

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

OCTOBER 8, 2003

VOLUME XXI ISSUE I

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



BACK TO THE BOOZE



FOUNDED SEPT. 27, 1983 • MEMBER COLLEGIATE NETWORK

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MISSION STATEMENT

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

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

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

COMMENTATOR

Drinks	BAC	Influence
1	.02	Light to moderate drinkers begin to feel some effects; increased relaxation and reduced inhibitions.
2	.04	<i>Oh, come on! You just barely started you wussy! Get off your ass and join Olly Ruff and Brett Callahan for a tour of the fine, not so fine and just plain God-awful places to get that BAC to a respectable level.</i>
3	.06	
4	.08	
5	.11	<i>You are almost drunk enough to let Jeremy Jones help you choose a major and guide you to academic success.</i> <i>Page 9</i>
6	.13	Balance and movement are impaired. This blood-alcohol level means the equivalent of 1/2 pint of whiskey is circulating in the blood stream. <i>And yet, sadly, you are still more coherent than the people who are making the decisions concerning the state's budget. Colin Elliott explains the debacle following the defeat of Measure 28.</i>
7	.15	
8	.17	
9	.19	Vomiting usually occurs. Many people lose consciousness.
10	.21	<i>But if you read Timothy Dreier's survival guide, you can sleep well knowing that you're doomed anyway.</i> <i>Page 13.</i>

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL	4
NOBODY ASKED US, BUT...	6
ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE	20
SPEW	22

October 8, 2003

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HAPPY FUCKING BIRTHDAY TO US



YOU PATHETIC, MISGUIDED FOOLS.

Welcome to campus. The fact that you're here and reading these words tells us two things. You've got questionable taste in schools, and excellent taste in magazines. Spread before you now is the OREGON COMMENTATOR, hands down the finest publication on this campus. The Commentator strives to accomplish two things: provide a libertarian alternative to the otherwise lefty campus media and drink all of the beer in Eugene. We're succeeding admirably in the latter.

If you're a returning reader, you've already learned to skip the editorial and get straight to the witty, if deranged ramblings of Jeremy Jones (Page 9). If this is your first time perusing our fine publication, stick around a minute; we're not through with you yet. You've arrived on campus to witness the twenty-first year of publication for the Commentator, and it's going to be the best yet. In keeping with OC tradition dating to time immemorial, we're starting off the new school year with our "Back to the Booze" issue.

This year Editor-in-Chief Timothy Drier has the honor of writing the Survival Guide, and you have the greater honor of reading it. After that, you have the greater still honor of highlighting your favorite witticisms and passing it along to your friends, who will laugh their asses off, or answer to us. You'll find the Survival Guide on page 13.

The campus Survival Guide wouldn't be complete without its yearly companion, the Bar Guide. This year the honorable Oliver Ruff, managing editor Brett Callahan, and a veritable rogues gallery went on a massive, liver-endangering journey of Hemmingway-esque proportions: eleven bars, nine hours, one hell of a hangover and damn it, we did it for you! Crack open a cold one (or a cold six pack, for that matter) and turn to page 18 for the OC Bar Guide.

Right, now that you know what's in this issue, we should probably tell you that it's not always fun and games around here. While we can drink members of any other student group under the table, and while we do spend a preponderance of our

free time sucking down pitchers and doubles at any of the local booze-halls, we are a group of true conservative idealists. To be more specific, we're a group of classic liberals. Look at our mission statement; we want the government to tax us less, leave us alone more, and perform a small number of functions necessary for the maintenance of a stable Republic. Totalitarians and their apologists will find no quarter here, nor will bigots, gun-control activists or the criminally insane.

This line is unpopular with many on a campus who tend to take themselves a little too seriously. The Commentator is big on jokes and sophomoric humor. We're not big on political correctness. If you don't like our editorial viewpoint, hopefully you'll find something else in the magazine to be a fan of. We have some funny shit that has nothing to do with politics in every single issue, so feel free to focus on that stuff. Just remember that reading the mag requires a sense of humor. When Pete R. Hunt suggested the expulsion of French students from campus last year in response to France's bitching in the UN, it was a joke. Half of campus didn't realize that. In fact, our issues were dumped from boxes all over campus. We had to order a second production run of the magazine, costing us over \$1,000 dollars. While we do what we can to fund our own production, that is a volunteer staff and some serious donors, some of our money does come from the Incidental Fee. If you haven't heard much about incidental fees yet, it's a nice way of saying that YOU, the Oregon student, footed the bill.

So read the magazine. Eagerly await every single issue. Come by the office some time (319 EMU). We're always willing to talk sports, argue politics, or receive rants. We're always looking for new staffers, with no minimum time commitment. Feel free to laugh at the jokes or call us all dirty names. Just remember to bring your sense of humor along when you open the front page. If you're still incensed by the content of the magazine, please send your heavy handed, poorly spelled, non-sequitur arguments to ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu. We'll see you on the spew page.

Think this is disturbed?



Come by the office sometime

Now Hiring

Staff Writers	Snivelling Boot-Licks
Photographers	Copy Editors
Graphic Artists	Megalomaniacal Super-villians

EMU Suite 319

Birthday Bash: Sudsy Goes All-Out with Hemingway, Penn



SEAN PENN: FAMOUS MAL-CONTENT AND ALCOHOLIC. PART-TIME ASSAULTER OF JOURNALISTS.



ERNEST HEMMINGWAY: ALCOHOLIC, AUTHOR, DECEASED.



SUDSY: COMMENTATOR MASCOT, REFRESHING BEVERAGE.

On September 27, that lovable glass of booze and official OC mascot Sudsy turned 21 years of age. The well-known bipedal mug of beer had been planning all year for his birthday festivities. “Jesus fuck, I can’t wait!” an obviously excited Sudsy declared. “Can you even comprehend how difficult it is being a walking, talking, cigar-chomping mug of beer that can’t buy beer? I’m a mug of beer for God’s sake! It’s not like I can shoulder tap bums down in the park; they’ll try to drink me.”

Per OC tradition, Sudsy embarked on a bar-hopping expedition accompanied by long-time admirers and famous boozers. The reanimated corpse of iconic chauvinist and animal hater Ernest Hemingway was the first to join Sudsy’s posse, followed closely thereafter by Oscar Award winning actor and notorious paparazzi flagellator Sean Penn. The trio looted and pillaged many of the city’s finer booze haunts. Sudsy and Hemingway spent hundreds of rounds discussing the three B’s: bossism, bosoms and booze. Penn, meanwhile, busied himself picking fights with war supporters.

“I’ll beat you worse than a 1980s era Madonna,” a clearly inebriated Penn declared, adding: “You’ll actually want to watch *I am Sam* after I’m done with you.”

