

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

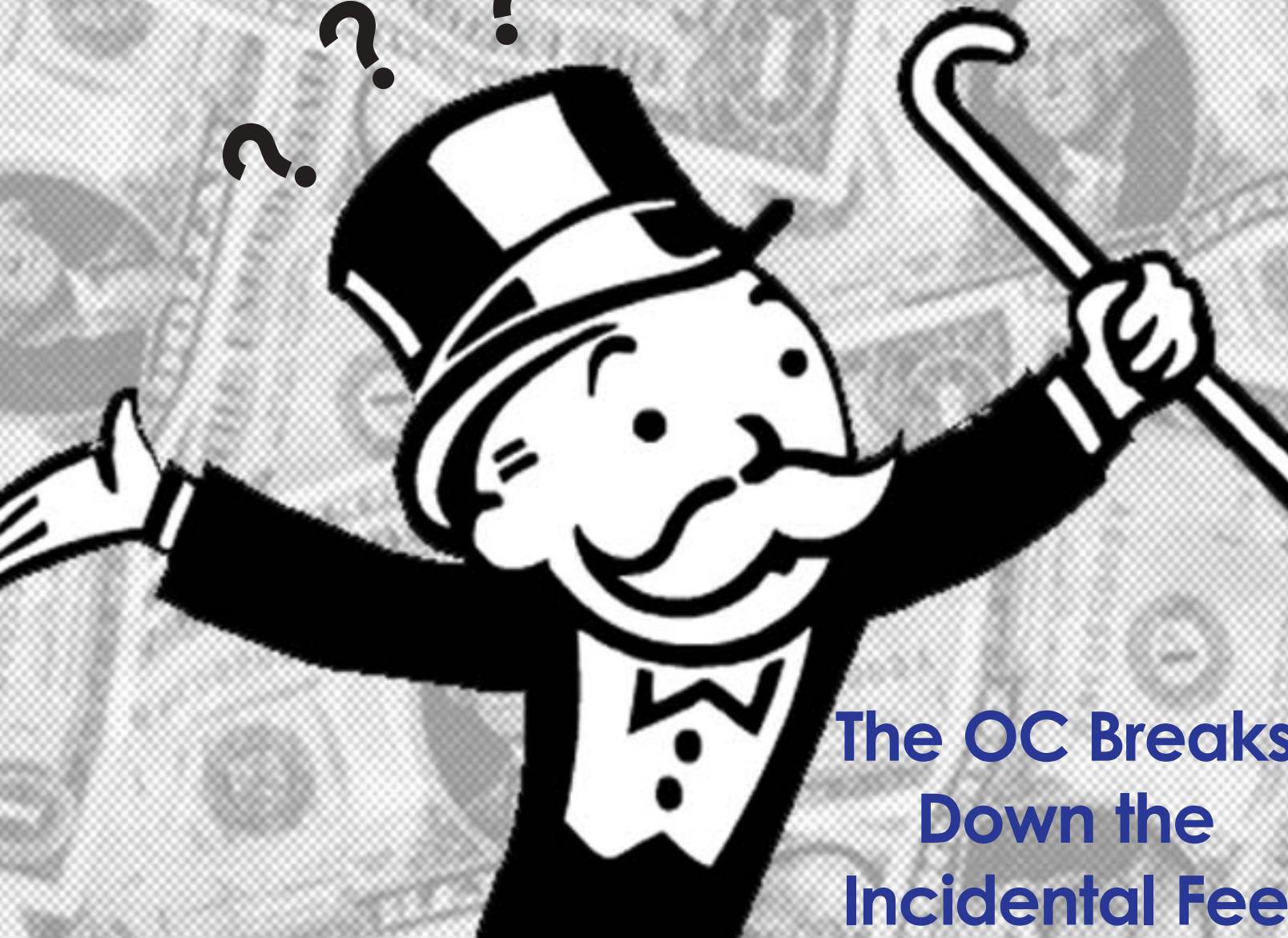
DECEMBER 9, 2002

VOLUME XX, ISSUE IV & V

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL MY @%*#! MONEY?

???



The OC Breaks
Down the
Incidental Fee



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MISSION STATEMENT

The OREGON COMMENTATOR is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists Sept. 27 1983, the COMMENTATOR has had a major impact in the “war of ideas” on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its nineteen-year existence, it has enabled University students to hear both sides of issues. Our paper combines reporting with opinion, humor and feature articles. We have won national recognition for our commitment to journalistic excellence.

The OREGON COMMENTATOR is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but our main purpose is to show students that a political philosophy of conservatism, free thought and individual liberty is an intelligent way of looking at the world — contrary to what they might hear in classrooms and on campus. In general, editors of the COMMENTATOR share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate — instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
- We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
- We believe that it is important for the University community to view the world realistically, intelligently and, above all, rationally.
- We believe that any attempt to establish utopia is bound to meet with failure and, more often than not, disaster.
- We believe that while it would be foolish to praise or agree mindlessly with everything our nation does, it is both ungrateful and dishonest not to acknowledge the tremendous blessings and benefits we receive as Americans.
- We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.
- We believe that the University is an important battleground in the “war of ideas” and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today.
- We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.
- Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.

COMMENTATOR

FREE MINDS. FREE MARKETS. FREE BOOZE.

COVER: WHY YOU'RE POOR

You pay over \$500 in incidental fees every year, we break down where they go.

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BEHIND THE BRAND

The UO's botched logo policy was born from an administration and student government that just didn't care about students' needs.

By Courtney Sweet

Page 6

CHILDLIKE OR CHILDISH?

Conservatives are like dads. Liberals are like kids. Except they're a much, much bigger pain in the butt.

By Bret Jacobson

Page 18

UNNECESSARY RUFFNESS

An Englishman explores the nuances of America's Favorite Sport.

By Olly Ruff

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December 9, 2002

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We own all Monopoly references. All of them!

Wow, You Just Got MUGGED

This little piggy smells more like a rotten cop sticking you up for protection money.

Take a minute to acquaint yourself with the many ways your tuition bill is split up between an underachieving school and inept student government.

Your money is in the hands of University students and staff. Are you frightened? Not nearly frightened enough. Every year you pay your dues to the man, your tuition, your fees, your very lifeblood in the form of Federal Reserve Notes...and what does this get you? Another day older and a deeper in debt. At the end of the day, you've got an undergraduate degree from a less than prestigious institution and you've probably spent in the neighborhood of \$60,000 once living expenses are considered. Back to the salt mines, brothers, it's time to bust open that piggy bank that Aunt Jemima gave you for your second birthday, we'll see where the pieces of the little piggy who stayed home land.

The largest chunk of pork lands squarely on the tuition part of the cafeteria tray. Tuition costs more than a year's rent for most students and more than most students can expect to reasonably earn while going to school. This leaves two payment options: The First National Bank of Dad and massive amounts of debt. Most people can't afford to cough up \$6000 or \$16,000 so their lazy kids can smoke weed and major in Sociology at this backwards institution; so that leaves incurring massive debt as the means of payment for higher education. While "higher" is certainly applicable "education" is somewhat debatable. But, in any case, tuition is certainly the most expensive line-item for any student attending from in or out of state. That tuition money goes many places, but mostly it funds the liberal, academic wanking of Ph.D.s who couldn't manage to find jobs in the real world.

After most of piggy has been dispatched to tuition, a nice side of ham ends up on the living expenses portion of the plate. On this sad section we have little to say. But, young apprentice, heed our words: Top Ramen. No, fuck that, just buy booze and let the rest fall into place. Trust us, you're going to need the alcohol content of shuttle fuel just to keep this place from driving you mad. Failing that, invest in a box behind the library. Sure, Hatoon will fight you tooth and nail for the space, but it's

a hell of a lot cheaper than spending \$375 over in ChaseVillage and having to share your space with another worthless undergraduate who doesn't do the dishes and won't clean his bathroom. Sure, you've got to live next to Hatoon, but she's a lot more interesting than any 100-level f class. The only downside? You've not got a shower, restroom, or other amenities. After a while you won't even miss them, trust us.

So you've paid your tuition, you've gotten a room, but there's still a nagging feeling that more of your precious little pink piggy is going to be thoughtlessly ripped from your grasping hands. The incidental fee grabs up the last tenderloin scraps. Instead of letting you keep that last \$500 plus dollars a year, the incidental fee forces you to pay for student groups and services that you may not like nor use. How many times have you taken Saferide? If you're the proud owner of a penis, the answer is none. Do you ride that damnable ode to the welfare-state, otherwise known as LTD? Have you ever, in your life, heard of the Coalition Against Environmental Racism? Many fee-funded groups fly successfully below student radar, this is how they manage to suck up millions of dollars every year without outraged students storming their offices looking to burn them alive in the way of Frankenstein's Monster. Hell, even the magazine you are reading right now is a fee-funded group.

Tuition, fees, a place to sleep...your college education is costing you a pretty penny. Over 1.5 million pennies a year, to be precise. That's a damn lot of pennies, ese, and you've got a right to know where your money is being spent. Transparent accounting is not overly present in the University system. Keep reading, and we'll lay down the numbers swift and quick. St. Peter might be calling, but you can't go. You owe your soul to the University sto'.





WHERE'S OUR VICTORY KISS?

We Won Our Fight With The University Over Their Attempt To Force Their Damn Nazi "O" Logo Onto Your COMMENTATOR. We Kept Freedom Intact. Now Give Us Some Sugar, Baby.

BEHIND THE BRAND

The recent effort by the University to force student groups to use its marketing logo was altered after groups protested. But, as Courtney Sweet reports, the real problem is that student government didn't think about the needs of groups it represents.

After a massive student response against the University's decision to force all student groups to use the "O" logo on their publications, the policy has been reversed. But the root of the problem wasn't misunderstanding, it seems that nobody was looking out for student groups at all.

"It didn't make as much sense for student groups [to use to 'O' logo] as it did for University departments," said Anne Leavitt, vice president for student affairs.

That insight came after various student groups campus-wide united in protest of the sweeping new policy.

The administration reversed course after students voiced opposition to the new logo policy and said there was no problem amending the plan once concerns were raised. According to Leavitt, who worked with Associate Vice President of Strategic Communications Harry Battson and ASUO Accounting Coordinator Jennifer Creighton-Neiwert on the decision, "nobody needed to go convince anybody [to change the policy]. Harry said, 'let's do the reasonable thing'."

