

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

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**Mike Hunt is not
represented here.**

PLUS: Ward Churchill -- Mason Quiroz -- Johnson Hall Protest



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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.

Churchill Down
 The world of superstar academics is a lonely one. There's no blow and there are no whores. The only groupies these people have are unkempt, know-it-all sociology majors. The one thing that superstar academics have that the others don't is increased scrutiny. Most academics welcome this, but not beleaguered Colorado professor Ward Churchill. **Oly Ruff** thinks that Churchill shouldn't be fired, but he certainly should do some 'splainin'. **Page 18**

Excess Vaggage
Melissa Hanks thinks that the womyn of the Women's Center need to get a clue. In 1,600 words, she explains. **Page 10**

Crossing Lines
 Cocaine possession. Driving under the influence with a suspended license. Destruction of private property. Misinterpreting a pivotal Supreme Court case. Former vice chair of the PFC Mason Quiroz hasn't had much luck with the law. **Ben Brown** has the story. **Page 12**

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March 20, 2005
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When Will It End?

The Multi-Cultural Center and the LGBTQA believe that it's time to revise the Student Code of Conduct. What's the intended next target of this Non-Discrimination Policy? You're reading it, pal. It's the printed word.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Sorry. You're here early; we were just banging our heads against the wall. Yeah, we've been doing a lot of that the past few months. See this white thing lodged above our left eyebrow? Chunk of plaster. Can't seem to pry it out of there.

Anyway, we can see you're anxious for us to get to the point. Here it is: Realizing that defunding the COMMENTATOR via the PFC is an illegal dead-end, campus agitators for safety, led by the LGBTQA and the Multicultural Center, have set upon a new strategy: establishing a mechanism to hold fee-funded groups "accountable" to the University's mission statement, Affirmation of Community Standards, and Non-Discrimination Policy. This strategy apparently seems entirely reasonable to its proponents. It should come as no surprise, then, that it is a putrid pile of wrong-headed and repressive nonsense.

To move from defunding a single student group to establishing a mechanism for banning and punishing the protected speech of all student groups is a foolhardy jump from frying pan to fire. And to redefine printed speech that enjoys the full protection of the First Amendment as illicit and punishable conduct is a full frontal assault against the bedrock of American free expression. Defunding the COMMENTATOR would have affected other student groups only by analogy. Enforcing a code of conduct against the printed speech of student groups would truly affect all of us in the *Emerald*, the *Voice*, the *Siren*, the *Insurgent*. This is dangerous



thinking, and demands a strong response from all student publications. Yes, *Craft Center Bulletin*, even you.

One reason this demands a strong response is the manner in which the LGBTQA and the MCC strive to make it sound like no big deal. In a letter to the *Emerald* (2/15), the LGBTQA prefaces their proposals by declaring their support for "freedom of expression, the free exchange of ideas, freedom

of speech and freedom of the press." Pursuant to this support of freedom, they then call for the creation and enforcement of a "Code of Conduct for Incidental Fee Funded Organizations" that would force student groups to adhere to the University's Non-Discrimination Policy and the Affirmation of Community Standards. There is nothing wrong with this proposal in and of itself. The COMMENTATOR has never engaged in any discriminatory conduct and we'll take anyone who wants to write for us, including Toby Hill-Meyer, and we doubt any other student groups act discriminatorily.

Granted, the African Students Association, Asian/Pacific American Law Students, Asian/Pacific American Student Union, Black Law Students Association, Black Student Union, Black Women of Achievement, Buddhists for Peace, Chi Alpha Christian Fellowship, Chinese Student Association, Chinese Students and Scholars Association, European Student Association, Grupo de Capoeira, Hawaii Club, Hong Kong Student Association,

To expand the Non-Discrimination Policy to encompass printed speech would be an affront to the First Amendment and an affront to the Policy's core purpose -- protecting students, faculty, and staff from acts of discrimination with an unreasonable and material effect on their performance within the University. The Policy targets discriminatory gradings, unreasonable pay disparities, sexual harassment and the like. To apply it to printed jokes is a mockery of real discrimination, in addition to being a grave invasion on campus free speech.

International Law Students Association, International Students Association, Japanese Student Organization, Jewish Student Union, Korean Student Association, Kultura Pilipinas, Latino/Latina Law Student Association, Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgendered Queer Alliance, Malaysian Student Organization, MEChA, Men's Center, Minority Law Students Association, Muslim Student Association, National Association of Black Journalists, Native American Law Students Association, Native American Student Union, Nontraditional Student Union, OUTLAWs, Pacific Islands Club, PERMIAS, Singapore Student Association, Student Association for Women in Architecture, Students of the Indian Subcontinent, Thai Student Union, Vietnamese Student Association, Women's Center, and Women's Law Forum. Granted, all these groups. Uh.

What were we saying? Oh! Yes. Granted, all these student groups literally define themselves along lines prohibited by the Non-Discrimination Policy to wit: race, color, gender, national origin, age, religion, sexual orientation, gender identity, and gender expression. But they are, of course, open to anyone who wants to join. Just like the COMMENTATOR. So there is nothing wrong with requiring student groups to conduct themselves in a non-discriminatory manner. We'll drink to that.

What we won't drink to is that the LGBTQA is not targeting *conduct*. It is targeting protected printed *speech*, and labeling this a conduct code. "We are all responsible," they write, "for the steps it takes to educate and eliminate hate and hate-speech in our community." Given that "hate speech" is as protected by the First Amendment as any other speech (*RAV v. City of St. Paul*), this sentence can be boiled down to its essential elements as: "We are all responsible for the steps it takes to educate and eliminate disfavored viewpoints and speech in our community." The LGBTQA is seeking a speech code while paying lip service to freedom of speech, and cloaking this effort in the reasonable language of conduct and discrimination. Don't buy it.

The MCC, in its *Emerald* letter echoing the LGBTQA (2/18), declares that "the issue is not about free speech," before concluding that, based on a handful of tasteless jokes, "the COMMENTATOR is obviously not conforming to the mission statement and the nondiscrimination policy of the University." The MCC also grossly misconstrues *Board of Regents v. Southworth* as requiring student fee-funded groups to "be held

accountable" to the University's mission statement. Nothing in *Southworth* says any such thing; this is a naked lie. The MCC is seeking a mechanism for punishing printed speech, and turning *Southworth* on its ear to give this disgusting demand the odor of legitimacy. Don't buy it.

To put it simply: there is no way that the COMMENTATOR's printed jokes, or the printed speech of any student group, can violate the University's mission statement, Non-Discrimination Policy, or Affirmation of Community Standards. To expand the Non-Discrimination Policy to encompass printed speech would be an affront to the First Amendment and an affront to the Policy's core purpose -- protecting students, faculty, and staff from acts of discrimination with an unreasonable and material effect on their performance within the University. The Policy targets discriminatory gradings, unreasonable pay disparities, sexual harassment and the like. To apply it to printed jokes is a mockery of real discrimination, in addition to being a grave invasion on campus free speech.

Yes, MCC, the issue actually *is* free speech. At least be honest as you seek censorship. And be wary, for the bell may toll for you one day. Just look at Canada, where the government has been experimenting with discrimination exceptions to free speech for more than a decade. It began quite reasonably around 1990 with the Canadian Supreme Court upholding the conviction of James Keegstra, a public-high-school teacher, for "willfully promoting hatred against an identifiable group," by propagating Holocaust denial and anti-Semitic views in class.

But what begins reasonably often goes insane, and it certainly has in Canada. Recently, University of British Columbia Professor Sunera Thobani faced a hate-crimes investigation after a diatribe against American foreign policy in which she remarked that Americans are "bloodthirsty, vengeful and calling for blood." Thobani is a Marxist feminist and multiculturalism activist. The Canadian hate-crimes law was created to protect minority groups from hate speech. And hating Americans may now, apparently, be a crime in Canada. I doubt many UO leftists would wish it to be a crime here. But that is the road they would lead us down.

This would affect all of us. Don't buy it. Cheers.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



Insurgents at the Gate



February 19th is a day that will live in infamy. After months of planning and coordinating, the *Student Insurgent*, the University's Marxist publication, mounted a daring operation to destroy the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

"For too long the OREGON COMMENTATOR has hid behind its ideas," said Jack Crocifisso, addressing the Insurgents from his fortified compound, the Survival Center. "They use the so-called First Amendment as a shield so they can propagate their nuanced, non-threatening speech. To that I say balderdash, and shit!"

The Insurgents erupted in applause.

"It's time we showed the University that these Commentators are not simply reasonable human beings with middle-of-the-road beliefs ... they are hateful bigots!" Crocifisso then narrowed his eyes, leaned forward and in a raspy near-whisper announced, "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

According to confidential documents leaked by an Insurgent insider, Crocifisso, who doubles as a student senator, and *Student Insurgent* staff writer Pira Kelley hatched a plan wherein they would take over the OREGON COMMENTATOR and release their own issue of the conservative publication in order to trick the student body.

"We will show the student bodie [sic] what the KKKomintator [sic] really stands for," stated one document. "They are misogynistic homophobes, and we must show students this. The only way to achieve this is to put out an issue of the KKKomintator that people can actually, legitimately be outraged about."

But many observers claim that the real ringleader was Don Goldman, the little-seen spiritual leader of the Insurgents.

"I can't see Pira Kelly pulling this off on her own," said an anonymous insider. "Let's just say that she takes the short bus to the co-op, if you know what I mean." The insider then winked to this reporter to denote a shared understanding before adding, "She's dumb."

But not everyone believes in the existence of Don Goldman.

"The man is a myth, a legend," said Michael Shermer, Director of the Skeptic Society and editor of *Skeptic Magazine*. "Nobody has ever had a proven encounter with him, though many claim they have."