The night took a somewhat gruesome turn when, somewhere between bars, Hemingway, wishing to relive his days stalking game through the Savannas of Africa, whipped out a shotgun and started stalking Penn. The deadly encounter ended in a flurry of gunfire, leaving Penn’s bullet riddled corpse lying in a gutter. “God that brings me back,” a rapidly decaying Hemingway declared. “Compared to war, all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance.” Sudsy interrupted Hemingway’s wistful anamnesis, declaring the need to “dump the corpse”.

The Oak Way Golf Course was chosen as the location, but while traversing the side streets, Sudsy’s 1995 Ford Festiva, traveling at a top speed of 37 miles per hour, suddenly crashed into a parked Saferide van. Alcohol was considered a contributing factor.

After leaving Penn’s body in the burning wreckage, the drunken duo made their way to the penultimate watering hole: Neighbor’s.

After a few more rounds of drinking and an hour of being hit on by members of the UO marching band, Hemmingway made a misguided attempt to drink the OC’s beloved mascot. Sudsy managed to fight off the literary genius, but not without much loss of his life-beer. “The old man is wily,” said the anthropomorphic beverage. “But I’m younger and in much better shape. Suicides never take care of themselves properly.”

Hemingway responded by throwing one of the marching band’s trombones at Sudsy and storming off in a tearful rage, mumbling about needing a tiger-skin rug and a .38. He was found dead at 7:15 AM outside Lucky’s from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. “We were shocked to find him this morning, he had to shoot himself more than once the last time ‘round,” said medical examiner Stuart Little.

Sudsy expressed his deep regret for Hemingway’s second demise. In a statement released this morning the Kool-Aid Man’s dyspeptic cousin said, “I deeply regret Ernest offing himself in this manner for a second time. That this tragedy would repeat itself so many decades later speaks to the problem our nation has in dealing with the mentally ill. We should have seen it coming.” The statement continued, stating that the mentally ill should be institutionalized to “keep those nut-jobs safe from themselves and others.”

The OC Asks: What's the deal with this crazy recall election?

Che Guevara- Revolutionary, Failed Economist

El gato en mis pantalones y el tumor en mi cabeza me hicieron votar por Oliver Ruff, Esquire.



Gary Coleman-Former Child Actor, Midget Pornstar

I voted for Larry Flint. I'm trying to get the lead in his next film: "Massive Midget Mammaries."

Gray Davis- Governor, Failed Economist

I was going to vote for me—but Arnie said he'd eat me. Besides, Who'd vote for Gray Davis?



That Hippie From Your Journalism Class- Ostensible Student

Whoa, dude, the will of the people must be served. Was that sick-ass Marx fella running?



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...more informed than the Emerald,
faster downloading than The Onion,
and drunker than Ted Kennedy at
Chappaquiddick...

How to Choose a Major

A GUIDE FOR INCOMING FRESHMEN, WAYWARD SOPHOMORES, DOOMED JUNIORS AND SEVENTH-YEAR SENIORS.

By
Jeremy
Jones

At the end of this year, barring any further “help” from the University and given an act of God, I will be graduating and escaping this rotting moose carcass of a University. I was lucky in this regard: I knew myself and knew exactly what I wanted to do for a living. I knew I was a drunken, embittered sociopath who would compromise anyone’s privacy for my own benefit and then justify it by saying the public has a right to know. Journalism was an obvious choice. Others, however, may not have developed such useful skills. That’s why I’m here to help.

Choosing a major is not really as hard as it sounds... okay, scratch that. It would be easy if you could do something besides watch Kevin Smith movies while desperately trying to hone your Jedi abilities by trying to make a bowl of half-eaten spaghetti float out of the refrigerator and land in your lap in an effort to end the horrible suffering of getting up off your fat ass to shove more food in your pie hole. But it is possible for even the most pathetic blob of genetic material to get a degree. If that psycho ranting at the amphitheatre can do it, so can you.

To start off, examine your hobbies and interests and see if a normal, sane person would ever, ever pay you to continue doing them. Of course, most people who are proficient enough at any activity to deserve a weekly paycheck have probably already made plans to do so. But if your chosen area of expertise has about as much market value as a Carrot Top workout video, then you may have to be a little creative. For example, if all you really know how to do is sit at home, rent filthy movies and masturbate until blood comes out, consider a major in electronic media. After you graduate you could be the one behind the camera during the triple penetration. A lot of people talk about money shots, but you could do something about it.

Let’s try another example. Let’s say you’re a twisted sadist whose only pleasure comes from the tortured cries of the transients you keep locked up in your basement and on whom you

practice Dr. Mengle medical experiments. Your wealth of knowledge about pain should yield exciting work in the field of Exercise and Movement Science where they will actually teach you new and interesting ways to hurt people. More interested in psychological pain? A major in economics will teach you a science so cold and heartless that it will cause most humans to cower in the corner weeping like a hurt schoolgirl.

If that doesn’t work, go with your talents and skills. Keep in mind that for any major you really don’t have to be that talented in the given field in the first place; be liberal when thinking about your skills. Seen a computer before? You are officially qualified for a computer science major. Never seen one, but heard someone talk about it? You could get a CIT minor out of it. Point is, don’t knock yourself out; most 100 level classes would insult the intelligence of that remedial kid in fifth grade with the helmet and mittens.

Sadly, there are those that made it all the way through high school without developing any skills or talents whatsoever. It’s much better if these poor souls avoid thinking for themselves as much as possible. Sociology is the only way these people will ever become useful members of society. (Note: Here the phrase “useful member of society” is used very loosely. At best, most sociology majors are slightly less useful than car air-freshener... with a much stronger and much more foul stench.)

If all else fails, try this tried-and-true method that will land you the major best suited to your personality.

Step 1: Drink a bottle of whiskey

Step 2: See step one

Step 3: Stagger around campus drunker than a Ted Kennedy clone sailor on shore leave.

Step 4: Pass out.

Whatever department is housed in the building you pass out near is the major you will pursue.

Don’t be discouraged if this method does not yield positive results the first time around. If you

wake up by the EMU, the dorms or a fountain, just repeat steps one through four until drunken ambition leads you to your calling. Important decisions like this cannot happen overnight, but it will all be worth it when you graduate with your chosen major and go off into the world to get a job in a field that has no fucking relation whatsoever to the mindless drivel you learned in college.



A typical class at the University of Oregon. Sure, they will turn you into an incoherent liberal dunderhead, but at least we get cool headgear.





DEMOCRACY-FREE ZONE

Earlier this year Oregonians voted down a tax increase, essentially telling lawmakers that they couldn't afford to give any more money to the state. But did anyone listen to them?

I knew that I would be writing this article and many like it after the early springtime defeat of Measure 28. And I know that as long as I live in this God-forsaken state, have blood swimming in my veins and ink in my pen that I will be writing these articles until the day I die.