The outcome turned out to be amending the original policy and breaking up the affected groups into three categories: University departments, contracts, and student groups. The revised version still mandates that University departments (like University Housing) use the "O" logo, while contracts (like LTD, which receives money from the University but has no other affiliation) are not allowed to. Student groups are now allowed to apply to use the logo in a prescribed manner.

While the situation now appears to have been resolved satisfactorily all around, students are left wondering how such a broad policy could have come into being without anyone realizing they would be opposed. Why, in the months of planning that went into creating this guideline, did no one think that students would object?

Concerns about those groups where it would be clearly inappropriate to have the "O" prominently displayed on their publications, such as the OREGON COMMENTATOR and the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, were never raised by administrators or the ASUO.

"We didn't anticipate disagreement," Leavitt said.

Not only did the administration not anticipate disagreement from student groups in general, but the problem of jeopardizing the objectivity of a student newspaper or magazine didn't come up at all.

"We didn't think of it. We thought of student programs, not student media," Leavitt said.

She said that the main student groups they had thought of when creating the policy were groups like the Women's Center and club sports – groups that, she said, the committee believed wouldn't object to having the University logo.

But these groups clearly had objections about the University's perceived encroachment.

"My initial thoughts were that it wouldn't be very much longer before the University starts looking to approve, in advance, student publications," said *Oregon Daily Emerald* Editor-in-Chief Michael Kleckner.

Putting the University logo on materials printed by student groups indicates that the opinions of that group represent the University, Kleckner said. That could eventually lead to the University wanting to read those publications before they went to print to ensure they were in line with University policy, he said.

And one of the groups singled out by Leavitt as an organization that would want to use the logo, the Women's Center, in fact objected strongly to the policy.

Jenna Cunningham, PR coordinator for the Women's Center, said that the policy "absolutely infringed on free speech. A group's publication should reflect their mission statement." Not, then, the mission statement of the University, as many student groups felt would be implied by the prominence of the University logo.

But it was not just the administration that missed the opportunity to take into consideration the needs of student publications.

According to ASUO President Rachel Pilliod, the

Continued on page 27

Emerald Watch: Wacko Columnist Edition

M. Reilly Cosgrove

Prince has his symbol. Bond has his digits. M. Reilly Cosgrove has his M.

What does the mysterious 13th letter stand for? Our researchers have uncovered three possibilities:



1.) Marlow Reilly Cosgrove, 36, Gynecologist.

Marlow runs a small private practice on the west side of town. Though a respected physician, Marlow has a healthy streak of exhibitionist in him. When you drop your pants, don't be surprised if he returns the favor.

2.) Marcus Reilly Cosgrove, 27, Bum

Marcus sells apples for 25 cents at the corner of 15th and Lincoln. If you'd like, Marcus will shine your apple with his sleeve. They're sure good apples. Mmmm-Hmmm.....

3.) Mumia Reilly Cosgrove, 20, Prisoner

Mumia Reilly Cosgrove used to be a Register-Guard reporter, now he's a political prisoner serving time in for "allegedly" urinating on a police officer. Free Mumia!

Identity aside, Cosgrove has only proven himself to be a hack in the pages of the *ODE*. He dedicated one column to bashing "sin taxes" by comparing twinkies with cigarettes. We'd applaud his stand if a nearly identical column called "Taxing a Pound of Flesh" by Aaron Rorick hadn't run in the *ODE* in March.

Cosgrove also has a disturbing tendency to flaunt in print what should be a private matter. Maybe someone should have clued him in that admitting to hard drug use and contact with an STD won't help out his social life. He certainly won't be giving blood anytime soon.

Definitive Quote:

I was exposed to an STD last year. The STD was a serious one. I was exposed by someone who attends the University and who knew she was infected. I didn't get it, but you might not be so lucky.

From America's Sexual Healing, Oct. 28, 2002

Meghann Farnsworth

According to her bio on the *ODE* Web site, Farnsworth is a native Californian. This explains her penchant for elitism and confrontational liberalism. Farnsworth never stood out from the pack until she wrote an appalling column lambasting the College Republicans for having the audacity to hold Bush/Cheney signs



during an anti-war rally. She complained that the signs were "poorly made" and expressed nothing more than partisan jingoism. Apparently, Farnsworth failed to notice the prominent "Fuck War" sign at the same rally, masterfully constructed with an old Domino's box and hand painted with a Magic Marker. This sign, it seems, offered a more acute political observation than did "Bush/Cheney."

Farnsworth joins her peers, the KUGN protestors, in insisting the freedom of speech is only applicable to the right kind of speech. "Fuck War," "Bush Kills" and "Stop American Imperialism" are fine, "I Stand Behind Our President" is not.

According to her bio, Farnsworth enjoys playing soccer in the rain. Pneumonia might be a necessary evil to help clear her synapses of the Californian smog.

Definitive Quote:

It seems ironic to me that on a day when a diversity of people are uniting against oppression, racism and war that the College Republicans should loom their ugly heads -- waving commercially made signs saying "Bush/Cheney," and a poorly made sign contending that "UO Students Support America," this small band made their way to the back of the EMU where they proceeded to camp out.

From Blindly Following the Political Flock, Nov. 26

Julie Lauderbaugh

Did you know that there was a direct correlation between beauty pageants and public stonings? Neither did we, until we read Julie Lauderbaugh's god-awful column called "Boycotting Objectification."



Julie can't decide which she's more appalled by, women participating in a pageant by their own free will, or public stonings by Islamic-chanting mobs. Yeah, that's a toughie...

Lauderbaugh has long held the title of "Emerald's spoiled daughter," but now she faces stiff competition from Farnsworth. Here's hoping that she can keep churning out such meaningless phrases as "body image genocide."

Definitive Quote:

Although beauty contests inherently objectify women as prizes and Barbie dolls with Vaseline on their teeth, the pageant's worldwide broadcast only contributes to body image genocide that is snuffing out young girls' self esteem across oceans.

From Boycotting Objectification, Nov. 18

FOOTBALL CONSIDERED “ABJECT FAILURE”

Upcoming moves may bring trade for Railroads or Utilities

The University announced today that it would be trading in its football program, along with Baltic Avenue and St. James Place, after a dismal performance by the team over the last year. The announcement comes amid speculation that future moves may be made to better the institution’s standing and improve chances of a Railroad monopoly or building hotels on more valuable properties.

Athletic Director Bill Moos held a press conference today to announce the first in what he said was a series of moves to come.

“This is just the first stage,” Moos said. “But we felt like we had to get rid of the football program after it not only failed to live up to its prior performance, but also put out such a poor product that senior citizens reported becoming physically ill while watching what can only be described as a team of abject failure.”

The University will immediately trade back the properties that had been sunk costs for the football program, Moos said, including the \$90 million Autzen Stadium expansion project, the Moshofsky Center, the Casanova Center, local and national billboards that “erroneously gave the impression of a successful program” and all physical training equipment that could not be made use of by the basketball team.

“We are going to work with the bank and we believe the mortgage value for all of these properties may well be enough to

start construction on a new basketball facility, as well as adding Ventor Avenue and the Reading Railroad line, which was recently forfeited by Washington as punishment for coach Rick Neuheisel’s “unabashed and unconscionable” recruiting violations.

Football players and coaches were understandably shaken by the news, but were deemed too unimportant by virtue of their unadulterated failure, to be contacted for comment. There were reports, however, that Coach Mike Bellotti was seen shedding all of his wardrobe and heading for the Willamette River, mumbling something about “The only honorable thing now...”

As the University looks to its financial future, Moos said there will be a heavy reliance on basketball revenues and the Orange property monopoly shrewdly leveraged when the University of Wisconsin was drunk last year and traded away New York for Connecticut Avenue.

“That was a great deal for us. Phil Knight got them hammered and we moved in for the kill. Now we’ll need to execute a more successful basketball program.”

Other notable athletic events in the upcoming year include Passing Go and foreclosing on “that fucking thimble.”

There has been no official word yet on whether DE Quinn Dorsey’s “Get Out Of Jail Free” card will be forfeited to the Rugby team, which according to knowledgeable sources, is “within inches of indictment for crimes against nature.”

Timothy J. Coulter — We Barely Knew You, But You Owed Us Money

In a warped plot reminiscent of a Philip K. Dick novel, former OC staff writer Tim Coulter (a.k.a Ignatio J. Peters) has traveled into the future and died at the hands of the bloodthirsty Iraqi Army. Tim was a good man, despite his racial handicap. He loved over-the-counter medication, and would frequently come in the office drugged up on Robitussin ranting about the “Zionist plot to create a world government.”

We lost contact with him over the summer when he failed to reply to our e-mails or phone calls. We assumed his heart had exploded from an overdose of yellow jackets, but now we know he was busy constructing a time machine.

Several questions come to mind. First, if Tim somehow managed to travel forward in time, how did word of his demise reach us in the present? Perhaps someone traveled back from the future and delivered the dire news. If this is so, we should be able to change the course of time, save Tim, and prevent this tragic event from ever occurring. But then there is the ethical question... do we have the right to change the future?

Good Lord, McFly!



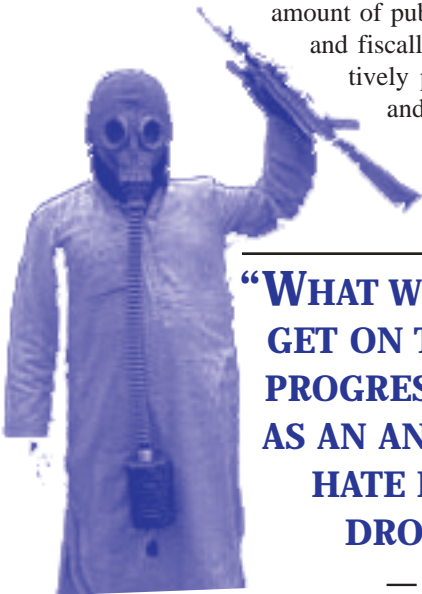
KUGN PROTESTERS INVOKE RADIOACTIVE RHETORIC

Protests over KUGN Radio's syndication of talk show provocateurs such as **Michael Medved** and **Michael Savage** have hit a funny pitch as campus community activists have dubbed themselves the RADIOACTIVists.

