy, whose music is okay but whose appearance seems more appropriate for the more frightening passages of Huckleberry Finn. There are even a fair number of hobos, vagrants, and vagabonds begging for spare change in front of many storefronts. One will hear anything from “Hey man, you got a quarter?” to “Can you spare a dollar so I can get drunk and pass out?”

However, the problem was much more rampant in the mid-1990s. EPD officer Randy Ellis described rampant drug dealing, vagrancy, aggressive panhandling and a host of other problems. “You couldn’t walk from Kincaid to High without being hassled to buy drugs or by someone wanting to buy drugs from you,” Ellis said. In addition to the drug dealers, panhandling was a major problem. The EPD received complaints from students about being panhandled five or more times per day just walking up and down 13th Ave. west of campus.

Drug dealers and panhandlers were an issue, according to Ellis, but a larger difficulty was the number of vagrants simply hanging around, sleeping in parking lots of local businesses and selling all sorts of stuff on the streets. Ellis said people would just hang out in the West University area, and described a situation like some sort of Street Faire from hell; vagabonds and ne’er-do-wells hanging out around the West University selling drugs, bracelets, pipes and whatever else they could get their disheveled hands on. 13th Avenue was not a friendly place to be.

Things began to come to a head in early 1996. Local busi-

ness owners were tired of losing business due to the stigma associated with 13th. They felt that all of the transients in the area were causing them to lose money and generally to have a rough time of things. Students were fed up with being hassled for their spare change multiple times per day; they wanted to be able to get lunch or books without having to fend off every homeless piece of trash in Lane County. Apartment owners and managers were sick of losing tenants because of the neighborhood’s negative reputation. These people all began to complain.

Complaints of the three Vs: vagrants, vagabonds and vandals in the West University area between Kincaid and High streets on 13th Avenue sparked a week of initial crack-downs and sweeps by the Eugene Police Department. Sweeps on a daily or semi-regular basis in April of 1996 led to the arrest of more than 100 people. Police also cited perpetrators of disorderly conduct, trespassing, interfering with police and a host of other crimes during the busts. Sweeps the week of September 23, 1996 caused 90 people to be arrested. Officer David Poppe was quoted in the September 30, 1996 *ODE* as saying that the pragmatic goal of the operation was to eliminate drug dealing from the West University Area.

In combination with the EPD’s efforts to clean up the streets, the Eugene City Council passed a dog and skateboard ban on 13th Avenue between Kincaid and Ferry Streets, on Alder between 12th and 14th Avenues and in the alleys off of 13th Avenue which went into effect in September of 1996. Six months after the ban went into effect, local business owners, residents and students reported that 13th Avenue as a generally bet-

As seen from nearby: the EPD substation on 13th Avenue that keeps everyone in the West University Area safe from drug dealers.



ter place to be. Dogs and skateboarders were no longer hassling pedestrians, and panhandling had decreased significantly. Prior to the dog and skateboard ban, there were major problems with dogs and dog poop on 13th Ave. According to Ellis, the dogs caused a major problem on 13th. Pedestrians were bitten by dogs, tripped over leashes and had to deal with stepping in dog shit. The dog and skateboard ban made all the difference. “At one time I counted 30 dogs on this block [between Kincaid and Alder on 13th],” said Ellis.

In addition to crackdowns and sweeps, EPD placed a trailer in the parking lot of the 7-Eleven on the corner of 13th and Alder. This trailer was placed in late 1995, before the sweeps began, and was intended to help make the neighborhood safer and more clean. The trailer, a portable building such as one might find on a construction site, remained in the 7-Eleven parking lot for almost three years until the current substation was constructed. The trailer served as the temporary home of EPD’s West University branch, and it was the first major step toward marked improvement in the area.

To pay for the trailer and the increased EPD presence, the UO Coalition, Sacred Heart, and a local business association got together and started contributing funds. The area around campus is designated as a taxation district, so these groups voluntarily raised their own property taxes based on occupied square footage of property owned. They pay the regular property tax for the area and up to \$400 additionally to fund the additional officers in the area and the campus guides. Ellis said that this coalition pays fully two-thirds of his salary.