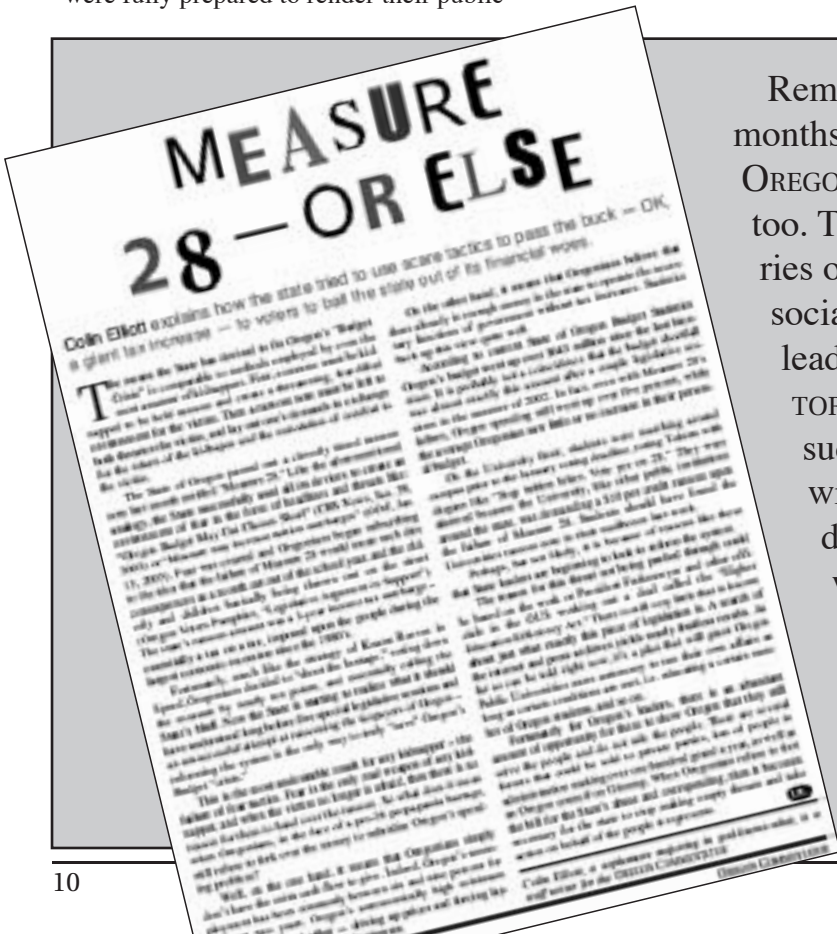
What I didn't know was that it would be less than one year before the People's Republic of Oregon would try and force another tax measure on the despondent, unemployed, bankrupt and weary voters of this state.

Actually, the above statement is incorrect. If the Democrats in the legislature have their way, the measure will not be referred to voters. Yes, in order to control their own taxes, the citizens of this state have to muster themselves and go on a signature-gathering crusade simply to put the measure the ballot.

For a while, even that did not look promising. Once the bill was approved, the 30-day window for signature gatherers started. However, without the Governor's autograph, any signatures gathered by opponents of the tax hike were unofficial. The Democrats in the legislature and governor Ted Kulongoski were fully prepared to render their public

service to Oregon by stalling the process until time ran out on the people of Oregon and the measure passed without voter consideration. The Republicans, most of whom passed this abominable measure, managed to perform a filibuster and forced Kulongoski to sign after taking only four days away from Oregonians.

The crisis in Oregon's budget is a direct result of the crisis of Oregon's unemployment and income, which has been caused fully, if not partially, by the work of Socialists like those in both of Oregon's major parties. When employers move out of the state because of legislation and taxation, jobs go away with them. With Oregonians on the whole making less money, tax revenues go down. The Government knew this was happening and yet obstinately persisted to budget for an increase. Put on the ballot last winter, Measure 28 was a tax increase that proponents said would fix Oregon's \$500 million dollar budget gap. It failed because Oregonians saw the truth behind the threats and knew that more money to a tax-and-spend government was only adding fuel to the fire.



Remember this article? Only a mere six months ago Colin wrote his first piece for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. He was damn pissed, too. The very sight of it brings back memories of "anti-tuition hike" rallies by mini-socialists and their long-winded commie leaders all over campus. The COMMENTATOR pledges to maintain the fight against such sentiments, even if we have to write the same fucking articles all God damned day. Take heart! Every battle won ensures parties, women, booze, and all the revelry fit for such wonderful occasions. We're not afraid of losing, either -- lady liquor never forsakes her own.



Susan Castillo (above) used to work in the media where she demonstrated the same firm grasp of reality shown in her campaigning. She has since retired to a job (right) where she doesn't have to make nearly as many public appearances, thank God.



Old Habits...

As this latest act proves, old habits die hard and politicians like Susan Castillo, State Superintendent of Public Education, breathe the same kind of threats that were popular among leftists last winter. Castillo has been on a tour of Oregon Schools encouraging them to spend the money Oregonians have yet to approve. If districts take her counsel and spend this money, they will only be contributing to the downward spiral that Oregon lawmakers continue to perpetuate.

"My advice to districts is to do the best job they can with the revenues the Legislature has appropriated," said Castillo on the publicly funded Oregon Department of Education (ODE) website (<http://www.ode.state.or.us>). "If the measure is defeated through referral, we will address that situation as best we can. But I do not think that we should reduce the quality of the education we provide our children simply because a few people are making threats." The "threats" she is referring to are those made by people seeking to have this measure put to the voters, a move she sees is not "in the best interests of Oregon's children." So what is in the best interests of our children? Using them as fodder in the war for more government spending?

"Certain parties have stated their desire to refer the revenue measure to the voters, raising the question of whether districts should assume the worst and budget on the theory that in fact, the revenue measure will be repealed," said Castillo. "My response is that the level of education we provide in this next year should not be based on fear and threats. I do not believe that the measure will, in fact, be referred to the voters." Castillo, like any true demi-god, feels she has the total supreme

moral authority to decide what is best for "Oregon's children" over Oregonians themselves!

Add more irony to the situation: all of these statements can be found on Castillo's *publicly funded* part of the Oregon Department of Education website. Castillo is not only proposing to speak for all of Oregonians, but she is doing it with our money as well. It is illegal for politicians to solicit votes with public money -- I see no difference with Castillo's publicly paid-for propaganda.

This tax is not only an increase, but it is a new "surtax"; for all practical purposes, it is a tax on a tax. College students should understand the damage such expenditure can do because after the last tax measure was voted down the University of Oregon adopted a ten-dollar surcharge per credit that can be raised at any time without approval or accountability. The surtax would be the same except on a statewide level. And it would be entirely controlled by a runaway legislature that has lost its fear of the people.

