

O R E G O N

# COMMENTATOR

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VOLUME XX, ISSUE I

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

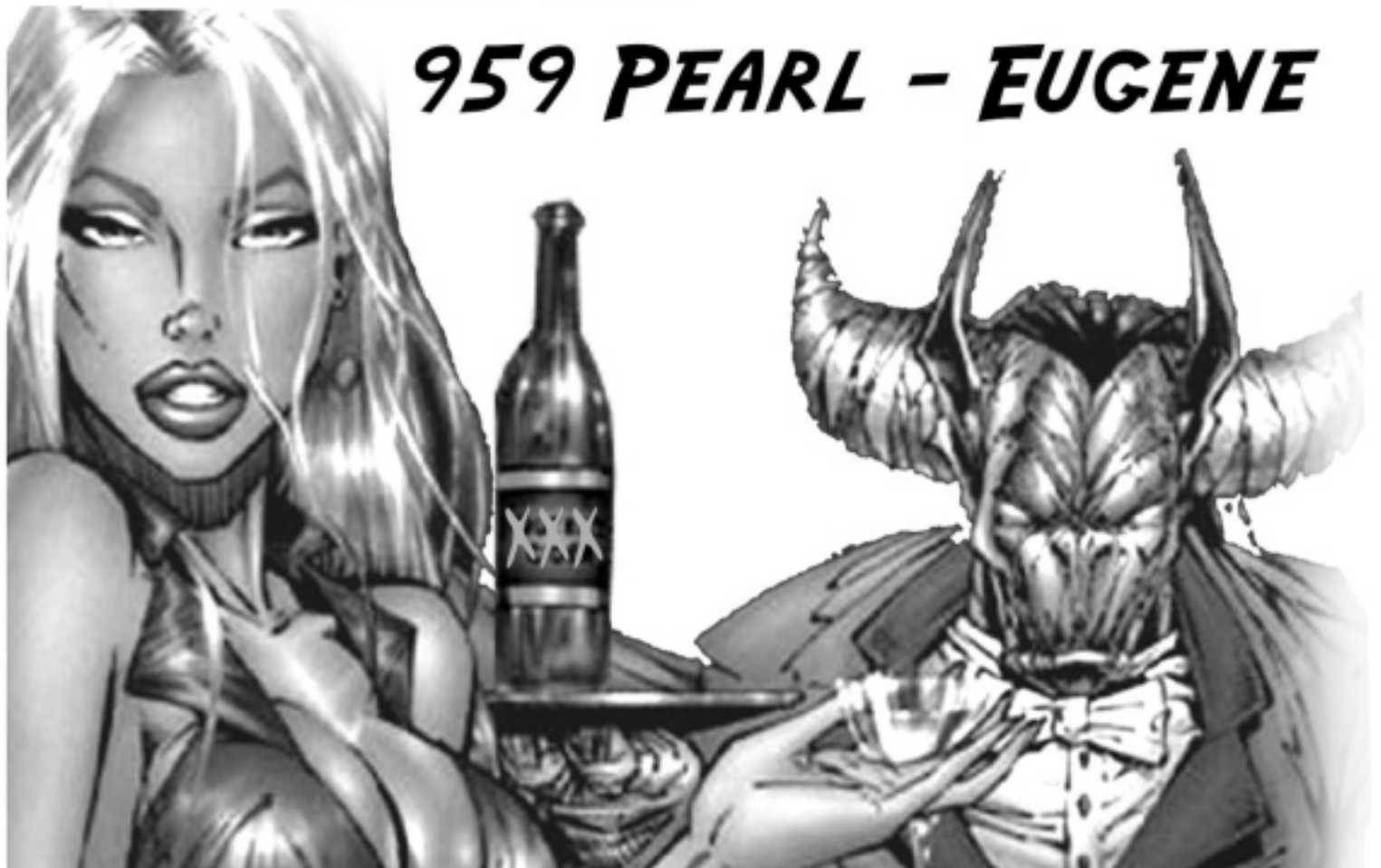
# BACK to the BOOZE



# DIABLO'S DOWNTOWN LOUNGE

- WEDNESDAYS: BANDS UPSTAIRS -  
FUNK DOWNSTAIRS  
W/ DJ'S CEEZ-N- HANIF (1 BUCK OFF)
- THURSDAYS: L-80'S NIGHT W/ DJ'S KOKBLOK,  
TREMOR (PDX) -N- DMOEFUNK (KWVA DISCOSITDOWN)  
PLAYIN' YOUR FAVORITE 80'S OLD SKOOL DANCE  
SPECIALS FOR THE LADIES
- FRIDAYS: BANDS UPSTAIRS AND EUGENE'S BEST HIP HOP DOWNSTAIRS  
WITH DJ'S TREMOR (PDX), OLD DOMINION CREW -N- KOKBLOK
- SATURDAYS: DMOEFUNK AND DINAR - SCRATCHIN' AND MIXING UNDERGROUND  
HIP-HOP W/ LIVE MC'S UPSTAIRS  
DOWNSTAIRS DJ'S HOWIE -N- ANMAR PLAY  
EUGENE'S HOTTEST DANCE MUSIC
- SUNDAYS: REVOLVING NIGHTS FEATURING "GLAMOUR", FETISH NIGHT,  
HIP-HOP, AND S.I.N. NIGHT

**959 PEARL - EUGENE**





VOLUME XX, ISSUE I

# COMMENTATOR

## **How To Fake It Like A Pro**

Amber Plaunty has been to every shady bar in town. And she's only 20. Hmmm... could it be... a fake ID!

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## **No Room For Racism**

Which is more inherently racist: liberalism or conservatism? Make sure you know all the facts before you answer that one, slugger...

***By Bret Jacobson***  
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## **Survival Guide**

Pete Hunt has been in school far longer than most students, so he feels he knows just that much more. His gift to you is knowledge. All he asks for in return is money.

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## **A Means To An End**

Will the University of Oregon cave into Jim Torrey's fascistic demands and extend the student conduct code to apply to "off-campus" activities?

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## **Farmer Jones Bar Almanac**

Are you gonna get your ass grabbed by Jason Fife? Is the bar a good place to pick up a hot skank majoring in oral sophistication? All you need to know about the local bar scene.

***By Jeremy Jones***  
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QOTSA...tonight...36 hours...no sleep...must go on....



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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.

# Beware The Booze, Amigo: It Bites Back

**Y**ou and your buddy have just been in a street fight with three angry girls who didn't fully appreciate your joking offer of an exchange of money for sexual favors. You're hauling ass before the situation gets any more violent or comical. The laughing splits your sides even as the cool midnight air is inflating and deflating in your lungs and the contents of your stomach do their best to leap forth from your body to nestle comfortably in the gutter.

Cheers! It's another case of alcohol leading to good times.

This issue, an annual staple to kick things off and a loving swipe at the *ODE's* Back To The Books edition, is dedicated to putting you in the right mindset—namely getting smashed while you trudge through an otherwise painful school year in which you will undoubtedly learn more about your own boundaries of debauchery than you will about 17th Century French poetry. Booze can be summed up in the immortal words of an 80's sitcom: “You take the good, you take the bad, you take them both and there you have” the Facts of Booze.

But in our little version of life, Tootie swigs 40 oz for breakfast, and Jo rides her Harley down Willamette St. after a full and fulfilling night at Max's. Blaire does the walk of shame down Sorostitute Lane, and Natalie makes funny quips as Mrs. Garrett cries in a lonely corner and chokes on her own psoriasis.

Before we get into all the negative stuff, let's just get out in the open what we already know and you will hopefully learn soon enough. Booze is great. It's fantastic. It's the alpha and the omega for your collegiate experience. It can open doors for you, or you can open them after you're so far gone that your knuckles no longer have a direct line to your nerve endings. It makes you prettier to the girl you're hitting on, or it makes you more tolerant of the hideous fire scars that ordinarily would have you thinking that a quiet night of solitude and a copy of Big 'N' Lusty sounds right. And damn if it doesn't make you incredibly smarter — and more willing to share your opinions. When you're drunk you know exactly what to say to that loudmouth who always bothers you but whose obvious girth normally pre-

vents you from speaking up. God, whiskey balls are fantastic.

But there is a downside.