By now everyone should know the protest revolves around KUGN identifiers that say it is the voice of the Ducks. Apparently in the fascinating world of liberal paternalism, listeners will automatically make a link between football broadcasts and programs originating out of San Francisco and Seattle. This link, they argue, is so terrible that no remedy short of University disassociation can be tolerated.

President **Frohmayer**, not known for his great willingness to fight out moral points in the face of any amount of public pressure, made the wise and fiscally prudent decision to effectively pat the hippies on the head and tell them to to go screw themselves.

Maybe the most interesting aspect of this



“WHAT WE WANT TO DO IS GET ON THE AIR WITH A PROGRESSIVE PROGRAM AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE HATE RADIO WE'RE DROWNING IN”

— George Beres

particular pathetic outcry are the members involved. One, **George Beres**, is a former spokesperson for the Athletic Department. With help like that, it's no wonder the football team tanked like it did. Another concerned citizen making the talking head rounds is Philosophy prof. **Cheyney Ryan**. Aren't these the usual suspects, you ask? Damn right. These guys show up more often than that really hideous girl on HotOrNot.com.

The rhetoric is never new, of course. “Change now! Or society will be destroyed!” is the mantra they repeat. Guess what, you unthinking, over-sensitive freaks. When all is said and done, the only thing RADIOACTIVE is the advice from reflexively liberal activists. God help us if one of those freaks ever actually figured out how to gain power.

CHRISTMAS BREAK

TO-DO LIST:

- Convince parents “D” stands for “Devastatingly Superior”
- Wonder how the #2 football team in the nation a year ago let Jason Fife and his mullet run the team into the ground
- Beat the “Yule Log” to Santa’s Salty Strippers (Vol. 4)
- Look for job (note: Jizz Mopper is not the preferred nomenclature — DNA Disposal Engineer, please).
- Quarrel with “loved ones”

The More You Know

Sudsy here, OC mascot and Guatemalan domestic. Remember kids, if she doesn't say yes on the first date, she's probably not a very good person anyway. Just move on, there are plenty of fish in the sea that do know how to party.



Total lack of standards is my advice. Hey, it must work, I've got three little illegitimate six-packs and a keg out of wed-lock! Don't take my word for it, check the paternity tests.



The Bombed Squad

RAs are getting the boot at an alarming rate. Are students really benefiting from the crackdown on RA behavior. Or are the inmates running the asylum.

It had been a wild night. After downing nearly three delicious Pabst Blue Ribbons, Resident Assistant Jason McLean was ready to roll. As he arrived on campus, he decided to cut loose and see what his '87 Sterling was really made of. The speedometer reflected this craziness: 15...20...25...As he reached the near-sonic speed of 27 mph, he caught sight of something that would strike terror in the heart of any slightly tipsy U of O student — Eugene's finest, the DPS bicycle patrol. A thrillingly low speed chase ensued. When the Department of Public Safety finally caught up with him, they issued him an MIP (his blood alcohol content, not surprisingly, was too low for a DUI), and within 24 hours, he was fired from his post as an RA.

Did Jason deserve this? Yes and no. Yes, in that Pabst is horrible and should only be used as an industrial cleaner, but no in the sense that the punishment did not fit the crime. As a result of this, Jason lost his room and board, meal plan (premium meal plan, mind you), and job at once. On top of this, students had to deal with the hassle and expense of finding a new RA.

If you've noticed the residents of Bean and Hamilton being even more disorderly than usual, there's a reason. Within the past month and a half, three RA's from those complexes have been asked to resign or terminated. And if you've noticed the residents of Barnhart being even more elitist than usual- that's because they're bitches that can't handle a real dorm. But even if they are above punishment, their RA's aren't- one has been fired from that complex as well.

But why is this happening? Is this a part of the unilateral discipline crackdown? An attempt to make an example to the freshmen? The university being generally ridiculous?

Since the riots, the University has been desperately trying to establish itself as more than a Girls Gone Wild meets Watts Riots sort of campus. This has come in several forms

— the first being that you can't gargle mouthwash without getting an MIP from DPS, in addition to the letters sent home to parents and the implementation of a new conduct code for those living in the residence halls. A subtler arm of this is the new standards for RA's. Last year, there were scattered reports of RA's getting their drink and/or smoke on with residents, as well as purchasing alcohol for them and being generally licentious with the freshman girls. In reaction to this, the future RA's, in conjunction with Sandy Schoonover, director of Residence life, decided that a new discipline code was in order.

By Kelly Brown

"It needed to be stricter, but not like this," say former RA Megan Kuhn, 19. Megan resigned after it was reported that she and her co-RA (who was 21) were drinking together in his room. "I had two drinks, I don't know how many Josh had. The only time the residents saw me was when I went to the bathroom, and I wasn't at all visibly intoxicated. But someone told [Bean Complex Director] Heather that Josh and I were totally smashed..." Even though neither Megan nor Josh had even one disciplinary issue beforehand, they were both asked to resign. "No one even on our hall had been written up for anything, so we were obviously doing a good job." The residents of Moore banded together — all 92 of them signed a petition — but to no avail. The faceless bureaucracy's wheels were already turning. Megan now has the almost unbearable burden of living in DeBusk, like any other freshman. She was not compensated for some of her time as an RA.

But why should you care? If you're a freshman, this affects your quality of life. It takes 4 months of training to become an RA, and the fact of the matter is that replacement RA's simply don't have the same level of skills. In addition, it's very disruptive to switch RA's midyear- especially if you're grown attached to him or her. "It didn't just affect me and Josh- it affected everyone in Moore Hall. It completely disrupted the community," explained Megan.



This is a dorm room. What you do in it is up to you. Remember: The legal age of consent in Oregon is 18. Unless you're a Mormon.

Jason added, "a lot of my former residents still come up to me and tell me that after I left, the hall went completely out of control. In addition, their new RA is never around because of his marching band requirements." Whether or not this is truly upsetting to the residents of Tingle Hall is up for debate, but the fact of the matter is that because of a small amount of alcohol, residents in these halls have inferior RA's.

The second part of why should you care is, of course, money. If you're a student at the University of Oregon, part of your tuition dollar goes to paying for the recruitment, training and placing of RA's. If you're a residence hall-er, a large portion of your room and board goes toward this. Between classes, summer training and pay, before the term begins, each RA has cost the University about a thousand dollars- all of which is completely moot once said RA has been fired for a tiny infraction.

You might also be a little upset with the University's controlling moral stance. "I feel that res life has no right to dictate what RA's do off campus on their own time...the fact that I am considered an RA even when I'm at a party in my hometown...[and] still have to be on my best behavior is ridiculous," says Jason. And indeed it is. All four of the RA's were asked to resign because of drinking on their own time. Whether or not they drink has absolutely no bearing on what kind of RA they are- besides which, it's a ridiculous burden to impose. "We're college students — we're going to drink at some time or another. As long as we're subtle about it, it doesn't seem like that should be grounds for our dismissal," Megan concludes. All of the RA's tried to appeal the decision, without any response. "We may be RA's, but that doesn't mean we're not human — we do, on occasion, make mistakes." If res life is unwilling to compromise or forgive, there are going to be very few RA's by the end of the year.

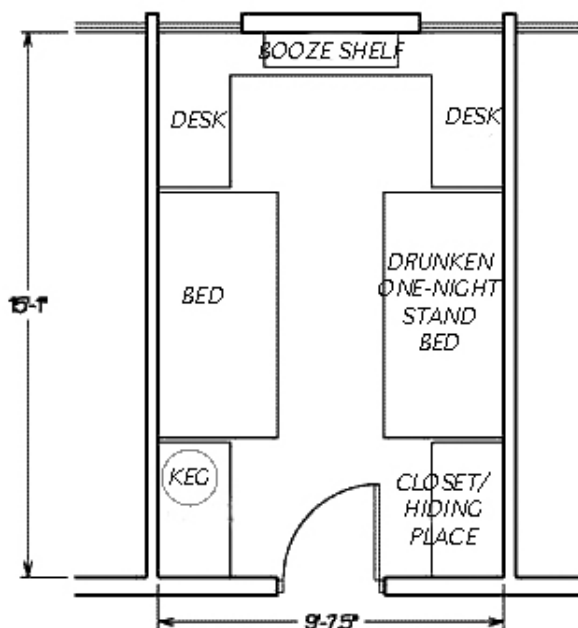
And finally: RA's are generally the type that never

drank in high school, and therefore can get tipsy off a good whiff of rubbing alcohol. Why should their residents be denied the pleasure of their drunken stumblings?

So in conclusion: the University's new guidelines are hurting students both monetarily and through the destruction of the "community" on the floor that they're always yammering on about. On top of which, their puritanical rules are going to make it very difficult to find and keep talented RA's.



Kelly Brown, a freshman majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



cash,



lies,



and



the PFC



The Programs Finance Committee is in charge of more than \$1 million in Incidental Fee money and it goes to support everything from bus fare to Co-Op childcare. Who gets what? The answer may surprise you.

By Timothy Dreier

Have you ever heard of the Co-op family center? What about the Office of Student Advocacy? The Child Care Subsidy? The ASUO Executive? These are just a few of the many student groups funded through the Programs Finance Committee (PFC). Every year, the PFC is in charge of administering funds to over 100 student groups. They have about as much visibility as any members of student government, but the PFC is in charge of a huge amount of your money.

The 16 groups that get the most money account for over \$3 million in expenditure of student incidental fees this year (\$3,248,883 to be exact). These groups range from highly visible campus fixtures like the *Ol' Dirty Emerald*, to groups that most students have never heard of. The top two expenditures of the PFC this year are the Student Recreation Center, coming in at \$537,428, and the Lane Transit District with \$457,158. The former pays for the Rec Center, the latter goes to subsidize the “free” bus fare that all UO students get. A three-month bus pass costs \$85, so the \$24.06 in incidental fee money that students pay to ride the bus for free during the nine-month school year is a pretty good deal, if you use the bus that is.

