

OREGON COMMENTATOR

JANUARY 21, 2004

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION

WHY,
GOD?
WHY?

Plus: Something, Something Else and Nouns



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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.

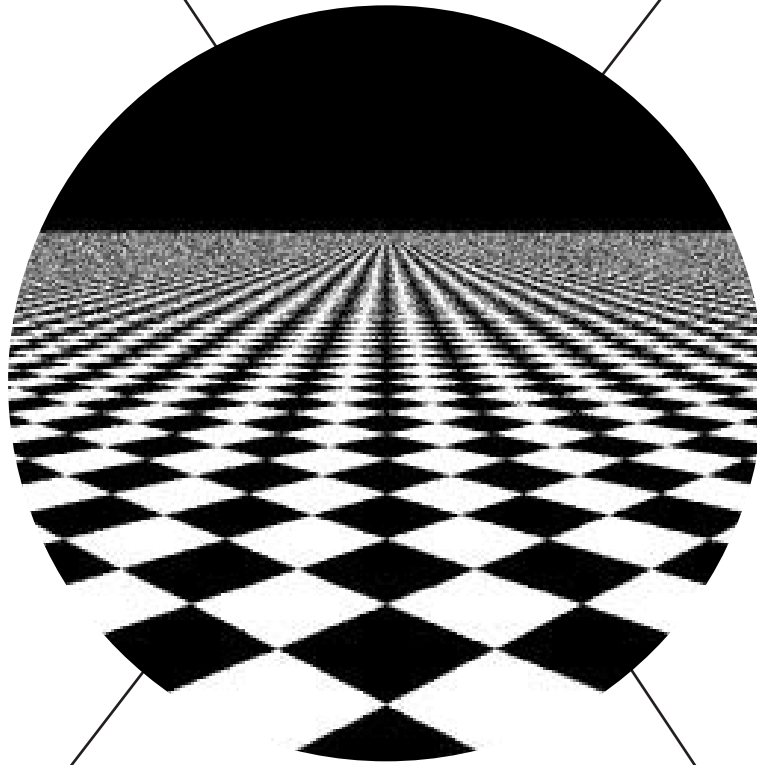
The OREGON COMMENTATOR is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but 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

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January 21, 2004

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Little Debbie, Snack Whore of NYC

LONELY AND COLD...

THE FIRST WEEK OF CLASSES WAS A FROZEN WASTELAND; THE REST OF THE TERM WILL BE THE SAME. ARE WE THE ONLY ONES WHO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON? AT LEFT, A PENGUIN.



No Marty, it's cold, damn cold. Doc was right; it was damn cold. Not the Delorian, nay, but the very heart of the city...the heart of our discontent. In a place such as this there are no friends, there are no enemies, there are only fellow travelers on the long, slow road to damnation. Oh, that old man they call Winter has come and gone...or at least he's decided that it's not worth the effort to dump on this town again. But the city, such as it is, remains.

As do its denizens.

What are we saying? Does this even make any sense? No, friend, no it doesn't. Why do we bother? Why do we even try anymore? This place is going to hell; to be honest it's already quite close to its destination. This late in the game there's little to nothing we can do to stop it.

The ASUO is misusing your money, but you don't care. Why should you? We don't know, either. Maddy and Eddy used incidental fee money to take retreats to Bend, to send staffers on job interviews in Portland, and once to buy a sandwich. It's a safe bet that no one reading this had any clue. It's also a safe bet that only about a third even have the capacity to understand what that sort of impropriety means. Hell, we don't even know anymore.

Did you know that the ME campaign failed to turn in its final financial disclosure form during the elections last year? They should have been disqualified from the race for that, but weren't. That would have given the office to whoever was in the runoff with them. Do you remember who that was? We certainly don't, and we're pretty sure it doesn't matter anyway.

And that, friends, is the goddamn point. The apathetic student body cannot bring itself to care about its own money, and if they don't care, who are we to stop the madness? Hell, if students, on the whole, are willing to let OSPIRG export \$100,000 a year to pay for lobbying in Portland, what do we care? If the Executive can get away with giving the Oregon Student Association \$92,971 for its left-wing agenda while the student body

politic sits idly by, who are we to stand astride the forward march of progress, yelling "stop"?

You don't know these things because the ASUO doesn't want you to, because they are afraid. The 9 percent voter turnout is actually good for the nepotistic sycophants in Suite Four. If the majority of the UO population actually took time to care about such matters, the resume padders downstairs would be in for quite a shock. The incidental fee costs each student \$172 per term; that's \$516 per year. The LTD and Rec Center are the two biggest beneficiaries of the fee, but student groups as a whole receive the vast proportion of the money. Unfortunately, students are even worse stewards of public funds than bureaucrats.

OSPIRG costs you roughly \$5 per year; OSA costs about \$4.64 annually to every student. Sure, they might seem cheap enough at \$9.64 a year. Even if they're illegally using the money, and even if they make no demonstrable impact on campus, what's \$9.64? Well, let's compare. The Oregon Daily Emerald (say what you will about it; it's a campus fixture) gets \$120,000 in incidental fees every year -- that's \$6 per student -- and we all get a newspaper of readable quality every weekday. The budget of this very magazine is \$15,066 this year, meaning it costs the average student about \$0.75. OSPIRG, OSA and that other notorious fee abuser, the United States Student Association, start to look like pretty bad deals in comparison to student publications. Furthermore, every activity that OSA undertakes, ostensibly for student interests, has costs other than just the dues paid. ASUO staffers use fee money to travel to Salem where they lobby. They use said same fees to buy "thank you" cards for state legislators whose only gift was doing their job. Sometimes, the ASUO kids also send flowers.

It's safe to assume that about one-third of the ASUO Executive budget not given in dues to OSA is used for these other sorts of activities. So, tack on an extra \$0.80 for that, and OSA costs you roughly \$5.45 per year, and what did they do for you? The short answer is nothing. Tuition and fees are both going up. Why is this happening despite the "best efforts" of student government from around the state? Because there's not a single state legislator who cares one iota what a bunch of whiny kids from Eugene

say. Each of us gives OSA \$4.64 individually, and another \$0.80 in the form of time wasted. Congratulations, we just paid the cost of a pretty damn good burger and got nothing in return. In short: we got gypped.

But, really, what does it matter? Apparently we don't care. Apparently we're willing to let the oligarchs continue their reign of repugnant fiscal terror. Sure, maybe OSPIRG and OSA are small examples, but there are literally millions of dollars in your money at stake. \$516 per student per year, that's \$10.32 million in fees at stake. The ASUO gets about \$8 million of that.

Hell, why are we even trying? You don't care. Go back to your anime and your PBR, hipster. Go participate in a flash mob for all we care, but at least stop complaining about being poor because it sure as hell isn't our fault. Look, we know you could

really use that extra \$172 the next few months, especially on account of it being winter, but there's nothing we can do.

The fee is there and as long as you people ignore it, the fee shall be safe. The last time an ASUO insider tried to pass information along to the press, two very incompetent women fired him. Thus, the only solution is to climb in that heavy steel car of our youth, the one with the strange doors, rev up that engine, and hope to God for 1.21 gigawatts. We won't be traveling in time, and it's liable to get pretty cold out there, but in the end it will be worth it. \$516 will certainly pay for the insurance, provided we can con our girlfriend into registering the thing in her name. Her record is clean.



MAIL CALL!



I would like to comment on the article about saferide in the Volume XXI, Issue IV/VI. I thought that the author of this article completely missed the reasoning for saferide [sic]. Saferide [sic] was a ride that aided women in having transportation at night without men for a very good reason. Many women do not feel safe around men for various reasons (rape, molestation, and abuse for example). I personally have never used this ride, but I still do not mind spending a little money for their safety. If I had been rapped [sic] I would not want to walk alone at night or take a ride that might possibly be full of male passengers including the driver. That would make me and many other women very uncomfortable. Yes Lucas Szabo went too far in saying that the fee was a way for men to repay women of our society, but truthfully, \$2.31 per year is not that much money to help someone feel safe and protected. The example that was given about the Christians was poorly given. I am sorry, but if a group of Christians were being attacked and they wanted to start a ride at night that accepted only Christians, I would pay because I would want to help them feel safe in their surroundings. I would even pay if for some unheard reason men were feeling unsafe because of some type of violence towards them and wanted to start a ride. I believe every one should feel safe where they live. This ride doesn't mean that women think all men are responsible for rape and battery against them in any way. Seriously when was the last time that you heard of a man being raped at night? Women are more susceptible to harm especially at night and there should be no reason that they should have to walk around alone at night if they do not feel safe. I have talked about this issue to many of my male friends and they all have agreed that they don't care if they are paying \$2.31 a year to help their fellow women classmates feel safe and comfortable at night. They only hope that women would do the same for them if they ever needed the same type of service.

—Alyssa Kathryn Lawrence, undeclared

First of all, thank you for your letter; it's nice to know somebody reads this rag. However, it seems you misunderstood the point of our Issue II editorial. The point isn't how you or any individual feels about paying for the service. It's the legal implications of such a service existing. SafeRide, good intentions and all, was a clear violation of Title IX and therefore had to go. You feeling good about it is not justification for a clearly discriminatory program.

If you don't like the example about Christians, we can try another one. Substitute "white people" for "Christians" in the editorial from Issue II and you've got a glaring example of an

incredibly discriminatory shuttle system. But, by your logic, it should be allowed because it would make a segment of the population "feel safe in their surroundings." Clearly, though, such a shuttle should not and would not be condoned by the University or student body. Moreover, anyone proposing such a shuttle would quickly be shouted down as being racist, and we can't say that the charge would be unjustified.

Also, really, how many shuttle services are you prepared to fund, and for how many distinct groups? Women, Christians... and absolutely anyone else who wants one? Even as a good person with good intentions, there's a limit to how many \$2.31s can be thrown at this problem. The implication of your letter is that the OCR-compliant shuttle service that we already have and that serves everybody on campus -- namely, DDS -- is potentially unsafe for women (or Christians, or whomever). Were this the case, it would be very serious news indeed, but as far as we're aware it isn't. DDS is an admirable program: one of the few uses of incidental fee money that even we don't complain about. Admittedly, they give rides to drunk people, but there is absolutely no tolerance of harassment or assault on the Drunk Bus. There are better ways for women to stay safe than by forcing everyone to pay for a service that relatively few people use. The biggest -- and most controversial -- would be to allow concealed-carry permits on campus. That's right, guns. If some bellicose woman had shot whoever attacked her behind the library, he certainly wouldn't be a problem anymore. No, we're not advocating vigilante justice, but we are saying that self-defense falls well within reasonable application of the second amendment. On a less extreme level, women and men can carry mace, or take some self-defense classes (we'd recommend Jeet Kune Do). We call that being "proactive." SafeRide or no SafeRide, it's always righteous for potential victims of sexual assault to fight back.