After the EPD trailer had been in place for a couple of years, Sacred Heart decided to donate some land to the city to establish a permanent place for EPD’s presence in the West University area. The city paid for the initial cost of the building, but Sacred

Heart contributed \$20,000 to upgrade the outside of the building and landscape to make the substation fit in more nicely with the surrounding area. Sacred Heart also pays for and completes all landscape maintenance around the substation.

After the major problems of vagrancy, panhandling and drug dealing were solved, more minor problems began to be addressed. The main concern after the issues above was the huge amount of postering in the area. While it is illegal to affix any signage to a public utility pole, there was a major problem with postering in the West University area. According to Ellis, some of the poles were covered in paper up to an inch thick. “Then they would get set on fire and that would cause a whole other set of problems,” Ellis said. When he started his beat, Ellis set out to get rid of posters. With some help from a couple of probation violators, he managed to mainly clean up the auspicious number of posters in the area.

Today 13th Avenue is only littered with Frog. And, as annoying as Frog is, he’s much better than a parking lot full of the disenfranchised and smelly. The EPD substation on the corner of 13th and Alder, in combination with the dog ban, has made a major difference. Crime has decreased sharply, even in the last three years. “I could easily do 50 citations a week down here three years ago,” said Ellis. “In 2001 I wrote 150 citations total including shoplifters from the bookstore.”



Timothy Dreier, a sophomore whose work seldom needs copy editing, is Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

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At Heroin Queen™, We Treat You Right

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Aside from delivering toys to all the world's children, Santa's main occupation is his endless war against the Spiders from Space.

From the Mixed-Up Files of John F. Kennedy

***39 years later, we still haven't been implicated.
(Big shout out to the Warren Commission)***

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

Jump from 6

tive behavior in R&B videos. There are just a lot of hos in those videos. They're not really even music videos anymore. They're softcore pornography. That is a shame since R&B built its reputation on critical social commentary and positive community support.

Midgets run Hollywood.

It was crony-ism that got all those midgets jobs in luminary films such as *The Wizard of Oz* and *Willow*. At least that's what the Advocates for a Larger Society claim. You can see their work and their people everywhere. How else could people like Tom Cruise and Robin Williams last so long if not for help from higher-ups?

Well, they don't really run Hollywood. They don't really run anyplace since they lost their grip on the Yellow Brick Road. Now they just try to mingle in the general population, like Canadians. The only reason Canucks get away with it is because they can pretend to look you in the eye.

Midgets promote man-boy love.

Critics claim that midgets try to get with young boys because they're the same size and don't see the bizarre nature of having sex with someone the size of a pop-up punching bag.

Look, pal, they're not perverts just cause they're not normal. They want to have sex with big people as much as big people want to have sex with them. And that's a lot.



Bret Jacobson; a man who really can't stand the midgets, dwarves or other little freaks of nature; is Publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Jump from 7

It's time to complete the show with one last act of drunken debauchery. This stage isn't completely necessary, but it is a good way to secure your place in the hearts and minds of you more intelligent friends. I have found that a senseless act of vandalism is good at this stage. Our good friend Richard decided to take a hatchet to his closet door on the last day. But once again, be creative. Make it something no one will truly forget.

If you completed these stages, than good luck in your new life. Now, the only thing you have to worry about is seeing your friends that made it through college and have jobs that are not based on a hourly salary.



Jeremy Jones, one drunken son of a bitch, is the Art Goob at the OREGON COMMENTATOR

10 REALLY STUPID WHITE MEN

1. KARL MARX

The only crazy, crusty pervert with a shaggy beard and uncut hair who had his manifesto published and people actually read it. Too bad because the following decades were filled with some of the most horrific slaughter in the name of his whacked out revolutionary ideas. You think Hitler's holocaust was bad you don't know nothing about Stalin.

2. RALPH NADER

This perennial loser is unsafe at any speed. One can only hope that his political career will crash and burn further. He is nothing more than an over-hyped Ross Perot wannabe who's election results could only rival a candidate in an ASUO election.

3. MALCOLM JAMAL WARNER

The Cosbys were white, right?

4. BILL GATES

All you nerds sitting in your underpants right now reading this while you wait for your Jessica Alba downloads to come through understand this: He is still a nerd, you are still a nerd. We at the OC may still be spilling PBR on our wife-beaters in 10 years, when you're filthy rich, but we can still beat you up.