Lane Transit and Rec Center aside, the largest spender of incidental fees is the Counseling Center. It receives \$263,729 in incidental fee money this year. In addition to the incidental fee money, the Counseling Center also receives \$648,876 from the health fee that is tacked on to every student's bill and \$18,000 from the matriculation fee. According to the Counseling Center's annual report (available in .pdf format on their website) they had 1,728 students “drop-in” for initial evaluation last year. This is only 9.1% of the student body. Many of

these students were referred to area doctors for continuing care, and some were counseled in the Center itself. All students pay for the mental health needs of a relatively small percentage of campus, but the Counseling Center's services are, at least, available to the entire student body.

Fourth in line on the PFC's budget is the Co-Op Family Center. This is a program run over in UO Family Housing located at 24th and Patterson. The Co-Op Family Center provides childcare for University students, faculty, and staff. Sure, this seems like a noble cause, but every student is paying for a service from which relatively few students benefit. Furthermore, student fees are being diverted to pay for a service that is available to faculty and staff of the University. The rate that faculty and staff pay is higher than the student rate, but is still cheaper than equivalent childcare in the surrounding area. \$253,303 of incidental fees are in the Co-Op Family Center's budget for this year. Aside from the strictly monetary, the philosophy of the Co-Op is decidedly liberal, stating that “the school will not ‘train’ nor ‘mold’ nor ‘lead’ children, but instead open doors and let children's great powers of growth develop naturally.” Take from that statement what you will, but it seems to me that children elementary age and younger need structure and modeling in their lives, not the freedom to explore the greater merits of finger-painting and eating paste.

The sixth largest item on the PFC's budget list is the Childcare Subsidy. This subsidy goes to pay a percentage of child-care for students who qualify, and is \$220,801 this year. Do people need childcare in order to attend classes?



Certainly, but the problem with this subsidy is that the services provided by it are not available to all students. In order to receive this subsidy, a family must fill out an application and be accepted; at present there are only 170 participants in the program. The total amount that the subsidy receives, minus administrative and payroll expenses, allows them to give away \$211,000 in subsidy every year. The 170 participants will receive \$1241.18 on average. Once you subtract the \$447.21 that these students paid in incidental fees alone; not to mention matriculation, health and other fees, this works out about \$794 in their favor. But, because of the limited scope, all students pay to benefit a very small minority in the same way that all students pay to benefit the students and staff who use the Co-Op Family Center.

The last item on the PFC budget that I'm going to talk about is the ASUO Executive. The Executive has a budget of \$234,497 this year, up from \$228,056 last year (an increase of 2.824%). The vast majority of this budget goes to pay their payroll expenses and to pay the Oregon Student Association. Total payroll expenses for the ASUO Executive are \$99,865 this year. That includes most of the employees who are usually in the ASUO office, the student employees and others. \$20,033 in administrative expenses goes to cover the rest of the personnel and some other miscellaneous costs. The third major area of expense, aside from payroll and administrative, is programming. This budget is just over \$114,000 and \$99,699 of that goes to the Oregon Student Association. That's right nearly \$100k of your money goes off-campus to the OSA this year. This money goes to fund the OSA's agenda in Salem and to fund branches of the OSA such as the Oregon Students of Color Coalition, Oregon Statewide Student Equal Rights Alliance (OSSERA) and the Oregon Student Foundation. OSSERA is the statewide extension of the LGBTQA and lobbies on behalf of those groups from around our state. The fact that our incidental fees are going to support directly political actions, including lobbying, at the state level should disgust any sensible student. Aside from the fact that the legitimacy of incidental fee money leaving campus is questionable, the incidental fee is technically public money and, therefore, cannot be used for direct political purposes. OSA and its subgroups using incidental fee money in the way that they do is illegal and must stop.

This is just a summary of the PFC's budgetary doings for the 2002-2003 academic year. A full recounting of their expenditure would likely fill the entire content of this magazine. Of greatest consequence for most students, are the programs that either send money off campus to lobbying groups (OSA, USSA, OSPIRG, etc.) or, as is the case with the Co-Op family center, use incidental fee money to make services available to staff and faculty in addition to fee-paying students. There is much abuse of the Incidental Fee, and there is too much at stake for the student body to ignore.



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

Top 15 PFC Budgets

Student Recreation Center	\$537,428
Lane Transit District	\$457,158
Counseling Center	\$263,729
Co-Op Family Center	\$253,303
ASUO Executive	\$234,497
Child Care Subsidy	\$220,801
Career Center	\$184,788
Programs and Assesments	\$142,649
Legal Services	\$137,349
Recreation and Intermurals	\$125,727
Women's Center	\$125,190
OSPIRG	\$120,819
Oregon Daily Emerald	\$120,000
Campus Recycling	\$113,126
Office of Student Advocacy	\$107,478

Bottom 15 PFC Budgets*

Malaysian Student Organization	\$191
Pre-Law Society	\$226
Pre-Dental Club	\$263
House of Film	\$275
Latino Law Student Association	\$293
Amnesty International	\$300
Chess Club	\$300
GLOSS	\$300
Native American Law Student Assc.	\$300
Sports Law and Entertainment Forum	\$300
Quiz Bowl	\$300
UnterGang	\$300
Warsaw Sports Marketing Club	\$300
Pre-Health Sciences Center	\$320
Gaming Club	\$375

* This does not include zero-funded groups.



40 Students: This is your Money

By Ben Brown

You pay at least \$2,802 in tuition and another \$2000 in fees every year just to come to the University, shouldn't you know where that money is going?

So we've arrived here at the end of another term. For most of you, this is just another step on the road to the real world. By now, your spirit has likely been so crushed that you no longer care at all about this educational institution and are only hoping for the 'escape' that comes with a job and entrance in the real world. But let's leave your delusions for a moment and move on to those of the underclassmen.

It is obvious that none of you seriously researched your college choices, otherwise why would you be here? In light of that, we at the COMMENTATOR think that it is only fair to tell you what you've gotten into, if only so we can laugh at you when your jaws drop in bewilderment when you realize your mistake.

Lets start with tuition. If you're an in-state student, you're only paying \$2,802 in tuition, not too bad, but when you consider the nearly \$6,000 you pay for housing if you live on campus it does add up (this will come up later). Meanwhile out-of-state students, who make up 26% of the 20,000 students on this campus, pay \$13,224 a year just to attend class. Every time I find an out-of-state student, I don't know whether to cry for them or whack the crap out of them for paying so much. It really makes you wonder how terrible these places they come from are that they voluntarily pay to attend this school, even going so far as to pay a small fortune for the privilege.

As for the student body, the percentage is split 47% men, 53% women, which would make men the minority on this campus. But don't ever mention this to the women on campus or you'll find yourself listening to a diatribe on how all men promote 'rape culture' and collectively try to destroy the rich female culture. Some men have tried to stand up to these attacks, but in the end, they all end up

bowed and broken, wondering how it was that they could be such assholes and not realize it. The racial makeup of the campus is 74% Caucasian, 6% international, 6% Asian, 3% Hispanic, 2% African American and 1% native American.

The University of Oregon is a pretty forgiving school in terms of admissions. 88% of men and 92% of women who apply are admitted to the school, although only 41% of men and 27% of women actually enroll, proving that there really are people out there who look at college reviews instead of just blindly attending the first school to accept them in a sudden panic. Overall, the incoming freshmen are a pretty well-educated bunch with an average SAT score of 1105 and an average high school GPA of 3.43, which once again forces me to question the accuracy of these tests as a standard for intelligence.

The rate of freshman return is also very good at 82%, although this does mean that on average, four of the people on your dorm floor will not be returning for a second year at the University of Oregon. If you guessed that it would be the guy who took acid every other day for a term, the drunk guy who set his hand on fire twice in 15 seconds and the guys whose room is a constant Colombian sauna, you would probably be correct.

While the freshman retention rate is high, the number of freshman who manage to graduate in 4 years is abysmally low at only 37%, and only 59% manage to do it in six years. Of those that do make it out of this god-forsaken school, 1% go on to law school, 2% go on to business or medical school. By contrast, 15% go on to graduate school, proving once and for all that the University of Oregon's main export to the real world is pompous, overeducated academics with baby-soft uncalused hands.



Average Professor Salaries By School

Allied Arts and Architecture

Professor	\$67,500
Associate	\$49,600
Assistant	\$42,900

College of Arts and Sciences

Humanities	
Professor	\$67,000
Associate	\$51,200
Assistant	\$42,000
Natural Sciences	
Professor	\$76,800
Associate	\$59,100
Assistant	\$50,400
Social Sciences	
Professor	\$71,200
Associate	\$56,600
Assistant	\$45,700

Education

Professor	\$71,800
Associate	\$57,900
Assistant	\$45,700

Journalism

Professor	\$71,100
Associate	\$55,600
Assistant	\$45,600

Law

Professor	\$107,900
Associate	\$80,600
Assistant	\$73,500

College Of Business

Professor	\$109,800
Associate	\$84,000
Assistant	\$88,200

Music

Professor	\$55,600
Associate	\$48,000
Assistant	\$38,100

And who could forget the dorms - remember that \$6,000 a year you pay for housing? Last year, the Princeton Review of Colleges ranked the University of Oregon 15th among this country's colleges under the heading of 'Dorms like Dungeons'. They probably have a point what with the tiny, cell-like rooms and the communal showers. There are no torture chambers as of yet, but Carson makes a good substitute, and with all the construction on campus, who knows what the future will bring.

The University of Oregon has also been mentioned by Yahoo as one of the country's most wired colleges with a 1:1 ratio of students to internet connections. Every dorm room comes with its own connection to the University's T3 network. Now you can steal copyrighted software, music and movies faster than ever before while your mouth-breathing roommate jerks it to tentacle porn, all courtesy of the UO.

For those of you who actually decide to leave your dorm rooms, there are many opportunities out there for you. The University of Oregon has 15 fraternities and nine sororities in which 10% of students are involved. Of course you may want to ask yourself why there is so little participation in a Greek system that supposedly inspired one of the greatest college movies of all time, Animal House.

If fraternities aren't your thing, there are any number of on-campus groups to be involved with. There's OSPIRG, the Oregon Students Association, the ASUO, the Multicultural Center, and any number of other groups dedicated to the cause of your particular issue or minority. But, if you're a white male with a brain that even half works, then there's really only one place for you to go, the OREGON COMMENTATOR, join us, we probably won't even make fun of you that much.