In short, SafeRide was an illegal and discriminatory operation that served the desires of a small, but very vocal, group of people on campus. Its hours overlapped with DDS, and there are better ways for women to stay safe on campus than by forcing everyone to pay for a shuttle that not everyone can use. The Office of Civil Rights agreed, and that's why SafeRide had to be changed to serve both genders. You and a few of your male friends thinking -- nay, feeling -- that it's a good idea is neither a legal nor ethical justification for a blatant violation of Title IX.

—The Management



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SHAKE IT LIKE A POLAROID PICTURE

OC PRIZE FIGHT!

Plucky young ASUO VP to throw down with former U of O football player in no-holds-barred cage match for Taylor's Championship Belt.

Junior Siavii has recently followed the lead of ASUO VP Eddy Morales and been accused of assaulting a girl following an altercation at Taylor's. Both men are, of course, innocent until proven guilty -- meaning we cannot defame either of them in print. We can, however, make a modest proposal.



VS



— cell phone destruction, beer dowsing, catty comments about clothing... anything.

The only rule? Both Siavii and Morales will be required to wear dresses so they'll know exactly whom to hit. We can't have them simply flailing their appendages hither and thither at anything in a skirt, can we?

Will this be the end of Taylor's Prominent Campus Man vs.

Just when the Oregon Commentator thought Eddy lacked leadership potential, a prominent football player followed his lead. We here at the OC feel, however, that there can be only one true king of Taylor's. What does it mean? That's simple: Eddy versus Junior in a brutal, caged, no-holds-barred death match! Anything goes

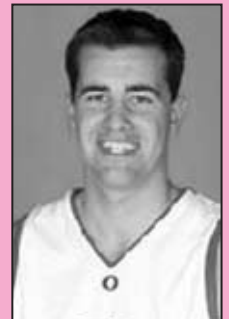
Helpless Sorority Sweetheart legacy? Well, as long as Don Goldman, Scot Austin and Mandrake are confined to Neighbor's, Taylor's may be able to mend its reputation as the fightingest bar in town. This match will be the fight of the century, and maybe earn Taylor's a little bit of dough on the side.

SUDSY SAYS



Hey kids, remember: kicking the homeless, destroying public property, and giving sorority girls nasty venereal diseases...these are a few of my favorite things. And kids, don't worry about child support; there's no proof that it's yours.

Ian Crosswhite
HEIGHTWATCH
THIS WEEK
STILL 6'11"



**THIS IS GOOD FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
BUT YOU SHOULD CUT IT OUT ANYWAY.
BECAUSE WE SAY SO, THAT'S WHY. JERK!**

Man Fellated at Local Bar.

Rennie's—At approximately 8:30 pm on Saturday, January 17, an unnamed male Caucasian made it known to the Oregon Commentator of his intention to receive oral sex from his girlfriend.

"I'm going downstairs right now because my girlfriend totally wants to give me a blowjob outside," the man said to reporters.

The man, who appeared to be in his early forties, placed his hand on the shoulder of an OC staffer, squeezed it in a gesture of jocular male affection, and let loose an uncontained guffaw at his tale of potential oral conquest.

Reporters were unable to verify the man's claims, but eyewitnesses said that the man was seen on the lower level of Rennie's at approximately 8:45 pm with a female companion. As of press time it is still unclear whether the man had the opportunity, or the gall, to thrust his rigid man stick into the woman's awaiting maw.

A Rennie's spokesman stated unequivocally that acts of a sexual nature are forbidden on the premises no matter "how much you need that sweet, sweet lip candy."

The man defended himself by saying: "Hey, you guys are journalists, right? Well, don't write about this."

Sorry, too late.



THE ASKS:

How Should Eugene's New Gathering Law Be Enforced?



Jim Torrey

Please pass the gravy, I'm starving over here.



Bill Walton

What you really need is to run a nickel back up through the slot and have the tightend run a button-hook pattern to cover for the QB.



David Jagernauth

With extreme prejudice.



Robocop

Put it away, big man!



The Who

We're only doing it for research, we swear!



Joe Lieberman

Why doesn't anyone love me anymore? What did I do to deserve this sort of treatment? I'm telling mom.



Paris Hilton

Am I on camera? Is this going to be filmed?

MEASURE IT UP:

HOW BALLOT MEASURE 30 WILL RUIN OREGON

By Colin Elliott

The writing of these many articles on tax measures has been one of the more tiring experiences of my college life. Yet tiring or not, there was no justification for Measure 28 and there is no justification for Measure 30, either.

I am still not happy with the way the Oregon Legislature and State Superintendent Susan Castillo tried to weasel this by without a vote. It was the most disgusting abuse of consensual government I have ever seen in my short life. Oregon is one of the more democratic states in the union and in order to preserve that system, the right of the people to vote on their own taxes must be maintained. From the most liberal conservative to the most authoritarian revolutionary, an advance against democracy such as the one pulled by the Legislature earlier this year should not be tolerated.

Fortunately, the measure will now be given over to voters who have the freedom to make an educated choice on the matter. However, the language on the very ballot itself has made even this basic right of a democratic society unable to be truly achieved.

I received my ballot on Monday the 19th of January. I have already made my decision to vote no and will do so, but that is not what is important here. The Legislature has approved the wording of the ballot put forth by Secretary Bill Bradbury – wording that reads like last week's *Eugene Weekly* and not an unbiased, strictly informative description.

Last Year's Measure 28 simply said in its description: "'Yes' vote increases income tax rates for three years. 'No' vote does not increase income tax rates. This was accurate and unbiased; it simply explained what a yes and no vote meant. This year, things are very different. Along with the new style of ballot, the "no" option has changed to reflect a pro-tax bias. Instead of simply stating that a "no" vote "retains existing personal income, corporate and other tax laws" it adds that a "no" vote also "triggers \$544.6 million in budget cuts to education, health care, senior services, public safety." The

"yes" description remains virtually unchanged saying it only "avoids specific budget cuts."

Citizens, whether they are for or against the measure should be up in arms over the State's use of our money to promote its own agenda. I would be just as angry if the wording supported a "no" vote.

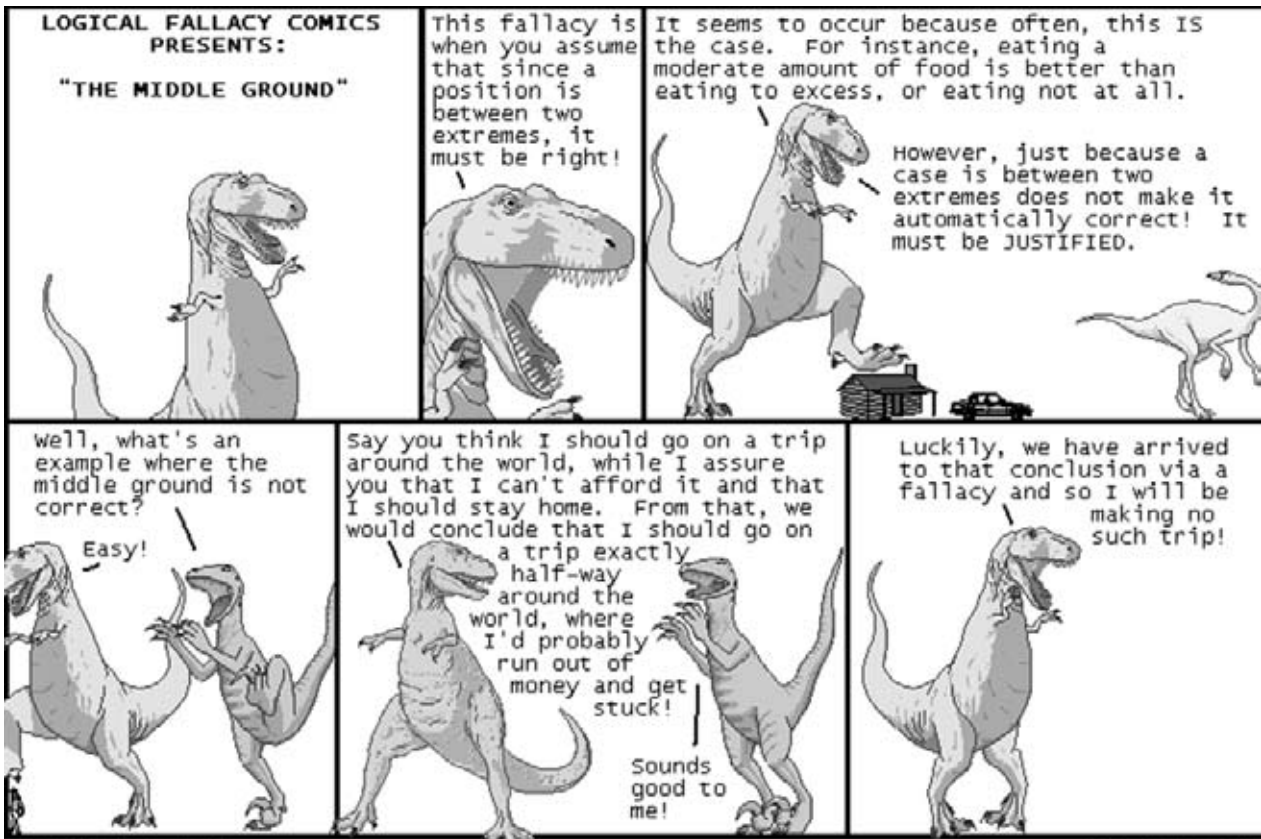
The fact that our Government has historically gotten away with such blatant abuse is absolutely disgusting. When Measure 28 was voted down, the people, in essence, said "we do not wish to give more money to the state." Yet the Legislature, city councils, and other government officials raised practically any tax or fee that was not directly decided by voters (vehicle registrations, gas taxes, and so on).

Then, in the fall of last year, an attempt was made to squeak this measure through the system silently before voters could make their own decisions. Susan Castillo simply told schools to spend the unconfirmed money anyway, which in reality set up many of the "cuts" that we are hearing about now. The media referred to those collecting signatures as "anti-tax advocates" despite the fact that they were gathering signatures to allow them to vote, and not necessarily to vote "no." If anything, they were "pro-democracy advocates."

Finally, Bill Bradbury has approved wording this Bill in a pro-tax light on the official ballot. Oregonians, regardless of political belief, should be outraged at the abuse of the basic democratic principle that citizens should be able to make their own informed choices. If the reader of this is still unsure of how to vote on this measure, then this article is not the place to get information, neither is the description on the ballot.



