

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR



Inside: Survival Guide, Libertarianism, Football



Founded Sept. 27th, 1983 Member Collegiate Network

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Mission Statement

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists on September 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 enable 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.

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WHY WE FIGHT

*"The ascetic thirsts for the wine of Heaven's fountain, Hafez wants his glass refilled. Whom will God prefer?"
-Hafez, 17th century Persian poet*

"So what is the Commentator anyway ?" It's a common question, a die-hard kind of question. "Are you a front for the Republican Party? A tome for the aching souls of the Fratboy Nation? A bunch of bitter alcoholics duping the University out of the printing tab for your crypto-fascist screeds?" Though some of these questions might betray a few safe assumptions about what we do, none of them hit the mark. We are the magazine that has seen it all.

Born in a blaze of Reagan revolution fervor, the Commentator has strayed considerably from it's halcyon days during the great conservative revival of the 1980s. High-minded cultural crusading did not last forever at the Commentator, and during the 1990's, libertarianism became a more palatable expression of our mission statement on campus. Today, we find ourselves in a political landscape devoid of the landmarks of debates past. The death of New Deal liberalism, the more recent death of small-government conservatism, the post-9/11 agenda, and the red state-blue state idiocy all present new challenges to our mission statement and inform how our beliefs are expressed. Let's face it; the "war of ideas" referenced in our statement is not concerned with the controversies of 1983, or even 1999, but with the idiocies and outrages of today: take for instance the fact that there is no longer so much a war of ideas as an ideological dynamic reminiscent of the novel Lord of the Flies.

Like the generations of Commentators before us, we cling to our basic principles as the tools with which we take on the talking points and press conferences of outrageous fortune. Contrary to popular belief, our defining values are not rigid dogmas which can only be interpreted to support the Republican Party line, but in fact are articles of common sense, a basic guide to intellectual honesty, and a call to more free and open discourse.

Like Hafez, the Commentator just wants it's glass refilled. We are neither the utopian idealists nor the dour fearmongers who play the lead roles in our political Punch-and-Judy show. We are not ascetics dedicated to the obsessive task of managing the lives of the many, but the fools of reason. We are the three wise monkeys who have stopped covering their ears, eyes and mouths to get wasted and fling dung at the morons who surround them. The path to a more perfect union and a better world lies not with conjured-up, institutional regimes based on high-minded, abstract ideals, but in the openness and honesty of our discourse with each other.

"In Vino Veritas," said the Romans, and we too have found truth in the vino. The most unvarnished conversations, deep into our cups at the bar may piss us off the most, but also invariably provide rare opportunities to confront the most jaundiced takes on our most cherished ideals, or see our best laid plans laughed down over crucial oversights. Mockery and derision are too often dismissed as prejudice or insensitivity, rather than legitimate and friendly criticism. The laugh test, it seems, has been replaced by the outrage test.

Why not admit that we all have bad ideas, and be receptive to a good razzing when it is well deserved? One can either give a decent answer to the criticism implicit in the mockery, or not; either way one should take it all in good humor. Oversensitivity to the the offense of others, justified or not, leads only to a humorless, reactive, stagnant exchange of platitudes rather than the kind of vigorous, productive debate that yields tangible rewards. Sound familiar? Toss back that drink, take square aim at something that pisses you off, and do something about it.



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Just don't let us catch you wearing it ironically...

BREAKING NEWS

OC Editorial Board Declares "War on Douchebags"

Rennie's Landing- In a late night press address to the citizens of the smoking deck at Rennie's Landing, the editorial board of the Oregon Commentator announced a war on the scourge of global douchebaggery. After taking a final swig of Labatt's, Editor-in-Chief Ted Niedermeyer spoke of a long-exisiting threat that must finally be confronted. "Douchebags have been menacing all that we hold dear since before Geraldo's mustache grew in. Now, with the attendance of Toby Keith at the last Autzen home game, we can be left with only one conclusion: that these douchebags intend to bring the fight to us." Niedermeyer went on to paint a picture of the world as being locked in an epic struggle. "Students are faced with a simple choice: either you are with us, or you are with the douchebags. I call on all of our student leaders to take a firm stand on this issue"

Commentator Publisher Andy Dolberg followed Niedermeyer's speech with an outline for a winning war on douchebaggery. "We find ourselves currently surrounded on all sides by douchebags of every stripe, said Dolberg, only slightly slurring his speech. "On network TV alone you have Charlie Sheen, and the entire cast of "Friends" in syndication. From the halls of congress to local television newscasts in this very town, the douchebag threat cannot be underestimated." Dolberg went on to describe the occasionally extreme tactics that would be needed to effectively combat douchebaggery. "Hell yeah we're gonna have to torture some people," he said "If I have to waterboard Linkin Park to prevent another album, so help me I will." Further action in the war on douchebaggery might include occupying the Scientologist's compound, precision bombing of OLCC offices, and ordering the assassination of the entire Baldwin family.