Remember that little fight with the girls? Yep, that was just one of the many notable events precipitated by a few too many swigs of your famous NyQuil/Jager mix. One minute the bartender at Rennie's is telling you not to sleep on the bar — who the hell is he to tell you that, after you've basically spent your rent check there for two years? — and the next thing you know you're playing Street Fighter: White Trash Rendezvous with three chicks who don't understand high-minded satire. That's the main problem with booze, the funny little misunderstandings that seem to follow.

Think about the last time you were really trashed. You were making total sense, but for some reason people couldn't figure out that “Energizer Bunny ... uh, paperclips ... your sister on Big Bird” actually meant something very profound. Such misunderstandings are the stuff of which drunkenness, and sitcoms, are made.

Another problem to watch out for when drinking is “The Man.” He more or less leaves you alone when you're sober but all of a sudden he picks on you when he knows you're most vulnerable. “No more drinks, buddy, you're cut off” he says, or “Are you 21?” Our least favorite is “You're under arrest for disturbing the peace ... and is she 18?” Ouch.

Ah, hell. We can't lie to you. There's really no downside at all. All the medical warnings about alcohol are B.S. It's not the booze's fault if you don't know when to stop. So take some responsibility for yourself. And don't ever blame the booze for your tabletop performances in the French G-String and the Mexican sombrero as you perform your own special “Around the World” dance rendition, because that's nothing but your uninhibited side finally seeing the disco lights of glory.

So, bottoms up, friends. Enjoy the school year in a safe and responsible manner ... or have a ton of fun. We don't care as long as you're not leafletting for OSPIRG or getting into elections trouble with the ASUO. Cheers!



# A Tale of Two IDs

By Amber Plaunty

*Eugene is a lame town when you can only buy cigarettes. Amber Plaunty gives the run down on Eugene's black market for fake IDs.*



**Y**ou would think that on the eve of my 21st birthday, I would be more than slightly excited. But I'm no— wouldn't you like to know why? I am one of the privileged and fortunate few who have had not one, but two, successfully deceiving forms of identification. Let me tell you a little bit about my luck in lying...

## Fake #1: Grace

My friend Nate and I were on our way to the Gorge for the Dave Matthews concert, and we stopped to see his friend in Olympia, who worked at a large chain video store. For some odd reason, their policy was that you had to leave your license as collateral for paying your late fees. After six months, if you didn't come in, they threw it away. Nate had his friend go through the dozen or so in stock, finding one only somewhat similar to my appearance—dark hair, blue eyes (yes, they list eye color on the IDs in Washington), four inches taller than me but I like to wear big chunky heels anyhow. For the following two years, I frequented bars, made friends with workers at the beer docks, and flirted with disaster at every liquor store on the West Coast.

The first night I used my fake, I went to the Downtown Lounge. No one asked for my ID, and I became thoroughly soused long before the bar below the Lounge, Diablo's, opened. The man blocking the stairs studied my fake, had me turn to check my profile, look up, smile, frown. In my drunken stupidity, I asked if he wanted me to squawk like a chicken as well. He didn't seem to think this was funny, and instead—"Well, what's your phone number?" I actually spilled the first couple numbers before I caught myself. "My phone number is NOT on my license," I said haughtily. "I never said it was," he replied. I stumbled past him, reciting some believable digits, though entirely not my own. Another time, my age was questioned at the Kat Wok in Ashland; the Viking guard at the door asked me my middle name as a test and I answered like a pro. Rolling my eyes, I turned to my girlfriend and said, "If you tell anyone, I will kill you," then said to the bouncer, "Esther." He laughed and patted my ass as I sauntered into the club.

I lost Grace Esther on Valentine's weekend; my then-boyfriend played chauffeur for me and a friend visiting from out of town. She and I chugged Long-Island iced teas mixed by various bartenders to determine who made them the strongest. It ended up a bouncer told my boyfriend he had to take me home or I would be kicked out. Now just to make things clear, I wasn't doing anything wrong, puking or yelling or anything like that,

I was just too drunk, my mood changing quickly from "I can still dance!" to "My head feels so nice and cool here on the table..." While my boyfriend dragged me to his car, my friend was kind enough to grab my coat but my wallet either fell out of the pocket or it was stolen. I called Diablo's the next night, but the pouch containing my money and fake was never found.

## Fake #2: Tara

So boo hoo, I'm a minor again, but only for 8 more months, right? Wrong. Spring break is a crucial time of year for me; I had planned on leaving town early and spending eleven days with friends and family in southern California. Resourceful girl that I am, I called my sister in Washington. Twenty-six years old and my spitting image—except for her bone-straight hair and my wild curls, nothing a little flat iron couldn't handle. Yes, I could have used her identification from the beginning instead of Grace's, but then we could not have gone out together. As it was, we were able to enjoy many sister-bonding moments at the bars, getting shit-faced and taunting boys. Tara moved to Washington only months after I'd gotten Grace's ID. Now that fake #1 was gone, I had Tara send her old Oregon license. Just to seal the deal, my loving sister provided me with a working credit card (although I made sure to bring cash so I wouldn't actually have to use it).

Which brings us to the present time, preparing for what should be a monumental celebration, and so relaxed about it, I'm ordering my third beer as I finish writing this.

You see, I'm lucky for one reason: despite my ability to look older than I am and believable identification to validate it, I'm still a minor. I ran a huge risk each time I used my fakes; maybe I concealed it well, but each time I was scared! My good friend was caught using a fake and had his license confiscated; he lost his driving privileges AND couldn't purchase alcohol until he turned 22! Fines up to \$5,000 dollars are involved — serious money few college students can afford. I felt my chances were good only because I looked similar enough to my IDs and knew that information like the back of this Heineken. But really: don't let anyone tell you acting confident is the key to getting alcohol — being 21 is the key.

---

*Amber Plaunty, who admits to listening to Ani DeFranco, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

# BRING THE PAYNE



*This crazed Neil Diamond impersonator lives in your dorm*

For *ODE* Editorial Editor **Pat Payne** (right) the future isn't pretty. Pat's future (above) appears to follow **Elvis'** pattern of ballooning and deflating weight problems and a love of all things "chemical." At least in the future he hasn't abandoned his "outdoorsman" style as his hunting jacket is sure to tell all passersby that, hey, this is a guy (for law enforcement) to reckon with. Even before it were popular — or even sane — Pat was talking about bombing Iraq.



## What The ASUO Doesn't Want You to Know About Voting

**T**he *Ol' Dirty Emerald*, not normally known for taking strong positions agreeable to this magazine's editorial stance, has of late taken an important stand against the ASUO and its policy of clandestine vote-counting during student elections.

Last year the OC filed a grievance against the ASUO for not allowing reporters to observe as votes were counted and posted in accordance with Oregon public meeting laws. Assured last year by ASUO leaders that steps would be taken to fix the problem, the *ODE* again inquired this year about progress of the secrecy practices.

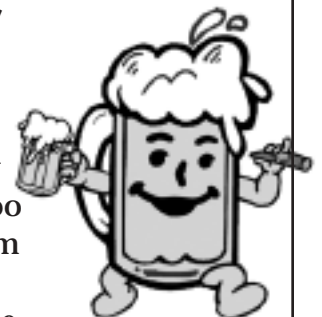
At press time for this issue the *ODE's* editor had plans to report that no progress had been made by the ASUO in instituting a policy of openness. The *ODE* planned to report that the Student Press Law Center is ready to become involved in the process and help the OC and *ODE* force a policy change. The *ODE* was further considering taking an editorial stance on the subject, including calling for immediate action.

Could the *ODE* actually be turning it all around to become a quality institution on campus? Don't get ahead of yourself, Chachi. It's a good first start, but just wait till Columbus Day comes around and they're telling you the Indians got screwed and it was all Whitey's fault.

### **Pop Quiz, hotshot: Do You Think It's Funny To Tell Old People Social Security Isn't Coming This Month?**

Answer: Yes, it's hilarious.

**The More You Know**  
Sudsy here, OC mascot and sandwich artist at Subway. "Anyway, after she goes off on how my blood alcohol level is too high I just raise my palm and say 'Bitch be cool!' Chills her out every time. No worries."