According to one oft-reported encounter, Goldman is a strapping, golden-locked Teuton from the Black Forest with arms the size of a pudgy Gary Coleman and veins that bulge and writhe from his massive neck like live bait under rain-drenched soil. But others claim that he is a raving, partially homeless derelict prone to insane, drug-fuelled outbursts. Perhaps reality lies somewhere in the middle.

The Siege

At approximately 12:15 on February 19th, the Insurgents made their move toward the OREGON COMMENTATOR's office. Like dreadlocked ninjas, the Insurgents ambled stealthily through the EMU, stopping only briefly for a drink of water.

"Cotton mouth," Crocifisso explained.

After reaching the OREGON COMMENTATOR's office, the assembled members of the *Student Insurgent* used a special biotoxin to knock out Editor-in-Chief Tyler Graf.

"They simply raised their arms and my legs turned to jelly and I blacked out," said Graf

After removing Graf's body and fortifying himself and the other Insurgents inside the COMMENTATOR's office, Jack Crocifisso made a daring move for the couch. "I'm tired," he is reported to have said. However, he was not tired enough to turn down several bong rips of White Widow.

Upon awakening, Crocifisso, Kelley and the assorted Insurgents drafted plans for their first issue of the KKKomintator.

"Let's, like, write a story about how the U.S. should send all transgendered students to concentration camps, and shit," said Kelley.

"I love it," said Crocifisso "Nothing says rhetorical creativity like Nazis, and shit."

"We could also write a piece about the KKKomintator's complicity in the Zionist conspiracy against the Palestinians, and shit," said Insurgent Ryan Duff.

"Nazi rhetoric. Anti-Israel claptrap. You guys are on freakin' fire, and shit," an elated Crocifisso said.

"Dudes, this is going to make these crypto-fascists look like superliminal fascists," Damien Kemp said, after which the room grew silent, a pall of dread hanging over the surroundings. All eyes were on Kemp. "Um ... and shit."

The room was placated by Kemp's eloquent capstone.

The daring takeover was not to last long. Confused by the COMMENTATOR's "misogynistic" computers, the collective decided that they had accomplished enough for the day. "This wasn't about the COMMENTATOR. That's just what they'd want you to think. This was really about showing solidarity with other oppressed student newspapers, like the *Oregon Voice*. I think we proved that we're a force to be reckoned with today, and shit."

There are more productive ways to spend your time.



Join the Oregon Commentator!

HIRING: WRITERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, LAYOUT PEOPLE, COPY EDITORS, PICKET SIGN PAINTERS ... WAIT A SECOND!

University of Colorado professor Ward Churchill has been embroiled in controversy concerning written statements comparing some of the victims of 9/11 to Adolf Eichmann, the notorious Nazi who facilitated the rise of National Socialism under Adolf Hitler. As a result of the added scrutiny, new controversies have come to light, including Churchill's misrepresentation of his race (he falsely claimed to have Native American blood) and his purportedly inadequate qualifications.

One of the most damning controversies concerns Churchill's apparent copying of artwork. His painting, "Winter Warriors", bares an uncanny resemblance to "The Mystic Warriors of the Plains" by Thomas Mails. This discovery led the Aurora Art Gallery to pull the painting from its collection and issue an apology. However, as the OREGON COMMENTATOR discovered after an intensive investigation, "Winter Warriors" is not the only piece of art falsely attributed to Churchill. In early 2002, Churchill presented his painting "The Edification of a Little Eichman", which raised eyebrows due to its un-Churchill like coloration and pen strokes. No doubt Churchill will remain vigilant and fight these accusations, but perhaps his reputation has already been irreparably tarnished.



Above: Thomas Mails' "The Mystic Warriors of the Plains".

Below: "Winter Warriors", by Ward Churchill. The resemblance is striking.



Left: Ward Churchill's painting "The Edification of a Little Eichman", purportedly lifted from an unknown source.

**WARD
CHURCHILL**

The technocrats are the real enemies.
Soon they will be destroyed. Remember
Waco! Remember Ruby Ridge!

The OREGON COMMENTATOR Video Game

Video games will never be the same again.

Following in the footsteps of Playboy, which recently released its "Playboy: The Mansion", which chronicles the rise of Hugh Hefner, the OREGON COMMENTATOR has released "OREGON COMMENTATOR: We'll Drink to That!"

The game features:

A fully 3D environment with a dynamic camera. Players can zoom in and out. This comes in handy at the strip club.

In the campaign mode, players experience the exciting life of putting out a magazine, including managing a staff of volunteers, pulling all-nighters, writing, editing and layout. The reality of the game is breathtaking, drawing in players with myriad vicarious thrills. Want to drink an entire bottle of Vermouth? Go ahead. Want to shoot tracer bullets at milk jugs filled with gasoline during fire season? Your wish is granted. Want to pretend to be a doctor who has to be in Corvallis in three hours at a party. Do it. But be careful. In order to be successful, the player must reconcile his hedonistic desires with his sense of professionalism.

Price: 54.49

Checks can be made out to the Oregon Commentator, Room 319, EMU



Why Are We Drinking This Month?

- To celebrate
- To forget.
- To test our limits.
- Because it's in our genes.
- Because we just stumbled upon ten cases of Schlitz Ice behind the 7-11.
- God told us to.
- Because Michael Jackson keeps giving us this damn Jesus juice. I must admit, however, it is Jesus-licious.
- Ogling the opposite sex is more enjoyable when you can pretend they're twins.
- We just deposited our Financial Aid check -- drinks are on us.
- Because the methadone clinic shut us out.
- Because there is nothing more attractive than blurry eyes and slurred speech.
- Do we really need a reason?
- This month, my moon is in cancer, and if my sun ain't in booze, I'm gonna kill, kill, kill!
- It's better than the alternative.
- To dislodge the blood clot.
- We're trying to lose weight.
- Because daddy needs his medicine.
- It seems to make the homeless a happy lot.
- It's a part of my religion. Okay? Don't persecute me, asshole!
- I saw an actor do it on TV once.
- Because we need a bottle of liquid courage to solve all those crimes
- Because we just started attending AA meetings.
- I swear I thought that gin was water.

Ian Crosswhite

HEIGHTWATCH

THIS ISSUE:

SIX FEET UNDER

EIGHT MILES HIGH



THE ASKS: How Have You Been Mourning Hunter S. Thompson?



Robocop

Good God! Look out for those bats!



Richard Nixon

So we meet again, my old arch nemesis ... but this time, the advantage is mine.



Gary Hart

Goddamit. There goes my media consultant for 2008.



Al Davis

Goddamit. There goes my media consultant for 2006.



Ernest Hemingway

It's sad, but if he'd just jumped out a plane over Vegas without a parachute, we wouldn't have to put up with Mishima being such a dick.



Yukio Mishima

Ha! Still the most hardcore literary suicide. In your face, Hemingway! Seriously, committing seppuku while simultaneously being beheaded is hard to top, folks.



Horatio Alger

Res Ipsa Loquitor

Excess

Vaggage

By Melissa Hanks

Despite last year's controversy over the ASUO Women's Center's production of Eve Ensler's notorious "Vagina Monologues", Nichole Pete and her genital-proud bunch return to the stage.

February of last year, the Women's Center ran into what have come to be known nationwide as The Vagitators: individuals upset about the casting process of the production. Nicole Sangsuree Barre, the Vagitator leader, claimed in an *Oregon Daily Emerald* article last year that the producers and directors failed to cast "a variety of skin colors, body sizes, abilities and gender expressions." The problem resulted in a massive demonstration outside the performance, giving us hilarious statements including: "Not all vaginas are skinny, white and straight" "Warning: Hostile Vagina," and "My cunt is not represented here." Natalie Mays, the assistant director, apologized to The Vagitators in her mollify-the-masses way by claiming she is part Native-American, thereby making herself a victim of her own supposed prejudices. How Meta.

While intended to be celebratory of women's power, sexuality, and identity, the ASUO Women's Center's rendition of the Vagina Monologues is gender-selective and gender-biased. The female body is more than a vagina. Sara Kelley, the editor of *In Pittsburgh*, said of Eve Ensler's book in a 1998 review, "The intent is purely missionary -- to reclaim the much-maligned 'vagina' for women the same way the gay community has reclaimed the term "queer."

Kelley is creating a false dichotomy. The gay community felt the need to reclaim "queer" in order to nullify its overtly pejorative connotation. "Vagina", on the other hand, has always been a term for, well, the vagina. How it has been maligned is beyond me.

But does having a vagina make one a woman? There are



those on campus who would claim that it doesn't. It certainly makes people who have vaginas of the female sex. But being a woman is about so much more than being on comfortable terms with the vagina. Equating female empowerment to a sex organ is an oversimplification of what it means to be a woman.

What, then, is the Women's Center's true intent for the "Vagina Monologues"? They'll claim it is to increase awareness of sexual violence against women. However, there are rising numbers of sexual violence acts against men. The Faith Trust Institute (formerly the Center for Prevention of Sexual and Domestic violence) explains that "In 2002, 216,090 women were the victims of rape/sexual assault, compared with 31,640 men." That's a lot more women than men. But there are still, according to this study, 31,640 men

out there in the US who have been sexually assaulted, with no adequate support system in place. According to Mount Holyoke College department of Public Safety, 7% of rape victims are male (Massachusetts Department of Public Safety). However, the prevalence of crimes against men is surely under-reported, particularly because most men who have been raped are victims of childhood rapes.

Thus, the specious dictum that only women are victims of sexual assault should be put to rest.