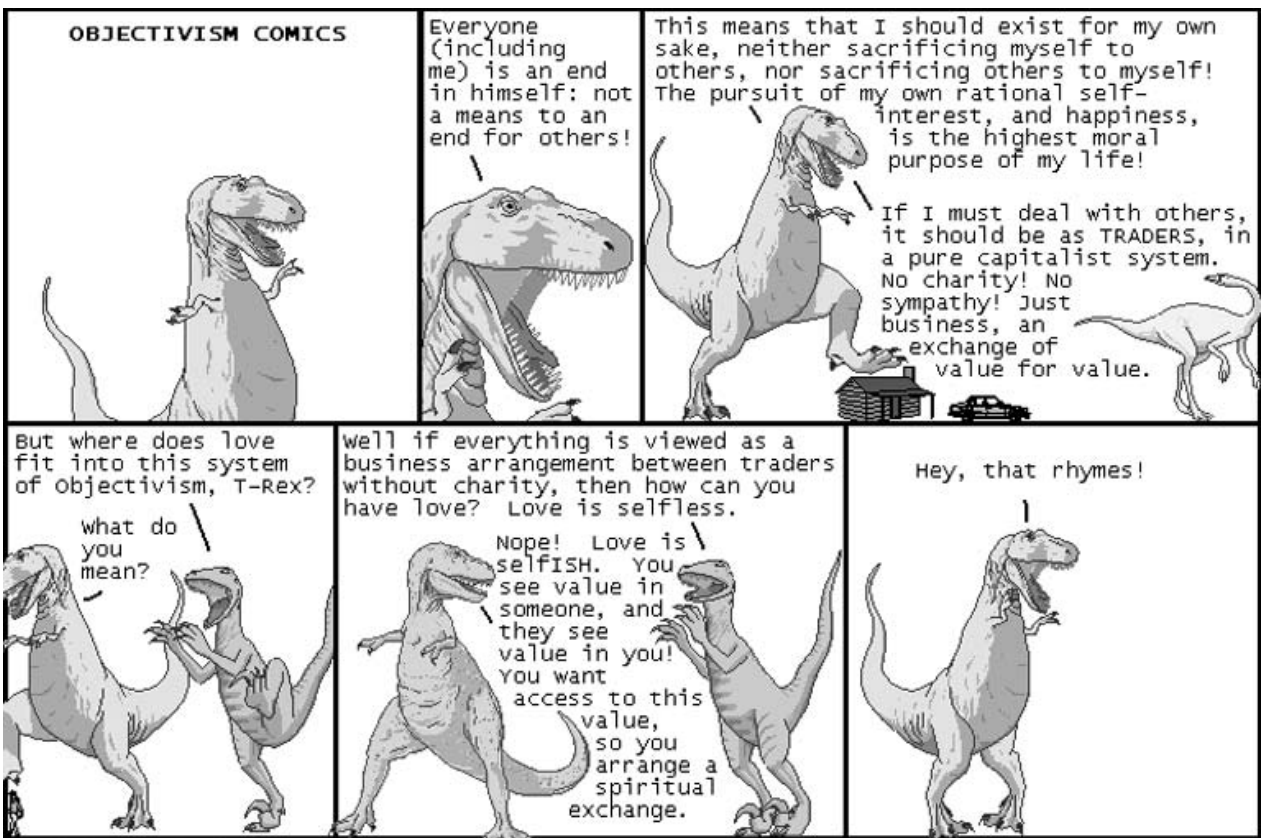
Colin Elliott, currently being audited by the IRS, is Associate Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



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By Tyler Graf

Speak No Evil

UNIVERSITIES NATIONWIDE ARE INSTITUTING SPEECH CODES THAT RESTRICT YOUR STUDENT VOICE. IN THE MARKETPLACE OF IDEAS, CAN WE REALLY AFFORD TO HAVE HIGH TARIFFS ON POLITICAL DISCOURSE?

The world of academia advertises itself as the marketplace of ideas— a free-trade zone for intellectual discourse. Administrators and academics alike would have us believe that, as students, we inhabit the last free bastion of Socratic thought. Despite the cheery, optimistic equivocations to the contrary, universities have a poor track record with the issue of speech. In fact, university administrators nationwide have instituted speech codes that – when applied cavalierly by politically active administrators – can usurp the basic tenets of the First Amendment.

Speech codes are a relatively new phenomena. During the late '70s and early '80s, at a time when universities started enacting integration policies designed to attract students from “diverse” backgrounds, university administrators began adding speech code clauses to their codes of conduct. The implicit goal of such speech codes was to stifle what the administrators believed would be a backlash against the presence of more minorities, women and openly homosexual students on campus. The administrators must have over-estimated their clairvoyant abilities because their presuppositions concerning an increase in verbal attacks directed toward certain groups were unwarranted. Nary a hair was mussed during the integration process. And the hate-filled invectives that administrators believed would be tossed about with regularity never passed the breathless lips of the student body.

The University of Oregon itself kowtowed to the whims of the political correctness gurus who espoused the virtues of feelings over discourse, believing that every sub-sect of humanity should be protected from anything that could possibly be construed as offensive. The University’s speech code, conveniently intermingled with the legal verbiage of the Student Code of Conduct, encompasses section 19 of the Student Code of Conduct and has received low marks from The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (The FIRE), an organization that defends the rights of students against oppressive, partisan university administrations. The FIRE stratifies the restriction of speech using a “stop-light” system – green, yellow, and red. The University of Oregon is a red-light school, which means there is a

substantial risk that the policy could be used to restrict freedom of expression. “A ‘substantial’ restriction on free speech is one that is broadly applicable to important categories of campus expression,” states The FIRE’s website.

Chris Loschiavo, the University of Oregon’s Director of Student Judicial Affairs, shrugs off the criticism, insisting the University is fair-minded and judicious concerning matters of speech. He states that the University’s speech code relates primarily to “fighting words,” or language that could be read as a threat. Perhaps that is Loschiavo’s personal interpretation. But at a university such as this one, which has little in the way of institutional memory and which obstinately fights the rulings of the federal government (read: the legality of SafeRide on campus), it does not matter how Loschiavo insists he interprets the code. The code still exists, and it will continue to exist even after Loschiavo and his personal interpretation of it are gone. Its unambiguous infringement upon protected speech is troubling. Section 19 of the Student Code of Conduct reads:

Harassment on University property or at University sponsored or supervised activities, because of another person’s race, color, gender, national origin, age, religion, marital status, disability, veteran’s status, or sexual orientation, or for other reasons accomplished by: ...

(b) Specifically insulting another person in his or her immediate presence with abusive words or gestures when a reasonable person who would expect that such an act would cause emotional distress or provoke a violent response.

Despite Loschiavo’s claims to the contrary, it is blatantly apparent that the speech code is far more concerned with preventing emotional duress than explicit threats of violence. Hurting some flower child’s precious feeling of self-worth or offending his or her beliefs is not the equivalent of threatening him or her with violence. For example, I personally have been offended on many occasions on this campus, like the time I was accused of being an oppressive appendage of the patriarchal dragon-beast

– an ad hominem-infused invective which a *reasonable* student would assume was based on my sex (male) and race (Caucasian). When students disagree on touchy topics (race, politics, religion, etc.), the rhetoric can reach a fevered pitch, often bordering on diatribes that may seem, to *reasonable* students, offensive.

It's understandable that Loschiavo would claim the University of Oregon's speech code applies primarily to fighting words because the First Amendment does not protect them. A person cannot walk up to another person and say, "I'm going to kill you." Or, better yet, a person cannot write a threat-infused letter to the White House without garnering some modicum of attention. "I think the President deserves to be shot," you could write. And even if you conclude your statement with the phrase, "just kidding," and add an emoticon smiley face to emphasize the jovial nature of the correspondence, expect a protracted stay in a very, very dark room.

So, if this type of terrorist speech is not protected by the First Amendment, why must it be further repudiated in the Student Code of Conduct? What is the point of such a redundancy? Loschiavo claims that the University's speech code has been approved by a number of legal watchdogs, but he could not cite any of them by name. It seems rather disingenuous to claim that any reputable legal watchdog would approve a speech code that could restrict political speech – protected speech, mind you – with the same expediency as racially motivated insults or fighting words simply because of its broadness.

"If a student of color were walking down the street, and an-

Therefore, despite Loschiavo's claims to the contrary, it is blatantly apparent that the speech code is far more concerned with preventing emotional duress than explicit threats of violence.

other student used some kind of racial slur, that would probably be a situation where [the speech code] could be utilized," states Loschiavo.

Well, that's fantastic. But racial slurs are harassment, and the First Amendment does not protect harassment either. As students who operate under the laws of the state of Oregon and the federal government, we must assume that harassment is unacceptable behavior on the University's premises. No exceptions. Therefore, Loschiavo is not interpreting the pronouncements of the University's speech code -- which leave ample room for the capricious interpretation of politically motivated administrators -- but rather laws that have been on the books for years.

PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC

Private institutions are vastly different from public institutions. They exist as entities unto themselves. Historically, they alone have set the agenda for what is or is not appropriate relating to speech and conduct. This has allowed private institutions to enact codes of conduct that would give Papa Joe's bloated, mustachioed corpse fits of derision-induced paroxysms.

Private institutions can require that students partake in – or

abstain from – any number of activities, except for those which are expressly illegal. For example: a private institution cannot require you to strangle a wino to gain admittance. It can, however, insist that you leave your dancing shoes back in your hometown, as was the case with Wheaton College – a Christian school located in Illinois – which banned its students from dancing. The ban was later partially rescinded after an Illinois state court decreed that prohibiting one's lawful private behavior, off campus, is illegal under Illinois law. But it can still apply to on-campus functions.

It is even easier for private institutions to prohibit speech than conduct, because First Amendment claims hold no sway there. That is, as long as the prohibited speech takes place on campus. But might this change?

According to a CATO Institute brief issued on August 27, 2003, the Office of Civil Rights (OCR) sent a letter to American universities stating that, "OCR's regulations and policies do not require or prescribe speech, conduct or harassment codes that impair the exercise of rights protected under the First Amendment."

The letter was intended as a clarification of the OCR's view of the speech-code issue, which had become muddled during the Clinton administration when the OCR was claiming that universities which knowingly allowed sexist speech to exist would be in violation of Title IX. This will undoubtedly weaken the resolve of those public universities that tenaciously cling to the tattered remains of their speech codes as if they contained any legal insight or validation, especially when the lawsuits start rolling in. Interestingly, the letter also pertained to private institutions, stating, "Any private post-secondary institution that chooses to limit free speech in ways that are more restrictive than at public educational institutions does so on its own accord and not requirements imposed by the OCR."

DUE PROCESS

According to the FIRE's website, "Due process is absent from most student judicial proceedings." The primary concern of the FIRE and other watchdog groups, and an issue that should be of concern to University students, is the arbitrary nature of the student judicial proceedings.

According to Loschiavo, the due process at the University of Oregon is fair, balanced and above all satisfies the legal due process one would expect to receive in a court of law. After a student has been notified that he has been named in a complaint, he or she has 10 days to schedule an appointment with Loschiavo. This student would also be notified of his or her right to contact the Office of Student Advocacy. If the student fails to show up to the appointment, then a ruling can be issued in the student's absence.