# A Means to an End?

**Proposals to the University's Student Conduct Code will affect students living both on and off-campus. Will the University attempt to punish students outside of its boundaries?**

**By Sho Ikeda**

**A**lcohol, bonfires, and property destruction. Not exactly the way any respectable university would want to start a brand new academic year. What started as several parties near the corner of East 14th Avenue and Ferry Street on the evening of Friday Sept 27th erupted into a fiery ground zero as traffic signs, dumpsters, mattresses, and a golf cart became the victims of alcohol-aided vandalism. For reasons still unknown, students and other individuals took to the streets and grew into a mob that started fires, threw bottles and cans, and caused other damage around the West University neighborhood. Fifteen of the 35 people arrested by the Eugene Police Department are University students. Because, in general, University rules do not cover off-campus crimes, these students are in little danger of expulsion or suspension from school. Nor are they in danger of any other form of University-enforced discipline. However, the University received national notoriety as a party school. Moreover, with record numbers of students attending this school, the potential for more conflicts is a growing concern. What all of this possibly means for students is a dramatic change to the University's Student Conduct Code.

As a result of the riot, talks have begun concerning changes to Student Conduct Code. The code contains a set of rules that dictate what actions committed on campus might result in expulsion, suspension, or another form of punishment. These rules range from plagiarism and sexual harassment to drug possession and theft. Currently, the code does not affect a student when a rule is broken off-campus. If approved, currently proposed changes would allow for the expulsion of a student convicted of an off-campus crime. Therefore, if another riot occurred and if police arrested students, those convicted could be sent packing home.

It appears that over the past five years, the University of Oregon has been a witness to a potential tradition in the making. Since Halloween of 1997, the neighborhoods west of Alder Street have been host to four alcohol-fueled riots that have cost the city of Eugene tens of thousands of dollars in both public property damage and police overtime. The University has come under pres-

sure from the city of Eugene to provide compensation for the riot.

As Eugene recovered from the aftermath of last month's riot, city officials pointed toward the University to take responsibility for costs of the damage caused by rioters. According to Vice President of Student Affairs Anne Leavitt, the University has no legal obligation toward the city to pay for damages inflicted by students to public property. Furthermore, the city of Eugene cannot take legal action against the University. Nonetheless, it is in the University's best interest that it maintains a working relationship with the city. The Eugene Police Department has stepped up patrols in the West University neighborhood, with a stronger police presence during the weekend. Having more officers on the streets costs the EPD \$6,000 to \$10,000 in overtime pay per week. The total cost of the riot is upwards of \$20,000. For the University to stay on good terms with the city, it would require some effort on its part to prevent similar incidents in the future.

The Oct. 7 *O' Dirty* editorial suggests that University standards should apply to students both on and off campus. "It seems odd to us that our community standards extend only so far as the edge of campus property," the editorial board writes, "If it occurred off-campus, then, could we fail to turn in our homework and still get credit? Of course not – our community's standards do not end when a student leaves the property." The *Emerald* editorial board uses faulty reasoning to support its stance on the Student Conduct Code. The failure to submit homework for a class is covered by academic standards and is in no way related to any sort of community standard. For that reason, it should not be used as an example of an off-campus/on-campus situation.

The *Emerald* editorial board continues its argument for off-campus standards by asking if it were "acceptable for a murderer or rapist to continue to be a student here?" If an appropriate court of law found that student guilty, then the student should not be attending the University as he or she serves their sentence. A student arrested for any crime committed off-campus should go through a trial under the correct jurisdiction. For example, the city of Eugene

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# No Room For Racism

When you're looking for race-hustling poverty pimps, check the mirror.

By Bret Jacobson

The University's Bias Response Unit has missed a critical opportunity to fight a steady racism infecting campus. Everywhere one turns, racist, belittling comments are made in classes, student groups and the campus newspaper. The problem, however, is that the racism is not from arch conservative factions but it is rather from the very liberals who labor under delusions of moral -- make that political -- righteousness.

There is a common perception in America that conservatives are racist -- they are small-town hicks with little education and a fear of change. They chew chaw, spit on the sidewalk and have beady eyes... and they probably have a shotgun rack in the window of their pickup truck. Right? Wrong.

The **ideology of conservatism is inherently non-biased**, non-racist and non-bigoted because it is an ideology of results. Conservatism is about finding the right person for the right job. A true conservative believes that individual organizations -- whether a large corporation, a non-profit, or a small family -- make the best decisions for finding the ways to success.

If a company believes customer service is the key to success, they will hire friendly employees. If technical excellence is the order of the day for a biotech company, it will do its best to hunt down the best chemical engineers and doctors. The most important ingredient is to serve what customers value most.

That is a powerful lesson for those who don't understand conservatism, because **in a society driven by the bottom line and public relations, there is no room for racism**, bigotry or narrow mindedness. Customers do not like to hear that they are associated with racist companies, and the most cut-throat business person will never think about any employee factor besides the economic impact of job candidates.

While there is no room in conservative orthodoxy for racism, modern **liberalism is built squarely on a foundation of "the soft bigotry of low expectations."** From every syllable of their condescending rhetoric to policies that promote poverty, liberals constantly reinforce the idea that minorities are automatically underprivileged and therefore require extraordinary legal and social protections.

Bigotry is a common tool in the quest for power and a sense of self-righteousness evidently desired by "progressives." Liberals would have no crusade to fight if everyone knew that America is increasingly reaching the nobility of a merit-based playing field -- a scary proposition for those who believe those lacking talent or drive must be protected from themselves by the more enlightened (read: better-bred). But by reinforcing the notion that there is a vast group in our society that is constantly tread upon, and so defenseless that

they cannot possibly be expected to fight for their rights in the same way every other group in American history has done, the implication is that minority groups must be patronized and pandered to.

Quickly examine the policies favored by progressives. They constantly fight the battles of yesterday as they continue to focus on affirmative action, women's rights and class warfare. But **those issues have essentially been settled for decades** and ganging up on the few violators under the pretense of a critical mass facing society is worthy of ridicule and scorn.

While it may feel wonderful to fight for a perceived underdog, every individual in the real-world America will continue to be judged on how much value their mental and personal acuity add. That leaves "civil rights leaders" such as Rev. Jesse Jackson, women's rights activists such as Gloria Allred and

Gloria Steinem and the conglomerated hordes fighting for affirmative action with a very real problem: a vacuum of legitimate issues that must be filled with a sound and a fury that signifies nothing, save perhaps their own inflated sense of self-purpose.

If middle-class white kids want to make it a more just society for all American citizens, **they should take responsibility for their own actions and mind their own damn business.** No self-righteous marches, no sit-in demonstrations and definitely no poetry-laden coffee hours. As P.J. O'Rourke has noted, the best duty a citizen can perform is to obey the laws and pay one's taxes. If you follow that prescription, you will judge others based on their relative merits, which is the ultimate form of justice.



*Condescending liberals get their rocks off by patronizing minorities. Do you?*



*Bret Jacobson, who is riddled with white liberal guilt, is publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

# Farmer Jones' Eugene Bar Almanac

Sooner or later it will hit you. It could be tomorrow, it could be next month. Hell, it might even have hit you while reading this, but sometime in the near future you will feel the need to find someplace to dump a week's worth of pay down your throat in a desperate attempt to forget the events of the past few days. Lucky for you, this city has a great number of places where you can crank your BAC up to acceptable levels. Here is a run-down of some of the places where brain cells go to die:

## **Taylor's Bar and Grill & Rennie's Landing:**

These are the two well-known campus bars. The good points of these two are simple:

- 1.They serve booze.
- 2.They are very close to campus.

These fine establishments provide a booze den close enough to campus to keep you intoxicated whenever the need arises. Have a midterm today? Get a shot before you go. Fucked up horribly on said midterm? Have a couple to drown your wretched failure. Have a class in Condon Hall? Run over and get a shot during the midterm.

The other appealing feature is the large patios in front of both places for the smokers.

But that's all these bars are really good for: a booze distribution center close to campus. Do not go there during their busy hours. These nearby places attract enough Greek assholes and fake ID-toting dorm rats that there isn't much to do anymore once you get there. Sure, these places are the best bars to smoke at, but if you can't pry your sorry lips away from that butt for one night for fear of falling into a two-year cycle of dementia, well so be it. Otherwise, slap a nicotine patch on and haul your sorry ass a little bit farther from campus.