By empowering women, the Women's Center is also ignoring the fact that women are increasingly on the other side of assault. Women can and do commit violent crimes. According to Oregon Counseling (www.oregoncounseling.org):

"In 100 domestic violence situations approximately 40 cases involve violence by women against men. An estimated 400,000 women per year are abused or treated violently in the United States by their spouse or intimate partner. This means that roughly 300,000 to 400,000 men are treated violently by their

wife or girl friend. Virtually nothing has been done to encourage men to report abuse. The idea that men could be victims of domestic abuse and violence is so unthinkable that many men will not even attempt to report the situation...it has taken years of advocacy and support to encourage women to report domestic violence. Virtually nothing has been done to encourage men to report abuse."

Take that, ye victims who dwell in the Women's Center.

Does the Women's Center represent all women? Certainly not. I reserve the right to define myself as a woman, not adhere to some liberal idea of what a woman should be. I reserve the right to think for myself and make my own decisions. But the Women's Center, like all the other student unions, relies heavily on liberal notions of victimhood and separatism. The neo-feminist notions of "patriarchal norms" and "oppressive paradigms" are the primary sentiments espoused. This is evident from the workshops and classes offered, where women can learn that "The educational system in the United States perpetuates systems of oppression through content, curriculum, and pedagogical practices." Or women can discover that "In a time of powerful tools of technology and order, we can loose [sic] perspective that there exists Mystery." That's right, you learn about your loosed perspective of mystery with a capital "M".

There are also several women who do not identify themselves with the "victim" image that dominates this campus. I ask you, reader, which of these inspires you more: Phoolan Devi, the Bandit Queen of India, or the simpering loser who prattles on about her inability to reach orgasm?

In the dialogue surrounding the "Vagina Monologues", two important voices have been treated as inconsequential: those of women who simply don't align with the Women's Center's agenda, and those of men. When Ol' Dirty columnist Gabe Bradley opined, "I'm the president of the vagina fan club. But this play just sucks," the Vagitors, led by student senator and motel logbook poet Sarah Wells, went for the cheap shots:

"As a husband, I would have thought Bradley would be more ready to celebrate women." Yes, listening to Anne Leavitt, in the guise of a 72-year-old woman, describe her first orgasm is truly a celebration of womanhood.

"The uneducated, over-stated, oppressive comments Gabe Bradley makes in his column regarding the ASUO's production of 'The Vagina Monologues' were not worth the ink it took to print them," wrote Theya ... "His anti-feminist rhetoric is neither enlightening nor original. His remarks are an unimaginative addition to the patriarchal foundation of our society." Unimaginative? This coming from someone who used the zingers "oppressive comments" and "patriarchal foundation"

over the course of one short, trite paragraph.

Louise M. Bishop, an assistant professor, wrote in response to Bradley's piece: "The recent production of 'The Vagina Monologues,' sponsored by the Women's Center, was perhaps the best community theater experience I have had in Eugene." I'm sure Leavitt was brilliant.

Finally, Dana J. Gorman ominously wrote, "The horse is not yet dead, though many women are, and many more continue to be abused, raped, brutalized, mutilated and murdered." True. But, once again, I ask: How does a hackneyed, genital-obsessed play prevent these horrible abuses?

Women don't have to talk about their vaginas, or want to hear other people talk about vaginas. This preference doesn't make one less of a woman: it makes her a woman who prefers not to participate in a dialogue about vaginas. Period. To believe that the play has a deeper, more profound meaning is idiotic.

That's not to say that the play doesn't have its place on campus. Discussing taboo notions of sexuality, without snickering or blushing, is a good thing. That is the Vagina Monologues' greatest contribution.

The Women's Center operates from the assumption that women should be celebrated without question, and that women are biologically superior to men in certain ways—primarily emotional empathy—and that women are more deserving of protection. Some call this correct, reparations for a biased history. I call it bigoted, overly simplistic, and, dare I say, ignorant.

It would make a much more interesting performance to see a men's group read the "Vagina Monologues". Why are there no men on stage, reading out loud about their orgasms? Do I care about what Natalie Mays, self-professed victim of everything and champion of women's rights, has to say about vaginas? No, because I hear it in class regularly. I would like to hear what a man has to say when performing a woman talking about her vagina. Furthermore, I would like to hear more about how men identify with their own genitalia. But thanks to the Women's Center, campus is further from true equality than before. It may be safe for women, but it is becoming less and less safe for men.

Does the Women's Center represent all women? Certainly not. I reserve the right to define myself as a woman, not adhere to some liberal idea of what a woman should be. I reserve the right to think for myself and make my own decisions. But the Women's Center, like all the other student unions, relies heavily on liberal notions of victimhood and separatism.



Melissa Hanks, a senior majoring in anthropology, is the managing editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Crossing The Line

Driving under the influence of intoxicants
Driving uninsured

Driving while suspended or revoked
Operating without driving privileges

EMPLOYMENT/SCHOOL
UCFO

CRIMINAL MISCHIEF IN THE FIRST DEGREE

DMV check by LCSO Dispatch revealed that Quiroz drivers license is misdemeanor suspended for refusing the breath test from 12-11-00 to 12-11-01. Jack's Towing responded to the scene and towed vehicle to their impound lot.

DRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF INTOXICANTS (Count 1)

ORS 164.365/Class C Felony

WHEN ASKED WHAT HIS TAG MEANT, QUIROZ SAID IT MEANT FAME. QUIROZ WENT INTO EXPLAN HE'S A THIRST BUT WERE INTERESTED IN THE TAG MEANING. QUIROZ WENT

COCAINE

SPUR OF THE MOMENT, SAYING HE JUST WANTED TO EXPRESS "WHAT IS IN HIS HEAD"

Mason Quiroz made a name for himself as this year's vice chair of PFC. But his extensive rap sheet, which includes cocaine possession, driving under the influence and driving with a suspended license, implies that he has already made a name for himself with the Eugene Police Department. Is this the best leader the University has

to offer?

Plaintiff,
Defendant withdrew Not Guilty plea and entered a Guilty plea to
DRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF INTOXICANTS (Count 1) and DRIVING WHILE SUSPENDED (Count 2).
MASON LUIS QUIROZ,
Defendant.

ORS 813.010/Class A Misdemeanor
ORS 811.182(4C)/Class A Misdemeanor
I would like to apologize again for my non-payments and tardiness in contacting you. I do take my job seriously and I will be paying my fines in full as soon as receive my income.
I would

By Ben Brown

CRIMINAL MISCHIEF 1

51. Charges	52. Warrant/Cr.#	53. Court Date/Time	54. Court	55. Bail/Security
1. CRIMINAL MISCHIEF 1	PC	04/29/05-1300	LANE	TBS
2. CRIMINAL MISCHIEF 2	PC	04/29/05-1300	LANE	TBS
I FIELD TESTED THE SUBSTANCE WITH A NIK TEST KIT AND IT TESTED POSITIVE FOR COCAINE				
60. Address	City	State	Zip	59. Work hours
7-11 STORES INC			97051284	24 HOURS
63. Bus. Address	4. Defendant shall, if physically able, find and maintain gainful full-time employment, approved schooling, or a full-time combination of both.		66. Occupation/School/Type of Business	67. NOT CONT'D
2305 WILLAMETTE			LANE STORE	

Editor's Note: The following story is based off several unsealed documents available through the city of Eugene and Lane County. We present the story because we feel that it is newsworthy, not to degrade, insult or torment Mason Quiroz. We believe this story is important for several reasons. The most important reason is that the police reports documented below paint a vivid picture of a man incapable of dealing with authority. As someone who wanted to legislate morality through his position of power and authority, Quiroz opened himself up to this level of scrutiny. And by acting strangely during PFC hearings (walking out during many without casting a vote; resigning during the heat of the moment), Quiroz forced students to wonder about his temperament and capacity to perform his duties as a student leader. Thus, this report is not intended as a personal attack. Its sole purpose is to present a clear picture of a man who wanted to legislate morality while attempting to conceal his past.

Mason Quiroz spent less than a year with the Programs Finance Committee (PFC), but his short tenure has been quite eventful. His attempt to de-fund The COMMENTATOR, his dramatic resignation from the PFC during the Feb. 1 budget hearing, his reversal of that resignation, and his final defeat at the hands of the Con Court. It would seem that Quiroz has little respect for the rule of law, something that is evident from his less than legal past.

On Oct. 3, 2001 police pulled Quiroz over for driving 69 mph in a 55 mph zone. When approached by the officer, Quiroz admitted to driving with a suspended license. His license had been suspended earlier for refusing to perform a blood alcohol breath test on Dec. 11, 2000.

According to police reports, the investigating officer observed bloodshot eyes and slurred speech. The officer asked Quiroz if he had had anything to drink. Quiroz responded that he had had one drink and said he was taking medication for high blood pressure and attention deficit disorder.

Quiroz refused to submit to a field sobriety test, insisting that he did not feel as if it were justified. This was not the first time he had refused to submit to the test either. Police reports show that Quiroz's license was suspended a year earlier for refusing a field sobriety test.

The officer placed Quiroz under arrest for driving under the influence of intoxicants and took him to the Lane County Jail where, according to the police report, a breath sample revealed his blood alcohol level to be .19 percent, more than twice the legal limit.

While at the Lane County Jail, Quiroz refused to answer any questions because he did not want to get into anymore trouble. Quiroz then stated, "I need to stop this bullshit," followed shortly by "I'm such a dumbass."

Quiroz then demolished his cell phone after speaking to his girlfriend.

Quiroz was found guilty of driving under the influence of intoxicants and driving with a suspended license. He was sentenced to a total of 10 days in jail and 36 months probation and ordered to pay a \$1,000 fine.

Quiroz agreed to a deal with the judge in which he would pay off the \$1000 fine in fifty-dollar increments. However, Quiroz missed at least one payment, resulting in a written plea to the court in which he intimated his profound respect for the law and the

"I need to stop this bullshit ... I'm such a dumbass."

--Former PFC Vice Chairman Mason Quiroz after being arrested in 2001 for driving under the influence of intoxicants and driving with a suspended license. In 2003, he would once again be arrested, this time for possession of cocaine.

charges leveled against him.