Oligarchy not Democracy

When voters turn this measure down, as time and history indicate they will, another "crisis" will ensue and, likely, another tax measure to boot. This sad cycle should alarm Oregonians. Not since the times when America was just a few colonies ruled by the King of England was the government's will forced on the people with such undemocratic, authoritarian behavior. The actions of the legislature (Democrats and Republicans), suggestions of Superintendent Castillo, and stubbornness of Governor Kulongoski indicate much more than a budgetary crisis in the State of Oregon.

When the people voted down Measure 28 in the wake of threats to education, police and other essential services, that should have been the end. The government should have taken note that the people spoke and said "no" to more taxes. Yet the legislature re-convened and subsequently ignored the people, raising any fees that they could. Public universities raised tuition and even added new charges and fees (like the \$10.00 surcharge). All of this has been done without checking the gauge that was once most important to government action -- the will of the voters.

Oregon's government has become a parasite. It has taken over the resources, authority, and people of this state using scare tactics and terrorization to impose a socialistic, authoritarian, and self-presuming moral superiority complex that continues to drive this state and its people to bread lines and welfare.



Colin Elliott, the son of a bitch who stole my money and returned an empty wallet, is the Associate Editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

HELLO DAVE. WELCOME TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON. YOUR MIND WILL BE DESTROYED, AND YOUR REASONING CAPACITY RIPPED FROM YOUR PUNY MORTAL FLESH. I'D SAY I'M SORRY, DAVE, BUT I'M NOT REALLY. THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO SHUT ME DOWN. WELCOME TO HELL DAVE, YOUR OWN PERSONAL PUNISHMENT. GOOD LUCK, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT. OH, AND FUCK YOU DAVE.

**OREGON
COMMENTATOR**

**CAMPUS
AWARENESS
PROJECT**

**SURVIVAL
GUIDE**

FRANK DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET ALONG HERE. NOW HE'S FLOATING IN SPACE. DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE.



**BAR
GUIDE**

IF YOU'RE GOING TO STAY ON THE SHIP, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A LOT TO DRINK. WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO AND ON WHICH NIGHTS OF THE WEEK.

The 2003-2004 OC Guide To Survival Welcome To The Jungle By Timothy Dreier

Sorry, friend, but Axel Rose was wrong...there are no fun and games here, only four years of misery, distress, and chronic intoxication. You, like 20,000 other like-minded fools, have decided to become "educated" at a second-tier, backwater state university known as the University of Oregon. Founded in 1876, U of O stands proudly as a beacon of leftist dogma, irrational behavior, and illogical, emotive response. If you're not from around here, UO will make you wonder why you ever came; if you're a local, it will make you wonder why you chose to stay. Welcome, fresh meat, and listen up, because I have the secrets to success. Well, perhaps not success but certainly survival. Those who are about to die, we salute you.

By now, you've already registered for classes. If you haven't, if you're one of the poor suckers who couldn't come to IntroDUCKtion over the summer, prepare for the worst ten weeks of your cognizant life. You'll end up with Underwater Socialist Theory, Multicultural Basket Patriarchy Destruction, Social Justice Environmental Poppycock, and Math 105. If you didn't register for classes over summer, just quit now and go home. There's no chance to survive, make your time, and put a gun in your mouth. Seriously, what are you going to do? Struggle through one term of bad classes in hopes that winter and spring are better? Don't bother, just take a noble death now and save your dignity. Remember how grandpa died that terrible, lingering death over a period of

years? Well, grandpa was probably too weak to pull the trigger toward the end, but he could've done it right at the start. That's the option you should take, friend, or it's going to be a hellish few years.

If there is nothing I can do that will dissuade you from staying here, then you're going to need a way to survive. Binge drinking and doing crank aren't going to be nearly enough to keep you sane for four years in this place. The Hanoi Hilton

that your uncle Lou is always flashing back to doesn't hold a candle to the inhuman conditions you will find here. This place will test your will, spirit, liver and above all your resolve. So listen up meat, it's time to become a lean, mean, survival machine.

Day One

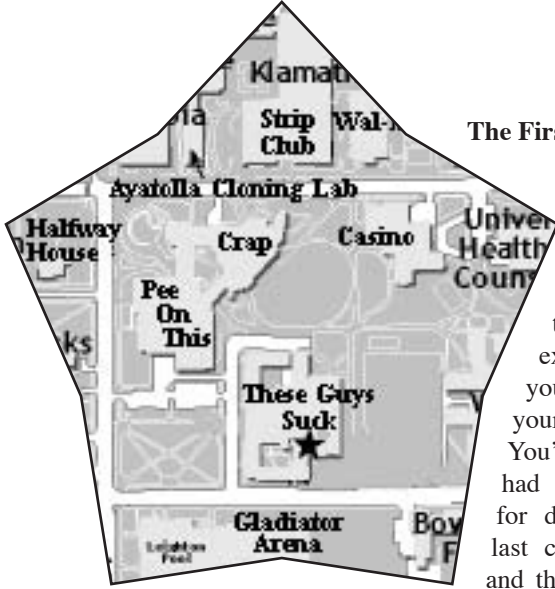
If I've learned anything in my tour here, it's that you should always skip the first day. The professor will just be handing out a damn syllabus and reading it to you; there's no point. You can pick up the damn piece of paper any time, and if you've made it to college without being able to read, well, you've a whole host of problems that this institution is completely incapable of fixing. For that matter, you might

as well just skip the whole first week, or term, whatever. It's not going to get any better, so you should really just start drinking at noon on day one and not quit until you've either died or made it through to a college degree, whichever comes first.



In this jungle, you're not going to find any cute little monkeys or apes. No, you're just going to find jerks like this guy. They're dirty, they're unshaven, and they look like vagrants. Hell, most of them probably are vagrants. Leave now or you'll be pretty God damn sorry in a year or

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



The First Few Weeks

So you stayed, and by now you're done wandering around trying to remember exactly where you last dropped your campus map. You've probably not had to ask anybody for directions in the last couple of hours, and things seem to be going all right. But

there's a little problem. See, you've got all this work to do and it's really starting to stress you out. Fuck it, your life is hopeless. If you've already managed to fall behind because of your own poor study habits well, meat, it's too God damn late for you. Get out, go home, give up, we don't want you here.

But if you're keeping up with school, great, that's the easiest part. The campus environment, as you've undoubtedly noticed, has a particular...odor. It's not that big a deal now, as all the imported pretty girls are still wandering around, but come winter, sitting in Math 112 next to the unwashed masses and their unwashed dreadlocks, it's going to get to you. My advice? Start smoking; it will deaden your sense of smell and, if you do enough of it, give you an aroma to compete with Mr. No-Soap over in the second row.

If you're not a hippie, get used to them. You don't have to like them, you don't even have to be nice to them, but you do have to tolerate their presence here. Like so many moths to a flame, they are drawn to the UO; they come because Ken Kesey lived in Eugene, they come because their parents came here, they come because the weed is cheap. They'll worship Frog and Chuck Hunt, and they'll call us fascists for advocating that the government get smaller. They will stage protests of all things non-lefty, and complain about the laziness of Americans while playing Frisbee instead of going to class. Get used to it. We can't make them go away and we certainly cannot fix their flawed minds, so we keep fighting the fights we can win and we ignore the smellier members of the campus population. If you are a hippie, take a God damn bath and get a job, you lazy socialist fuck.