## **Neighbor's:**

Considering that this is a bar very close to campus, it's a nice place. Good food, decent music, nice atmosphere. For those guys

who are new to this campus, let me say that Neighbor's is a great place to pick up chicks. If you hit the bar at the right time, you have all kinds of young, hot ladies hanging off of you. I swear, if you guys are looking for action, this is the place. Hey, am I the type of guy that would put people in a really awkward situation for my own amusement? Of course not. Guys, I recommend that you all pay a visit to this fine establishment; you will not be disappointed. And make sure to come by the office sometime and tell us all about it.

## **Doc's Pad:**

One of the most appropriately-named bars in all of Eugene. Doc's Pad is to bars what Doc's Hard Lemonade is to beer. They both will get you drunk given enough time, but will make you question your manhood and your sexual preference for the 10 years. Fortunately, it's hard for even a person equipped with legal identification to get past the steely-eyed gorilla posted at the front door. It took damn near forever for this fat ass retard to stare at my ID, trying to find the smallest imperfection in it. Once you have gotten inside, you realize that if you wanted to drink with a bunch of alpha-male semen stains, you could have bought a fifth of vodka and crashed a frat party, saving yourself a few bucks. Also, their self-titled "cocktail research team" should put a little more research funds into a decent Jack and Coke. I understand that this is a drink that has eluded the great minds for generations, but let's try to think about it. There are two ingredients: Jack Daniels and Coke.

## **Downtown Lounge/ Diablo's:**

Eugene's premier bar for schizophrenics and those with severe bi-polar disorder. The upper level has a relaxing lounge atmosphere -- it's the kind of place made for sipping a martini and watching the Simpsons on the big screen TV. If all those martinis start to trigger your Mr. Hyde proclivities toward violence, head downstairs to Charlie Manson's id, Diablo's. The decoration is a nice post-neo 7th circle of hell motif. The music...well, there are some people who like to flail their limbs around to really bad techno music; if you are one of them, please consider suicide as another viable option, because the demonic

atmosphere would make it that much easier to take a pool cue and beat all the blood out of your body.

#### **Cheerful Tortoise:**

See Doc's Pad, but with more TVs.

#### **Samurai Duck:**

On Saturday nights, the cover for this dive is a little high. Do not be afraid; simply remember the key phrase, "How much? Fuck that, I'll be moving along."

For argument's sake, let's say you decide to fork over the dough and get inside. Feeling the urge break your beer glass and slit your wrists? That would be the live music performed by some band made up of a bunch of homeless guys they found outside. On the night I went there, I witnessed the stunning performance of three no-talent losers dry-humping guitars. I suppose if they actually got a band that didn't suck so badly, it might be tolerable here. Then again, if the band was any good, they could get a gig in a better place.

#### **Rockin' Rodeo:**

This establishment does not stock enough booze, nor would it be possible for any one person to survive the amount of booze it would take to make this place enjoyable. I found myself at the bar pounding shot after shot just to try to relieve the dirty feeling of having stepped into this hell hole. You have been warned.

#### **Max's:**

Max's is a tiny dump on 13th. Walking in, one may notice the parts where the ceiling has crumbled, exposing the wood rafters underneath. The walls have a similar quality. This is not atmosphere, people. The tables and benches have names and other various crap carved by drunks all the way through the table to the floor. There is one coin-operated table in the corner. Overall, Max's is the dank little shit hole that is the perfect spot for drinking until standing is a physical impossibility. The only downfall of this bar is the complete lack of hard liquor. This shouldn't be too much of a problem as long as you simply understand your needs and act accordingly. Out with the friends for a few drinks? Max's is a great place. In fact, Max's may be the best. Caught your roommate in the throws of passion involving himself, Shamu the Whale, a vibrator and an Anna Nicole Smith blow-up doll? Well, you're going to need some strong shit to burn the effected brain cells out of your head and Max's just isn't equipped to handle that kind of trauma.



*Jeremy Jones, a junior majoring in journalism, is the art director for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

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## Jump from Page 8

should try a student arrested for damaging an EPD patrol car. If another student is arrested for murder in Portland, then he or she should be tried in a Portland courtroom. If the student in any of these cases were convicted, then they should be given the appropriate punishment. However, once their debt to society has been paid they should be allowed the chance to reapply to the University. Ultimately, if the student is not convicted of any of these crimes, then he or she should be readmitted to the University, as University administrative rules dictate.

An off-campus crime is an off-campus crime. Should the Student Conduct Code apply to both a student convicted of marijuana possession in Boston in the same way as a student found guilty of plagiarizing his entire J202 Info Hell project? Should the

**A crime committed half a block off-campus should be handled in the same way as a crime committed half a continent away, by the appropriate court of law. The University has no business delving into the activities of students that do not live on its campus.**

University place both of these crimes under the jurisdiction of a code designed to apply to an area less than half a square mile? This is unthinkable. A crime committed half a block off-campus should be handled in the same way as a crime committed half a continent away, by the appropriate court of law. The University has no business delving into the activities of students that do not live on its campus. If a crime is committed, for example, in the dorms, then the University should preside over it. If a crime is not committed on its property, then the University should let the city, county, state, or country handle the situation.

The city of Eugene has no legal right to demand compensation from the University. The *Emerald* editorial board states that, “the University is negligent in expressing its community standards, and it should, indeed, pony up some money to the larger community of which it is a part.” Currently, the University has not paid back the city’s personal bills and “by not doing so, the University has shown a disregard for the surrounding community.” The *Emerald* has apparently turned a blind eye to the many events and facilities that the University offers to city of Eugene. Many of its events have been open to the public and its buildings used for everything from the Oregon Bach Festival to anarchist meetings. This year, the Knight Library is letting the public use its facilities, just when the city of Eugene is preparing to open its new 20 million dollar public library in January of 2003. All of these contributions by the University to the Eugene community are very generous. The city of Eugene should be responsible for its own policing and peacekeeping. The EPD should have had a stronger presence in the West University neighborhood, as it did the last week-

end of the summer when the riots occurred. They should have been on alert and responded in greater numbers much sooner, apprehending those responsible for the damages and not those who were in the wrong place at the wrong time. The University handles its own security on campus, and pays the city for security at football games. According to Vice President of Student Affairs, Anne Leavitt, the Department of Public Safety did not see much student traffic going to and from on-campus living areas. “When this outbreak occurred our own campus, officers were on the west side campus around Kincaid Street,” explained Leavitt, “and they did not observe either students coming back from the riot or going out of the halls and running over to see what was happening. There wasn’t a flow of students back and forth.”

Proposed changes to the Student Conduct Code would take months. Leavitt clarified that any changes would have to be made by the Student Conduct Code Committee, a group consisting of four students and four faculty members. A public hearing would be held, where the changes would be reviewed and any recommendations made. After the hearing, the University Senate would vote on the changes. Finally, the changes would be applied to the Student Conduct Code.

Obviously, simply arresting more people would have little effect on riots in the future. “Arresting a couple of people be that whether the police do it or whether the University does it doesn’t take care of this,” Leavitt commented, “It doesn’t necessary get the people who did it and doesn’t keep it from happening again.” Arrests are a result of rioting, not evidence of a preventive strategy. The ASUO placed ads in the *Emerald* providing information and other advice on having a responsible party and on appropriate behavior towards police officers. The ASUO also recently held a press conference where students were allowed to voice their opinions. The EPD has already implemented a “three strikes” policy this year that allows party hosts two warnings in a 90-day period before they are issued a fine. This has proven to be an effective tactic against the creation of large, out-of-control parties.

Partying and alcohol will be a part of college life for hopefully many years to come. There is no denying that no matter how strict the punishment, there will never be an effective deterrent to large, alcohol-inspired parties. To spread the coverage of the Student Conduct Code to areas off campus is not a realistic, effective or preventive measure against riots. The University, its students and faculty, and city of Eugene must work together to find a better and more effective solution to the ugly dilemma of riots.



*Sho Ikeda, a senior majoring in Journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

# Survival Guide

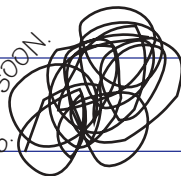
## 2002

By Pete R. Hunt



This is my fifth year of college, for those of you keeping count. My first two years of "learning" were at a community college, making this my third year at the University of Oregon. And by now, it feels like three too many. A lot of my friends graduated last year. A lot of them are still looking for real jobs. A few have even confided in me that they wish they were still in school. Still in school? At this time in my life, school is absolutely the last place I want to be. It rained during the first day of classes. That's a hell of a way to start a year. I suppose it can only go uphill, but I have my suspicions that a "winter of discontent" is just getting underway.