“I take these charges serious [sic],” wrote Quiroz.

This was not, however, Quiroz’s first documented brush with the law. In 1995, Quiroz was picked up for damaging private property. During that incident, he told police that they had no right to question him; he was simply being an “artist.”

Taken as individual events, Quiroz’s drunk driving and criminal mischief arrests would barely constitute a blip on the radar—two sad mistake that far too many people have made. But Quiroz’s unlawful, self-destructive behavior continued.

Snorting Lines

On June 14, 2003, paramedics rushed into the bathroom of Sonya Villasenor to find Quiroz on the floor, apparently suffering from respiratory distress. Villasenor had called the paramedics after hearing what sounded like grunting and crying sounds coming from the bathroom.

According to the report, paramedics had to carry Quiroz out of the bathroom for assessment. His eyes were bloodshot, his pupils constricted. Police officers, waiting in the wings, asked Quiroz repeatedly what drug he had taken. He did not respond. Villasenor, however, told police that she thought that Quiroz had taken cocaine approximately 20 minute before the paramedics arrived.

According to Villasenor, Quiroz had never taken cocaine before.

Paramedics decided to take Quiroz to Sacred Heart Hospital. Prior to putting Quiroz in the ambulance, paramedic Jeffrey Lowenheim patted him down. During this search Lowenheim found a zip-lock baggie of white powder.

Lowenheim gave the bag to the Eugene police officer Michael Klews. Klews asked Quiroz what the substance was but, once again, he refused to answer.

But the police, having dealt with cases of this sort before, no doubt sensed that the powder was not baking soda. A standard NIK test revealed the substance to be cocaine and Quiroz was cited for unlawful possession of a controlled substance in the second degree, a class C felony.

The maximum term for an indeterminate sentence of imprisonment for a class C felony is five years; the maximum fine is \$100,000.

“I’m surprised that he would use cocaine, but I thought it was cocaine,” Villasenor later said in a statement to police.

Quiroz later pleaded guilty to felony cocaine possession and, after completing a Deferred Adjudication Program at Western Corrections, the guilty plea was removed from his record.

When asked if during his campaign he had informed students that he had pleaded guilty to unlawful possession of a controlled substance, Quiroz denied the plea and said the case had been dismissed.

This is not the case, as Quiroz’s records are still unsealed. In order for one to have his record expunged, he or she needs to fill out the requisite paperwork at the District Attorney’s office. Quiroz has not done this, meaning his records are still public knowledge. Quiroz also claimed that everyone in the ASUO

knows about his troubles with the law.

However, one ASUO leader stated that they did not know about Quiroz’s habitual law problems, but they did feel as if he was unstable and incapable of holding his position.

Con Court would soon agree.

Con Court Rules

On March 7, 2005 Con Court made its ruling against Quiroz. It had been over a month since Quiroz had verbally resigned to PFC chair Persis Pohowalla and stormed out of the OREGON COMMENTATOR’s PFC meeting, but the court finally upheld Quiroz’s spur-of-the-moment resignation.

“Mason L. Quiroz, in his capacity as a member of the Program Finance Committee, acted in defiance of the rule of viewpoint neutrality outlined in Rosenberg and Southworth and violated the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) Constitution §2.3.”

Once again, Quiroz found himself on the wrong side of the law. His defense that “[the ASUO] has every right not to subsidize [the OREGON COMMENTATOR’s] bias [sic] publication,” was the straw that broke the camels back.

The central question that Con Court attempted to answer was whether PFC members could debate the merits of a publication’s content during its budget hearing. The court ruled that such considerations would be a clear violation of viewpoint neutrality as stipulated by *Southworth*.

Once again, Quiroz was on the wrong side of the law.

Con Court Justice Charlotte Nisser wrote the dissenting opinion. “I find the court to be excessive and thus I respectfully dissent,” Nisser wrote.

But now Quiroz is no longer a member of the PFC, no longer a figure of campus attention. It remains to be seen, however, whether Quiroz will learn from his past mistakes or whether history will repeat itself. Only time will tell.



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

Tyler Graf, a senior majoring in journalism and the editor-in-chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, contributed to this story

The Internet

**Because pornographers and
pundits belong together.**



Or so it would seem ...

Visit www.oregoncommentator.com

(clothing optional)

Johnson Hall Protest: OREGON COMMENTATOR Edition

The Feb. 17th protest took place outside of Johnson Hall. Malcontents rallying to urge the administration to change the Student Code of Conduct made up a bulk of the small crowd. The proposed revision to the code would regulate speech in student-funded publications like the COMMENTATOR. Greg Vincent and Anne Leavitt eventually showed up on behalf of the administration to toot their bias horns. To our great disappointment, both neglected to grace the crowd with reenactments of their first orgasms. How are we supposed to take someone who doesn't publicly recreate their first orgasm seriously? We can only hope this is not a recurring problem for the two.

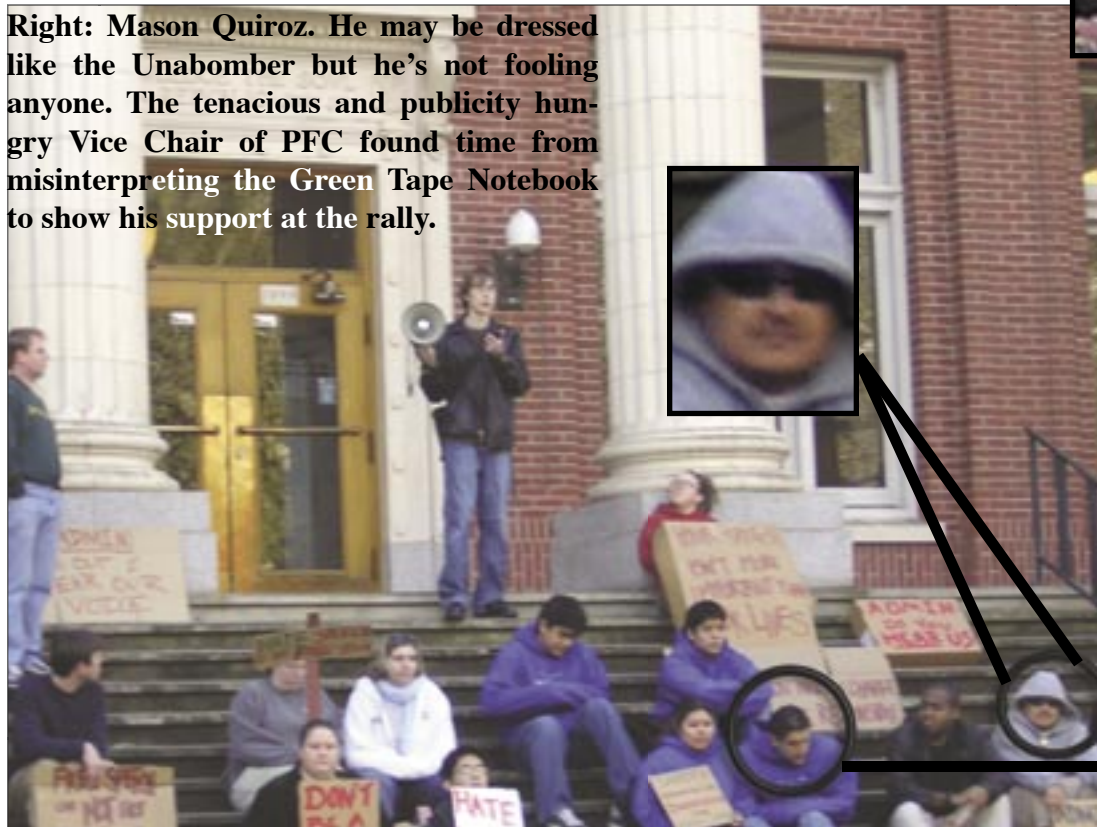


Right: Former student senator. Toby Hill-Meyer stands on the sidelines, content in the knowledge that *finally* he gets a rally.

Right: Steve Morazumi, co-author of Mason Quiroz's opening statement at the February 1st COMMENTATOR budget hearing. He played a major role behind the scenes within the Multi Cultural Center.



Right: Mason Quiroz. He may be dressed like the Unabomber but he's not fooling anyone. The tenacious and publicity hungry Vice Chair of PFC found time from misinterpreting the Green Tape Notebook to show his support at the rally.



Below: Dan Dinan. Director of MeCHA. He is the individual who showed up to the OREGON COMMENTATOR's budget hearing, called former PFC chair and then-OC contributor Adrian Gilmore a "puke" and then attempted to physically assault him. The police intervened.



Inside Enemy

L I N E S

On February 17th, a small crowd gathered outside Johnson Hall. Some carried crude signs, others stood silently on the steps. It was a familiar sight – protesters. But they were not protesting against the war in Iraq or Bush’s domestic policies. No, they had gathered that day to protest against a far greater triumvirate of evil – the OREGON COMMENTATOR, the UO administration and complacent students.

Watching the small cadre of protesters on the steps of Johnson Hall, I was not entirely sympathetic toward their position. I could not believe that something as trivial and asinine as jokes in the OREGON COMMENTATOR could cause anyone genuine pain or fear. I had no idea that anyone could take offense to our silliness, and then, as almost an afterthought, accuse us of everything from racism to homophobia. I don’t feel as if anything in the *Emerald* or the *Student Insurgent* could make me feel threatened – even when their opinions are batshit crazy (read: page 20)

I also didn’t feel that there was a climate of hate on the University campus. I’ve never felt in danger here during my four-year stay. I am a native of Chicago. Nazis marched in my mom’s hometown of Skokie, Illinois when she was my age. I grew up a few miles away from organized crime, assault weapons, drive-by-shootings and housing projects like the former Cabrini Green. When I moved out to Oregon, it felt like a giant playground. People out here are so friendly and liberal. They would talk about things like environmental issues and gender sensitivity. In the Midwest, feminism means working as hard as men, not quoting Abigail Adams. Environmentalism means not throwing your McDonalds wrapper out the window of your Buick after you’ve finished your super size fries. Next to Chicago, Eugene appeared to be a giant P.C. bubble inhabited by people cut off from the real world, isolated from the dangers of major metropolitan areas. I couldn’t believe that here in Eugene people felt hated, oppressed and threatened ... by silly words. Words that -- lest we forget -- made fun of something a public figure had said.