There are two options for resolving the charges filed: a formal hearing or an informal hearing. With the formal hearing, expulsion is a distinct possibility, although there is an appeals board. With an informal hearing – which amounts to little more than a meeting with Loschiavo – students cannot be expelled, but they can be reprimanded.

Most schools ascribe to the same rules of

MY TIME AS AN INSURGENT

The harrowing story of Jeremy Berrington and his escape from the clutches of San Francisco and the anarcho-nutbags in Suite 1

Frank Zappa is the root of my discontent. I was a naïve Midwesterner growing up in Chicago when I first listened to that lunatic. Frank Zappa convinced me to move out to San Francisco with the purpose of joining a psychedelic rock band. I was too young to know better.

I caught the Greyhound to the West Coast barefoot and pony-tailed, with a suitcase and a snowboard. Within two hours of arriving in San Francisco, I found myself a Fender Stratocaster (with a Whammy Bar) and a rock band called The Tripping Strippers. We were a quartet. Believe it or not, I even found myself a girlfriend named Bluesky.

Eventually, San Francisco got the better of me. Even if you're homeless, the rents are unbearable. I paid three hundred dollars a month to sleep on my drummer Jethro's floor. Then the big blow came: The Tripping Strippers stopped receiving Free Drink Coupons from the local bars where we played.

Bluesky promptly found another guy called Darkearth. I was of no more use to her once the Jack Daniel's dried up. I was sharing the couch with a group of ten local surfers whom I didn't know. It was time to depart. I left San Francisco strung-out, tired and hung-over. The only good news was that I narrowly averted the raging case of Crabs common to expatriates of Haight-Ashbury. I consulted my local library, located the nearest Ken Kesey novel and discovered there was only one place for ex-psychedelic rockers to go once they were evicted from their San Francisco couches: Eugene, Oregon.

I sincerely thought San Francisco would have prepared me for all the stages of West Coast Radicalism. It was a terrible assumption. My story continues in the alleys adjacent to the Bean dormitories. I was stumbling around in search of god-knows-what when I ran into a man named Jack. Jack inquired as to what I was doing. I don't know what the hell I said, but I impressed him.

Jack told me that he was the head of a promising local paper named The Student Insurgent. He seemed like a nice guy and he bought me a beer. He observed that I was illiterate, homeless and obviously intoxicated. Then he offered me a job. I was hired as a Staff Writer for The Student Insurgent.

Before being officially taken on by the Insurgent, I had to go through the typical initiation routine. For those of you unfamiliar with this radical journalistic tradition, I will define it for

you. I was forced to take off my clothes, lie spread-eagle on the ground with my four limbs pointing in opposing directions. Then the Insurgent Editor (or "Grand Wizard" as they call him) stood over me and made me repeat these sacred vows:

1. Do you believe George W. Bush is a war criminal? – Yes
2. Do you believe in anarchy? – Yes
3. Do you believe that Tofu is our god and that we should offer human sacrifice to the Bean Curd nation four times a day? – Yes

Once I repeated these sacred vows I had to pass the initiation ritual of drinking five and a half quarts of Vegan Soy Milk, signing three OSPIRG petitions to save the gray wolf and then picket against the War in Iraq for fifteen hours. After this grueling test I had to make thirty-five hemp necklaces, warmly embrace thirteen African-Americans, climb to the peak of forty-five old-growth sycamores and cry for three hours. Then I had to donate my life savings to the non-religious charity of my choosing and, finally, sign up to be a Journalism and Political Science major at the University of Oregon. This combined with my responsibilities as a staff writer at the Student Insurgent, of course.

In the midst of writing an article on Nike's responsibility for the Second World War I realized that writing for the Student Insurgent was quite like my experience playing



“As an Insurgent staff writer I had a quota of fifteen drops of LSD a day. When I combined that with the Eugene faculty and citizen's quota of five hits of acid a day, I was plain out of my element.”

JUMP TO 25

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In Defence of Apathy

Every time it's voting season, hundreds of ASUO plebes hit the streets. They can annoy you, but they can't make you care, damn it!

By Jeremy Jones

This is in response to the new wave of plucky little ASUO imps who wander around the campus, making sure every single sentient being within shouting distance has registered to vote. I am tired of being chased down the street with a pack of these cappuccino-tourqued yuppie pricks making sure I have a ballot sent to my house. Notice the important part of that last statement: ballot sent to my house. Despite the efforts of these student government groupies, the result that comes in the mail is most likely going to end up on the floor of my room underneath piles of dirty cloths and slightly used porno, forgotten and unloved...just like the people who convince me to have the damn thing sent here.

Of course, these people really don't give a rat's ass whether we vote or not; they want a bunch of mindless monkeys to vote on whatever is put in front of them. Let's face it: the average student here is barely cognizant enough to maintain bladder control through most of the day while wandering campus aimlessly enough to be awarded a degree for waking up at least twice a week. Combine this mentality with the For the Love of God Leave Me Alone Principal of Social Interaction, you have a mixture that will provide a bunch of uninformed bobble heads to bow at your every whim.

For the Love of God Leave Me Alone Principal of Social Interaction: When constantly exposed to an environment where one cannot travel more than a few feet without being asked to sign something, give money, find God, perform street fellatio, etc. (Like, say, this campus, for example), the psyche will eventually accept any suggestion, regardless of how absurd and self-serving, in an attempt to end the social interaction as quickly as possible. To wit, people in this city will do anything just so long as the antagonist will go away as quickly as possible.

The agenda currently calls for the campus at large to further bend the rest of the state and the local economy over the table yet again with Measure 30. My personal feeling about this aside (there is a much more interesting and informative view on this issue, written by a much more competent writer within the pages of this magazine), every time the ASUO interrupts one of my

classes to plug both their view of Measure 30 and voting at the same time, the latter holds all the sincerity of an apology from a hit man.

"Hello, I am an unimportant sub-human bred in captivity at the ASUO and programmed giggle like a slutty sorority member while making half-assed arguments that make no sense. You should, like, vote for [insert random cause] because it won't cost YOU anything. Sure, the rest of the economy will feel slight discomfort in the rectum, but that's not your concern. Now, to do this you must all register to vote. Of course, you don't HAVE to vote for [random cause] but if you don't you're a bad person. Goodbye."

Why, yes. I have had a great many classes interrupted by these mutants...why do you ask?

It's scary out there, but there is hope. Hope in the form of enthusiastic nonvoters. I have seen their work in passing more and more. Not only do they not give a shit about politics, they recognize that their involvement cannot bring about anything good. Keeping that in mind, they have made it their business, nay, their very duty to mankind to stay the hell away from the whole thing. And not only do they hold this view proudly, but also very vocally. Some have even launched into a ninety-minute tirade, complete with filmstrips and overheads, on exactly why they refuse to vote.

This campus has always had the message that apathy -- particularly political apathy -- is a gross neglect of one's civic responsibilities. In fact, one would raise a lot less ire around this campus if they ran a campaign to solve the homeless problem by rounding them up, grinding them up and selling the result as baby food for low-income families, than by just professing a complete lack of interest in the whole thing. The result: a bunch of near-retarded jack-offs running around yelling and screaming about things that they know essentially less than shit about. Ladies and gentlemen, meet the quintessential Eugene hippie.



Sadly, following blindly seems preferable to just recognizing one's ignorance and acting in a manner that complements it. Personally, I don't understand it. Why force someone to engage in an activity in which they have no interest and no knowledge? Let's just assume for a minute that someone gets pissed off at one particular ASUO podling and straps a bomb to his or her chest, spraying his or her worthless remains over hundreds of happy bystanders. I think at that point they would want someone who can defuse that jerkwad before a re-enactment of the Florence whale incident, and I think they would want someone who knows what they are doing. Someone who had worked on many similar devices in the past, and had done a substantial amount of research on the subject. I am pretty sure, at least, that they wouldn't want me to haphazardly cut wires, hoping to pick the right one accidentally. Can I assume that everyone made the connection here? If not, may I suggest that you refrain from voting.

From this, I think we can see there are worse things in this world than sitting in front of the TV so long that one's ass becomes grafted to the Lay-Z-Boy. A person who makes political decisions based on actual knowledge, instead of which candidate's name could be reformed to make the funniest porno name. In fact, there are a lot of things that come to mind.

Things worse than being politically inactive:

1. Constructing a home-made feces launcher on the roof of your apartment.
2. Joining OSPIRG
3. Drinking an entire fifth of whiskey and trying to establish a totalitarian regime bent on world domination.
4. Making a website specializing in German snuff porn.
5. Shaking infants
6. Conducting experiments that include a hammer, liquid nitrogen and kittens.

I think I have made my point. To quote George Carlin, "You show

Article in Pictures For Sociology majors and other "ungifted people"

Simple test: If you have had trouble following this article thus far, then one could come to a simple conclusion: the less you participate in society, the better for everyone else.

(Above) A voter registration form. This will make you think about things. Things that are boring and complicated to one such as yourself. In addition, it will cause you to do more work when you vote later.

(Below) A mug of beer. It requires no work aside from lifting it to your lips and drinking life's sweet nectar.


Now, which do you choose?
I thought so.



me some lazy prick sitting around all day watching game shows and stroking his penis and I will show you a guy who's not causing any damn trouble."

My point is there is certainly nothing wrong with remaining in a semi-conscious drug induced haze while the other, more gifted humans do the important stuff. In fact, it shows a great deal of foresight and consideration simply to admit you have no place dealing with such matters. Hell, looking at the wonderful job you have done with your college career, not to mention the giant mound of excrement that you dare call a life, it would be for the better if you don't make any of your usual dumb, loser decisions on anything of remote importance for other people. Just sit comfortably knowing that your contribution to society is keeping reality television afloat. You have two options; one will require a lot of reading about boring things like the economy and the senate. It would be much easier on you to give it up.

Let us never forget that apathy is a right for every person. Just as it is everyone's right to cast his or her vote for the nation's leaders, it is also his or her right to sit at home and play video games until inadvertently soiling him- or herself. So, for all those smart enough to realize just how ignorant they are, hoist a bag of Fritos and proudly say to all who will listen, I don't give a damn!


Jeremy Jones, whose compassion is matched only by talent, is Production Manager of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

University Maintains Legacy!

Thanks to the decision by Dan Williams, the University can proudly claim it has only closed twice due to weather, and it only cost the safety of the students and faculty who had to slide to class.

By Brett Callahan

A legacy of hard-headedness and blatant disregard for student safety is what comes to mind when the University touts the fact that it has only twice closed its doors due to hazardous weather. The UO last closed in 1985, and before that the only closure on record was in 1969. All of this was surely taken into account when the UO stubbornly decided not to follow the lead of more sensible institutions around the city and state and cancel class during the snow and ice storm of week one.

Despite the danger posed to students by the storm, Vice President Dan Williams, who decides whether or not to close school, courageously decided that the University's streak was more important than the health of over 20,000 students and over 3,000 faculty members. There was also the health of University employees to consider. Williams, quoted in the Emerald, stated: "Closing the University creates a whole new set of problems." Problems like not being sued when little Sally McDuff suffers a shattered hip on the way to Writing 121?