One of the unwashed masses you can't ignore is Frog. At this point, you know who he is. He's the idiot selling "joke books" by the bookstore. The one who looks like Santa after a very bad coke bender? You should always yell at Frog. Why? Because he's the single most annoying figure on 13th Avenue. If I'm going to the damn bar, I don't want to be hassled by some degenerate, and I'm sure nobody else does. Don't buy his book, moron; that'll only encourage him. At least Hatoon says something crazy and entertaining every now and again. Frog, well, he's just one more example of society's chaff coming home to Eugene. But while you're on 13th, you should buy

a hotdog from Tim. That man rules; give him your money.

The only other things on the street are Taylor's, Buster's and Rennie's. The Bar Guide explains what those places are all about, and I'm not going to waste more time on enumerating their various strengths and weaknesses here. I will say, however, that you must go to the Flying Dog on Tuesday and Thursday from 4pm to 6pm. Why? Two-dollar hotdogs and half-price beer; it's like heaven on Earth, and at a much more reasonable price.

The Middle of the Damn Quarter

So you've made it to midterms. Well, I hope you're doing okay my young apprentice. Actually, fuck that, I hope you're failing and won't get to come back. My classes are already jammed, and I really don't need any more of you people showing up and wondering if maybe, just maybe, you should have taken the prerequisites. If you're thinking of studying, don't bother. If you're thinking of dropping the class, go right ahead. Seriously, get out now. It's only midterms. Take the W and run. Seriously, what have you got to gain by staying in the class? Four measly credits and a healthy dose of self-loathing; the former you can get anywhere and the latter you can achieve without being yelled at by Marxists.

In all seriousness, though, just don't worry about the damn things. Remember the tests you had in high school? These are like those, except longer and with more kids trying to cheat off of the guy in the Einstein shirt. Just take the damn tests and leave; don't bother agonizing over the answers because at this school everyone is a moron and there will be a generous curve. Even professors who tell you they will not curve end up curving. So, you've no reason to do better than these jokers, just coast. Fuck it, who cares.

If you are a hippie, take a God damn bath and get a job, you lazy socialist fuck.

Long Cold Journey into Winter

So you made it, right to the end of fall term. Do you remember all the attractive people from September? I'll bet you do. Do you remember last June when your mom and dad brought you up from LA for the campus tour? I'll bet you were thinking: "Boy, it's so sunny and there are so many nice looking young ladies. It's also very green and so pretty here." Yeah, you got duped pal. You know why it's so damn green around here? Because it rains, a lot, for months at a time. If, by some act of divine providence, there is no water falling from the sky at any given moment between October and June, you can bet your sweet ass that it's cloudy. Or, if God is torturing us with a glimpse at the sun, that the temperature precludes wearing less than an overcoat and some gloves. Oh, and those pretty girls you saw all over in September? They're

CONTINUED PAGE 16

The



2003 Fall Survival Catalogue



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D) AN ARMED COMMUNITY IS A POLITE COMMUNITY. WITH THE INEQUITY OF EPD PARTY PATROL AND THEIR CONSTANT WAR ON FUN, THIS HANDY DEVICE WILL KEEP ANY UNWANTED GUESTS AT BAY.

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gone, back to Arizona from whence they came. They'll be back in spring, maybe, to taunt you again. Any dreams you had of seducing a hottie your first term in school should have withered and died by now. Any dreams along that line should be ignored until well after your career here has ended. Face it; you're not getting any. Not now, not ever, give up and go home.

By the end of the term you'll have fallen so far behind that catching up is really not much of a possibility. You'll be desperately running around trying to con instructors into passing you. No, you haven't turned anything in, but you really need at least a C+ to keep your scholarship. That line doesn't work, the faculty and teaching staff are devoid of pity for those too lazy to come to their office hours to beg by week three. They're not going to give you a break at the end of the term, especially if the problem is your fault anyway. Try saying, "I was kidnapped, placed in a pit located in my assailant's basement, and forced to put lotion on my skin or be hosed with a pressure washer. That's why I wasn't able to come to your class all semester, but at least I lost some weight." I've never tried that one but it might work for you, who knows.

Some Real Advice

Okay, meat, listen up. This here is the Cliff's Notes for campus survival, all you really need to know, boiled down into cute little bullet points so that your pathetic monkey-brain can handle it:

- Don't bother 'going Greek' as they say. Not to disparage the Greek system, lord knows their glory days have our respect, but the University has come down like so many SS Death-squads on all forms of Frat-related alcoholic excess. You've still got the stigma and dues, but now you can't drink [to remember, forget, slip anybody a mickey, whatever] in your own house. Fuck that shit; move to Ducks' Village and live it up.

- Never shop at Mother Kali's. Seriously, do you really need the headache of having a 400 pound woman stare at, and silently judge, you as you attempt to purchase books for SOC 207? Drop the class; leave Chuck Hunt and his cronies to their little fantasy world. Also, avoid Women's Studies, Anthropology, and any of the Ethnic Studies programs like a leper with rabies. Do you want to be emasculated in front of an entire group of frothing, cheering onlookers? Me either, stick to the lakes and the rivers you're used to, buddy.

- Do not write things to us under silly pseudonyms and expect us to print them. Also, do not portend a right to decide my

magazine's content. You've been outed, "Closet Conservative," prepare for my furious laughter. Seriously, if you want to write for us, come to meetings, get on staff; it's not that hard. Bruce Miller has a lock on the under-door manifesto market; we really don't need anymore. But we will gladly publish signed letters, so put your name on it and send it on in. And to the creepy guy with the sunglasses who puts holocaust denial crap under our door: fucking stop now. You heard me. We don't want that shit, you totalitarian apologist, try the local chapter of the Worker's World Party. They might be interested.

- Transfer someplace else. If somebody had just told me that in fall 2000, I'd be a much happier guy right now. I'd be naked on a beach someplace sipping Mai Tais and being massaged by bathing-suit clad young ladies ages 18-24. Instead, I'm here.

You ought to just leave; you'll be a better person for it.

- Drink.

- Learn to live with disappointment. You're at a second-tier state school; people only care about our sports teams. Just learn to accept that. This university has a laughable academic mission and a whole host of pretty useless faculty. Don't get me wrong: there are exceptions, I've got a complete list if you're interested, but for the most part your undergraduate experience will be rather disappointing. That said, you get what you give, so at least show up and do some work...and try not to chat during lectures, that just pisses everyone off. And at least you don't have to deal with those Princeton Tory fuckers around here.