5. MICHAEL MOORE

Any enemy of Detroit auto makers and the cold war deserves to be shaved and packed off to Mexico. Yeah, that's it.

6. KEN KESEY

Sure he may have been from Springfield, but what kind of native Oregon boy turns himself into nothing more than a drugged out revolutionary with no respect for his nation. But then what's dumber his antics or the hypocrisy of this University and the City of Eugene for trying to praise him at the same time it condemns the drugs he dedicated so much of his life to.

8. JERRY GARCIA

Gorging on junk food while a putting out some of the crapiest no-direction music of the 20th century and then being swarmed by thousands of unwashed, drugged-out, inbred long-hairs in whatever city the van dropped him. That's the life of a true artist.

9. PRESIDENT DAVE FROHNMAYER

Dude you're in a frat and you want the party to end. Man that's the last time we ever party with you. Don't you remember Shasta?

10. DUSTIN DIAMOND



Gilbert's Syndrome

Gilbert Hall was the first building to fall, but the Prince Lucien Cambell eyesore should be next.

By Oilly Ruff

The deal was done, the money irrevocably committed and all legal avenues pursued to extinction, there was no alternative left to them. When all else fails, even a peace-loving people will rise up and let their voices be heard. And so it came to pass that the night before the demolition of a large amount of Gilbert Hall - specifically, that surrounding the Commonwealth Bridge, a relic of somebody's 50s concrete nightmare. It was a structure of dubious assistance in the largely impossible task of finding your way around the building - this campus was once again witness to the use of direct political action, a last-ditch attempt to secure political victory by any means necessary. At the signal, an elite cadre of black-clad desperadoes, rumored to consist mostly of emeritus faculty from the Economics and Sociology departments, rappelled down the facade of the Knight Library and wordlessly dispersed across the dark quadrangles, sliding over the heads of unsuspecting DPS officers on cunning wire devices. Working in teams of three, they began their sweep. Their mission - and one which came within an ace of success, this reporter can reveal - was to jumble the signs across campus so comprehensively, so convincingly, the demolition workers might show up the following day, become disoriented, and finally - finally! - wipe Prince Lucien Campbell off the face of the world instead, thereby presenting those bastards in the business school with a *fait accompli*.

Well, it could have happened. But despite these noble, if strictly hypothetical efforts, the destruction went off without a hitch at the prearranged location. The sad passing of John Henry's was somewhat livelier, even though the fondest memories people had of both places - the chunky, maze like campus

building and the dank, cave-like punk venue on 11th Street - tended to involve unconsciousness, but the Gilbert job got done even without the help of the Pass Out Kings and their jackhammer. (For future reference, though, those boys can do a very efficient job, especially if the audience is allowed to join in. It's a shame that the OLCC still stipulates "some walls and a roof" as one of the requirements a club must meet. Son of John Henry's, as it should be called but probably won't, will be coming soon.)

The fall of Gilbert was a time for reflection, perhaps interspersed with some muted applause from anyone who recently had to set foot in there. People walking down Kincaid Street breathed deeply of their misty, water-colored memories and also of the titanic dust cloud that at once descended over the west side of campus. People on the balcony at Rennie's picked tiny fragments of Gilbert out of their beer and thought wistful thoughts about the past. People of a disposition to do so suffered violent outbreaks of hay fever on 13th Street. A single tear rolled down the cheek of the Moss Street Avenger as he perched atop Villard Street in his green cape, watching the wrecking ball describe its remorseless trajectory. And everyone looked skeptically at the artist's impression of what the space will look like a year from now, when it is occupied by the Lillis Business Complex. I think the basic idea is for there to be lots and lots of glass, so much so that parts of the building will be almost transparent. Either that, or I was looking at a cross-section.