Why  
won't she  
look over here?! I  
LOVE YOU, JESSICA.  
I LOOOOVE YOU  
JESSICA. I NEED  
YOU JESSICA. WE  
SHOULD BE  
TOGETHER!!!! :)  
SHE'LL BE MINE  
SOON ENOUGH.  
WE'LL BE SO HAPPY  
TOGETHER. HER  
BOYFRIEND'S  
GONNA DIE SOON.  
P.H.+ J.S.



Continued Next Page

Take the riots of a few weeks back. I wasn't there; I drank too much and passed out at 10:30. But I talked to people who were in the mob. Nobody seems sure exactly why the riot began. It just seemed to be a release of tension. Why would people be so tense after the summer? Isn't that when you relax? What's going to happen a few weeks from now when midterms start? Sweet Jesus, Torrey had better be ready to call in the National Guard. The streets are going to be overrun with college students foaming at the mouth, their ability to cope with reality fading by the second. And if I'm not drunk in the garage, I'll be one of them. Because I can barely take this crap anymore.

Every fall, the *COMMENTATOR* runs a "Survival Guide" to prepare students for another year at this leftist pavilion. I've come to realize, however, that a more fitting title would be "Endurance Guide." Anyone can merely survive five years of college. While dead week may be grinding, it's no Hanoi death march. But survival and endurance are two very different things, and to endure five years of college takes a different kind of beast. I'm not sure if I'm up for another run. But here I am, and here you are, and where else is there to go? Thirty years ago, we might have been able to hitchhike down to Mexico and lay low on the beaches of Manzanillo Bay for a few months until things calmed down, but that doesn't seem like an option any more. Too many questions. How long are you going to be gone for? How can I get ahold of you? What's the going rate for hash?

Everyone on campus has a cell phone. You can get ahold of anyone at anytime. There's no privacy. Got to check the e-mail. Got to hit you on the pager. Got to get a palm pilot. There's no running from the sprawl anymore, they're just a calling plan behind you. If you're looking for a new chapter in life, you're out of luck. New chapters are just run-offs from the previous chapter. Different characters perhaps, but always the same plotline. Everything about life feels like a repeat. What we're really looking for is a new book.

You'll start drinking. Trust me. I did. And now life just feels

like an uncomfortable gap between runs to the bar. And runs to the bar feel more and more disappointing. So I've taken to drinking at home. Cheap beer. I used to buy six packs of microbrews for seven bucks, now I buy twelve packs of Pabst for five. I'm living my college years in reverse. Last year I had a waveless waterbed to sleep on; now I have a mattress on the floor. It's not even a twin; it's a single. That's military issue. Jesus Christ, no self-respecting woman wants to wake up on the floor. And I'm certainly not sharing the limited space on my mattress. So where does that leave us?

Mexico isn't so far. But it's not the same unconquered paradise it was in the seventies. The resorts have moved in. The hidden lagoons are listed in tourist guides. I've heard Southern Asia is a happening place. I watched "The Beach." But the drug laws are awful. Maybe twenty years in a third world prison would do me good, but I don't intend to find out.

All right then, get the old gang together. One more run, then we're out of the business for good. One more run, and then we'll live it up 'til we die. One more run...

### *The First Week of School*

Never mind finals; the nadir of any term is the first week. I hate the first week of school. This is your last chance to make a break for the Greyhound Station. After this you'll have invested too much time to justify leaving unannounced.

Don't go to school on the first Monday and Tuesday of any term. Repeat: Do NOT go to school on the first Monday and Tuesday of any term. These are "syllabus" days, and after four years of college I've learned to avoid them like a girl with sores on her lips. You can meet up with buddies and drink if you feel like it. Undoubtedly you have much catching up to do. But you'll be seeing these same people all term, so there's really no need to rush into things... I recommend that you go a shady bar on West 11th for two straight days of binge drinking with the happy hour

**Continued on page 16**



## 13th and Kincaid: Where students and merchants collide

### Bookstore

Have you bought your textbooks yet? Better head to the bookstore! But wait, didn't you know that nearly every book assigned to you is available in the Knight Library for FREE? And nine times out of ten, you won't even open it. So why waste hundreds of dollars on a doorstep? Be warned: There are numerous drawbacks to never buying a textbook. For starters, it's always embarrassing when a professor asks you to open to page fifty, and you reach in your bag and find only an empty bottle of Jack Daniels. But that's why we sit in the back of the classroom, kids, where only the nosy GTFs can hassle us.

Bookstore FYI: Did you know you that both Maxim and High Times are available in the magazine rack in the bookstore? You'll be the hero of your fraternity in no time.

Bookstore FYI 2: It's usually advisable to at least shell out ten bucks for any packets that are assigned to you. The profs are kind of sticklers on that one. But you'll have your revenge when you use the loose pages to roll doobies! Hah!

### Red Rooster Barber Shop

There are current copies of *Playboy* in the magazine rack. That and the best damn haircut in town should be all it takes to draw you in to see Pete and Jim. Curious about fishing conditions on the Rogue? Ask Pete—he hosts his own fishing show. Curious about how to drain the brake fluid from your ex-girlfriend's car? Ask Jim—he's something of a ladies' man. But whatever you do, don't ask if you can get in today. Call ahead and make an appointment, rookie.

### Masonic Lodge

Who controls the British crown? Who keeps the metric system down? We do! We do! Who leaves Atlantis off the maps? Who keeps the Martians under wraps? We do! We do! Who holds back the electric car? Who makes Steve Guttenberg a star? We do! We do! Who robs the cavefish of their sight? Who rigs every Oscar night? We do! We do!

### Tim the Hot Dog Guy

Most affordable meal on campus. Plus, Tim gets plenty liquored up by the afternoon. Seriously. Go to Taylor's sometime and buy him a drink if you don't believe me. But if you're a girl, watch your ass or you'll find a dirty water-soaked hand stuck to your buns.

### Face the Music

Face the fact: you're overpaying. Once featured in a *Rolling Stone* article about the post-Napster decline of college record stores. Good selection of used CDs, but new stuff is usually cheaper at CD World on 11th. Plus, clerks can be kind of snotty if you bring something other than Wilco up to the counter. Hey, asshole, Duran Duran is on a comeback and the Avril Lavigne is for my girlfriend. And did that eyelid piercing hurt?

### Espresso Roma

Found underneath a fading red sign, these guys provide an alternative to the corporate coffee of Starbucks. However, be aware that "organic" really doesn't mean anything. It's just another tactic used to get you to buy their liquid nicotine. Coffee is coffee, right? Oh well, viva la resistance!



## Jump From 14

crowd. As horrible as you feel about another year of school, at least you're not one of those poor bastards. If that doesn't get you motivated by Wednesday, then nothing will.

So it's Wednesday, and you're sitting in a classroom with a bunch of Abercrombie and Fitch-clad clones listening to your overpaid, balding professor rant about the Bush administration and our entirely unpatriotic war on terrorism. People—nay, academic elites—will tell you that it's our patriotic duty to question our government officials. Using the same logic, you'd think it would also be our patriotic duty to provide some answers rather than just stringing off an endless chain of whys and why nots. But the paid help at this school hasn't had an original thought since Barry Goldwater was running for office, and the occasional acid flashback isn't given them any more insight now than it did when they were dodging the draft.

So hopefully, you'll have made it to Friday without hanging yourself from a ceiling fan. It's the weekend, time to unwind. But wait, you've got a reading assignment. You've got an essay to write. You've got to e-mail your study group. Maybe you even have to work. If you start drinking now, just imagine how much work you'll have to do on Monday when you finally recover. As soon as you enroll for fall classes, you have a giant slobbering monkey on your back throwing feces at onlookers, and whispering in your ears sweet nothings about "responsibility, responsibility, responsibility." When you work a nine-to-five, you work a nine-to-five. And then you're done. The rest of the day is your playground. But when you're college, you're always on call. Even when you're drinking.