Williams argued that even though coming to campus might have been hazardous, closing the campus would have caused problems with heating and food for students who live in University Housing. This is a fair point, although anyone eating at Carson on a regular basis already has problems with food. Still, canceling class and closing non-essential buildings for the two-day duration of the storm would have drastically reduced the number of people needlessly put at risk by having to walk, drive, or telemark ski to school.

Furthermore, what would have been missed by allowing students and faculty to stay in warm beds rather than go out in twenty degree weather for which they didn't have clothes? Ah, yes, syllabus day...the magical day when classes consist of a teacher handing you a syllabus, allowing you to read it, then reading it to you, and then taking questions about...the syllabus. Missing the first day of class would have been slightly more tragic than missing Bill Walton's pre-game prior to a Lakers' broadcast; that is to say, we all might have benefitted from it.

Speaking of Faculty, it seems like a few of them were noticeably absent from classrooms on Monday and Tuesday. Seems like walking to class is rather pointless when the Prof. suddenly decides he or she has the twenty-four hour Ebola virus and would just as soon not lead an underwater patriarchy discussion today. But at least the buildings were warm while we were all busy not learning.

Seriously, there were a plethora of reasons why the benefits of canceling classes would have outweighed keeping the University open. Falling sheets of ice are one, as anyone in the vicinity of Fenton Hall can tell you. Students with disabilities were another. Think it was hard getting to class on foot? Imagine the difficulty to anyone confined to a wheelchair, using crutches, or with a vision problem.

Williams encouraged people to exercise their own judgement on whether or not to come to class, generously acknowledging that some students might have problems getting to school while not doing anything to put fears of missed attendance at ease. He said of students "they'll exercise good judgement. People have to take care of themselves under these circumstances." It would be considerably easier to take care of oneself inside and in front of a warm fire than slipping all the way to class only to discover it has been canceled.

The University should have done the responsible thing and cancelled class. Instead, it placed a tradition of folly ahead of the students' welfare. While it is impressive to go to a school that hasn't cancelled classes in over a decade, it would be even more impressive to feel like that school was concerned about its students' welfare.



Brett Callahan, recent immigrant from Bangon, ME, is a staff writer for OREGON COMMENTATOR.



The Gathering Storm

The new downtown gathering ordinance has many people claiming it infringes on the First Amendment. Businesses, on the other hand, like the quiet.

By Sho Ikeda

A new Eugene city ordinance is being viewed as a violation of Constitutional rights by free speech advocates; however, business leaders see it as way to improve the downtown area's economy.

The Eugene City Council voted 5 to 2 on Nov. 24 to expand the area covered by an ordinance that places restrictions on commercial and non-commercial events and demonstrations, with councilors David Kelly and Betty Taylor voting against the ordinance. Ordinance 20303 includes the zone stretching from 6th Avenue to 11th Avenue and Lincoln Street to High Street. The regulation requires groups of 25 or more people to apply for permits through a non-commercial coalition of downtown businesses known as Downtown Eugene, Inc. Any group of more than 25 people, whether hosting an outdoor concert or leading an anarchist rally, will have to apply for a permit. Fines for violating sections of the ordinance range from \$500 to \$1000 and offenders can face up to one year in jail.

The new ordinance is a revised version of a 1972 ordinance, which applied the permit rule to the old downtown pedestrian mall. Now that the mall is open to traffic, the city sought to eliminate references to the area in the city code.

Rebecca Nolan's Dec. 29 Register Guard story explains some of the background of the old 1972 ordinance. When the downtown mall was created in 1971, the city council wanted to set down some rules, including an ordinance that required a gathering of more than 25 people to apply for a permit from the city and to pay for police presence, if necessary. Eugene residents immediately protested

and claimed that the new ordinance restricted freedom of speech and freedom of assembly in the downtown area. Opponents of the new regulation, including the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Lane County Bill of Rights Defense Committee, said the rules discriminated against the homeless and those who could not afford paying the fee for the permit. A lawsuit came up, but never went to trial.

More than 30 years later, the same arguments are being used today.

"There is no reason for the government to stick its nose in the business of 25 people who want to get together," said Brian Michaels, a Eugene attorney and a leader of opposition against the ordinance. "[The ordinance is] too oppressive."


Michaels said he believes that a business consortium – in this case, Downtown Eugene, Inc. – should not be in charge of determining who meets on the public streets of the downtown area. Currently, DEI is responsible for deciding the type and amount of liability insurance and the application fees that an applicant must provide in order to obtain a permit.

"You can see that one of the oddities is that people who administer the permit are businesses and not the municipality of government workers," Michaels said. "It has to be administered by public employees instead."

The ordinance also requires that any group desiring to meet in the zone covered by the ordinance must hold the city harmless against any negligent or deliberate acts. According to Michaels, this means that police could pepper-spray the crowd and would not be held accountable for



JUMP TO 25



HOW I BECAME A CONSERVATIVE

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY TO THE RIGHT

BY TIMOTHY DREIER

Loyal readers, I have a confession to make. It's not something I'm terribly proud of, at this point, but it did seem like the right thing to do at the time. Yes, it's true, many a foolish decision or nefarious act has been justified using that phrase, but in this case it is most certainly the case. You may find this revelation startling, you may find it shocking, you may never respect me again, but I must tell you for the sake of honesty and full disclosure: In the 2000 presidential election, I voted for Al Gore.

Okay, so maybe that's not very shocking. I figured that Gore would've continued the Clinton-era domestic fiscal policy that, even now, I think was largely good. Clinton passed NAFTA, he signed welfare reform, and he ran a balanced budget. The 1990s economic boom had little or nothing to do with him, and welfare reform was largely the product of a Republican congress, but he did sign it. Free trade, welfare reform, balanced budget and all of that were great things. The tax increase wasn't a good thing, and neither was Clinton's personal character, but on balance his domestic policy was acceptable. Clinton's foreign policy was weak, but in 2000 it looked like whoever was elected would inherit a largely domestic-policy term. So I voted for Gore.

Well, he didn't win, and the President has had a term that, much like Truman's, is largely concerned with foreign policy. Yes, there has been an economic downturn since 2000, but it was in progress by the third quarter of that year. But, the overarching theme of America's last four years has been foreign threats to our security. A bunch of terrorists decided to destroy 3000 American lives, and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property because they blindly hate us. So, the President went to war with them. After years of spurning international authority and accord, Saddam Hussein has been brought to task.

But, I digress. My slow drift rightward started, really, my first term here in Eugene. I'd grown up what a former Com-

mentator editor calls "liberal by default." Meaning the child of suburban yuppies in a liberal-ish metro-area town. Also, I went to public school. Not to disparage the fine education I received in Lake Oswego, but the majority of teachers are quite liberal so, naturally, I picked up a lot of this on my way through the system. Thus, upon arrival at the University, my views were similar to those around which I'd been raised. However, something about the campus environment didn't sit quite right with me. In a word: radicalism.

Groups with names like "Coalition Against Environmental Racism" and slogans like "Shouldn't you CAER?" peppered the halls of my dormitory. I began to wonder what OSPIRG was, and why on Earth so many people who looked like bums were telling me about it. Even as a naïve and impressionable freshman, I was pretty sure that "environmental racism" was something made up by the likes of Al Sharpton to make a buck. Environmentalism seemed rather appealing, but homeless people have always made me nervous and I have a very sensitive nose. So, I was reluctant to participate in any sort of OSPIRG event. And that's before I even knew about their accounting and funding problems. I really started to want everyone just to leave me alone.

Enter the Oregon Commentator. At the behest of a friend who shall remain nameless, I decided that writing for the OC might be a good way to get a bit of experience. And the OI' Dirty had rejected my application for a page design position. So, with great fear and trepidation, I marched down to EMU 205, a bunker like room surrounded by snipers, where the Commentator had its office. Soon, I was receiving staff emails.

But, before attending a single staff meeting, there was a party. A very strange party that changed my political life forever. After spending a few hours playing pool with the Managing Editor and his roommate, I met the rest of staff when they arrived. After a long conversation with some of the most admirable drunks one

could hope to meet, I realized that I was home.

In the next few months I learned about all sorts of issues. Liberty, business, and mostly why the government should just leave the electorate at peace. The natural extrapolation of my core value, that individuals should be left alone to their own devices, turned out to be libertarianism. My first few months at the Commentator caused me to realize that being left alone must also mean having one's money left alone. And, viola, I was a conservative. Where as my previous liberal stance had me convinced that people were capable of making their own choices in most

aspects of their lives, I felt that the government should play a larger role in the economy. My time talking to members of staff here persuaded me otherwise, that one's money is a natural extension of one's personal decision making.

It's been a few years now, and I've never looked back. Conservatism, it's like Woodstock but better.



Timothy Dreier, out to eat your babies and steal your grandmother, is Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

FROM PAGE 13 due process, but problems inevitably arise because the trials are often not made public. At the University of Oregon, this is sadly the case. Student Code of Conduct cases are confidential, thus keeping the trials out of the prying eyes of the public. Of course, it is understandable that the University would want to protect the identity of those involved, especially if they expressly ask for this, but the confidentiality can also obfuscate procedural improprieties.

With any luck, speech codes will go the way of New Coke -- an unspeakably bad idea that has been thrust upon an unwitting populace. Public universities such as this one must

unshackle themselves from the constraints of politically correct dogma and allow students to speak their minds. Racism, sexism and homophobia should not be accepted on any campus, but the steps that universities have taken to restrain this behavior borders on Orwellian. Will there be a day when administrators hand out a list on the first day of class that includes all the words that one cannot say on campus? We should all speak out before this happens.



Tyler Graf, one angry mother #\$\$%@, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.*

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THAT'S THE TICKET!



BY OLLY RUFF

Since first setting foot in this strange and foreign land - with its purple mountains' majesty, amber waves of grain, rockets' red glare giving proof at various hours of the day that sundry flags remain in position, Mount Rushmore, Rushmore Academy, and the great state of New Jersey - my day-to-day existence has naturally consisted of a frantic attempt to absorb as much as I can of the dazzlingly unfamiliar information that is daily set before me. If I do say so myself, much progress has been made. By applying myself diligently from the day I stepped off the boat with nothing but my cardboard suitcase, ragged dungarees, and GTF appointment, I now consider myself au fait with many disparate aspects of the great American collective civic unconscious, such as Marbury vs. Madison, hamburgers, and the "Tuck Rule."

However, this is a learning process without an end -- and as the New Year dawned, I became uncomfortably aware that there were many aspects of the American political process that still perplexed me. Being more accustomed to changes of government taking place through monarchic succession or occasional violent overthrow, with a well-regulated feudal economy built on the sweat of the noble serfs who till the fields, this business of "elections," "primaries," "caucuses" and the like seemed thoroughly obscure. (Especially the frantic piling up of agricultural subsidies, while we're on the subject of noble serfs.) In particular, the dizzying array of candidates for the Democratic nomination did nothing to ease my pounding migraine.