The administration claims the eventual business school will be a "monument to maximizing available resources." Tomb of the Unknown Bureaucrat rhetoric notwithstanding - and what a splendid thing to erect a monument to, incidentally - it still

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

makes more sense to regard the Lillis Business Complex as a monument to first demolishing available resources, then using \$33 million or so in private donations to replace them with something nicer. This is, after all, the way that a campus regenerates. The departments with the wealthiest alums - business and law and, if it's still practiced, management studies - periodically take on new exoskeletons. Perfectly serviceable buildings then become available for those of us in disciplines that - justly or unjustly - seldom leave us with eight-figure sums lying around to donate to things. The words "School of Law" can still be made out on the front of Fenton, which will come in handy if the math department ever decides to broaden its remit. In the case of Gilbert, unfortunately, there wasn't a great deal to be done except to celebrate the demise of another chunk of benighted 50s masonry. Save for a quick round of paintball, it's doubtful that anyone would have wanted anything to do with the condemned halls, even the seemingly endless number of departments currently compressed into the aforementioned monstrous royalist-themed tenement that is Prince Lucien Campbell. After all, if there's one thing that can be said for being inside PLC, it's that at least you don't have to look at PLC. (Also, apparently, your mobile phone reception is dependably good.) I'm not sure what they set out to make that one a monument to, exactly, but the attempt was either malicious or unsuccessful.

All that Gilbert had to mourn it was some curious architecture students, and the occasional passer-by studying the gigantic hole in the wall and trying to figure out if that meant the midterm had been moved. Even the guys with the metal detectors are giving up, presumably losing faith in the idea that anyone left buried treasure underneath the damn classrooms. The Commonwealth Bridge is lost to attrition, unsung, gone to wherever it is bad skyways go in the hereafter. It's a promising start. The moment that anyone ever pledges that kind of money to the sociology department, we can hope that PLC will go down like a domino to be replaced by an immense crystal palace. More likely, given the current mood of campus, would be some kind of variant on the Ewok Village theme, but this would still be a great leap forward. And even if no donor is forthcoming, hope remains. In a few years' time, when the

business school decides to move to Springfield in exchange for a tax break and discount wells at the Brick House, the sociologists might well stand to inherit the whole thing - whereupon they can, dumfounded by their good fortune, change the "Lillis" to "Lilith", erect a yurt in the atrium, and all huddle inside it accusing one another of "hegemonic architectural tendencies." It's just another part of the cycle of life. Even sociologists get a happy ending.



Olly Ruff, still looking for a roommate in EW classified ads, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



Photo: Bill Owens, from his book *Suburbia*

and pictures from the Douglas County monster truck rally

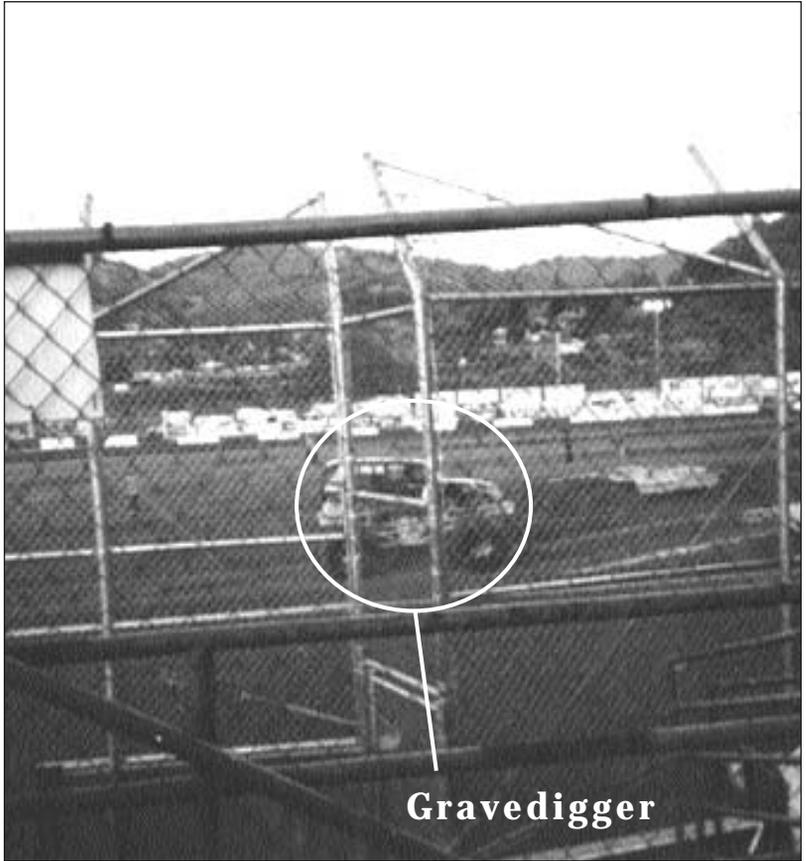
ON *IRON MAN*

I won't have f***ing bubbles! I'm the Prince of f***ing Darkness, Sharon!