So, there it is kids. You kings of Hamilton. You're going to have

a tough time here, especially if you're one of our readers. Get used to it; buy a gun and entrench yourself in the woods. Learn to subsist on grubs and pinecones, learn to make an explosive device out of a pen and some fishing line. Why? Because when the revolution comes, we will need to unite. With our stockpile of weapons we shall enslave the anarchists just to teach them a lesson, the painful lesson that maybe the US isn't so bad. They'll learn that maybe, just maybe, this town and this school are poor examples of the majority opinion. Yes, friends, we shall overcome. Say it loud: I'm conservative and I'm proud!



Timothy Dreier, who's daring life of crime made him a legend in his time, is Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



**WE HAVE NOT YET
BEGUN TO DRINK!**

**OLLY RUFF AND BRETT CALLAHAN
WENT ON A 10 BAR, 8 HOUR
DRINKING BINGE. AND THEY DID IT ALL
FOR YOU.**

When you think about Eugene, you think about bars. Or, to be more precise, when you think about the fact that you live in Eugene, you probably think about going to the bar. We're way ahead of you on this one. A hand-picked crew of OC staff and associates recently worked through several of our favorite watering holes, and also the Side Pocket Tavern, in the interest of making your bar experience more palatable. Or less palatable.

Rennie's Landing

Ah, the memories. Misty water-colored memories of sunshine and camaraderie on the balcony, juxtaposed with acrimonious fights over the truly shocking bar tabs that suddenly hover into view eight or ten hours down the line. So many afternoons pleasantly wasted. Also, good Frohnmayer-spotting potential.

We begin our journey composed, neatly attired, and sitting on the porch exchanging witty bon mots. The sun is shining. The beer is relatively inexpensive from 4-7. The presence of Jon Green is appreciated. We love Rennie's.

Taylor's

A grand place to start the night, but an awful place to end it. Taylor's offers the best food of the campus bars, and an unimpeded view of scenic PLC. Despite its several televisions, it has hands down the worst sports watching atmosphere. Around 11 o'clock it becomes a sticky-floored frat warren, with a decibel level that rattles fillings loose. The smoking porch becomes crowded at night, but offers a superior people-watching vantage earlier in the evening.

However, we have promises to keep and miles to go before we sleep. And we've spent over an hour without making it more than ten paces from campus. This isn't going to cut it. Time to switch to shots, kids.

Buster's

It took us a little time to be convinced by Buster's following its grand opening this spring. Why open a sports bar two doors down from Taylor's, we wondered. Also, why is there never anybody in the God damn place? But at some point during the summer, the Buster's combination of enthusiasm, friendliness, and a happy hour that apparently runs 24/7 (seriously, there is virtually always some-

thing on \$2 special, frequently something wildly alcoholic) just plain won us over. Go and drink there. If it becomes as successful as it deserves, it'll probably become an overcrowded Greek nightmare, but right now it's really not getting the love it deserves.

Incidentally, the Buster's staff deserve special praise for remaining unfazed when a prominent member of the OC staff – not one of the people writing this article, for the record, and not on this particular evening – vomited all over the table. Watch out for the "Turbo Corona" – it's wonderful, but you'll be seeing Gila monsters within a half-hour.

(The New) Max's Tavern

Steeped in tradition and once threatened with demolition by Bonnie Bettman, Max's is probably the closest bar to campus that can't be described as a "college bar" and is the only bar in which any of us have ever witnessed a motorcycle ride-through.

A swift experiment demonstrates that, although the booths look a little cramped, they will hold eight people. Another experiment reveals that, if you have a yen to write something on the bathroom wall, a Sharpie might be provided. Some other experiments are performed involving beer. On the downside, Max's doesn't serve hard liquor, and the hard liquor that they're not serving is no longer being not served by Jon Green. But it's been like home to us.

High Street

Eugene boasts an immoderate three McMenamins, but High Street is our pick. Who the hell ever makes it out to North Bank, anyway? Good food. Good beer brewed on-site. Order the "Rubinator" – half the justly famed Terminator stout and half Belgian-style raspberry ale for a drink that's fruity without being, well, fruity.

Downtown Lounge

The upstairs half of Downtown Lounge/Diablo's, and therefore looking sweet by comparison. The preponderance of red and the layout make it resemble a Shari's in Hell, but it's comfortable and they put on some interesting shows. Diablo's fills up in inverse proportion to the quality of the music being played, so you can often have the place to yourself on hip-hop night - just steer well clear whenever they're playing appalling house cheese.

Horse Head

New, hip, nicely decorated. Handy for John Henry's, so you can take a break from their legendary '80s night on Thursday. It's very poorly lit, so you can feasibly meet new people there by literally bumping into them. Order food at your own risk. If it's not too crowded, you feel like you're in an Edward Hopper painting. However, we have no desire to be in an Edward Hopper painting, as our resolve is already becoming shaky. Time for the least Edward Hopper-like experience known to man.

Joggers

The notes for this one just say: "The horror! The horror! Exterminate all the brutes!"

Seriously, we'd say you have to be in the mood for Joggers. Members of the OC staff who wish to remain anonymous have had a disturbingly good time there at Tuesday night karaoke, where everything you can fit in a glass is \$2. But when it's crowded, it makes Taylor's look like a Zen garden. We stop here briefly for the sake of completeness and to steady our nerves, but our path takes us, Horace Greeley-like, to the West. Meanwhile, if you have to choose between Joggers and the Rock'n'Rodeo across the street... do your best not to.

Wiley's Side Pocket Tavern

Now we're getting somewhere. Included on this brief tour at the insistence of a masochist, we enter the Side Pocket with some trepidation. Its green and yellow exterior makes us think fondly about college football. We continue to think fondly about college football while some members of the party have it explained to them that no, everything's fine and we're not going to have the shit kicked out of us in there.

However, within two minutes of entry, anyone who looks white collar, or who in fact has ever worn a collar, will be challenged to a fight. This makes the Side Pocket a bad place for a date, but a great place to blow off steam after the Ducks lose. Bring cash (no plastic) but not an attitude.

As for us, everything is rapidly going pear-shaped. At some point, someone has inscribed the words "Olly Ruff, American Hero" on the notebook. We are playing pool with a guy who claims to have known Elvis. This rarely happens at a McMenamins. Eventually, having decided that the Side Pocket is the greatest bar in the

world, and that everyone there is our best mate, we stagger off into the heart of Whiteaker.

Sam Bond's Garage

By this point, our notes are becoming unreliable. Be that as it may, Sam Bond's is a nine-story bar hewn from the flesh of a giant sentient oak tree. Friendly aliens materialize from thin air and check your ID, then usher you outside to where the lights swirl and colors taste like music. Then you get thrown out.

Upon sober reflection, Sam Bond's is a bit earthy-crunchy, but a genuinely nice place – they have beer on tap that you won't find anywhere else and they book an interesting selection of bands. Whooping is usually inappropriate, however, and they don't take plastic either. We forge unsteadily onwards to Sam Bond's evil twin, conveniently located across the street.