Initial criticism of the announcement was surprisingly harsh. "Go home, you're drunk" was one of the most stinging critiques. "Whatever," was Managing Editor Andrea Blaser's unruffled response "You can't just decide that I'm drunk. What are you, some kind of douchebag sympathizer? Shouldn't you be at home watching Big Brother? Douchebag!" The words "detention center" had just been uttered when a fresh round arrived at the table. Since South Park had just come on, and it was a funny episode, the subject was considered tabled.

New Study Declares Fifths of Booze "The Best Date You've Ever Had"

Whiskey

Jack Daniels	\$21.45
Jim Beam	\$13.95
Old Crow	\$8.45
Wild Tukey 101	\$19.95
Crown Royal	\$25.95
Makers Mark	\$25.95
Evan Williams	\$10.95
Pendleton	\$14.95

Vodka

Ketel One	\$44.95
Absolut	\$23.95
Smirnoff	\$16.95
HRD	\$6.75

Gin

Monarch	\$6.45
Seagrams	\$11.95
Beefeater	\$16.95

Rum

Monarch	\$6.95
Bacardi 151	\$21.95
Captain Morgan	\$8.95

Tequila

Jose Cuervo	\$19.95
Sauza	\$14.95
Patron Silver	\$49.95

Liqueurs

Southern Comfort	\$15.95
Jagermeister	\$22.95
Kahlua	\$17.95
Bailey's	\$18.95

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BANG FOR YOUR BUCK: THE EQUATION

So you've taken Math 111 and you are ready to apply what you know. Yeah right. How about calculating the best value for a given bottle or can of booze? There we go. Familiarize yourself with the following formula. Take the number of ounces in the chosen bottle or can, and multiply it by the alcohol content as a decimal (e.g. 9.4% abv is 0.094)—this will give you how many shots of "pure" alcohol the drink contains. Now take the price of the bottle or can and divide it by the number you calculated above. Voila, you know have the price per shot of pure (think 'everclear') alcohol in the drink. Remember, the lower the number, the cheaper it is to get drunk off of it.

Useful numbers: there are 25.6 ounces in a fifth. There are approximately 750ml in a fifth. There are 29.57 ml in one ounce. A "shot" is generally considered to be one ounce.

Examples: Baron Rothschild (750 ml): $\Omega = 0.61$
Remy Martin Louis XIII (750 ml): $\Omega = 155.85$
Jägermeister (750 ml): $\Omega = 2.56$
Patrón Añejo Tequila (750 ml): $\Omega = 5.56$
Camo Black Ice (24 oz.): $\Omega = 0.51$
Rick's Toilet Bowl Moonshine (1 gal.): $\Omega = 0.00000234$
Water (16 oz. bottle): $\Omega = \text{undefined}$

SUDSY SAYS:

**"NEVER RUN OUT OF
THINGS TO CELEBRATE.
CREATE YOUR OWN
DRINKING HOLIDAY
TODAY!"**



THE OC ASKS: WHAT WILL YOU BE DRINKING?



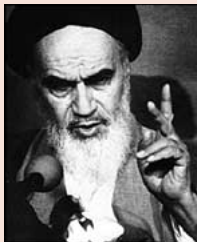
Donald Rumsfeld: "What will I be drinking? Let me tell you what I'll be drinking. A little baby I call the Gitmo Waterboard. Can't tell you what's in it, though."



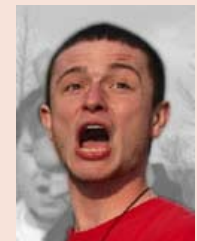
Pope Benedict: "Jesus Juice!"



George W. Bush: "Wait, you sayin' I can drink this Jesus Juice and 'ol JC won't get pissed at



Zombie Ayatollah Khomeini: "Alcohol is forbidden by Islam! I demand a really sincere apology ... and your brains."



Jethro Higgins: "No, WE demand a really sincere apology ... wait, what are we outraged about now?"



Robocop: "I think a man should get drunk at least twice on principle, so he won't get snotty about it."

THE

SURVIVAL GUIDE

YOUR GUIDE TO LIVING,
LEARNING AND PARTYING
YOUR ASS OFF IN THE EM-
ERALD CITY. WHETHER YOU
NEED TO PICK A MAJOR,
STAND UP TO YOUR ASSHOLE
LANDLORD, OR WEASEL OUT
OF A NOISE VIOLATION,
WE HAVE YOUR BACK. WE
SAMPLED THE FINEST IN
BOTTOM SHELF BOOZE, DUG
UP THE INSIDE SCOOP ON
THE EUGENE POT MARKET,
AND SELFLESSLY RESEARCHED
EVERY BAR IN TOWN TO
KEEP YOU AT THE TOP OF
YOUR GAME. REMEMBER, OUT
ON THE MEAN STREETS OF
EUGENE, ONLY THE STRONG
SURVIVE.