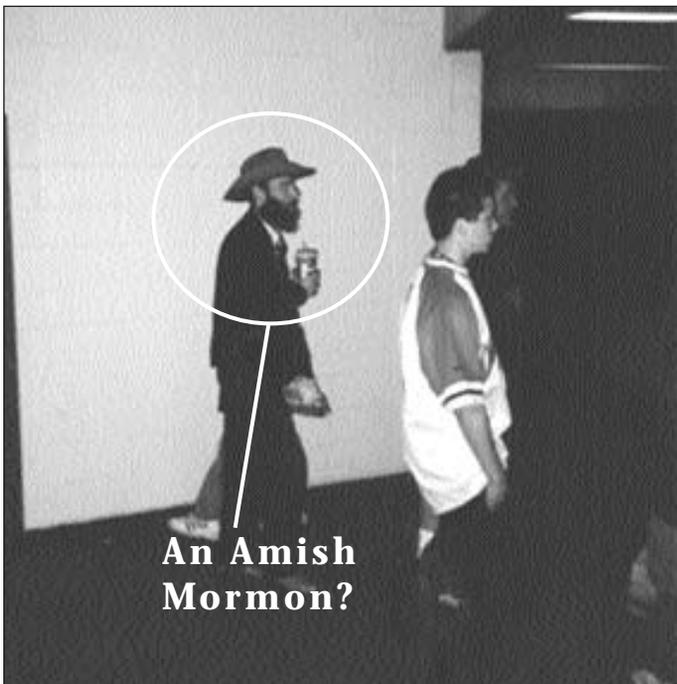
—Ozzy Osbourne, on a recent episode of *The Osbournes*. Hey, on a side note, there's a lot of talk now about doing another "rocker" reality show, but this time with Gene Simmons or P. Diddy. Those sound alright, but we'd like to nominate Eddie Money. Yeah, that's right... Eddie Money.

He's not fried. He's just wasted. People wonder why they can't understand him? Well, you'd be hard to understand too if you drank two vats of coffee, two vats of wine, and took 25 Vicodin a day. I can't stop him. The only thing I can do is make sure he's not on the street and make sure he sleeps in a way that he won't choke to death in his vomit.

—Sharon Osbourne, commenting on her husband's constant daze in an issue of *Entertainment Weekly*. *Iron Man*? How about iron gut.



Gravedigger



An Amish Mormon?

ON *FIG LEAVES*

Our liberty to be nude on Lane County parks, land and roads (outside of city limits) has been kept secret.

—John Eccleston, in a letter to the ODE on 5/02/02. Secret to whom? John should try stopping by the I-5 rest area outside of Cottage Grove sometime. Well, 2:15am every Tuesday to be specific.

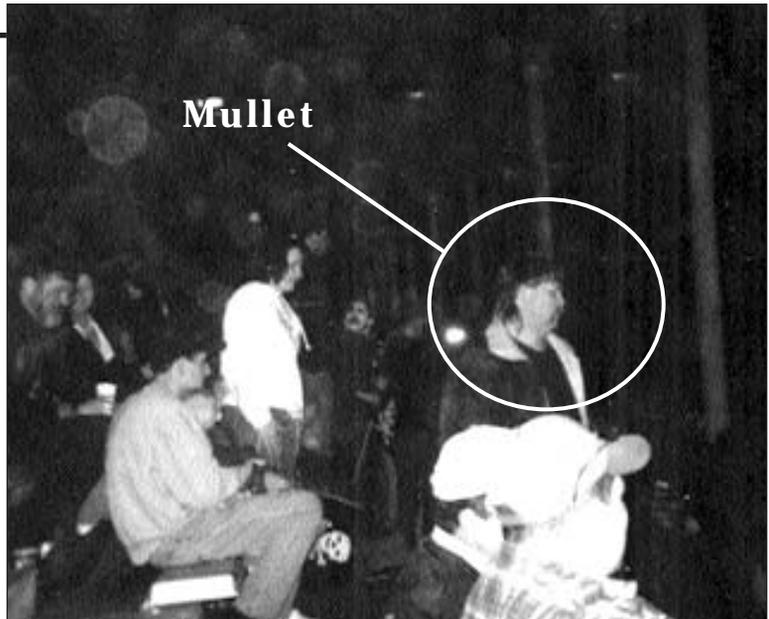
With any liberty, there is responsibility. You can't perform sexual acts in those areas, whether you're clothed or not. That will get you arrested.