Help was at hand. Drawing a cool damp cloth across my fevered brow, I was fortunate enough to be able to sit down with Oregon Commentator Editor-in-Chief Timothy Dreier, while the Iowa caucus raged all around us, and have him explain the ins and outs and ups and downs of the Democratic field. What I learned was shocking, but must be reported.

We started with the man generally considered to be the front-runner: Vermont Governor Howard Dean. While I was impressed

to learn that he was a qualified medical doctor, this was more than counterbalanced by the knowledge that his gubernatorial campaign had been financed by profits from the sale of drugs to minors. Nor did the misuse of prescriptions end there -- although Dean's own addiction is said to be to a mysterious bubbling green fluid that plunges him into an altered state within ten seconds of ingestion -- whereupon he grows an additional two feet in height, sprouts hair all over his body, and rampages around causing havoc and mayhem.

This didn't exactly sound ideal in a future President, but it occurred to me that this "Howard Hyde" could, if brought into play sparingly at times of national emergency, be recast as a powerful asset. Contrariwise, Tim pointed out that since Dean would undoubtedly have dismantled the Army within two months of taking office, the nation's borders would remain unsafe: even an enraged four-hundred-pound beast-President could scarcely be expected to fend off attacks from the Canadian and Mexican borders simultaneously. It was a fair point, I had to grant him that.

So Dean was a scratch. General Wesley Clark, on the other hand, could presumably be counted on to liaise effectively with the military. Or could he? I was disturbed to learn that -- beyond his dismissal from service on charges apparently relating to "treason" -- he was, at an earlier stage of his career, responsible for the Khmer Rouge's program of genocidal massacres in 1970s Cambodia. I had hitherto understood them to have taken place under the authority of Pol Pot, but was forced to concede that I had never seen Pol Pot and Clark in the same room together.

John Edwards is vigorous, a youthful 50, and smiling, but he is also in the habit of driving slowly down the sidewalk, deliberately running people over and then suing the car's manufacturers for liability. Frequently, he uses the proceeds to buy children as slaves.

The other John, Kerry, cannot quite be held responsible for the situation in which he finds himself. Be that as it may, he is a

DEMOCRATS: EXPOSED!



member of the undead, or as I had it explained to me, “half-living.” (Accustomed as I was by now to shocking revelations about public figures, and looking at a picture of the guy, this was somehow the least surprising revelation of the evening.) Animated by dark forces, Kerry currently roams the hallways of the Senate feasting on the brains of interns -- or children, for that matter -- whenever the fancy takes him, but his run at the Presidency is motivated by a passion for what is apparently a zombie delicacy: the brains of Texans.

This was the stuff of infamy. However, Tim muttered darkly, Texans of his acquaintance had “made plans” to deal with the zombie aftermath of a Kerry victory.

Richard Gephardt was perhaps the biggest disappointment of all, based on his outwardly pleasant demeanor and shiny, shiny face. Congressman Gephardt - it grieves me to report - does not actually exist. A triumph of marketing, media manipulation, Stalinist revisionism, and CG effects design, the “Gephardt” candidacy is actually a cruel practical joke being perpetrated upon the electorate by a sinister cabal of malcontents and terrorists known only by the mysterious acronym “DNC.”

Meanwhile, Joe Lieberman and Dennis Kucinich are secretly in league to destroy the world. Cleveland’s City Hall has been built into a cunning “polarity-reversing” machine that will, when switched on, cause the Earth to begin rotating in the opposite direction, leading to catastrophic climatic change and the downfall of humanity. The media has been slow to pick up on this, as they have been distracted by the carefully manufactured distance between the candidates’ positions on the Iraq war, and by Kucinich’s eerie resemblance to Pee-Wee Herman. (Also, very few members of the media live in Cleveland.) This pair, too, are responsible for sundry terrible acts perpetrated upon children, although a few minutes’ musing left Tim unable to specify exactly what they were. That they were terrible, though, is beyond question.

By this point, I was losing faith in the efficacy of the system.

How was it possible that a major national party had thrust these nightmarish figures upon the world? I looked back fondly at the last election in my home province of Dorset, where the local chieftain’s son had painted his face with woad, struck off three ministers’ heads with an axe, and then deigned to allow a delegation of peasants to formally approve his appointment under penalty of being fed to pigs. The forthcoming presidential election seemed unlikely to have such a satisfactory outcome. Moreover, all of the actual corporeal candidates we had discussed seemed to have done at least one heinous and unforgivable thing to a group of innocent children -- either killing them, ordering them killed, selling them prescription drugs, buying them as slaves, eating their brains, or some combination of the above. This was awful! What had become of America? Won’t somebody please think of the children?

Amid all the scandal and disillusionment, only one candidate drew a kind word from Tim. I was, by this point, prepared to learn the worst, but one man was finally here to deliver my reprieve.

“Al Sharpton,” said Tim.

“Al Sharpton?” I asked.

“Al Sharpton,” he replied, emphatically. “I like the message. I like the attitude he brings to the table. If he could only get past this nonsense of caucuses and brain-eating in the next few months, I really think he’d have a chance in November.”

He then threw his back and cackled maniacally, while caressing the “BUSH IN ‘04” button affixed to his lapel, the button glinted in the light.



Olly Ruff, a non-voting felon, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



Literature Review Corner

The Collected Introductions of Writing 121

By C. Martin Rhone, Literary Critic

Enthymeme: Grades are not an accurate way to determine a student's ability to write because grades cause students to write to please their teacher instead of expressing themselves to their full potential.

The day has come; the final paper is due. I have been working on this particular paper really hard. I since I have worked hard on the paper and I am hoping for a good grade. Will I get the grade that I deserve? Did I meet the all of the teachers needs? What will come of the paper that I have worked so hard on?

By Heather

This piece of schlock looks like it was written by a six year old, or somebody with an extra copy of old chromosome 21. First of all, what kind of word is "enthymeme" anyway? It sounds like something some of my more pompous colleagues invented to make themselves feel important. So, we'll just all pretend that she really said "thesis." Linguistic improprieties aside, one should never label the thesis statement in one's writing; doing so detracts from the overall point and distracts the reader from one's message. Furthermore, this introduction says nothing of consequence and contains myriad grammatical errors. Shame on you, Heather. Your writing is a blight on the English language.

I hate writing standards. When I write a paper for one of my classes, I don't write them the way that they teach you how to in the fourth grade. I don't write rough drafts and I don't do outlines. Unfortunately, this is the correct "standard" that writing/English teachers have always given us. I'm sure that there's a good reason for this, as some people have a really hard time putting their thoughts together for a paper. When I need to write a paper, I sit down at my computer, and enter all my notes and quotes in one document. Then I open up another document and just start writing, pasting in my quotes when needed. To me, this is much more efficient.

By Lindsay

Yet another example of how exactly not to write an introductory paragraph. Why must you assume that personal narrative is the best way in which to communicate your overall purpose? At this point an announcement must be made: your feelings are not the basis of an argument. Repeat this phrase until it burns into your memory for all time. Further, you should spend some time learning how to formulate arguments based on facts and logic, rather than the internal wims of your child-like mind. If you must find a forum for personal feelings and narrative, perhaps an online journal would be the best path to take.

In the dictionary, education means the knowledge acquired through a learning process. Subsequently culture means the sum of the language, customs, beliefs, and art considered characteristic of a particular group of people. Can education change culture? Except education, what changes culture? In addition, what changes education? Education can provide students some common and specific knowledge. However it's difficult to change customs and beliefs. Or it needs along time, few decades, to change. In my opinion, Globalization and consumerism are the main reasons of cultural and education change.

By Keung

This paragraph reads like some of Marx's less colorful passages. The material selected for this essay is, quite frakly, dull. Furthermore, prefacing one's thesis statement with "in my opinion" is nearly as foolish as labeling it. Perhaps English is not this author's first language, but as his paragraph is better than either of the two above, that fact is not enough to give him a pass. It is also obvious that this writer does not know anything about the global economy, or the alternatives to living in our technologically rich society.

FROM PAGE 19 their actions.

“The police would again have another tool to once make certain people miserable,” Michaels. “They’ll harass the homeless. They’ll harass the unkempt or unfit.”

One aspect of the current situation regarding the ordinance that differs from the 1972 fiasco is that the city is more willing to cooperate with its citizens. City officials are looking for ways to work with opponents of the regulation to dampen the restrictions placed on civil liberties.

According to the Register Guard article, Jerome Lidz, a city attorney, wrote in a Dec. 19 letter to the ACLU and opposition leaders that city staff lacked the authority to change or delay the new ordinance while the city council took its winter recess, but he was willing to meet with opponents next month “to develop a permit system that works for everyone concerned.”

“We are also working on several administration provisions to clarify the ordinance and to minimize any burden on free assembly,” Lidz wrote.

Michaels said he would like to see the city create a “reservation desk” that allowed permit applicants to inform the city and businesses of a future demonstration or event. He said he would also want the permit to apply to groups of 100 people, instead of the current number of 25.

“People call in and say, ‘Hey look we’re going to have a demonstration here, you have your notice,’” Michaels said. “It’s kind of honor system.”

DEI Executive Director Russ Brink agreed that a system similar to Michaels’s proposal could be feasible. DEI is the business consortium responsible for administering the permit.

Brink said the city and DEI may work on eliminating the permit all together, or create an application process where the permit required no fee and applicants could submit requests 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

Brink said he wanted to emphasize that the permit was not created to limit residents’ freedom of speech and that the old ordinance was never enforced.

“It was never anyone’s intent to take away anyone’s first amendment rights,” Brink said.

Eugene Police Department spokeswoman Kerry Delf said a search of police files showed no record of any officers issu-

FROM PAGE 14 rock and roll for that psychedelic rock band in San Francisco. The first thing that made this comparison come to mind was the acid. I took approximately ten hits of acid every day when I was a psychedelic rocker in San Francisco. As an Insurgent staff writer I had a quota of fifteen drops of LSD a day. When combined with the Eugene denizens’ quota of five hits of acid a day, I was plain out of my element.

Luckily, there were more connections between the Tripping Sisters and the Insurgent than I originally thought. One of my favorite things about being in a psychedelic rock band was that my audience was too stoned to pay attention to what I was actually saying. This was true of my readership when I worked at the Insurgent. I felt right at home, dude!

Nobody checked the facts behind my psychedelic rock songs and I didn’t need a bibliography. Just like the Insurgent! My rock

ing citations related to the ordinance and making no arrests for violations since 1996, when the EPD began keeping electronic records.

Brink explained that the permit system allowed groups to reserve sections of the downtown area for events or demonstrations.

“It is not an enforcement tool. We don’t look for groups and say, ‘You need a permit,’” Brink said. “It guarantees that [a group’s] event won’t conflict with another event.”