### Midterms

You made it halfway through the term, so you should have gotten your class schedule figured out. If you still haven't found one of your classes, it's best just to drop it. Just pretend you went every day, but the professor was sexually harassing you, and you couldn't deal with it anymore. That will make you feel better about the whole thing. Everyone drops a few classes.

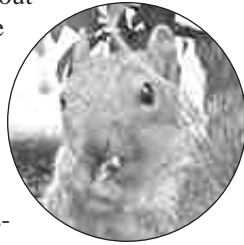
### Dead Week

Dead week isn't really dead at all. In theory, dead week is supposed to be a week without classes, but here it's just another week.

### Finals Week

### Helpful Hints

Midterms and finals. This is where true champions shine. A little prep work may be necessary, but certainly no more than an hour a night. If you're lucky, your professor will hand you a



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**“The paid help at this school hasn't had an original thought since Barry Goldwater was running for office, and the occasional acid flashback isn't given them any more insight now than it did when they were dodging the draft.”**

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study guide that will include essay questions that may appear on the final. For example: Three of these six essay questions will be on the final. Of the three, you will choose two to answer.

The smart man says to himself: “I will need to answer two of these essay questions. That means if I study for five of them, I should be safe. Even if the one I don't know is on the test, I can just answer the other two.”

But when studying time comes around, you may find yourself tempted to only study for four questions. After all, what are the chances of both of the questions you skipped being on the test? Yep kid, you're probably in good shape. But if you're anything like me, you'll only end up studying for three questions. The odds really start going down from there.

You may end up facing two-to-three pages on a subject you know little about. In that case, try to answer it by using examples from one of the essays you did study for. For example:

*Q: As Colin Calloway notes in *The World Turned Upside Down*, the coming of Europeans "created a 'New World' for Native Americans, one that demanded continual adaptation and adjustment." What were the main aspects of European contact that shaped this "New World"? What were the main ways in which Native Americans adapted and adjusted to it?*

A: The influx of Europeans into North America closely parallels the Shang Dynasty of China. The Shang dynasty (also called the Yin dynasty in its later stages) is believed to have been founded by a rebel leader who overthrew the last Xia ruler.....

Sometimes time restraints and drinking obligations may force you to skip prep time for one final in order to really study for another. For example, you may find History 201 a more pressing concern than Architecture. A creative mind can still prevail.

*Q: What features of plan and elevation distinguish the Parthenon from other Greek temples? What were the economic and political conditions that allowed for costly refinements of form?*

A: The architects who designed the Parthenon were obviously influenced by the Shang Dynasty of China. The Shang dynasty (also called the Yin dynasty in its later stages) is believed to have been founded by a rebel leader who overthrew the last Xia ruler.....

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## Fun Places to Urinate!



### #1 Honey Bucket Port-o-Johns

These lovely facilities offer all the thrills of going to the bathroom at Ozzfest without any of the menacing red-necks! “Duck” in to make a cell phone call, smoke a bowl, or just to get away from the hustle and bustle of the sidewalk. But be careful not to drop anything.

### #2 The Bushes

Mother Nature’s outhouse is open 24 hours a day, but only after a quick scan for any watchful DPS officers. Few things in life are as satisfying as making a beeline from Taylor’s to the bushes behind Johnson Hall. If you’re feeling really adventurous—and drunk—climb a tree and see if you can hit a pedestrian.

### #3 Fountains

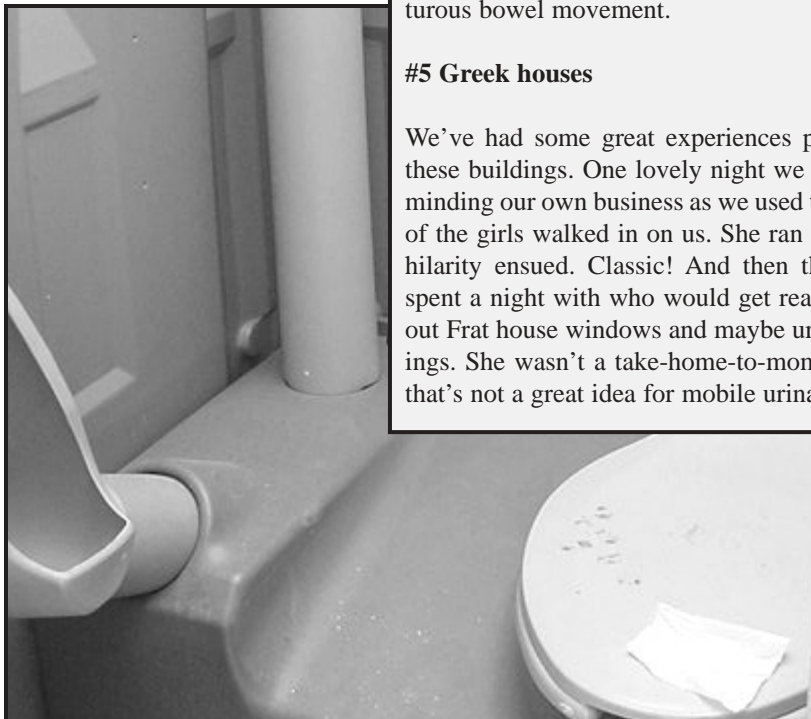
Conveniently located outside of the Knight Library and behind the Volcanology Building, these testaments to man’s artistic prowess double as lavatories. Continually flowing water hides the sound of your own golden water-fall.

### #4 Bathrooms

Located everywhere, these beacons of civilized society are by far the most boring place to relieve yourself on campus. But if you’re forced to use one, try leaving the bathroom stall open so you can engage other people in conversation while you battle your way through a rap-turous bowel movement.

### #5 Greek houses

We’ve had some great experiences pissing in, and on, these buildings. One lovely night we were in a sorority, minding our own business as we used the john, when one of the girls walked in on us. She ran out screaming and hilarity ensued. Classic! And then there’s the girl we spent a night with who would get really angry and kick out Frat house windows and maybe urinate on the buildings. She wasn’t a take-home-to-mom girl, but damn if that’s not a great idea for mobile urination solutions.



## People of Interest

### Hatoon

Campus's very own half-mad bag lady! Legend has it that she's a relative of a distinguished UO alum, which is why the campus higher ups allow her to caravan her shopping carts full of crap around the front of the Knight Library. Ask her about her childhood sometime.

### Frog

Have you bought the World's Funniest Joke Book? No? You're not missing much. For a real kick, go find Frog's cousin Toad. He hangs out on 6th and Ferry peddling the World's Dirtiest Gay Porn. "Be the first in your frat to have one," the little bastard says. Frat this, Frog! Everyone's favorite little leper is also known to swig microbrews at Eugene *Emerald's* games during the summer, so don't be fooled into buying his book out of the charitable belief that he is homeless — we're pretty sure we saw his name of Forbes Top 500 Con Artists two years ago, but we lost our issue in the great "Bong Burning" fire.

### Dave Frohnmayer

President... but for how long? The heart's been pumping steady for a few years now, but with massive budget shortfalls, record enrollment numbers, and Measure 19 coming up, it's only a matter of time...

### Doug Card

This prof. is more sociopathic than sociologist, but don't take our word for it. NY Times Columnist Daniel Pipes labeled ol' Doug one hell of a card, so at least he's fun at skinhead rallies parties. Oy vey, what a Jew-baiter!

### Doug "The Free God News Guy"

Nicest apostle you'll ever meet. He doesn't judge, he doesn't yell, in fact, Doug doesn't do much of anything. Doug's nice as hell but kinda smells. See if you can get him to sin!

## Jump From 16

### *Extracurricular Activities*

The University of Oregon offers countless clubs and groups for people just like you. And they're all FREE! Well, not really free. We all pay for them. Attached to your tuition payment is an "incidental fee" that goes towards student groups and the like. The incidental fee pays for your bus pass, for your football tickets, and for your membership in the Chess club. And it pays for people to oversee the incidental fee system.

So next time somebody says, "I'm off to get my free tickets to Saturday's game against the Cougars," correct them by saying "you're off to get a ticket you already paid for." And maybe if we all paid for our own tickets, we could afford better seats.