While milling around the protest I interviewed a girl named Pira Kelly, a women and gender studies major here at the UO, and a contributor to the *Student Insurgent*. I sincerely appreciated Kelley’s willingness to talk to me; if you remember, she was one of the people who organized the anti-OC protest at our first budget

hearing and was instrumental in the “Lavender Revolution”, in which lavender armbands were distributed to people who had been “hurt” by the OC.

Kelley said that she felt victimized by hate speech coming from people all around her because of her sexuality -- professors, DPS officers, school administrators, the OREGON COMMENTATOR and random people in general. It sounded to me like this girl was incredibly hypersensitive and paranoid.

Kelley was willing to throw us a friggin’ bone, however small. She said that satire had a place in the world, just not when it targets minority groups.

Golly, that’s foolproof. Let’s draft some legislation immediately. This raises the question: What exactly is a minority group? There are the obvious ones, but anyone claiming to be a part of a movement -- racial, sexual or political -- could be constured as belonging to a “minority group”. If you happen to disagree with a person who belongs to a minority group, are you targeting that person? Of course you are, but not because he or she belongs to a nebulously defined minority group. People who do not have “power” are just as fallible as those who do, and sometimes their words or actions deserve to be mocked or criticized.

She said that satire has such a detrimental effect on minorities that to make fun of them is essentially “inhumane”. Although I do not agree with her and believe that censorship of any kind is a crime against the First Amendment, I have no idea how satire affects minority groups.

Although I feel sorry for Kelley, I wonder how she will ever survive in the real world.

The protesters I saw, like Kelley, were clearly in pain. I cannot say that their concerns are invalid. I’m sure there are those on campus who wish to do harm to certain individuals. But there must be a better, less intrusive way of preventing that from happening than devaluing the First Amendment.



Jeremy Berrington used to write for the *Student Insurgent*. ‘Nuff said.

CHURCHILL DROWN

By Olly Ruff

In the aftermath of 9/11, University of Colorado Ethnic Studies professor Ward Churchill published an essay entitled “Some People Push Back: The Logic Of Roosting Chickens”. In it, he argues that said attacks were an act of justifiable retribution for the first Gulf War, and comes up with the following famous quote:

“If there was a better, more effective, or in fact any other way of visiting some penalty befitting their participation [in “America’s global financial empire”] upon the little Eichmanns inhabiting the sterile sanctuary of the twin towers, I’d really be interested in hearing about it.”

The reference is to Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi factotum responsible for the logistics of the death camps during the Holocaust. Eichmann’s defense, after being captured by Mossad agents in 1960, was that he was “following orders”, and he was hanged.

This is all very charming, but doesn’t really break new ground for Churchill, who has been making commensurately witless statements for the last twenty-five years. The essay remained dormant for some time. However, earlier this year Churchill was invited to speak at a panel at Hamilton College, NY, and the remark finally had its intended effect. The national media, particularly Fox, went berserk, Bill O’Reilly’s head nearly exploded, and Colorado Governor Bill Owens ended up calling for Churchill’s resignation. For an academic, this is the stuff of the Billboard Top 40. Churchill stepped down from his position as Chair of his department, and has been alternately invited to and disinvited from numerous symposia around the country in recent months, including the UO’s upcoming “Homeland InSecurity: Race, Immigration and Labor in Post-9/11 North America”, where he was to have been the keynote speaker until the organizers wisely surmised that Churchill’s presence would have turned the event into a symposium about little more than Ward Churchill. In response to the public outcry, the University of Colorado has commissioned an inquiry into Churchill’s scholarship and the various other controversies surrounding him. Somewhere, disgraced UC football coach Gary Barnett is very grateful that the spotlight has shifted away from his program.

The full text of the essay that set all this in motion is readily available via internet. It reads like a Marilyn Manson lyric, circa 1996: Churchill does everything within his limited gift to offend the reader, to the extent that it’s hard to do anything with the text but roll your eyes at it. As with much academic writing in his field, stripped of the incendiary language there’s basically nothing there. There might be a nuanced point to be made

about the distinction between civilians and combatants in this indistinctly defined War On Bad Things, but Churchill isn’t in the business of nuance. “Politics of a Perpetrator Population” is about as euphonious and subtle as the writing gets, too. Eichmann’s trial was held up as an example of “the banality of evil”, in Hannah Arendt’s phrase; Churchill’s work is a striking depiction of the banality of Ethnic Studies.

So should the guy be fired? Short answer: no. Long answer: maybe.

In the early going, Churchill’s case was judged to be about academic freedom. How, an outraged band of reactionaries demanded, can he get away with saying these terrible things? Won’t somebody think of the children? This is, of course, a non-starter. You can make a persuasive case that Churchill should never have been hired in the first place, and certainly that he shouldn’t have made it past a tenure committee. However, it would set an unbelievably dangerous precedent to dismiss a tenured professor simply for expressing controversial or even noxious views, be they ever so racist, sexist, antediluvian, or miscellaneously demented. As UCLA law professor Eugene Volokh noted on his Volokh Conspiracy group-blog:

“[U]niversity professors are supposed to do a good job *by saying what they think is right*, even when that’s offensive or alienating to people... A “don’t offend the customers” or “if it’s controversial, don’t say it” approach may be perfectly sensible for many kinds of businesses or even government agencies. But it would be awful for universities.

In short, Churchill’s professorial status is an embarrassment to the University of Colorado, but it’s too late to suddenly happen to notice that he’s a loon and can his ass. As of March 5th, the university has stated that Churchill will not be fired unless the inquiry turns up actual professional misconduct. Here endeth the first part of the discussion.

Speaking of professional misconduct, though, if you’re going to be a publicly controversial figure and you have any skeletons lying around the place, they are liable to be disinterred. There is a rapidly-growing cottage industry of Churchill-debunkers, and a lot of what they have to say cannot be dismissed as mere dislike of the man.

First of all, Churchill’s critics claim that he has fabricated Native American status as a means of career advancement. It’s certainly the case that he repeatedly invokes his supposed Native American heritage in an attempt to win moral authority over his audience; he has claimed at various times to be a member of the Cherokee, Creek, Metis, and Keetoowah tribes, and all four tribes

have disavowed all knowledge of him; neither of his parents were affiliated with any tribe; and that he has had to desist from referring to himself as an “Indian artist” in the wake of a 1990 federal law preventing whites from trading on specious Native heritage. His attempts to interpolate himself into the Indian political scene have won him many enemies. In the words of Patti Jo King, a historian and writer for Indian Country Today:

“Having appropriated his Indian identity, he is unaffected by the commotion he causes when he behaves outrageously. He utilizes postmodern techniques, plunging into Indian matters he does not fully understand and attempting to represent them. Sadly, the Indian community will suffer the consequences of his recklessness again... He combines hackneyed stereotypes, postmodern gibberish, and radical buzzwords to coax naive individuals to accept his authenticity.”

What’s more, amidst the stereotypes, buzzwords, and gibberish, there are distressingly many factual statements in his work that are disputed or downright wrong. Churchill is charged with revisionism, plagiarism, willfully incorrect citations of commonly known laws such as the 1887 General Allotment Act, and the camouflage of the results in a vast swamp of mis-cited or mutually contradictory references. Sociology professor Thomas Brown of Lamar University and John LaVelle of the University of New Mexico law school are among the academics who have written devastating critiques of Churchill’s methods of scholarship. Concludes Brown:

“One wants to think the best of fellow scholars. The scholarly enterprise depends on mutual trust. When one scholar violates that trust, it damages the legitimacy of the entire academy. Churchill has fabricated a genocide that never happened. It is difficult to conceive of a social scientist committing a more egregious violation.”

On the other hand, Churchill’s supporters argue that the charges of fraud against him are weakened by the context in which they have arisen. One hundred and ninety nine University of Colorado faculty members signed a statement that ran in the Boulder *Daily Camera* on the 28th of February criticizing the inquiry on the grounds that “the investigation of Professor Churchill’s scholarly record has been initiated in direct response to criticisms of his ideas and without any prior formal complaint of specific professional or academic misconduct on his part.”

Whether this is true or not – and there are many people who would say it isn’t – it seems wholly irrelevant. Academic writing is subject to analysis, vetting, and ideally peer review no matter whether its author is a decent person, or being mentioned in the newspapers. It may be that, in the absence of the recent controversy, Churchill would have escaped mainstream notice indefinitely, but even a casual acquaintance with his work makes it very hard indeed to feel sympathy for him. As CU Boulder Regent Pete Steinhauer put it: “Tenure does not give a person license that grants him impunity from his actions.”

The jury is still out on this one, but it could be that Ward Churchill is about to gain even more insight into the phenomenon of chickens coming home to roost.



Olly Ruff, whose own demented ramblings may one day prevent him from getting tenure, is the associate editor of the OC

You can make a persuasive case that Churchill should never have been hired in the first place, and certainly that he shouldn’t have made it past a tenure committee. However, it would set an unbelievably dangerous precedent to dismiss a tenured professor simply for expressing controversial or even noxious views, be they ever so racist, sexist, antediluvian, or miscellaneously demented.