Ben Brown, a junior majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Party of the Lost Children

Conservatives are like responsible father figures who know that life is tough. But now Dad's got a splitting headache and hates his liberal children, for whom no amount of self-pity is enough.

By Bret Jacobson

It used to be a funny little expression that Republicans were the "Dad party" and Democrats were the "Mom party." Those days are gone and in the sunrise all that's left is a Dad and a demon-spawned spoiled child.

In the good old days when the parties were distinct and most elections came down to clear differences in ideology or ability to mobilize corrupt forces, Dad didn't take any crap from the Ruskies, he paid the bills and kept the shotgun loaded to protect what he'd earned with the sweat of his brow. Mom focused on the skinned knees of society and made sure everybody felt warm and fuzzy. You know the relationship, it was guns or butter. Republicans took the hard line on taxes and defense and Democrats made sure the poor could eat and the kids could read. And for the most part the balance worked.

But somewhere along the way, Mom split for Vegas and left Dad to deal a Ritalin-mainlining little liberal brat bent on world domination.

Now there is the more conservative thought in America, still generally associated with Republicans, in which the only responsibility of government is to make sure there is a safe place for everyone to live and learn on a fair playing field. Then there are the children — liberals — who believe they know how to reinvent the wheel and make the world a bright little Utopia. They believe everything noble is attainable, and what's worse, they believe everything noble is attainable through government efforts.

There is little debate that conservatives stand for defense and tax reduction, the latter of which is representative of smaller and less intrusive government control. When President Bush arrived in office, aside from small Beltway matters that affected few, the main goal of his administration was to pass a massive tax break. Like President Reagan before him, Bush believed the government had crept too far beyond propriety and had to be dealt with to unleash the potential of the greatest economy in the world. On Sept. 11, 2001, Bush found a new mission as the United States found itself finally drawn into a battle with Arab extremists many saw coming for years. But you'll notice, taxes and defense are the main themes of this administration.

One of the best analogies for the difference in the way conservatives and liberals view the world is the realization that one's own actions have been flawed. When a

conservative realizes that America has a dark place in history, that conservative understands that the ultimate duty of our society is to fix the problem and move on. When a liberal looks down and sees that the often-messy work of defending one's nation and spreading capitalism comes with a heavy price, it is not uncommon for the liberal to bemoan the unfairness of the world. That is to say, when there is blood on their hands, they throw their hands in the air and cry out to the heavens "How could this be?"

The blame, recrimination and self-serving soul searching is truly a worrisome outshoot of the childlike mentality of liberals. It does no good to emote the pain of life, but instead, responsible adults in the throes of tough decisions should perform their duty in stoic fashion, lest histrionics steal the show and overshadow the nobility of a had life overcome. Furthermore, the very nature of focusing on one's pain tends to become a liberal's favorite pastime and fighting the good fight gives way to petty bitching and moaning about the lack of fairness in the world.

Protests are the tantrums of elitist liberals. They can't argue rationally for change so they picket. They can't stand that they don't get one hundred percent of their way, so they sit-in and force authorities to arrest them. They get attention and make their voices heard. But where past civil movements had two important ingredients — a righteous cause and selfless advocates — current liberal protesters have a disturbing void where the spirit of justice should be rallying others to the cause. For an extremely local example, look back to the Worker Rights Consortium protests on the Johnson Hall lawn in the spring of 2000, in which student leaders were seen smiling and mugging for the cameras after they were arrested. Legitimate civil rights advocates only make such public demonstrations as a last resort and are not known to take glee in the turmoil.

Like children, liberals too fail to see the way the real world works and they long for the world "as it should be." This rejection of realism only makes for more victim mentality and, ultimately, for terrible public policy. The greatest public policy failures of our time — Social Security, lack of education standards, Welfare, healthcare and Medicare — are all driven not by any productive cost/benefit analysis but by the simple slogan "life's not

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We Found Greener Pastures



THE OC IS MOVING



**NOW IN EMU 319.
ABOVE THE ODE. AS IT SHOULD BE.**

I Found GOD at Taylor's on a Wednesday



Of all of the places that claim to house God, Taylor's was the last place I'd figure to find Him. But, none the less, that was the very place I came upon Him last Wednesday.

The night began unassuming enough; a bottle of Mr. Daniels' finest and a few party favors on the walk to the bar with my roommate - nothing out of the ordinary. How was I to know that before the night was through I'd be groveling at God's feet?

We popped the last two pills, both the color of hospital scrubs and about as tasty too, and washed them back with some whiskey. Taylor's Wednesday deal, \$1 microbrews followed by

\$2 wells, is a hard buy to beat but free is the best price going. So I rolled the shallow bottle underneath the fence for later retrieval.

Neither my roommate nor I have ever been accused of being abstemious drinkers and we rushed the bar as soon as we got in. In an effort to stymie our drinking, the bartender would only serve us two beers at a time, so we were forced to two-fist. But, it was 10:20 and my alcohol-soaked brain contrived a plan to get more beer. It was ingenious. I'd pass off my beers to someone, go get two more and come back to my original two. So, I found a willing friend and went back to the bar where the tender greeted me with a smile and two more beers. Little did I know he was one of God's disciples.

As I weaved through the crowd of Abercrombie & Fitch models I heard the bartenders laugh before announcing, "Two dollar wells."

A collective sigh went up from the patuly stained, ratty dread hippies at the corner table. Meanwhile, the ungirded frat contingency pressed the bar. I settled down with my four beers and began to race my roommate to the bottom of each cup.

The drugs and alcohol harmoniously mingled in my blood stream, partying like it was 1999. Everyone had coronas about their heads and I felt that I was on Mount Olympus partying with Dionysus and Zeus - undoubtedly the greatest party animals of all time.

Forgetting all about the bottle of Jack that lay hidden behind the payphone on Taylor's patio, my roommate and I ordered a round of tequila shots. After three rounds I became dysphasic, mumbling sweet nothings in the collective ear of the bar. My stomach rumbled and I was overwhelmed with dyspepsia. I was caught in unfettered rapture.

Picking myself up from the bar, a task that proved much harder in execution than it had in conception, I staggered toward

the bathroom with my arms out like Frankenstein. I tumbled through the door and there He was. Between the stall doors sat God, squat and gleaming white. I got down on my knees beseeching Him to deliver me to heaven. I prayed fiercely, violently. Bowing my head like a Muslim to the east. Bowing so aggressively that it sent me sprawling onto my back, leaving my forehead red and aching. God's feet were cold between my hands and I soothed my forehead on them, hugging them. The porcelain God was real. I found Him at Taylor's on a Wednesday night.



Josiah Mankofsky, a senior majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Why Does GOD Let other Students Speak in Class?

by Jeremy Jones

At some time or another, nearly everyone who attends the University will find themselves in a class that requires great amounts of discussion by the class. The most common, and the one I will be discussing for this rant will be the literature classes; however, in this giant cluster-fuck of academia, there are surely some others that are infected with similar people. I am writing this for three reasons: firstly, in hopes that the type of people that I will describe will realize what annoying twits they are and shut their pie-holes. Second, as service to all those that are forced to listen to this kind of moronic banter, in hopes that the power of humor will allow them to deal with their affliction. Finally, for my own mental health in the form of venting my anger, thus keeping me from

standing up in my desk and yelling, "Shut up! Shut up! For the love of God shut your mouth! Every time you talk, my brain hurts, so shut the hell up!" For this, I will describe an average day in my current literature class. Let the bitterness commence.

Twice a week, I go to my Shakespeare 208, knowing what was about to come. I picked a seat toward the center of the class, so that I could meld seamlessly into the class and not be called upon to answer one of the professor's inane questions. I watch the people enter who will ultimately be responsible for the massive brain hemorrhage I am about to have. Now the ringmaster for this circus of stupidity enters and the fun begins.

The professor starts the discussion with and immediately the person, hereafter referred to as the Garrulous Moron, is the first to raise her hand, as usual. Those who have any class with discussions will know the Garrulous Moron, so named because, not only do they have stupid things to say, but they have stupid thing to say all the fucking time. It is this person's job to make the entire class a living hell for anyone that has three active brain cells. They always start every statement with the phrase, "It's interesting that..." They say this because they are about to say something that any brain-dead shit that read the assignment could safely infer from the reading. It is easy to know when the Garrulous Moron is speaking because even the most people have their eyes rolled so far back into their head, that they can see the fuses blowing in their brain as a direct result of the witless banter coming from the gaping maw of brainlessness. "I think it is, like, interesting that, like, Shakespeare would, like, make King Lear so, like, naive, because, like, he totally believes everyone is, like, telling the truth." Possibly because everyone is staring at her like she just jumped up in her chair and yelled, "I slapped the

Right: Even God despises loud mouths who think every subject ties into the "dominant hegemony."

magical woomba coomba man," she proceeds to repeat herself using different words. Now that this person is silent, take the time to recover because by the time the topic changes, she will chime in with something else, more brazenly ignorant than before.

The discussion is quickly picked up by the second most annoying person in the class, Irrelevant Tangent Man. (or Woman, stupidity knows no gender barriers). It is this person's job to lead an otherwise thought provoking conversation into the void of his own design. Whenever this person speaks, you can actually see the error messages flashing in front of the eyes of everyone listening. Even the professor can hardly keep from saying, "That has nothing to do with what we are talking about. You are not allowed to talk in my class again. Go sit in the back corner." Irrelevant Tangent Man then sits back in his chair with a big smile on his face as he interprets the blank stares of confusion and the stares of admiration given by people who are in awe of his incredible brilliance.

This is quickly picked up the next most annoying person in class, Kneejerk Liberal. This infectious waste of skin cells, will immediately take any topic and relate it to a past or present social injustice, even when the topic

at hand has nothing to do with what they happened to pick up at the last justice rally they attended. They have much in common with Irrelevant Tangent Man, in that they seek to turn the educational experience into a way for her to prove just how smart she is. They are unlike Irrelevant Tangent Man in that they are consistent with their tangents. They will pick their whining topic of the week and proceed to divert all discussion to this topic.

The entire discussion is often interrupted by the people too dumb to think of something intelligent to add to the discussion on their own, so they add the repeat whatever the person said before them, but use bigger, more convoluted words.