But that wouldn't fit into the "group think" mentality that has become dogma at schools like this one. Everyone knows how to spend your money better than you do, and they're more than happy to tell you so to your face. The incidental fee is like an unwanted hitchhiker riding shotgun, telling you how to drive. Your gut instinct is to reach over, open the door, and send him rolling down the middle of the interstate. But at this school, that's not an option. The PC cops would have you pulled over in no time, and that hitchhiker would be right back where he was, messing with the preset stations on your radio.

The University of Oregon is just a segue to the real world, where the government steals most of your money from you. But



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**"Remember that stealing is stealing, even if it's under the guise of paternalism. It's just more honest when there's a gun to your back."**

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remember that stealing is stealing, even if it's under the guise of paternalism. It's just more honest when there's a gun to your back.

### *In Conclusion*

We live in strange times of anxiety and uncertainty. Paranoia is contagious, and public unease is at a crest. Reality long ago fell away, and dissonance between claim and fact filled the void. Who will we turn to? Our youth are morally depraved and godless, so the torch remains in the hands of an older generation. But as time passes the flame grows dimmer, and the path ahead is less distinguishable.

What does this have to do with the University of Oregon? Nothing. But writing a "Survival Guide" to campus stopped being fun about two hours ago. Now I just want to end the thing.

I'm going to the bar. I used to have friends there. Now I don't know whom to trust. The jackals have run amok.



*Pete R. Hunt, who single handedly extinguished the Tiller Complex, is Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

# The EMU



## Subway

That's the Subway in which Jarod lost his ass lard in favor of the skinny geek look. He wasn't trying to lose weight, but the malcontents who work there always gyp you on the meat. Sadly, the only place worth eating at in the entire EMU. The cold cut trio is pretty good, if you're balling on a budget. But avoid the meatball at all costs, unless you like visual evidence that your stomach isn't really working "properly."

## Erb Essentials

No, hippie, there's no herb there, so put your Dave Matthews-licensed lighter away. Last year, the EMU Board almost forced Erb Essentials to stop selling cigarettes. See kids, that's the kind of Orwellian atmosphere the left has constructed. They know what's best for you, don't bother making up your own mind. Fortunately, a few patriots stood up for your rights and held the high ground. So go buy your American Spirits with pride, but don't forget that liberty comes at a cost.

## The Ballroom

There's usually something going on in the Ballroom at night, and more often than not it involves free food. If you can sneak in—and trust me, it's not hard—a plate of hors d'oeuvres will be your bounty.

## The Emerald

We don't know from experience, but word on the street is they keep the dope shit up there. You need a stapler? They got that. Looking for keyboards. Oh, they got those, brother. White-Out to huff? Oh, baby!

## KWVA

An alternative to corporate rock! An alternative to filtered payola! An alternative to anything listenable! KWVA 88.1 FM is dedicated to playing music that doesn't get played anywhere else. Apparently "anywhere else" has far better taste than KWVA. And God, the DJ

banter is awful. It's kind of like public radio, but without all of the pizzazz.

Typical KWVA exchange:

Fred: And that was, um, DJ Tonka with "Metaphysical Discombobulating."

Ted: Um, did you know he composed that track with only a, um, Nokia cellphone and a Speak-and-Spell?

Fred: Wow.

Ted: We should remind the kids that, um, DJ Tonka will be performing, um, this weekend at the Womb. And you can get his new, um, CD, "Monkey Balls vs. The Corporate Monolith" across the counter at the Radio Shack on 29th.

Fred: Umm... so what should we play next?

Ted: I don't know, Fred. Maybe, um, we shouldn't play anything. (long pause)

Ted: Just kidding guys.

Fred: Oh jeez, um, we're getting a little wacky tonight.

Ted: No seriously, let's just not play, um, anything. (long pause)

Fred: No, no, we're still here.

Ted: You're killing me Fred. You're, um, killing me.

## ASUO Office

Executives come, executives go, but the ASUO office always remains a dump. The ghost of Bobby Lee still haunts the hovel, and the carcass of OSPIRG bigwig Ben Unger still makes an occasional appearance aided by Jonathan Silverman and Andrew McCarthy, Weekend At Bernie's-style.

## The OREGON COMMENTATOR Office

The first office in the EMU to be officially "condemned" by the state of Oregon. Just like the souls who inhabit it. We once found a dead little African boy packed up in a crate because we didn't open our mail for an entire summer and forgot we sponsored the Kenyan kid as a write-off. Sally Strothers was none too happy, but we weren't going to pay if we didn't get the live kid we ordered.



# The French Connection

By Zach Evenson



Zach Evenson had all summer to get his first AP column done. But promptness had never been his speciality. This is the story of a man, a monkey and three kilos of coke that never made it to Miami. We report... you decide.

*Above left: AP Columnist and sex offender at large Zach Evenson. Above: OC Editor-in-Chief and five time "Porn Jeopardy" champion Pete Hunt.*

**W**e hit the Port of Ijmuiden around 10:00 AM, Mediterranean Time. I was glad to be off the ferry. Not like a night across the North Sea is a long trip or anything, but the sickeningly rhythmic rocking of the ship combined with the never-ending "Battle of Drunk Assholes" between the Dutch and the British is enough to make any man wish the Nazis had won the war. From Ijmuiden, the bus took us on a quaint tour of the Dutch countryside, before depositing us directly into the large intestine of Eurotrash subculture.

After successfully acquiring a cheap hostel room without getting mugged or shived, I decided to take a self-guided tour of Amsterdam. Armed with nothing more than a "Lonely Planet"; a sense of adventure and about 200 Euros, I proceeded to run the gauntlet of pimps, drug dealers, organ snatchers and people who were just plain "shit-throwing insane." Some time around 3 PM, the day started to turn. I didn't know if time had just seemed to speed up, or if I had smoked a lot more hash than I thought, but suddenly I found myself inside of an out of the way coffee shop sitting down with my new-found American buddies while all around us, real-live Rastafarians puffed on the end of what had to have been a forest fire rolled up in about two boxes of Zig-Zags. In the mere span of seconds, 3 PM soon turned in 3 AM. The days blended into nights and the nights somehow found themselves slowly eking into extremely early mornings. After the time I woke up for breakfast but before things started to get

fuzzy again, I decided made contact with the crew back home. I found an internet-café and was disappointed to find that all the terminals were occupied with English and American schoolboys, who were no doubt writing their fathers about how they got ripped off by a band of traveling Gypsies and desperately needed more cash to replace what could have easily worked out to be two hookers and three hits of Ecstasy. After a seat opened up, and I e-mailed my father explaining to him my situation, I took a look at my inbox and read a brief e-mail sent to me by none other than Pete R. Hunt himself. The transcription is as follows:

FROM THE DESK OF PETE HUNT:

EVENSON STOP HOW'S SPRING BREAK TREATING YOU  
STOP I NEED THE HATE ISSUE IN A FEW WEEKS STOP  
ALSO STOP I GOT YOU A POSITION AS THE AP WRITER  
FOR THE OC STOP THE FIRST PIECE IS DUE IN EARLY  
OCTOBER STOP YOU HAVE PLENTY OF TIME STOP  
UNLIKE MYSELF STOP I HAVE AIDS STOP

END TRANSMISSION

Why he was sending me an e-mail in telegram style and why he decided to reveal to me a very personal secret, I will never know. I did know, however, that if I was to earn the respect of the

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

OREGON COMMENTATOR staff, and that of Mr. Pete R. Hunt himself, I had better put together a kick-ass first column.

What follows is a series of correspondences between myself and Mr. Hunt concerning my progress with my first piece for the OC.

27 JUNE 2002

FROM: PETE HUNT  
TO: ZACH EVENSON  
email

EVENSON STOP CANT WAIT TO SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS STOP HOW HAVE FINALS BEEN GOING STOP HAVE YOU STARTED ON THE AP PIECE YET STOP STILL PLENTY OF TIME STOP MY T CELL COUNT IS STILL QUITE LOW STOP

FROM: ZACH EVENSON  
TO: PETE HUNT

Email

Pete,

Finals are over. I'll be home soon. What piece are you talking about?