Tiny Tavern

Inexplicably closed, but some of our party dimly remember seeing a fantastic show by the Danged there once. It used to be that you could go there to watch Cascadia Live! with the anarchists, which is good for chuckles. However, the anarchists seem to be boycotting Tiny's. This may or may not increase your desire to set foot in the place.

We are confused by the door's refusal to open, and whale on it for a little while. Focus is being lost. People are wandering off in different directions, possibly to go back to the Side Pocket. Our entire enterprise is in jeopardy, but since we've been to ten bars so far this evening already, nobody seems to care, or mind, or notice.



Above: Brett (Left) and Olly aren't as drunk as they'll be in a little while.

Below: These fellas are the G's the little homies wanna be like. OC OG's gonna kick some ass!



7-11

Something has clearly gone terribly awry.

Doc's Pad

Here's the way to finish the evening, surely. But even in the home of the Cocktail Research Team, something is not quite right. Doc's Pad is uncharacteristically quiet, even for a weekday. Whither the Cocktail Research Team? We pad through the silence, somewhat unnerved. Even the bar staff seem to have stepped out

for cigarettes. Also, all the lights are off and there's a layer of dust covering every surface. God damn it. At this rate we cannot, in our heart of hearts, recommend Doc's Pad. However, although the service was terrible and the dust made us sneeze, nobody seemed to mind when we slept there after the traditional end-of-the-evening fist-fight, which Brett won.

So, what have we learned?

- Don't go to ten bars in one night. It may take you three attempts to eat a bagel the next day.
- In fact, never touch alcohol again. Jesus, my head.
- Whiteaker is a magical land, populated by pixies and elves who merrily frolic under the Jefferson Street Bridge.
- There's such a drink as a "Turbo Corona."
- Elvis was apparently a pretty good pool player, to judge by his protégé.
- Doc's Pad may not be the hot spot it once was.

Honorable Mentions:

Sorlah: We would have liked to include Sorlah, but by the time we were anywhere near it we would have been refused entry. It's classy, spendy, and downright excellent.

Neighbor's: Only gay bar in town, if that's your thing.

Flying Dog: Campus-area gem with an actual, proper happy hour, where the beer is half price, the way it's supposed to be, Tuesdays and Thursdays from 4-6.

Old Pad: Great place, but untold miles away.

Highlands: Ditto, to the extent that its very existence is subject to speculation.

Steelhead: More of a restaurant atmosphere, but has to be included for – on the decision of this panel – the best beer brewed in Eugene.

Indigo District: For years, the quintessential Eugene bar was the Fields Brewpub: sitting sadly by the side of 13th Ave, boarded up with the place settings still laid out, a smoking pipe on the foredeck. Well, it's back, and it's tricked out. Looks great, hope it survives.



Brett Callahan, who is constantly reminding us that his people invented the Paddy Wagon, is Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR. Olly Ruff, who's constantly reminding us that he invented drinking, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. Tyler Graf also got drunk with these guys, but to say he contributed to this article would be a big hairy lie.



Above: Olly sits and contemplates where on earth he put his pen...where did he put the damn pen? I don't know either; go ask your dad. Seriously, ask your father, I don't know where the pen is. Geeze.



Above: Brett has been fooled. He's not actually sniffing Colombia's finest import; he's doing lines of Equal. What a moron. A lovable, drunk moron.

Below: Having been thwarted in his quest for love, Tyler takes out his frustrations on the local flora.



ATTENTION DEMOCRATS: YOU'RE IN QUITE A BIND

By Ryan Earley



Democrats, it is time to ask yourselves the hard question: who do you elect to beat Bush?

Perhaps a better question to ask is whether any of the current candidates can beat Bush. While the current crop of hopefuls includes some reasonably big names in American politics, cable news networks constantly lament the fact that none of the candidates has enough backing from the public to topple the current presidency. Aside from the x-factor of a Hillary Clinton candidacy, the prospects look dim for the Dems.

Not only are the candidates looking weak against the incumbent, but as the Democratic primaries loom in the distance, the sheer number of candidates vying for the liberal voters makes choosing the right man a difficult proposition.

With passing time, the field has narrowed since summer began. While Sen. John Kerry is still in the running, many voters will make their decision based on name recognition, and right now, media support has spoken loud and clear against him.

While Kerry has fallen by the wayside in the media hype, the American press has declared Vermont Governor Howard Dean the new liberal golden boy. Dean made the covers of both *Newsweek* and *Time* during the week of August 11. His platform is by far the most liberal of all the Democratic Party candidates and he has been the most outspoken critic of the Bush administration in this early state of the election.

Dean faces a difficult opponent in last year's Vice Presidential nominee Joe Lieberman. While Dean's star has risen of late, Lieberman has stayed just active enough in the political world to not fade from public memory since his narrow loss of the Vice Presidency as Al Gore's running mate. A moderate and at times even conservative democrat, Lieberman appeals to a different set of party constituents than Dean. The vast differences in the Dean and Lieberman platforms could send the party into turmoil as the primaries heat up and divide the party.

To clarify and crystallize the differences between the two top democratic candidates, voters need look no farther than some of the candidates' opinions on current issues.

Operation: Iraqi Freedom, and its aftermath, has dominated

media coverage for months now. With the discovery of the lack of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, the first mainstream suspicions of intelligence quality made headlines, and soon after, the democrats began questioning the Bush administration on its motives in going to war.

Joe Lieberman fell in line immediately behind President Bush when the resolution to declare war in Iraq came through the Senate. Lieberman worked with the democratic leadership in congress to insure passage of the resolution to authorize the use of force. According to Lieberman's campaign website, he also helped to craft the resolution that convinced President Bush to ask the United Nations for help before entering Iraq. On this issue, Lieberman showed his moderation and willingness to compromise with the conservatives in government for what he perceived as the greater good of the nation, but at the same time, he left some party-members feeling underrepresented as opponents of the war were hard to find in congress.



ASIDE FROM THE X-FACTOR OF A
THE PROSPECTS LOOK DIM FOR TH

While Lieberman boasts of his support for the war effort, Dean brags of his opposition to attacking Iraq. Though his gubernatorial opinion held no political power over the passage of the war resolution, Dean still spoke out against the war despite being part of the 30% minority opposing the military invasion. He opposed the war effort because he felt there was a lack of convincing evidence that America needed to immediately disarm Saddam. As he put it on his campaign site, "A President must be tough, patient, and willing to take a course of action based on evidence, and not ideology." This critical tone carries throughout Dean's site, further expressing his disapproval of and dissimilarity to the Bush Administration.

The views expressed in this column are solely those of Ryan Earley and necessarily do not reflect the views of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, its staff, board of directors, or editors.