Brink added that relatively few permits were issued in the past. Organizers for large commercial events such as the Eugene Celebration and the Eugene Saturday Market were the most frequent applicants. He said commercial activities need to have a permit because there are many issues related to large activities such as traffic control and liability insurance.

Brink said DEI doesn’t approve permit application based on the application or the content of the activity, which is one of the fears held by opponents of the ordinance.

“Whether anarchists or the KKK, we don’t judge the application based on the content,” he said.

Brink said he wanted to make sure that residents don’t think that the ordinance was created to deny citizens the right to assemble and hold public demonstrations.

“It’s not the Patriot Act. If people want to gather spontaneously, nobody is going to come out and shut their event down,” Brink said.

Community members and city officials will discuss the concerns surrounding the ordinance in the near future. While business leaders want to assure the public that the regulation is not aimed at limiting freedom of speech and instead encourages the downtown economy, public activists will keep a watchful eye over the enforcement of the ordinance. Dialogue between the city and residents will hopefully resolve this issue to the satisfaction of both downtown businesses and free speech advocates.



Sho Ikeda, a super-duper senior majoring in journalism, contributor emeritus to the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

songs were incredibly one-sided and biased. Just like the Insurgent! As a matter of fact, the only tangible difference I realized between my experiences as a psychedelic rocker and as a serious liberal journalist was that I got laid for being a psychedelic rocker. Liberal journalists don’t get laid!

Like many other disgruntled Eugenians, I’ve taken up with this lot. The Fender Stratocaster is in the closet. I flushed almost all my acid down the toilet. I don’t care about the gray wolf. Falafel tastes good but I hate it on principle. I quit the Insurgent and I’m ready to eat some red meat, baby! Give me a fork.



Jeremy Berrington, currently the leading the revolution, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Remember Rip City



Gone are the glory days of the Portland Trail Blazers. Now there is only shame as **Ryan Earley** scouts new cities to habitate and new teams that won't bring such shame.

Oh, to be from Sacramento these days must be a blessing. As their team perches atop the National Basketball Association, lording the best league record over any team who should set foot in their path, Kings fans can rejoice in the fact that even with their best player (Chris Webber) absent from the line-up, their team dominates.

I could probably even settle for being a Pacers fan. With the best record in the Eastern Conference and playing better ball than anyone else on that coast, Indiana has wrought a sturdy win-loss record this season with some of the toughest defense in the league and viable scoring threats inside the paint and out.

Unfortunately, from a basketball standpoint anyway, I am not from Indiana or Sacramento. Like so many other University of Oregon students, I hail from the greater Portland area, and that means I grew up bleeding the red and black of the mighty Portland Trailblazers.

Early '90s vintage Trailblazers basketball was a remarkable sight. For several consecutive years, the Blazers held together a nucleus of better than average players who fed off each other and became great as a whole. Beyond their sporting performance, though, the team was genuinely charming and enjoyable to watch. In fifth grade I could name every single member of the Portland Trailblazers, from the starters like Buck Williams and Kevin Duckworth to the bench riders like Robert Pack and Ennis Whatley, and everyone in my class could recite "Bust a Bucket" from memory. The Blazers were a team that everyone could really rally around, and they represented the city of Portland admirably.

After a few appearances in the NBA and Western Conference

finals, the Blazers veteran talent core started to unravel. Contracts ran out and players grew older. The era of classic Blazers basketball officially ended when Clyde Drexler went to Houston to win a championship with his former college teammate Hakeem Olajuwon. After that, things started getting dicey for Portland.

The time period spanning the mid-nineties to the present largely combined bad luck and decision making with raw talent to tell the lack-luster tale of a slightly better than average NBA franchise. Cliff Robinson was the sixth-man role player for the Blazers throughout the golden years. Once a starting position opened up for the young player, the Blazers sent him away only to see him blossom into an all-star just a year later. The organization picked up and thankfully eventually shipped out Isaiah Rider, Shawn Kemp and Rod Strickland, a career criminal, an out-of-shape has-been and an attitude problem respectively, and managed to alienate a preponderance of local support by trading away fan-favorite and valuable community contributor Brian Grant. Probably the most painful give-away, though, was Jermaine O'Neal. He repeatedly asked for a chance to prove himself, but the coaching staff did not hold much faith in the fresh-out-of-high-school rookie, so when the discontented player asked to leave, the front office granted his wish. Two years later, he was an all-star, and some call him the most dominant player in this year's Eastern Conference.

With the many unfortunate choices, the Blazers executives have still made their fair share of good selections. Arvydas Sabonis, despite being at the tail end of a distinguished international basketball career, put in several years worth of quality hard work for the Blazers, and keeping him around was probably one

of the main reasons the Blazers continued to play in the post-season throughout the past several tumultuous years. Keeping the big man around was definitely a good call.

Another awesome pick by the Blazers franchise was Zach Randolph. It almost seems as if the team wanted to atone for trading great players in the past by finally raising a player right. They were not going to send another future all-star to the bargain basement. Sure, he got himself into an unflattering mishap with his weed possession charge, but if he keeps bad habits from overshadowing his basketball career, he will be a force at power forward for many years.

One guiding force that may keep Randolph, and the other young Blazers, in check is the recent addition of Jerome Kersey to the auxiliary staff in Portland. As one of those Blazer greats from the good old days, Kersey comes to the Blazers as sort of a player wrangler to teach the newer players how to behave themselves and improve the Blazer's reputation. Hiring Kersey was another step by the Blazers' managers to right some questionable hires in the past.

New general manager John Nash has gone to work in reconstructing what his predecessor, Bob Whitsitt, let run into the ground. He has started to work on that "Jailblazers" reputation by trading the occasionally brilliant Bonzi Wells for a veteran with a positive attitude in Wesley Person.

While points per game might call the trade into question, adding a mature player to the roster can only help the brash young Blazers. Maybe he can ameliorate some of that morose and thuggish attitude as well.

None has earned his thug reputation so well as Rasheed Wallace. His often-combustible nature mars an otherwise excellent professional basketball career with such marks as setting a single-season record for most technical fouls. Add to that his legal troubles concerning his pot habit and his sullen attitude, and sometimes it is hard to love Rasheed Wallace. However, I maintain that 'Sheed is a better Blazer than most Portlanders give him credit for. He is a talented basketball player; no one can question that. The only reason his numbers have dropped this year is because the Blazers

now play him as a small forward so that Randolph can play at power forward, and that means Rasheed is playing at a position at which he's simply not as good. As the season has progressed, Wallace has grown into his new position little by little, and as he adjusts to his changing role, the Blazers will start to develop a killer frontcourt. Rasheed, for the most part, has also cooled his fiery temper this year. While he may never lose his reputation as a hothead, he no longer leads the league in game ejections for misconduct either.

The one player who has truly turned his game around this season is Damon Stoudamire. All those times I bitched about Damon being a ball hog, a bad shooter, a big expense to the team... maybe I was exaggerating a little. He is no Jason Kidd, and I would not build a franchise around him, but Damon Stoudamire, with much help from Jeff McInnis, has given the Blazers a strong offensive threat this year as both a shooter and a passer. McInnis is also in the midst of a breakout season and is just as deserving

of a spot in the starting line-up as Damon, turning in nearly identical stat lines at this point in the season.

Deep but unremarkable, the rest of the Blazers' roster should be considered fair game in rebuilding the team this off-season. Dale Davis plays his center position well enough to remain into next year, but Ruben Patterson is an honest to goodness felon, so the Blazers should prob-

ably take anything they can get for him if they hope to improve the team's image. The rest of the bench consists of young back up players who usually will do in a pinch.

There lies a tough stretch of road ahead for Portland Trailblazer fans. For the first time in recent memory, it looks like the Blazers might not make the playoffs. They will still have their

nights of amazing clarity, but even if they make the playoffs by some miracle/accident, there will be no amazing run where the underdog takes the Dallas Mavericks to seven games. Finally, it seems the fates have stopped rewarding bad behavior and sent the signal that it is, indeed, time to do a massive overhaul and restructure the team so it can start winning like it used to: gracefully.



None has earned his thug reputation so well as Rasheed Wallace. His often-combustible nature mars an otherwise excellent professional basketball career with such marks as setting a single-season record for most technical fouls.

ON SHAKRA YOUR TAIL FEATHERS

If Christmas trees were humans, we'd be burying them, not decorating them, ornamenting them and then displaying them prominently in our houses.

—*The one, the only Aaron Shakra. And if they were giant killer whales, they wouldn't fit in our houses at all. What's your point?*

If I may make a suggestion, how about bringing something live into your house and decorating that?

—*We tried this with a turkey, but it wouldn't hold still, so we killed and ate it instead. Undaunted, we're going to try again next year with a small pig.*

At this point, I might risk becoming a cliché of myself..

- *Dude, that happened years ago. Don't go changing now.*



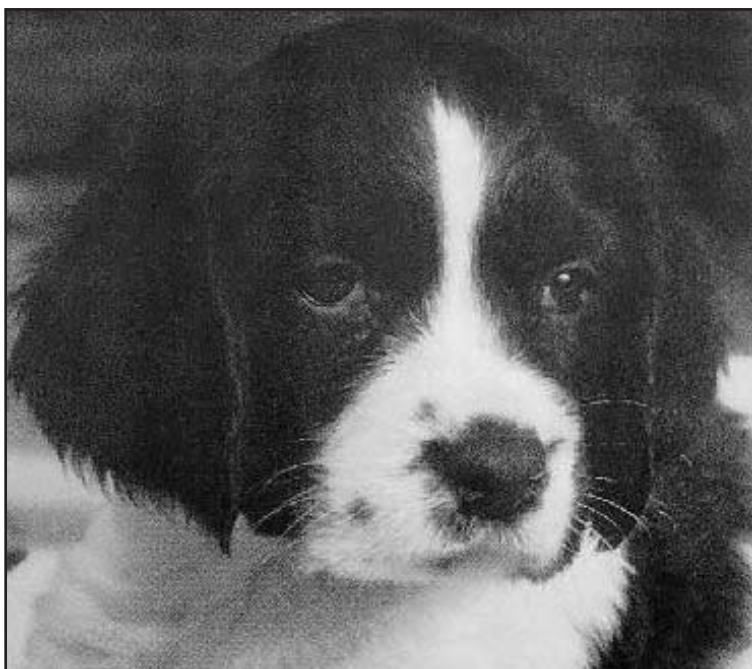
ON IS THAT A THREAT?

My policy in this class is, if you do not show up on a day when we have a guest speaker, I will kill you. I will hunt you down like a dog.

—*J412 Prof. Valerie Terry. Oh please! You don't scare us. You teach at the University of Oregon. We all know damn well you don't have a gun, hippy!*

I have a gun rack on the back of my SUV.