Blueprint for Revolution

By Ian Spencer

While the COMMENTATOR's funding issues have now been resolved, the aftertaste of the PFC's salty ichor still lingers in all parties' mouths. This collective dissatisfaction for student government and the funding process may very well provide a glimmer of hope for both old and new fiscal conservatives.

At the Feb. 1 PFC meeting a number of people stood up and lambasted the COMMENTATOR's content. While most of the statements were the usual mealy-mouthed pleas for blanket censorship of conservative speech, a few speakers made points that resonated with me. They articulated that they didn't want their incidental fees being used to publish what they consider to be "hate speech."

While "hate speech" is as ambiguous a term as one can find, and while nothing that the COMMENTATOR has printed resembles a reasonable definition of said speech, they have a point. Why should campus liberals be required to fund a libertarian publication and why should campus conservatives and libertarians have to fund three liberal publications? Perhaps most important, why is the University in the business of subsidizing student publications in the first place?

Consider the latest (Jan 2005) issue of *The Student Insurgent*. On page 19 an article titled "Blueprint for Revolution: Change Through Destruction" describes a method by which a group of revolutionaries could supposedly "bring down the government." These methods include destroying major interchanges through the use of bombs, demolishing "one or two tall downtown buildings," and of course mass rioting.

The author of the *Insurgent* piece qualifies this call-to-arms by suggesting "there would be no need for anyone to be hurt." I'm sure. The piece includes a note near its beginning which tells us that it "is offered in the spirit of intellectual inquiry, I would certainly not do this, nor would I advocate anyone else to." This hardly appears to be the case as, near the end the piece, the writer(s) claim "all [the plan] needs is someone channeling anger in the right direction." The right direction, eh?

What is especially interesting about this *Insurgent* article is that it is unsigned. No author is specified. Now, let's take a quick look at the bottom of *The Insurgent's* masthead: "All articles, with the exception of unsigned Editorials, reflect the view of their authors and not the rest of us." The implication is clear. Either The

Insurgent's staff endorses the views in the article (which appears to be true based on their masthead and name) or they printed an unsigned editorial that does not reflect their own views.

Personally, I disagree with *The Insurgent's* negative position on peace, stability, and bomb-free cities; and I don't want my money going to help print their calls to violence.

Of course, there are many things members of democratic societies don't want to pay for that they have to anyways. I'd rather not pay my share of Youth Tax (AKA. Social Security). I'd rather not pay for a bloated, flawed Medicare bill. I'd rather not pay for the Saudi embassy's security. And I know quite a few people who'd prefer to not pay their share of the U.S. military's expenditures. Hell, if people could opt-out of paying for the military the entire U.S. Navy would consist of a condom dispenser and a pair of skivvies. Opting out of paying for federal expenditures simply cannot work. But could an opt-out fee system work on a campus level, and would such a system be legal?

In 2000, the Supreme Court directly addressed the issue of fees going towards speech which students found "objectionable and offensive" in the case of Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin v. Southworth. The unanimous opinion, written by Justice Kennedy, is a basis for The Commentator's argument against its defunding. But it also offers hope for those who, like me, would rather not fund speech they disagree with. Justice Kennedy writes that:

"It is all but inevitable that the fees will result in subsidies to speech which some students find objectionable and offensive to their personal beliefs. If the standard of germane speech is inapplicable, then, it might be argued the remedy is to allow each student to list those causes which he or she will or will not support. If a university decided that its students' First Amendment interests were better protected by some type of optional or refund system it would be free to do so."

In other words, a University can implement an opt-out system so that students who object to certain incidental fee-funded programs can choose to not pay for them.

As Kennedy acknowledges, however, requiring such a system "could be so disruptive and expensive that the program to support extracurricular speech would be ineffective." But is it worth a shot? This issue is something that both OC supporters

By publishing ridiculous pieces like the aforementioned “Blueprint for Revolution,” *The Insurgent* gives contrarian writers such as myself a target. Without *The Insurgent*, loony anarchist and socialist thought would be below the radar and unripe for satire; the same applies to *The Commentator* (although the comparison is perhaps unfair, given our paper’s coherence). Without a libertarian/conservative publication, liberals on campus would have nothing local to “insurge” against.

and detractors could possibly agree upon. Detractors can continue to financially support *The Oregon Voice* and *The Insurgent* but be refunded for the percentage of their fees that would otherwise go to the COMMENTATOR. People like myself, on the other hand, can spend our hard-earned incidental fees on things like beer and rent checks. Seems like a fair trade to me.

An even more troubling destination for my incidental fees than *The Insurgent* is OSPIRG.

When compared to *The Insurgent*, OSPIRG appears to be working in the campus public’s interest: “Public Interest” is in their title and they avoid talking about the mass destruction of public infrastructure. But don’t be fooled. Every political group believes their own views are in the public’s best interest. OSPIRG, for those who haven’t read one of the dozens of other rants about them in the COMMENTATOR, is partially funded by student incidental fees. These fees rarely stay on campus. Instead, our money is traveling up to Portland to be used to promote legislative causes such as socialist medical coverage and extensive environmental regulations. If you support these causes, that’s fine... just don’t force everyone else to support them too.

Liberal readers, imagine if the University of Oregon sent \$120,074 every year to Brooks, OR in order to help fund the Oregon Citizens Alliance. Would this be an acceptable use of your money? Of course not.

Now let’s take the way-back machine to the beginning of this article where I harangued against *The Insurgent*. Granted, their article is pretty inflammatory, but it would be ridiculous to take anything a student newspaper titled *The Student Insurgent* says without supplementing it with a massive grain of salt. Those who may have once taken anarchists and socialists seriously will undoubtedly realize the error of their ways upon reading *The Insurgent’s* letters and editorials.

I cannot mention anarchists and socialists without indulging in a momentary digression. There was a young woman who was handing out armbands to the anti-OC mob at the Feb 1 PFC meeting. She was about to enter a meeting with the purpose of pressing the government to shut down a publication. On the back of her overalls was an anarchist symbol. Anarchists in favor of speech regulations and socialist policies always confound me.

But hypocrisy is nothing unique nowadays, and it’s certainly not something that should be muzzled. By publishing ridiculous pieces like the aforementioned “Blueprint for Revolution,” *The Insurgent* gives contrarian writers such as myself a target.

Without *The Insurgent*, loony anarchist and socialist thought would be below the radar and unripe for satire; the same applies to the COMMENTATOR (although the comparison is perhaps unfair, given our paper’s coherence). Without a libertarian/conservative publication, liberals on campus would have nothing local to “insurge” against. The *Daily Emerald* would become a relative bastion of conservatism, leaving David Jaegernauth as the only editorialist on campus against ideological totalitarianism. Oh, the names they would call him!

In response to the failure of Mason Quiroz’s efforts to eliminate the COMMENTATOR, the Multicultural Center and the LGBTQA have recently called for the creation of a “code of conduct” for incidental fee-funded programs. These are simple ruses intended to whitewash censorship. These groups appear to “support freedom of expression, the free exchange of ideas, freedom of speech and freedom of the press” as long as what is said or written conforms to their own definition of acceptable speech. The MCC and LGBTQA should not dictate what students on campus can and cannot say, write, read, or hear. The students themselves should.

An opt-out system would be an ideal solution for everyone on campus. Students could discontinue subsidizing speech they disagree with, and the faculty would not longer have to walk the tricky tight-rope of censorship and viewpoint-neutral funding. Additionally, an opt-out system would be ideal for fixing the inequity in incidental fee benefits that burden distance education students. Rather than implementing a scheme to refund parts of fees or pay for the use of off-campus facilities (such as the PSU Rec. Center), the University should try to kill two birds with one stone by allowing all students to decide not to fund the programs of their individual choosing.

The ASUO would serve itself well to investigate the possibility of instituting an incidental fee opt-out system. Is such a system complicated and perhaps untenable? Yes. But unless the University is willing to cut funding to all groups that publish opinions (which it should), an opt-out system is the only way to allow students to avoid subsidizing speech they disagree with.



Ian Spencer, who’s busy picking up the pieces of his bracket, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

GIMPAP

by david kirk

don't be fooled...

DIS HERE RABBIT,
DIS HERE "DEAD"
RABBIT... HE
AIN'T REALLY
DEAD SEE...

AH TRAINED HIM.

C'MON
BOY!

WAKE
UP!

DEATH
KILL
VIOLENCE
CRIPPLE
WOUND

MURDER
MAM
REND
TORTURE

KILL

KILL
KILL

KLIK
KLIK

CHOMP!

YEAIGH!

I AM VICTORY
DEATH
RABBIT

RRIP!

DIS HERE GIMPAP,
DIS HERE "DEAD"
GIMPAP... HE
AIN'T REALLY
DEAD SEE...

AH
TRAINED
HIM!

GIMPAP RETURNS BY DAVID KIRK



Dorm Stormin'

An Insider's look at the soul-crushing, chemically enhanced ennui of dorm life

By Jon Goody

You are trapped; relegated to a 9' by 14' cell in which to live. Forced labor consumes the majority of the hours of your day, and you are becoming more emaciated and haggard by the minute. Quiet hours are strictly enforced at all times; they can even hear your thoughts, some say. Your only comforts -- alcohol, marijuana, music, carnal visits by loose women, etc., are prohibited by a higher power you are aware of solely through rumor and myth. Ravenous lieutenants roam the hallways in packs, lust for the sweet lifeblood of the innocent. Punishment is swift and stern. You are surrounded by thousands who share your same fate, like so many sheep to the slaughter. The occasional masturbatory venture in the cramped privacy of the janitor's closet is your only solace in this apocalyptic shell of a landscape, and even that becomes impossible once you are emasculated. Suicide, it seems, is the only plausible answer.