Now, I walk out of class. My head is in intense pain from the stupidity I was forced to absorb by going to class. I feel dumber just for attending. Now it is time for the weekly ritual of sitting alone in my room, taking shots of whiskey and asking God why he allows people this stupid to exist and why they are the people that always talk the most.

OC

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



Unnecessary Ruff-Ness



Olly Ruff is a stranger in a strange land. More used to English "football" than American, Olly drops back and goes deep on America's favorite Sunday sport.

For a scene-setting quote, let's turn to the actor Jason Statham. After bringing joy to millions with his criminally woeful attempt at an American accent in the Jet Li vehicle *The One*, Statham has been subjected to many indignities. Not least among these is an interview with Tom Arnold on Fox Sports' *Best Damn Sports Show Period*, and this is where we join him. Leaving aside the question of why either of these people was on the show to begin with, the moment to jump in is when Arnold gets on Statham's case about the game of soccer, or "football" as it is known to that part of the world which is not the US. "C'mon, Jason," he says. "What's the secret? What is this strange game that all you wacky foreigners seem so taken with?" Or words to that effect. It's hard to recall Tom Arnold quotes verbatim, since his one-liners are frequently drowned out by the audible descent of Western civilization, down, down into the abyss.

Manfully suppressing the urge to throttle the spherical comedian, Statham curls his lip and wearily holds forth:

"There's a ball, right? It's round. You have to kick it in the other team's goal, and stop them from kicking it in yours. Don't use your hands, and don't kick the other players. There you go."

An attempt to transfer the simplicity and elegance of this description to American football fails almost immediately, right at the part about the shape of the ball. The ensuing soup of rules and regulations makes the game almost irresistibly incomprehensible to a foreigner, and the prospect of manning the mostly-dormant sports desk here at the OC seemed like a

perfect way to pick up some pointers. So it was that I started paying attention to the NFL.

Picking a team to follow was relatively simple. To begin with, I decided I was going to need some emotional anchor within the game - a handy point of reference as to the

ebb and flow of events, a light to steer by in the harsh, damp, strange world of professional sports. I gave up on the mascots rather quickly. They look stupid and their interpretations of tactical matters lack nuance. Quarterbacks, for all I would eventually come to appreciate them, aren't on the field all the time, and it's often hard to tell what they're thinking, apart from unenlightening things like "Yikes!" and "Ow!" The officials' air of ironic detachment is most unpleasing to an enthusiastic spectator. And Jeremy Shockey emotes like a madman, but he would be less than helpful in games not involving the New York Giants. Which is likely to be all of them come the playoffs, now they've started losing to Houston.

And so it was that I turned to the ravaged visages of the head coaches for guidance: human drama, undying frustration, and performance-based salary incentives in one neat package. Happily, there were no shortage of qualified candidates. The 49ers' Steve Mariucci and his amazing prehensile hairpiece. Jon Gruden of Tampa Bay, often on the brink of pulling on a helmet and going out there to get the job done himself. Marty Mornhinweg in Detroit, seemingly so confident at having drafted Joey Harrington that he's prepared to give the other team the ball to begin a sudden-death overtime period because - what the hell? - it's only a game.

A contender for the ages in this category, though, is Mike Shanahan of the Denver Broncos: a man who looks almost homicidally outraged even when his team is winning. Watching Denver prevail over San Diego and San Francisco, on the one hand, and concede a bewildering thirty-four points in a single quarter against Baltimore on the other, I would often lose track of what was going on. In moments when my attention had wandered and I was no longer sure which team had the ball, what sport was being played, or why the running back was being carried off the field in three separate pieces, I could always wait for the camera to cut

back to Shanahan and feel assured that things were going unacceptably badly. After some consultation, then, I decided to go with the Broncos.

A few weeks in, Shanahan's expression had grown no less terrifying. He neared apoplexy as the Broncos were torn into small pieces by the Oakland Raiders in their first meeting this year. This correspondent is not an expert lip-reader - and to make matters worse, Shanahan's lips had almost completely retracted into his skull by the second quarter of the Denver/Oakland massacre - but I swear I caught the phrase "Someday I'll replace you all with robots." Partly owing to the fact that I was now beginning to have nightmares about Mike Shanahan, my palate had broadened slightly. As Denver did a one-and-a-half gainer into the latest of an unfortunate string of prime-time meltdowns, I felt ready to start making uninformed snap judgments about NFL teams based not only on the level of scary-eyed intensity maintained by their head coaches, but by their equally beleaguered quarterbacks. Perhaps because QBs are given less license to cultivate interesting appearances, this proved a bit trickier.

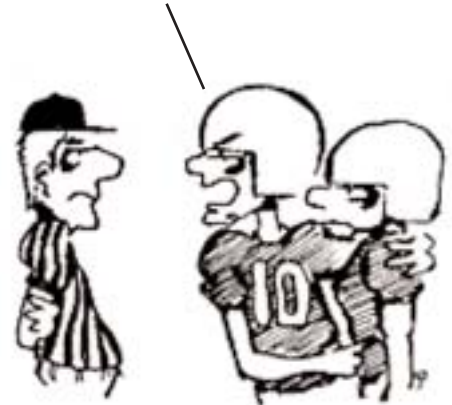
Despite or because of Rich Gannon's refusal to throw a pass any farther than eight yards downfield, the Raiders dominated that Monday night game. However, even a Raiders fan would probably have to concede that Rich Gannon is not an exciting quarterback. Competent he is, certainly. Skilled, indisputably. But exciting he is not. (The word chosen by Gruden, his former coach, was "comatose".) Donovan McNabb, hobbling around on a broken ankle and throwing four touchdown passes, is exciting. Michael Vick, transmuting himself into the form of pure energy using an ancient Shaolin technique and beaming himself forty yards up the field, is very exciting. John Elway, promoting the Arena Football League on FX, is... no longer especially exciting, but he certainly had his time in the sun. By contrast, Rich Gannon drops back, throws a four-yard reception, and then if the first tackler misses, they're in business. The West Coast offense, in this its reductio ad absurdum form, is a blight on the sport.

To be fair, the Broncos' Brian Griese isn't very exciting either. Even when he was discussing the relationship between his team and the Raiders before the aforementioned debacle - to be specific, while he was using the word "hatred" to describe this relationship - he never managed to look more than half-awake. But Griese manages to be interesting in unexpected ways off the field: sustaining injuries by falling over in driveways, being knocked down flights of stairs by his dog, that sort of thing. At the very least, it's interesting to speculate as to how a man whose job consists - after all - in large part of keeping his poise while people try to knock him down could be sacked so effectively by a golden retriever. It is to be hoped that if he was carrying something approximately ball-shaped - a newspaper, a hero sandwich, a small child - he didn't fumble it on the way down.

Another serious problem with Gannon - and Griese - is more subtle. Quarterbacks, in this correspondent's admittedly limited experience, should have more impressive names. This is a subjective call, I'll grant you. But still, you could fight crime with a name like Drew Brees or Donovan McNabb or, God help us

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"Even a Raiders fan would probably have to concede that Rich Gannon is not an exciting quarterback. Competent he is, certainly. Skilled, indisputably. But exciting he is not."



"Donovan McNabb, hobbling around on a broken ankle and throwing four touchdown passes, is exciting. Michael Vick, transmuting himself into the form of pure energy using an ancient Shaolin technique and beaming himself forty yards up the field, is very exciting."



Cuba:

Think you've got it bad here?



Victor Carmona, a journalist, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in January for collecting toys which he planned to give away to children. He was convicted of hoarding.

In May 2001, José Bridón, Secretary General of the Cuban Confederation of Democratic Workers, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for "spreading false news against international peace." This was apparently in retaliation for an article he wrote accusing the authorities of negligence in a domestic violence case.



Dr. Oscar González, president of a humanitarian organization considered illegal in Cuba, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in February 2000. He was convicted of "insulting the symbols of the homeland." The charge was reportedly brought against him because he hung a Cuban flag sideways on his balcony during a press conference at his home.

Letters

OREGON COMMENTATOR,

Thanks for your article endorsing Tom Cox. I am very pleased that the Libertarian Party is getting some support in Eugene.

You might want to make a note to any curious readers why Cox said he would veto any drug legalization bill. On his website he says that decriminalization is not currently feasible but that he does support conceding the Drug War to the free-market. I do not think this is a very good answer for his statement, but to anyone else who noted his inconsistency, it is an answer.

-Scott Parker

Thanks for the kind words. For the record, we didn't endorse Tom Cox, we just thought he'd make a better interview than the other candidates. Cox is at least partially responsible for Republican Kevin Mannix losing to tax-and-spend Democrat Ted Kulongoski. Third party candidates are good at pulling major candidates away from the center, but unless they go by the name of Jesse Ventura, they rarely win. Usually, they just screw somebody else out of office. Ask your local Democrat about a candidate named Ralph Nader.

However, Cox's position on the drug war—essentially, that Oregonians should provide their own solution to the problem—is admirable. The “legalize it” movement has too long been held hostage by a select group of bong packing revolutionaries who have co-opted their allegiances to less admirable environmental and social movements. This is an issue where the libertarian leaning Republicans could really invoke progress.

OREGON COMMENTATOR,

The COMMENTATOR remarks in the Register-Guard were right on in regards to the current "crisis" over KUGN and their conservative talk shows. Did you also see that KUGN says they're currently reviewing their Savage Nation broadcast, and, of course, that internal review is completely independent of the whining of a small number of students and faculty over "hate radio" giving money to the UofO? Sure it is.

I'll tell you this. If they succeed in either forcing the UofO into canceling or failing to renew its contract with KUGN, or if they succeed in getting KUGN themselves to pull Savage's plug, what do you think will be next? They'll go after Michael Medved, then Lars Larson, and maybe they'll even target the big guy, Rush Limbaugh.

You're right, though. It's freedom of speech and freedom of expression. Unless, that is, you're putting out the "wrong" message. Doesn't matter that at least half of the electorate in this country leans towards the conservative side.

My opinion is that if you don't like Michael Savage, don't lis-

ten to him! If you disagree with Michael Medved, call and debate him! The problem is that the liberal agenda is indefensible and is easily dismantled in a fair and open debate. That's why they're playing dirty.