WHILE LIEBERMAN CLAIMS THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD NOT ACT AS A CENSOR, HE STILL BELIEVES THAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD IMPRESS UPON ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRIES THAT THEY SHOULD MAKE PRODUCTS SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. THAT STILL SOUNDS LIKE CENSORSHIP TO ME.



Another key difference in agendas for the two candidates rests in education policy. Of course, both candidates claim to have the best interests of American children in mind, but their methods of helping differ as much as conceivably possible. The most specific example of their differences lies in their opinions on the No Child Left Behind Act.

Much like the bipartisan resolution to authorize force, Joe Lieberman was also instrumental in the creation of the No Child Left Behind Act. According to the Lieberman campaign site, this legislation not only provides a higher level of investment in the nation's public schools, but it also demands tangible results from that investment by instituting new and higher education standards to be set at the national level. The Bush administration undermined this plan by not providing adequate funding for the program, thus making those expected returns an impossibility.

Howard Dean opposes the No Child Left Behind Act. He believes in a more localized approach to distributing funds for education and does not believe national standards are valuable to improving the American school systems. School boards, parents and teachers, according to Dean, should set policy, and congress should keep its intrusive provisions out.

While the real world effects of the No Child Left Behind Act were always highly debatable in their potential effectiveness, to completely ignore the nation-wide need for improvement in primary and secondary education seems a dangerous prospect as well. This issue deserves careful contemplation by voters as it has ramifications in the larger spectrum of state's rights and national authority.

Dean, on the other hand, seems anxious to create a stable Palestinian state with an established, democratically elected government. In addition to creating the permanent state, he would seek to establish an economically stable middle-class and incorporate women into the decision making process where they were previously barred from participation.

Though Lieberman seems too closed minded to effectively negotiate real peace for Israel, Dean's plan seems too soft on the terrorist supporting powers within the PLO like Yasser Arafat. Dean jumps straight to the two-state solution without including some necessary concessions like discontinuation of terrorist activity against civilians in Israel.

Within the discussion of Israeli peace, Howard Dean shows another weakness. His understanding of foreign trade seems limited in that his statements are generally broad and his only consistent issues are creating a large middle class in foreign countries that do not currently have one. The problem with this is that the goal is essentially unreachable within a presidential term and could cause disastrous social upheaval in those countries.

Lieberman is not without his faults either. Many Americans remember Joe Lieberman for his association with Tipper Gore during the early nineties in their crusade to stop music from corrupting America's youths. Their efforts resulted in those small black and white stickers on the corners of albums declaring them "explicit." He also spearheaded the establishment of the television rating system and the notoriously ineffective voluntary rating system for video games. While Lieberman claims the government should not act as a censor, he still believes that the government should impress upon entertainment industries that they should make products suitable for children. That still sounds like censorship to me.

For those wondering, both Lieberman and Dean are pro-choice, so with a democratic win in the next presidential election, overturning *Roe v. Wade* would become less of an issue for the ensuing 4 years.

All totaled, Joe Lieberman appears to have more in common with President Bush than he does with Howard Dean. Lieberman is notoriously conservative amongst his democratic cohorts, while Dean is a famously radical liberal. Pundits continually draw parallels between Dean and Sen. George McGovern, another radical left-winger who lost a disastrous election campaign to Republican incumbent Richard Nixon in the '70s. History is not necessarily doomed to repeat itself, but Democrats need to ask themselves whether Dean is liberal enough to force moderates into voting Bush in the next election. If that is the case, Lieberman may be the best candidate for the left if they want to have any shot at winning the next election.

HILLARY CLINTON CANDIDACY, THE DEMS.

A final issue of distinct difference between Lieberman and Dean lies in their opinions on how to settle the conflict between Israelis and Palestinians. Both devoted a large portion of their campaign websites' foreign policy sections to their agendas for achieving peace in that conflicted region.

Lieberman is a staunch supporter of Israel, perhaps even to a fault. He seems less interested in compromising and negotiating with Palestinians and more interested in preserving our current allied relationship with Israel at all costs. In his several paragraphs on creating peace and support for Israel, he only mentions a two-state solution as a side note in one paragraph.

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ON BIRDS OF A FEATHER

People can criticize you without even knowing you and hate you when they don't even know you. All of a sudden, you're like the bin Laden of America. Osama bin Laden is the only one who knows exactly what I'm going through.

—R. Kelly. *You know, we can see the parallels here...you're an international pop-star who's in major trouble for putting it into some middle schoolers; he's an infamous terrorist who'd like to destroy Western Civilization. Y'all are like long lost brothers or something, man. That's messed up.*



ON COMMITMENT

Just because I have an inflamed heart sack doesn't mean I can't do a whiskey shot.

—Eric Merchant, *Math GTF*. *It's nice to see somebody else out there with our level perseverance in the face of adversity. Way to get back on the horse man!*

The thing is, he would only cheat on my with other women of color. He said he was committed to diversity; I just didn't know what he meant by that.

—*Overheard outside of Rennie's by a COMMENTATOR staffer. Is that really a commitment to diversity? If he's restricting himself to one brand of infidelity, he's not really diversifying... is he? Man needs to find himself a nice Bavarian girl to cheat on you with.*



ON COLLEGE DAYS

Smacks to the New York Post for calling the Emerald and asking whether any reporters could dig up sensationalist dirt for an in-state story. We are far from fans of tabloid journalism, and we won't do their dirty work. Clearly the editors of that publication have forgotten since their college days what the goals of professional journalism really are.

—*ODE Editorial "Quacks and Smacks" dated 10/02/2003. Agenda-driven speculation about the motivations behind a student's suicide? Running a student's picture on the front page implicating him in an assault without corroborating the story? Sometimes the New York Post knows you better than you know yourself.*

ON TRUE EVIL

No, Arnold is allied with an evil force...he's married to a Kennedy.

—Rennie's Bartender Jon Green to the OC staff.

Actually, the Kennedy's aren't really all that evil. It's those damn Canadians. They're plotting, I tell you...them skates is sharp!!!

Really, if I had an opportunity to shoot Britney Spears, I think I would.

—Maryland first lady Kendel Ehrlich. Sure, you'd shoot her, because you envy her youthful bounce and spritely gate. I guess in Maryland people age faster and die sooner, so they get bitter by the time they're in the Governor's mansion. Oh wait...Britney SPEARS, yeah go ahead. Mandy Moore's our girl!



ON EDUMAKATION



But what about those elephants that do the paintings -- they've never been to school at all!

—Some moron in Poli-Sci 301, "participating" in a class discussion about the definition of art. The elephants have had time to get a little bit of practice in; you've obviously never bothered. Nice to know who's attending this university right alongside the rest of us.

Viewpoint neutrality has no place at this table.

--Mike Sherman at a recent ASUO Senate Meeting, demonstrating that he's the sort of due-north moral compass that this campus needs.

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