Where is this hellish wasteland? The last communist stronghold of North Korea? The fantastical creation of George Orwell? The space between Michael Moore's thighs? No, this scenario takes place before your very eyes, and probably similarly in universities around the country. This gruesome nightmare is what is generously referred to as dorm "life", and it is rapidly taking its toll on myself and my fellow students at this institution.

The central irony exists in that all residents pay a large amount of money to stay in the dormitories, and yet it is the year they will spend in these same dormitories that will trigger their metamorphosis into the bitter, hateful, disillusioned American citizens they will inevitably become. Unfortunately, according to upperclassmen, one's stint at this institution only sours with age,

like the open jar of mayonnaise the dude next door hid inside your heater. As my stay in the residence halls lengthens, it becomes more and more apparent that the University fosters these abysmal conditions intentionally, with the greater goal of molding college freshman into smelly, ignorant, bleeding-heart hippies.

A shining example of this brainwashing lies in the Resident Assistants, or R.A.s. Nowhere else does there exist such an epitomic collection of douche bags. Clearly, these are the losers all their dorm mates hated, and now they are out for blood. The entire student judicial process, it seems, is engineered for maximum discomfort and inconvenience. On a whim, an R.A. can "write you up" and spark the fire of what could turn into a several week long ordeal, with stern letters, embarrassing hearings, and an inordinate amount of ass kissing. The most ridiculous aspect of the whole process is how shamelessly the

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typical R.A. will lord a single year of University experience over you as if they were God and you were somebody's yeast infection. I have personally been written up by my classmates, on occasion, and in the R.A./resident confrontation, I actually believed for a second that the R.A. in question, less than a year older than me, was somehow better than I. The *Ol' Dirty Emerald* proves this with a recent quote by R.A. Michelle Rose, "[the rule enforcement process] isn't about their safety. It's about writing them up". Clearly, the administration has hand selected the potential R.A.s from a crop of complete assboats for their lack of self respect and willingness to sell their soul for a word or two of praise. Systematic hormone therapy, a harsh training regimen, and demonic possession then yields the completed R.A., ready to begin oppressing the innocent and quelling any possibility

for a good time. Placing these bastions of evil in positions of power engenders a hate of authority in the resident typical of the anarchist and budding hippie, and sets the average resident well on their way to assimilation into the left-wing orthodoxy.

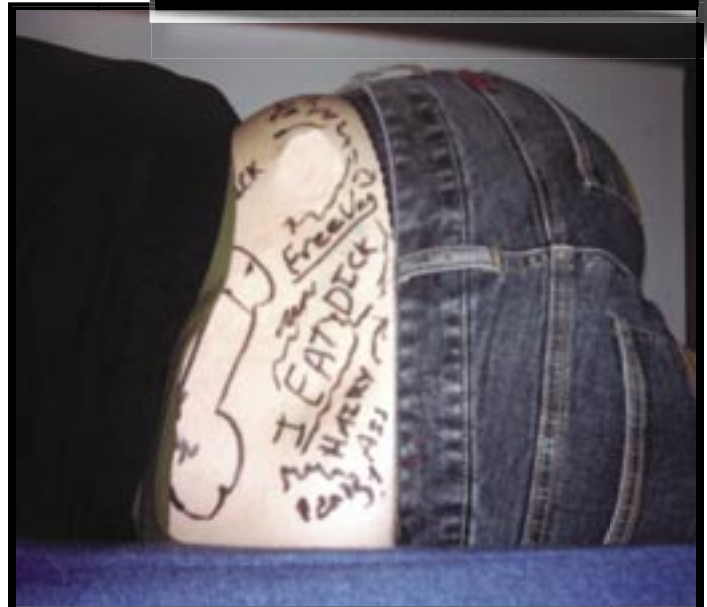
Despite its violation of simple logic, you will inevitably end up living with the stinky kid in class, and any desperate attempts to score with a member of the opposite sex will be instantly quashed by the noxious green vapor emanating from under your door, unless your prospect happens to be without a nose, likely from leprosy or other disease epidemic in the dorms. Because your roommate chooses to forgo the showering experience, and hence never bought his own towel, the numerous spunk stains on yours will be evidence of the autoerotic marathons that take place the second you leave the room. If you are lucky, he will use his own bed. As for your own sexual experiences, if you can manage to scam enough money off your parents to rent a cheap hotel room, you will quickly discover that every female anywhere near your former standards, which were likely abysmal to begin with, has joined a sorority and will never be seen in the dorms again. Thus, the gnarly pile you somehow manage to con into sleeping with you will have several exotic infections for which science has not developed a cure. That is, if the leprosy has spared her reproductive organs.

While you wait at the health center to see a greasy, overweight nurse about your "rash", the only cute girl left in your hall will notice you standing in the "STD" line and immediately write you off forever as disgusting. The bathroom floor will become sticky with urine after the janitors go on strike, and the constant diet of crappy dorm food and Top Ramen will turn your anus into a soft serve ice cream machine. As your stay with your roommate lengthens, he will stop waiting until you leave the room to engage in his masturbatory pleasures, as many a night you will fall asleep to the gentle, rhythmic thudding of his fist against the wall. Still later, he will stop waiting until the night, and rub one out while you are both doing your homework, your backs to each other, perhaps asking you to pass the Kleenex when he has finished. The only remedial option will be to remove his penis; that is, if the University allowed big enough knives in the dorms. Bummer.

To get through the day, you will resort to being high and or drunk most of the time. Because the University has already commenced to rape you for your money, all you can afford to drink will be HRD and the occasional case of Pabst Blue Ribbon. HRD, if you haven't experienced it, tastes like it was distilled from grass clippings in a garage in Springfield. PBR is not much better. Further, the amount of alcohol ingested is directly proportional to the shittiness of your average day, so everyone's experience with the sweet nectar will be different, but judging by the downward spiral of this shit hole, it will be a lot. The only positive aspect of this town is the quality and availability of the weed. Taking bong rips and naps while blathering about the Man in an inebriated stupor will become more than a hobby, as you quickly become the token stoner: yet another brand of hippie.

As your abuse of alcohol and marijuana increases exponentially, your funds will rapidly

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Bottoms Up

The OC's Malt Liquor Guide



Steel Reserve

Price: \$1.19

Alcohol Content: 8.5%

Once a peripheral player in the Malt Liquor War, Steel Reserve has in recent years beat out most of the competition to become the leader in the field of funky-tasting, stomach-churning lager. I couldn't be happier.

However, and I cannot stress this enough, it's essential you keep Steel Reserve chilled at all times. If the temperature of Steel Reserve increases by too much, the results will be disastrous. You may find yourself going momentarily blind, or crawling on the floor, licking your filthy carpet in a vain attempt to mask the terrible flavor.

And what a flavor. Steel Reserve has a fruity taste, like two-week-old apricots that have been left in the sun. As I stated earlier, this taste only intensifies as the Steel Reserve warms up.

On the plus side, this stuff is great for making Brass Monkeys, and you can't beat the price, especially when you consider the alcohol content. Make sure you drink plenty of water, as the sheer power of the Reserve has been known to create terrible, blinding headaches.

General Rating: 8.5

Magnum

Price: \$1.29

Alcohol Content: 6%

Clearly, Magnum is intended to be the stronger version of Miller Highlife, as both beverages are brewed by Milwaukee's famous swill distillery. That's a very, very sad claim to fame.

This beer is a pretty pale counterpart to the rest of the competition. Its weak alcohol content coupled with a taste that would compare unfavorably to the fermented sweat drippings of a hairy ass crack make this liquid detritus impossible to recommend to seasoned malt liquor enthusiasts. This may be good for seventeen-year-old girls, but it isn't good for me and my discerning tastes.

Here are some better uses for Magnum:

- 1) Use it as mouthwash. If it doesn't kill everything that lurks between your teeth nothing will, but for God's sake don't swallow.
 - 2) Use it to water your plants. I'm not sure what will happen if you do this, but it might be a fun experiment.
 - 3) Use it to poison the homeless.
 - 4) Use it to ward off burglars.
 - 5) Hurl cans of it at joggers. Their expressions will be priceless
- You should never -- ever -- drink it.

General Rating: 3





Mickey's

Price: \$1.29

Alcohol Content: 5.7%

What hath God wrought?

Mickey's is not the worst gut-rot beer I've ever had, but it's pretty damn close. That honor goes to Red Dog, a six pack of which turned the contents of my bowels into a churning, bubbling sea. Preppy kids seem to like Mickey's, as do frat boys. If that's your crowd, then you may enjoy this watered down dreck. It doesn't give you a buzz so much as a pounding headache.

There are, however, good qualities to this beer. It's got a goofy can design featuring a pissed off wasp. And you can drink a lot of it without feeling the effects too badly, which may impress the simpletons who don't realize that you might as well be drinking can after can of Milwaukee's Best.

General Rating: 5

Olde English

Price: \$1.49

Alcohol Content: 8%

Don't let the name fool you. This is not a classy beverage. Actually, come to think of it, I'm not sure if I can classify it as a beverage, as that generally denotes something that's fit for human consumption.

I'm pretty sure this beer was intended as an industrial solvent.

This shit is really only worth dumping on the curb in remembrance of your homies who were cut down. It does pack a punch, however. And, you'll receive a certain amount of street cred for drinking it, unless the person who sees you has half a brain, in which case he or she will recognize you for the insufferable hipster poser you are.

Seriously, drinking something for ironic value is so 2004. I mean, why don't you simply get another piercing or buy a Vespa, you damn douche?

In all honesty, Olde English is the granddaddy of all malt liquors. It's well worth a first effort (and I do mean effort). It's neither offensive nor laudable. It simply exists. Like a Jon Cryer sitcom, this beverage will neither make you vomit, nor will it make you feel blissful. *Blah.* That's what you'll feel, really.