-Steve(???)

You're logical reasoning reveals that you didn't graduate from the University of Oregon. Congratulations!

OREGON COMMENTATOR,

If Mandy Melton and Cheyney Ryan work so hard to uphold their "mission" of diversity and presumably represent the majority of faculty, staff, and student body then that philosophy and effort should be reflected in the makeup of the faculty and staff at UO.

According to Census 2000, 75.1% of America is white. Therefore, 24.9% of full-time faculty and staff at UO should be non-white. Are they? What are the numbers?

Greg W.

Greg,

Don't know. Sorry.

Send letters to:

OREGON COMMENTATOR
P.O. Box 30128
Eugene, OR
97405

or e-mail us at:
ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu

Single Student Magazine, 20, ISO hot girls and smart guys 18-22 for fun, satire, possible LTR. If you've got an idea, we've got space to print it. Want to write hard news? Want to investigate the school that just screwed you? Think you're as funny as us? Come by our new office first week of winter just to talk. EMU 319. For a good time, call 346-3721.

The **OC** Moving Guide

After years of toiling in the same dank office, the COMMENTATOR is getting bumped upstairs to a (negligibly) cushier setting in EMU 319. As we recall all the memories not burned away by our poverty-necessitated consumption of moonshine, we also share the lessons to any successful moving effort.

Under our couch cushions we found Emerald's from 1994. And Hustler's from the 80s!



Does this look like safe wiring to you? If the EMU ever goes up in flames, you know who to blame.



Being crammed into the corner of the old COMMENTATOR office made you feel angry at society.



Voter propaganda!



When Moving Out Of Your Old Place...

• Always remember to clean up so the next person can have all of the same fond memories that you now have. They can get laid on exactly the same couch, work in the wee hours of the morning until their inner ears and eyes begin bleeding unstoppably, and maybe they can even hide the body of a scorned lover in the wall vent behind the rotting old book shelf, just like you did!

• Take plenty of pictures before you move out all of your stuff. Then, move all of your valuable stuff into an undisclosed storage location and file your insurance claim. Was it gang-related? Don't think so, officer. Was it just a random thief? I'd have to think so, but I damn sure want my Velvet Elvis and Plasma Screen TV back, sir. And, oh yeah, I'll take cash.

• Make sure to forward your mail to your new address. No one else needs to be horning in on your copy of Myopic Midgets & Naughty Nurses, and it's nobody else's business that you've been turned down for yet another credit card even though you know this time you'd be up to the responsibility. That last incident with CitiBank was just FUBAR, especially after the trip to Vegas in which your system for picking the Bengals over the Rams somehow broke down.

• Leave a note for the landlord that lets him know in no uncertain terms that the crusty, flaking mark emblazoned on the wall (the one featuring your initials with a huge skull and cross bones over a squatting gnome) was there when you moved in. Screw his paper work that says otherwise, stick to your story and he'll fold.

• Let law enforcement officials know that you are moving. Let's not kid ourselves. It's not for your safety, it's mandated by law. Pederast.

• Check out by noon.

Tuesday, November 19, 2002

Did you see [this](#) story in the *Emerald* today? Christ, I thought they hit rock bottom last week, but apparently they found a shovel and started to dig.

Posted by Tim | [11:47 AM](#)

Tuesday, November 19, 2002

Sweet God! I just lost \$300 American betting on the [Bears](#). What was I thinking? Ether and gambling just don't mix. Can you guys help me out... these bookie guys are serious.

Posted by Sho | [3:12 AM](#)

Monday, November 18, 2002

Argghh... who actually reads The Nation? Look at this [rubbish](#)... England's health care system is a joke, what more do these people need to know?

Posted by Stacey | [7:46 PM](#)

Monday, November 18, 2002

Dudes! Dudes, check this out... [DVDA](#).... I repeat [DVDA](#). You'll need a credit card number to verify your age... mine is 5435837*****.

Posted by Chris S. | [4:00 PM](#)



OregonCommentator.com
Now with a BLOG. Beware!

Continued from page 6

ASUO was never involved in developing the new logo policy. She, along with ASUO Vice President Ben Buzbee, attended a meeting in early April of this year to discuss changes to the University logo. The meeting was held by a marketing team hired by Battson's office, but "the idea that it was a logo that would be enforced upon student groups was not even mentioned," Pilliod said.

"I thought it had nothing to do with student groups," she said. This was the last she heard of the logo policy until it was announced to all students. Pilliod claimed the ASUO was left

completely in the dark about a policy that affected all students until it was implemented.

Battson previously told the Commentator he worked with Pilliod in developing the original logo policy, but he was unavailable for comment on this story.



Courtesy Sweet, a junior majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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fair, so we have to do something." Do something? That's what gets done when there is no good solution to be found. Instead, America has started money-crunching bureaucracies that are impossible to reform or curtail.

Some argue that without the idealism of liberals American society never would have moved forward and the institutions of slavery, racism and sexism might still thrive today. There certainly is merit to the idea that the particular ideal espoused by earlier liberals, equal rights under the law, was a critical fight toward the American dream. But those days are past now and modern liberals seem to have forgone the noble ideas of equal rights and have moved onto fighting for special rights or even focusing on more trivial matters like animal rights and worker rights for foreign laborers who are more than

happy to have the jobs. As Wall Street Journal columnist Peggy Noonan has noted, liberals are now victim to their own previous success and are likely not to attract the broad support they once achieved.

The role of world leader will continue to be a heavy mantle for the American people, but there is a clear way to success. If Americans are to be the responsible society that beats the odds faced by all other historical societies, individual citizens must make the often difficult decision to take responsibility for their own lives and make rational, "dad-like" decisions.

After all, father usually knows best.



Bret Jacobson, a senior majoring in Pacifism, is the publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Continued from page 21

all, Brett Favre. And then there are these other names, names that do not inspire awe in an audience and will never, one feels, rally a team behind them and lead it to the Superbowl. Chad Pennington, impressive numbers and all, is one such. The same goes for Tampa Bay's revolving cast of large men named Johnson. And so long as the word "lead" is suitably emphasized, you can add Trent Dilfer to the list. Taken collectively, they sound less like a quarterbacks' Hall of Fame and more like a late-afternoon Pimms party in Kennebunkport, with Peyton Manning serving the cucumber sandwiches.

But the point may be moot, since Griese fell victim to the great quarterback die-off of the midseason, along with the Bears' Chris Chandler, the Dolphins' Jay Fiedler, the Eagles' McNabb, and sundry Johnsons. This was getting confusing. By the time Eagles backup Koy Detmer was injured, leaving Oregon alum A.J. Feeley as the starter, I was finding it impossible to keep track. More troubling yet

was the suggestion that my assessment of a given team based entirely on how tough their quarterback sounded was flawed. (For instance, it fails to take into account equally impressive names on the roster of defensive players.) As the twelfth week of the season concluded, I consoled myself that my system - imperfections be damned, and don't mention the Indianapolis Colts - wasn't proving any less accurate than any of the others, and resolved to learn the names of some of the other positions before Denver played Oakland again.



Olly Ruff, a Ph.D. student in mathematics, loves horses and America too.



My Anti-Drug by Zach Evenson



I've taken the time out of my busy schedule to compile a list of all the anti-drugs that I have tried. These anti-drugs, I feel, have been a successful means at keeping me away from the evils of illegal substances.

Shoplifting is an anti-drug that gives me a rush like none other. While all of my other friends are out getting "high" on illegal substances and ruining their lives, I'm jacking lipstick and camera film from Wal-Mart. Sometimes I see a homeless person on the street and think to myself, "Poor bastard. If only he were stealing pens from convenience stores instead of doing drugs like the 'cool' kids." No illegal drug can compare to the feeling of elation I get by walking out of a supermarket with a pocketful of useless garbage that I did not pay for. And the fact that I don't even need it is an added bonus! Unlike 'speed' or 'crack,' shoplifting forces me to take the risks I need to experience life firsthand again. When you purchase illegal drugs, you are furthering the perverted ideals of our corrupt entrepreneurial, material-wealth based society. By shoplifting, you are making a statement...nay... taking a stand for all this right and just in this country. Do you think that 'getting wasted' every Friday night will help to overthrow this crooked plutocracy? Will shoplifting? I don't know. Oooh, I think I spot a can of hairspray with my name on it.

More often than not, when I am tempted by the urge to consume illegal, mind-altering substances, I almost always fall back on one of my favorite anti-drugs: sex. When I say "sex," I'm not referring to that pussy-ass "safe sex" that Corporate America is always jamming down our throats. Unprotected, promiscuous sex with many partners is the only way to beat the call of illegal drugs. For me, a Saturday night is not best spent getting hammered in some seedy, redneck bar. No sireee. I get my jollies the way the Lord intended; cruising for skanks. I find that the Laundromat at 1 a.m. is one of the best places to score some primo anti-drug. How old is too old? How ugly is too

ugly? How paraplegic is too paraplegic? These are all questions from the inexperienced and weak-willed. If I am to assure my future in a world with no drugs, it is my duty to bang all single mothers, homeless immigrants, drunken sorority girls and fat chicks that this town has to offer. In order to remain true to the anti-drug creed, one must always remember this: "Paying for sex is OK if it helps to curb the urge to use illegal drugs." Plain and simple. Whenever I'm not in the "big-city," where purchasable sex is readily available...I improvise. Mrs. Hendersen, my elderly neighbor; Darma, the amputee who hangs around the army surplus store; and even Jorge, the guy selling oranges by the freeway: these are all good examples of people who could use a little extra pocket change this month. And they know just the person to get it from too.

Going through other peoples' stuff is also a good deterrent to any activity involving illegal substance usage. Not many street drugs can even come close to delivering the type of high you get when you discover something intimate about someone or their family. Occasionally some finds might provide you with juicy gossip like finding anal beads in your neighbors' dresser drawer. However, some finds might lead you to ask some disturbing questions such as, "Why does Jim's dad keep a full, authentic Nazi uniform in his closet?" or "Why is there a 'So You've Just Killed A Hooker' pamphlet in Pete's top drawer?"

Another way I like to keep my mind off of drugs is to secretly videotape women going to the bathroom in public places. This is the perfect anti-drug for people with a video camera.