—*Terry again. A gun rack an and SUV? Say, you ain't from around here are you? That's fine, just remember: if someone misses your class, it's that guy in the back with the dreadlocks.*



ON PROGRESS

I was extremely skeptical towards modern industrial society for a long time, so I understand these sentiments. You feel very sad about countries that are modernizing and building factories, and about people who will be buying espresso machines that make loud noises instead of, I don't know, sitting around listening to the birds singing..

—*Globalization advocate Johan Norberg, interviewed in Reason magazine. You might think the logical next step is to make espresso machines that sound like birds singing, but step off, bitch; we've already filed that patent.*

ON ATTENTION TO DETAIL

A woman exited a doorway down the hall and entered the lobby. She picked up the sign-up sheet and called out the first name on the list. Nobody moved. She called it out again. A man stood up and followed her through a door, down a short hall and through another room, which looks out onto a studio. They entered it.

—*ODE piece on auditions for terrifying-sounding student dating show. OK, we get it: the auditions took place in the studio.*

ON THE SUFFERING OF ALL MEN

I excitedly await the beautiful day when the suffering of one man becomes the suffering of all men.

—*Self-styled cultural obstetrician, Joe Bechard, still throwing the cultural baby out with the cultural bathwater and now sounding uncomfortably like a sadist.*



While I haven't let it get me down, I haven't been able to completely subdue the horrible urges to vomit brought about by the loathsome path our culture has taken..

—*We'll miss you, Joe, but please get rid of that ridiculous beard.*

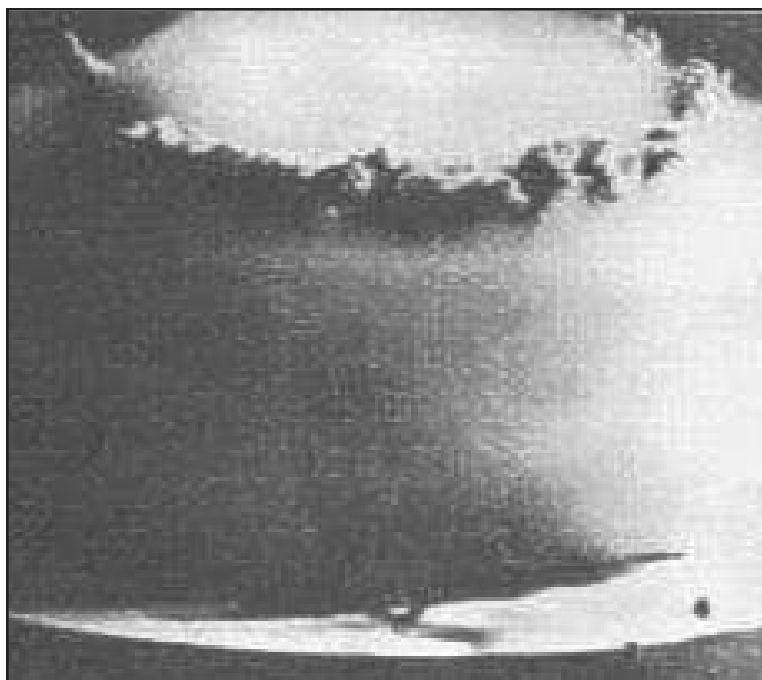
ON THE RETURN OF THE THIRD WAY

Tony Blair took a considerable political risk in supporting Iraqi Freedom, and for that we would like to thank him and promote him to chief executive in charge of the world's greatest super power, President of the United States of America..

—*Text taken from www.blair2004.com.*

In the world of political parody and symbolism, citizenship is not an issue..

—*Same source. Some members of the Commentator board are very relieved to hear this.*



BONUS SPEW!

Come back, Aaron Shakra, all is forgiven. Well, he's still here. But you'll understand what we mean. Sitting here, staring into the abyss, we can understand all too well the difficulties one can come across publishing a campus publication. We understand the pain, the sense of futility, the desperate scramble for shreds of threadbare content. So it is with a sense of muted glee — glee muted by a heavy heart, a shake of the head, a recognition of our shared humanity - that we present this gallery of quotes from the inaugural publication of this year's Oregon Voice. Call it Bonus Spew, if you will, and we hope that you do.

(Incidentally, a one-act play based on the Calvin and Hobbes review cited below is in the works. Details are hazy as we go to press, but the play will feature a character named "Semicolon" who periodically comes out to the front of the stage and jumps up and down, obscuring the action.)

Let us reiterate that this glee is nuanced, and measured. We, too, spell things incorrectly on occasion. (However, we tend to spell our own editor's name correctly.) Their website had a few shaky months (featuring yet a third alternate spelling of their editor's name) and now looks much better. We can relate to this, also. However, Dear God, However:



ON DEVIRGINIZING

When gangster rap from lighthearted pop-rap was a complete change and shock when hip hop began featuring darker issues. [sic] relating to murder, drugs and promiscuous sex, amongst other things.

—There's a way of rearranging these words so they form a grammatical sentence, but it wasn't the one you chose.

...devirginizing more than just the ears of urban youth.

—From later on in the same paragraph. Ew.



ON MERITS

Based solely on the 'merits' of of [sic] her Spelling was awarded the role of 'Donna' on Beverley Hills 90210, a series created by her media mogul papa Aaron Spelling.

—See, we know what you were going for here. You were looking for a euphemism for 'breasts.' But the execution was lacking.

ON *JINXING*

...Tarantino offered a unique vision and flare [sic] for dialog [sic] that made him the filmmaking equivalent to Kurt Cobain....

—*Meaning that... he was popular? He was in the press a lot? He killed himself in 1994? Hang on: Kurt Cobain had a flair for dialogue?*



ON *LEDENDARY* *PATHOS*

The Essential' showcases what really is the basics of Calvin and Hobbes and is a perfect introduction to the phenomenon that is Calvin and Hobbes.

—*Conclusion to a review of a Calvin and Hobbes complication that simply must be read to be believed. Its overuse of semicolons, coupled with a hypnotic repetition of the phrase 'Calvin and Hobbes', is enough to reduce wrestlers to tears.*

To children, slap bracelets were the cats [sic] pajamas, and there was no such thing as too many. Bans at elementary schools ensued, but the children persevered, and the legend of the slap bracelet will live forever.

—*Folks, that's ten seconds of your life that you're never going to get back. It's a gift: from them, to us, to you.*

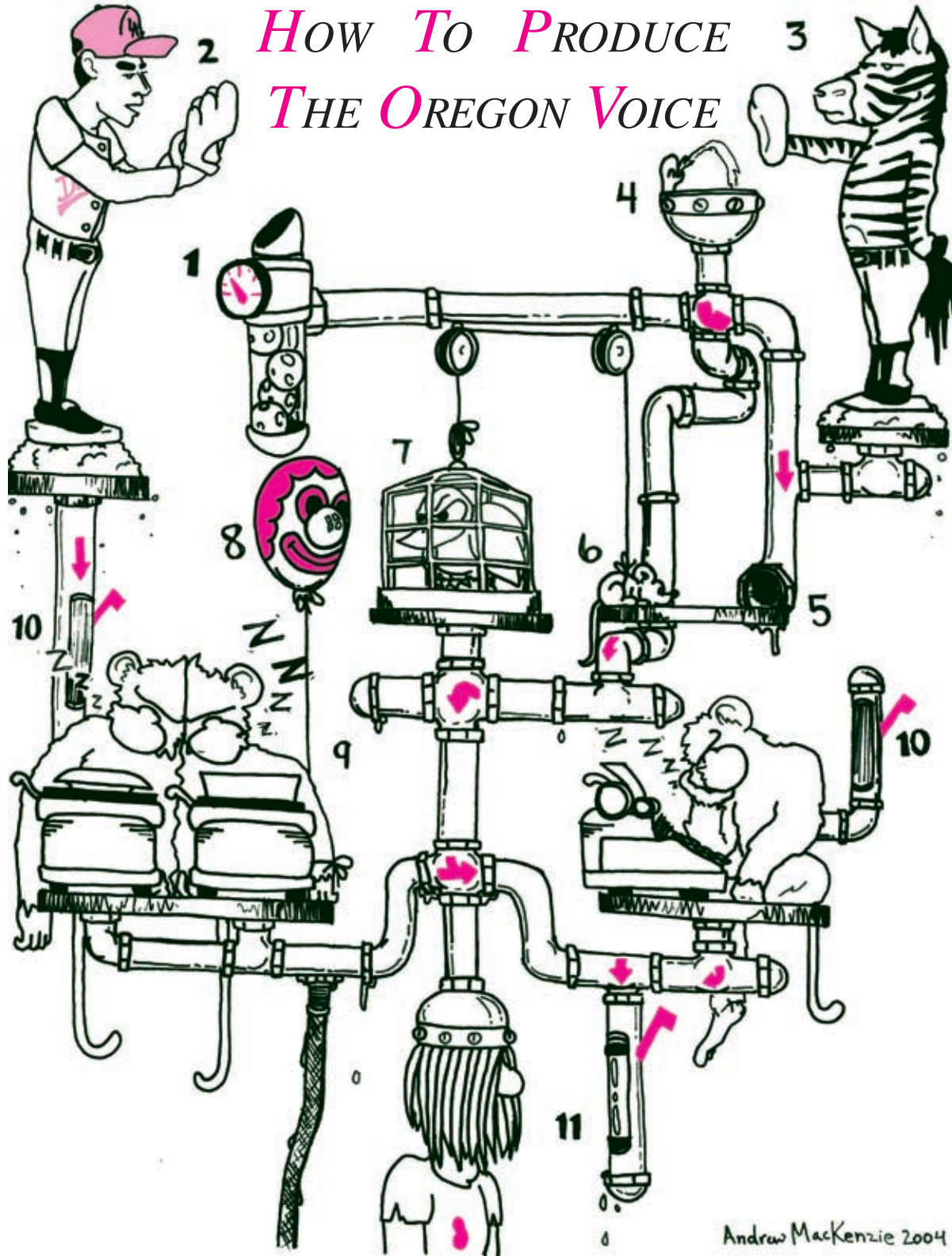
ON *THE VOID OF* *PRACTICALITY*

[Y]ou may still find yourself cringing in the void of practicality.

—*From a review of Chuck Palahniuk's Diary. We certainly did.*



HOW TO PRODUCE THE OREGON VOICE



A cheeseball pops out of the chute when the machine is turned on (1). Sandy Koufax of the 1963 Dodgers catches it (2) and pitches toward the zebra's mit (3). The cheeseball then falls into the water fountain (4) and down a tube until it arrives in

front of the mouse at (5). The mouse (6) runs toward the cheeseball, and causes the cage to lift off of the raven (7). The raven, angry from being forced to stare at the clown balloon (8) pops it and awakens the sleeping monkeys who are napping at

their typewriters (9). The monkeys type up the text of the *Oregon Voice* and send it via pneumatic chute (10) to the hipster (11) who collates the content, places it in magazine format, and distributes all over campus while listening to Weezer.