General Rating: 7



Big Bear

Price: \$1.49

Alcohol Content: 8%

The bastard progeny of Old English and 2-11. It lives up to its name, as it tingles the palate like ursine urine diffused through a used jock strap. Vomiting occurs after the second forty, though by that time unconsciousness has set in. Rigor mortis soon follows.

The first and only time I drank this swill was freshman year. My roommate and I were desperate. Anything would do. *Anything.* Seriously, had we planned ahead, we would have placed a bottle of grape juice mixed with anti freeze under our furnace in the hopes of speedily fermenting the concoction. Instead, we decided to shoulder tap bums downtown. When we finally found one who was amenable, he led us down a dark alleyway.

"Follow me," he said in a raspy voice. (Note: Never, ever, follow a bum down a dark alleyway ... especially if he says "follow me.")

My roommate and I shot looks at each other, as if to say, "Well, if we die, we die. Ponce De Leon died in search of the Fountain of Youth, you know." We almost

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decrease as you are far too lazy and stoned for gainful employment. When you can no longer afford herb or booze, you will resort to cooking up Rokitussin using your HotPot, the only appliance allowed in the dorms, and freebasing it in the laundry room. You didn't have any friends to begin with, being that the majority of the dorm dwellers are soulless meth-fiends like yourself, but if you did, they would ditch you at this point. You will likely pass out in your BA 101 class with a resounding "BANG" as your last remaining brain cell eats a bullet in the lonely recesses of your hippocampus. If you last a month, you will get a bill informing you that this depressing spiral into addiction and self-loathing has cost you \$900, and that's just for the amazing dorm experience, assuming that you have dropped out of all your classes by this point. Around this time, you will get written up after getting caught shooting a mixture of ground Codeine, laundry detergent, Tylenol, cigarette tobacco, and the last of your HRD into the vein in your shoulder, using a used needle you found in the street on 13th and High. The

R.A.s will give you a citation, and leave you on the sidewalk at 3:00 AM to convulse in a pool of your own vomit and sweat, as per the Student Judicial Policy. You will get a letter summoning you to the Complex Director's office at a God awful hour, usually six in the morning. He asks you to sit down and make yourself comfortable. He calls you "sir", so you know you're in for it. He lowers his concerned eyes to your level, and asks you what the problem is, and if there's anything you need to tell him. What can you say? At this point, I leave it up to you. Shit.



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pussed out, though, as we were pretty sure we were going to get sliced to bits. But leave it to a bum to surprise the hell out of you. He knew exactly where he was going, leading us to the type of convenience store that sells not only *Barely Legal* but also *Finally Legal*. At the store he bought us a few forties of Big Bear. When we arrived back at our dorm room, we immediately drank them. Quickly, the night turned into a nauseous blur. I woke up early the next morning to the sound of my roommate moaning.

"Holy shit. What the hell is that?" he asked. A terrible, wholly revolting odor wafted into my nostrils.

"What the hell is that smell?" I asked. I looked over at my roommate. He had vomited all over himself during his sleep. He had slept in it. That's the power of Big Bear, in case you were wondering why I was wasting your time with that story.

General rating: 6



Sparks

Price: \$1.89

Alcohol Content: 6%

Finally, science accomplished something.

Sparks is the finest achievement since barely was mixed with water. It's part energy drink, part malt liquor, all bad for you. If you drink enough of this, you will undoubtedly have a wild night of fidgeting uncontrollably, suffering frightening heart palpitations and momentary blackouts, and finally collapsing to the floor.

It turns your urine a festive neon orange, too.

Sure, the stuff tastes like liquefied skittles, but given the choice between this and a bottle of Boone's Farm, I would choose the Sparks, unless I was courting a 17-year-old girl. You're not courting a 17-year-old girl are you, perv?

If you can drink a six-pack on an empty stomach without seeing a visage of the Virgin Mary, or without suffering from a massive coronary, than you are more man than I.

General Rating: 9.5

Campus Essentials

A shopping guide for the lazy

iPod - By looking around campus one might think these devices are as essential to the campus environment as writing utensils and alarm clocks. And, in truth, they are. The white headphones will signal potential muggers that you are a unique person that is not to be trifled with. When you walk down the street, people will recognize your distinctive taste in music players. Perhaps most importantly, iPods have replaced love organs as the subject of the question "so, how big is yours?" Finally you'll be able to answer with confidence!



Political T-Shirt - These are absolutely essential in pretending that you're politically aware. If you're a socialist, steal a Che (or Subcommander Marcos) t-shirt. If you're a liberal, ask for an anti-Bush t-shirt as a gift. If you're a conservative, go out and buy a Milton Friedman, Alan Greenspan, or Wal*Mart t-shirt. And if you're a paleo-conservative, well, you don't

own any t-shirts because you think they're a scheme by the secularists to turn our precious children into dirty, sleeve-less harlots.



bottle? No. And this is why they hate us.

Lower-back Tattoo - Perfect for showing the person who's humping you what your personal style is. Remind him how much you love butterflies! Also useful for identification.

Camera Phones - Useful for taking blurry, surreptitious pictures of midterm exams. Helpful for taking blurry, surreptitious pictures of Alaskan hooker boot-wearing women. Perfect for taking blurry, surreptitious pictures of campus crackpots. If you want it surreptitious and don't mind it blurry, you won't find anything better.

Alaskan Hooker Boots - The newest campus fashion fad, optimally combined with a short skirt or hot pants. Add gloss lipstick, a pager and a healthy meth addiction and you're one trick away from a profitable career path.

Thongs - There's nothing as supremely illogical as having a thin piece of fabric wedged up your asscrack. Thongs are most frequently worn (and consequently exposed) by people who probably shouldn't be wearing them in the first place. If nylon could cry, there would be protests over its subjugation.

Messenger Bag - Remember back in High School how everyone wore backpacks? Well this isn't High School anymore, folks. It's time to ditch that kiddie backpack for a far less comfortable and far less useful messenger bag. College is about transitioning from comfortable, easy idealistic living to the dreary, shoulder-hurting monotony that will define your adult life. Start with the messenger bag.

Lavender armbands and Anti-OC buttons - Show your dedication to the fight against the First Amendment by wearing these stylish symbols of fascist information control. That'll show 'em!



Nalgene Bottle - Almost as important in campus life as the iPod is the ubiquitous Nalgene bottle. It's plastic! And it holds water! What's not to love? The benefits over a regular, poor person's water are obvious: the Nalgene bottle is hard while a regular water bottle is soft; the Nalgene bottle has a Nalgene (or Eddie Bauer) logo while the ordinary water bottle has some other logo; the Nalgene bottle carries rich people's water while only hobos and terrorists carry their water in regular, old water bottles. Do you think Abu Musab al-Zarqawi has an Eddie Bauer water

ON SOD OFF, SWAMPY

“We bit off more than we could chew. They were just Cockney barrow boy spivs. Total thugs,” one protester said, rubbing his bruised skull. “I’ve never seen anyone less amenable to listening to our point of view.”

--The Times of London reports on a Greenpeace protest at the International Petroleum Exchange, during which the protesters were out-protested by angry young traders.

Protesters conceded that mounting the operation after lunch may not have been the best plan.

-- Ibid. Alas, the drinking culture of th UK makes such ventures risky

Another one said: “I took on a Texas SWAT team at Esso last year and they were angels compared with this lot.” Behind him, on the balcony of the pub opposite the IPE, a bleary-eyed trader, pint in hand, yelled: “Sod off, swampy.

--Likewise.

ON JUST A SPLASH OF TONIC

If you could take one thing with you to a desert island, what would it be?

-- Las Vegas Mayor Oscar Goodman, visiting an area school, is posed questions by an audience of fourth graders.

Drinking.

--Mayor Goodman lists his hobbies. At least he didn't list a particular brand; that would have been uncouth.



A bottle of gin.

--Las Vegas Mayor -- and erstwhile Beefeater pitchman
--Oscar Goodman responds.



ON OSCAR! OSCAR!

Obviously, it's not the proper role of a mayor to hawk gin.

--Gary Ruskin, chair of the anti-commercialism group Commercial Alert, during Goodman's 2001 flirtation with becoming a paid spokesman for Beefeater gin. Wait. How is that "obvious"?

As long as I've known him, he's drank Beefeater. He's definitely one of their best costumers. He'd make a great spokesman.

--Las Vegas Councilman Michael MacDonald. Alas, Beefeater lost the bidding war.

And Viva Oscar Goodman

ON WITHER MIKE HUNT

I'm just going to say it: "The Vagina Monologues" sucks
--Gabe Bradley, in the ODE, opens Pandora's Box, in
a manner of speaking.

It's about showing how strong and beautiful women can be. It's
about sharing stories and helping each other find solutions.
--Senator Sarah Wells waxes sanctimonious, in a rep-
resentative response to Bradley.

The woman who "discovers" that her clitoris is her "essence"
and says, "My vagina, me" is insulting herself, and all women.
One of the many laudable goals of the original women's move-
ment was its rejection of the idea that women are reducible to
their anatomy.
--Christina Hoff Sommers addresses a Young Ameri-
ca's Foundation conference on the subject



ON I AM THE LAW

The central issue is ... whether student legislators possess a con-
stitutional right to speak freely, like any other legislator in the
United States, and to legislate the student incidental fee, even
to defund a group.

--Latter-day senator Michael Watson in the ODE.
Someone in a position of legislative authority arguing for un-
bounded legislative powers. Say it ain't so!

Somebody has erroneously taught students that courts may order
legislators on how a legislative vote shall be cast ...

--This is Watson's rationale for decrying the Constitu-
tion Court's injunctions against certain members of the PFC
who tried to shut the OC down. Sounds like it's time for a spew
quiz!

Congress shall make no law prohibiting ...

--Beginning of a particular amendment to the Con-
stitution of a particular nation. Quickly now: which one? For
extra credit: what does it go on to say?