Becoming a hardcore bigot sometimes has its advantages over a drug habit. When I feel like persecuting someone based on his or her ethnicity, religious background, or sexual preference, I don't have to constantly worry about how I'm going to "score" or from where I can get my next "fix." As long as there's diversity in the world, I'll always be high.



Bill Gates
Chairman and CEO
of the Microsoft
Corporation
Anti-Drug user
since 1975

Over the years, I've experimented with many anti-drugs: teasing the handicapped, taking a crap in public library books and then putting them back, scamming the elderly, gun-point robbery, sniffing DVD cleaner (if it's legal, it's not a drug), licking toads, shaking babies, capital fraud, yelling at the deaf, peeing myself in public... the list goes on and on. Yet none of these can compare to my all-time favorite anti-drug: lying.

In my opinion, lying is the best anti-drug of all time. It works on so many levels and there exists a lie for virtually any conceivable type of situation. Girlfriend getting on your nerves? Besides hitting her, you can just lie. "Here honey, I bought you an all-day ticket to that day spa you like so much." Of course she'll be fuming mad when she drives all the way down there just to realize that the ticket is a fake, but at least you her off of your back for about an hour. The best part is when she comes back, you can lie your way out of that as well. It can't fail!

Feeling down because you lost your job? Just fake a drug addiction. You get instant sympathy, and a year later you get a party for staying clean from a drug you've never done before...pure genius. I could go on and on. Some of my all time favorite lies include:

"I'm positive it ain't my baby." – All time classic.

"Yes, I already mailed the payment."

"Sure I'm clean." – Always comes in handy.

"Sure I can drive; I've only had one beer." – Use this one on your friends so you can get home in time to catch Conan O'Brian.

"I know, I know...not in your mouth." – No so much as a lie, but more of an empty reassurance. Still, I never leave home without it.

The best part about lying is that if you ever find yourself in trouble for lying, you can lie your way out of that as well. Yes, I can feel comfortable in saying that lying is my anti-drug. I also drive a BMW; how about that? So next time you get the urge to "trip" or "binge," just take a deep breath and fall back on one of the many anti-drugs available to you today. Just remember that stealing a car, knocking up your cousin, burning something down or beating up a vagrant can all be wholesome, constructive activities...just as long as they're not done under the influence of illegal drugs



My anti-drug? Gee, that sure is a tough one. I'm tempted to say that my anti-drug is my adherence to a daily regimen of healthy eating and clean living. For instance, today I ate a slice of...What the hell is this Consuela? I specifically asked for NO ground Indian cinnamon in my Earl Gray...NO CINNAMON! Do you remember who you're working for? How do you propose I should drink this vile shit? ¿Entiende usted inglés? This poison isn't even suitable for a vagrant. Now Dear, could you please bring me a bucket of rat urine, so that I could wash this horrible taste out of mouth? Gracias.



Ozzy Osbourne
Musician and
Devoted Father
Anti-Drug user
since 1967

Me annni drug wuz aroun' 1975 and we wuz all backstage at the uh...ohh..Hilton I think it wuz...and ole Jeff sayz t' me ey Ozzy why don' ya take this 'ere kitten and put it in your arse...so I takes the uhh...cat and uhh sets 'im on fire an whatnot and uhh...ey Sharon! Fuckin' 'ell! Tell tha' wumman three fuckin timez t' feed that fuckin mutt an' she cannuh heer...a.uhhh. Where wuz I? O yea...so I has me this... this uh...goldfish feeder and uhh...or was it uh cat box? Fuck me. Fuckin' 'ell Sharon! When u gonna feed tha' fuckin' dog?!



Hunter S. Thompson
Journalist
Anti-Drug user since
1957

...I was on my way to pick up my son from school when the drugs began to take their terrible hold. "Fuck me!" I shouted. Then all of a sudden I could practically smell the rotten sons of bitches closing in on me. Holy Fuck! Who was this horrid beast and what did she want with me? Receipt? She damn well knew I had no fucking receipt. It was time for action. I'm on the fucking list you evil bitch! Never mind my goddamn name! What's the score here? Goddamn...I'm surrounded by the soulless fuckers aren't I? Holy shit. Giant fucking bats... Where was I? Oh yes, my anti-drug...

and those hug-gabe protesters



ON ALL THINGS QUEER

I don't want any faggots on my team. I know this might not be what people want to hear, but that's a punk. I don't want any faggots in this locker room.
 — *San Francisco 49ers RB Garrison Hearst. Pretty harsh words. We tend to let peoples' personal lives be their own business, but we do like whenever people offer a clear plan for the future. That's (some kind of) leadership.*

If I hurt somebody's feelings, I hate that I did that. I don't want to be rude, but the comment was made.
 — *Garrison, again. Kind of the "mistakes were made" approach Tricky Dick tried. Our first question is why pick the most liberal city in the world to make that kind of slur? Why not wait 'til you get to Georgia?*

ON THE OL' DIRTY

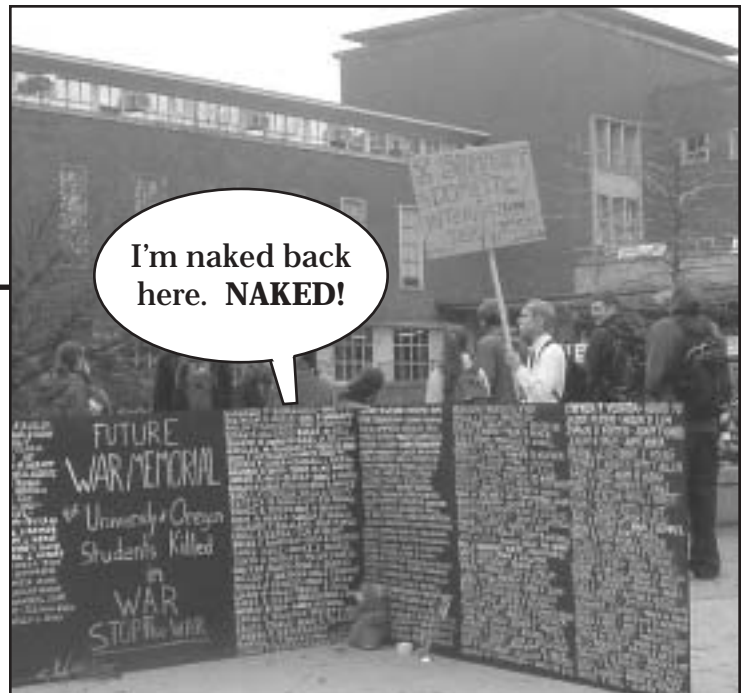
New Soda Spin-Offs Lacks Fizz, Classic Appeal of 'Real Thing'
 — *From the Onion? Nope... this is actually from the Emerald. We swear. This is to what our journal of record has been reduced.*

Although Red Fusion is supposed to be a cherry-flavored Dr Pepper, it lacked any kind of distinctive quality to justify its existence
 — *The same could be said of the Emerald.*

ON AND THE LAW WON

I know that if there's a crooked cop out there, they could do anything to me. He could do anything. Allen Iverson could wind up dead tomorrow if a crooked cop wants him dead. It's as simple as that.
 — *Allen Iverson, Philadelphia's troubled star. Allen Iverson could average 50 points a game if he could ever shoot better than 40 percent. It's as simple as that.*

Come on! Seven thirty? I wish. No. I wish who ever was making that money off of me would share it with me. No way. No way. I want to see the receipts. From the drug dealer that I bought 730 thousand dollars worth of drugs from. I want to see receipts. Yeah, right.
 — *Whitney Houston, in her interview with Dianne Sawyer. Alright Whit, if you insist. The blow alone cost you 300 Gs. Plus the 100 a year you pay for the Latin kid to blow it up your ass... It adds up quick, doesn't it?*



ON CONFORMITY

I could turn in my paper, but then I'd just be conforming to someone else's deadline.

—Overheard on the street near PLC. You could also start using soap, but then you'd be conforming to societal standards of hygiene and personal cleanliness.

ON THE TRUTH

A crappy economic system wastes stuff, it's called the old Soviet Union.

—ECON 411 Professor Chris Ellis. The ASUO is a lot like the USSR that way... and it's full of commies.

"I was thinking of asking for a subscription to the *New York Times* for Christmas. You know, I thought it might be good to know something"

"Yeah, but it could be overrated."

—Overheard in line for Subway. We thought knowing stuff was overrated, so we drank until we couldn't remember.

ON FRALITY, THY NAME IS JUAN

She's fantasizing about going back in time and seeing the Shakespeare play live in 1661. She wants to say, 'I just saw this new play about a guy named Othello who is impotent!'

—Juan Gil, Shakespeare 208 professor, responding to a female student's comment. Othello wasn't impotent... he was a private dick who was sex machine to all the chicks. Or was that Shaft?

"And so, like, I'm, like, raising my hand and stuff, and, like, he just, like, ignores me! And I, like, had my hand up for the whole class! And he, like, calls on someone else!"

—Girl in question overheard outside before class. Like, didn't Shakespeare write *10 Things I Hate About You*. And that one episode of *Dawson's Creek*.



DUCKS

FOOTBALL TRIVIA

The Ducks Offense is Most Like:

- A.) A Well-Oiled Machine
- B.) A Poorly Oiled Butt Plug
- C.) A '74 Pinto
- D.) Corky from "Life Goes On"



The Main Problem with the Ducks Defense:

- A.) Lack of talent at QB
- B.) Lack of talent at DE
- C.) The only thing opponents didn't catch was syphilis
- D.) Team enjoyed peddling backwards for 60 minutes a game

Which Wizard of Oz Character Best Represents the Ducks?

- A.) Tin Man (No Heart)
- B.) Lion (No Courage)
- C.) Scarecrow (No Brain)
- D.) Dorothy (Gang-banged Farm Girl)



Best Consequence of Miserable Season:

- A.) Bellotti can shed that burdensome "genius" label
- B.) Ernie Kent's ego fueled to unparalleled levels
- C.) No stress over whether school should be in National Title Game.
- D.) OSU gets momentary reprieve from realization it has an alcoholic coach, an alum kicker who fucked the 49ers' season and an alum who flamed out of the closet in the NFL.