—John Eccleston, who still hasn't made it to the rest area. We're telling you, it's practically a Greek bath house.

ON *EPISODE II*:

Well, we're not all the same. We are a collection of individuals. Each of us is just like every other person attending the University. We each have our own names, our own goals and dreams.

—Chris Alexander, in his ODE Guest Commentary defending the Greek system from its detractors. *Of course all the Greek kids aren't the same, unless by "same," you mean "wear the same North Face clothing," "listen to Dave Matthews" or "fail to graduate within five years."*



ON *THEY STILL CALL ME BRUCE*

Fights are most common when there's alcohol or simulates involved. It's a good idea to stay away from places where there's a lot of heavy drinking, or people hepped up on PCP or speed. So stay away from pretty much any bar in Springfield.

—Ryan Kelly, Jeet Kun Do instructor. *Any bar? How about any strip club? Some stripper at Club 1444 almost bit our ear off during the November Rain solo.*

That's why I like Eugene. I grew up in places like Long Beach CA, Phoenix AZ, I have been attacked by gang members and people on all sorts of drugs...but I have never been attacked by hippies hepped up on some herb.

—Kelly, again. *Hmm... apparently you've never accidentally walked through the middle of a hackey-sack game. It's like coming between a bear and her cub. Or a Club 1444 stripper and her blow.*



ON *MISSING IN ACTION*

Goulet is described as about 6-feet-1 and 240 pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. He has three tattoos: The letter "OC" on his stomach, a burning cross on his right arm, and the name "Chelsea" on his left forearm.

—From the Register-Guard article "Inmate escapes from county work camp." *Yet another member of the growing OC inmate union, coming to a county correctional facility near you.*

ON *COERCION*

You never know what someone really thinks until they're being tortured.

—Widmer Brothers co-founder Tim Widmer, to certain OC editors and a particular Another Perspective columnist at Taylor's April 17.

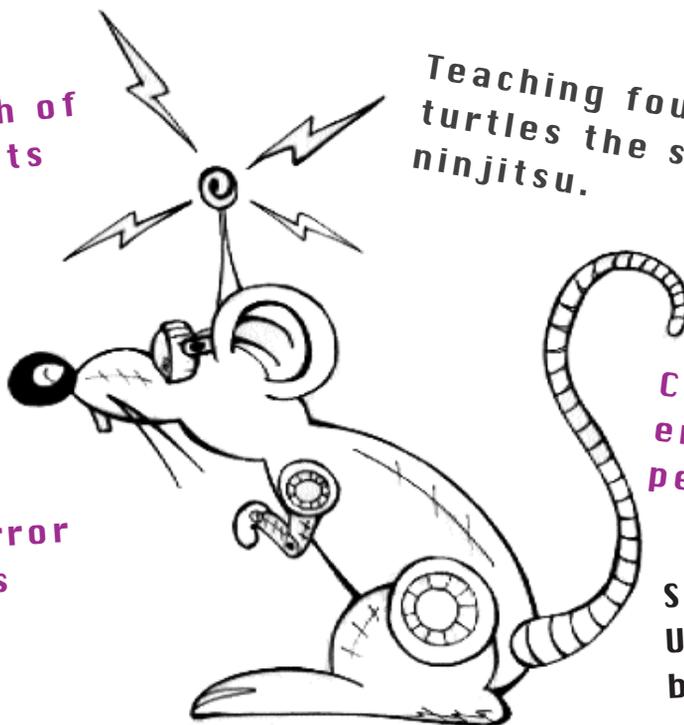
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