Evenson

2 AUGUST 2002

FROM: PETE HUNT  
TO: ZACH EVENSON

telephone conversation

PETE: <Evenson STOP How's it going STOP>

ZACH: <Pete, why the hell are you talking like that?>

PETE: <What? Oh, sorry. Listen, how's the piece for the OC coming along?>

ZACH: <What piece? I was sleeping, man.>

PETE: <What!?! It's 4 PM. Also, you had agreed to do the AP column for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. I put my reputation on the line for you.>

ZACH: <That's nice, Pete. So I gotta do a column for you now, huh?>

PETE: <Dude, I had to kill some fuck's dog to get you this position. Don't screw it up. Pete out.>

ZACH: <Whatever.>

20 SEPTEMBER 2002

FROM: THE WHITE SHADOW  
TO: ZACH EVENSON

cryptic letter

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. MEET ME AT THE DOCKS TOMORROW NIGHT. COME ALONE.

THE WHITE SHADOW

21 SEPTEMBER 2002

FROM: WHITE SHADOW  
TO: ZACH EVENSON

personal conversation

ZACH: <Pete is that you, goddamn it?>

PETE: <Don't use my real name, you fool. How's the article coming along?>

ZACH: <Is that a cold sore on your face? >

PETE: <Never mind that right now. How are you doing on the article?>

ZACH: <Uhhh, actually I haven't started it yet. I'm real busy with school and stuff right now.>

PETE: <Just make sure you get it done. Or you might end up like our friend here.>

ZACH: <What friend?>

PETE: <Oh....he must have gotten away. Just get the damn piece done.>

5 OCTOBER 2002

FROM: ZACH EVENSON  
TO: PETE HUNT

email

Pete,

Listen, I know I said I'd do the piece, but things have gotten so busy around here. Besides, I have a lot of work to do this week-end. My German professor sprung this essay on us last minute, I hope you understand. I'll do the next one, I promise.

6 OCTOBER

**Next page, jack-ass**

## Jump from 21

7:00 PM

FROM: PETE HUNT  
TO: ZACH EVENSON  
email

Evenson, just get it done. You have until Monday morning. I want no excuses.

6 OCTOBER

7:15 PM

FROM: ZACH EVENSON  
TO: PETE HUNT

phone conversation

ZACH: <Pete, listen, I'm sorry, but I really can't do the article tonight. I have a French essay due.>

PETE: <Thought it was a German essay?>

ZACH: <It is. My professor's French.>

PETE: <Didn't you say he was teaching German?>

ZACH: <No, I said he was German. Stupid.>

PETE: <But you just said he's French.>

ZACH: <No I didn't. You said he was French. Look, what is this call about?>

PETE: <You called me.>

ZACH: <You're damn right I did. I can't do the goddamn piece. I have tuberculosis.>

PETE: <That's nothing to joke about, my grandpa died from TB. I want that piece.>

ZACH: <I can't. I have to get chemo tomorrow. I'm sick. I got cancer.>

PETE: <I thought you had tuberculosis?>

ZACH: <I do?! No!!!! Why God?!>

PETE: <You can't hide forever, Evenson. You stay up all night if you have to. I want that piece.>

6 OCTOBER

11:32 PM

FROM: ZACH EVENSON  
TO: PETE HUNT



phone conversation

PETE: <Hello?>

ZACH: <What?>

PETE: <Evenson, what the hell are you doing? You're supposed to be doing your article.>

ZACH: <I suppose I could get it done if you'd quit calling me.>

PETE: <What are you talking about? You called me.>

ZACH: <No I didn't. I don't even have a phone.>

PETE: <Then how the hell did you call me?>

ZACH: <I didn't, I keep telling you. You called me, you asshole. Now if you would leave me alone, I'd like to get some work done.>



7 OCTOBER

4:47 AM

FROM: ZACH EVENSON  
TO: PETE HUNT

phone conversation

PETE: <What!?!>

ZACH: <What's going on, dude?>

PETE: <Evenson, what the hell is going on? Did you finish your article?>

ZACH: <What article? Oh, the AP one. Yeah dude, don't you remember, I e-mailed it to you like a month ago.>

PETE: <No you didn't. I was just talking to you six hours ago and you said you haven't even started it yet.>

ZACH: <Sorry dude. You see, I've been going through some family troubles. My grandpa died from tuberculosis last night.>

PETE: <What?! That was my grandpa!>

ZACH: <Really? I wonder why he never told me we were cousins. Hey, now we can have sleepovers. Won't that be cool?>

PETE: <I'm gonna get you Evenson... wha... hey... is... is that you upstairs?>

ZACH: <What are you talking about?>

PETE: <That's you upstairs. You're on a cell phone, I can hear you. You're also eating my bag of Doritos.>

ZACH: <Pete, that's the... (mmm)... most ridiculous... (chomp)... thing I've... (crunch)... ever heard.>

PETE: <Bullshit. I'm looking right at you, you son of a bitch.>

ZACH: <Pete, you're sleep walking. I'd wake you but it's kind of... (crunch)... dangerous.>



*Zach Evenson, who didn't finish this piece until the day it was due, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

## ON SECURITY

The market will fix it, don't worry, sleep tight.

—Economics Professor Tim Duy. *The market had better hurry. Last week our government seized 100 kilos of cocaine from a Columbian drug lord working out of Oakland. Now we're paying up the ass for an eightball.*

I'm wondering if I've got a stalker...I don't think I've got a problem with that idea.

—Duy again. *It was us outside in your garden, we were just overwhelmed by how magically you explained community indifference curves. We couldn't control ourselves, call us...please?*

## ON DESTRUCTION

Anything I don't like, I just kill it.

—Peng Lu, *Math 341 GTF*. *It's nice to know somebody else out there who shares our perspective on how to properly eliminate the social security-leeching elderly.*

On Pay-Per-View we should invade Iraq!

—Dennis Miller on Jay Leno. *Damn right, Dennis. Damn right. We couldn't agree with you more. Certainly parallels can be drawn between Saddam Hussein and Don King, and Iran is sort of a volatile Mike Tyson-like character.*



## ON WHERE ARE THEY NOW

Where's that guy who drinks all the beer? Drunk somewhere, probably.

—Economics 411 Professor Chris Ellis on an absent member of the class. *Yeah he was drunk somewhere all right, heard the guy got 86ed from Taylor's before noon.*

Always, I'm living on the floor.

—Peng Lu, *continued*. *For a guy who doesn't have a great grasp of English, Peng at least knows where he is. That's more than we can say for the entire Sociology department.*

## ON HIGH SOCIETY

Like some hard-ass chronic, this novel grips you: One toké and you can't put it down.

—From the *High Time* times review of "Twelve," a novel by 17 year-old writing prodigy Nick McDonnell. *Amazingly, the review nearly mirrors the sentiments of The New Yorker, which described the book as "a long slow bong rip for the soul."*

# How To Throw A Responsible Party

**Information for Students Hosting Parties:** The ASUO, Cottage Grove Volunteer Fire Department, and University of Oregon Custodial Services Workers' Union have developed these ten steps to have a successful party in campus neighborhoods. Remember kids, safety and fun go hand-in-hand.

- 1. Break** one dozen light bulbs in a bowl and have each guest slam his naked fist down in a display of Masonic loyalty.
- 2. Keep** the planned size of your party in line with the size and capacity of your facility. For example: If you're planning a Greek-style bath house orgy, make sure you're living room is properly equipped to handle two to three hot tubs. Some people may have to lube up outside.
- 3. "Cup Check"** every other guy through the door.
- 4. Find** ways to celebrate that do not involve alcohol. Avoid these activities at all costs.
- 5. Use** bent coat-hanger as "thanks for not practicing birth control" door prize.
- 6. One** stripper only arouses the appetite for naked flesh without bedding it back down. Try two—nay, three—strippers to appease the coke fueled crowd.
- 7. Tell** the girl from Anaheim you've got your rally monkey "right here."
- 8. Control** access to your party. Have a midget strapped with a tech-9 patrol the premises with instructions to shoot and destroy. Midgets... they're sure angry little buggers.
- 10. There** are several circumstances that will draw attention to your party:
  - \* *Live sex shows on your front lawn. Look dude, we like to get as freaky as the next guy, but the leaf blower is scaring the neighbors.*
  - \* *Admitting people under 21 years old. Unless those people are South Eugene High School girls with a little bit of drink in em'. But you didn't hear that from us.*
  - \* *Letting people carry beverages outside. Again, this is where the midget comes in.*
- 11. Notify** your neighbors of your party plans by throwing a decapitated horse head over the fence at four in the morning the night before.
- 12. Bum fights!**