8

CAMPUS DEFINITIONS

With so many people pouring into town for the school year, we here at the Commentator thought that we should bring you up to speed on your grammar. As a service to you, we are defining some of the local lingo as to avoid any confusion when we later reference the "scrunt count". And yes, it is much more offensive than you think. Impress your friends tomorrow by landing your first "food wench", or brand yourself with the "tramp stamp" -- just don't blame us when you get slapped with sexual harassment charges. Don't say we didn't warn you!

SCRUNT

A female, typically a freshman. Generally a scrunt lacks a father figure and is extremely susceptible to peer pressure and persuasion. Scrunt is something that one rustles. "Hey dude, lets go dorm-stormin' and rustle up some scrunt."

SAKURA SKIP

Skipping class in order to take advantage of the happy hour at Sakura, the Japanese restaurant on 13th. \$3 for a pitcher of Budweiser and \$5 for Drop Top Amber Ale. "Dude, I got so trashed during my last Sakura skip that I puked all over Professor Emeritus Baugh."

TRAMP STAMP

Also called a "girl-tattoo" or a "bullseye," a tramp stamp is found on the lower back of pretty much every girl on campus. "Dude, check out the tramp stamp on the Kappa chick."

FOOD WENCH

A person, generally a freshman who is befriended strictly on the basis of buying you entry into the Carson dining hall. "I never have to pack a lunch because I have a food wench for each day of the week."

OL' DIRTY

The Oregon Daily Emerald. You know, the one with the Sudoku and the crossword... anybody?



PICK A MAJOR (LIKE IT MATTERS)

BY ERIC LEEPER

Okay kids, listen up. Aside from convincing your parents that you didn't spend your entire month's budget on lap dances and malt liquor, picking your major can be one of most difficult things you will ever do while attending the University— even more difficult than attending class. Fear not, for we at the Oregon Commentator are here to shed light on the mysterious and arbitrary task of picking your major.

Political Science: The Political Science department is home to a great mass of angry, confused people. If you call yourself conservative, republican, libertarian or just plain moderate, then be prepared to undergo "re-education" of the kind that would make Mao nod his head approvingly. Actually, be prepared to have this happen in just about any department. Remember, for most professors you aren't thinking for yourself, you're ignorant... plain ignorant. There are lots of faux-intellectuals in this department with enormous egos. These people attack in groups and use terms like "institutional discrimination," "equality of outcome" and "hegemonic discourse." Political Science students are most well-known for throwing their hands in the air and screaming "It's just not fair!" Three weeks of feel-good platitudes and bullshit guilt tripping will leave you needing a good "numbing" before classes... oh, and don't bother even trying to come to discussion groups sober. Seriously. Possible jobs include but are not limited to: OSPIRG lobbyist, the asshole with the petition in front of the bookstore, or legislative love slave.

Sociology: Sociology is the analytical study of the development, structure, and function of human groups and societies, according to the University. If there was an ounce of truth in this statement then this would be a popular, rewarding major. There is no analysis. There is no studying. A correct definition for this major would be: "Pick this if you are a) inept at mathematics, b) inept at writing, c) you really want to help anyone but yourself, d) inept." Expect to lose all of your dignity explaining your choice to friends and family. To succeed in this major you must attend at least one out of seventeen classes. Discussion days are optional. Possible jobs include but are not limited to: sub-standard social worker, disgruntled coffee shop attendant, staff writer for the Oregon Voice.

Economics: Economics is the study of human action; it is not the study of money. It is probably one of the better choices for most students. Be forewarned though, there is a strong mathematics requirement for many upper division classes, and thus, the coursework may be more difficult

than most other majors. However, a lot of the economic theories they teach at the University are outdated and the university still preaches the importance of the "Phillips curve." Expect to draw a lot of lines, and be prepared to find the point at which they intersect. Most economics classes can be summarized by one or two graphs with different names on their axes. Learn this early and leave class to get a pitcher during happy hour at Sakura on 13th. Go back to class and attempt to quantify the amount of happiness you got from that pitcher. Possible jobs include: unsuccessful stock broker, internet blogger, CNBC junkie, or high-school wrestling coach.

Business: Contrary to popular belief, a solid foundation in undergraduate business administration may actually be able to land you a job—just don't expect it to be a good one. It is by far the most popular major at the University, and you may find yourself surrounded by beautiful people. Expect classes to be dull and uninteresting after the material is repeated a minimum of 3 times. The chairs in most Lillis classrooms are comfortable, and as a business major you will spend most of your time in those chairs sleeping, drinking from your flask, or thinking about how you are going to explain what happened to your roommate's dog. Possible jobs include: Blockbuster manager, Hollywood video manager, Regal cinemas manager, or used car salesman.

Pre-med: There is no pre-med major, quit telling people you are 'pre-med'—you aren't impressing anyone.

Pre-law: See above. Political science is not 'Pre-law,' you douchebag.

Philosophy: Why? No, seriously, why?

English/Comparative Literature: Are you one of those freaks who walks through the middle of campus with your nose deep in a paperback? Do you talk to your books? Do you really think that Willa Cather was more important to gender relations than Jane Austen? Do you call Palahniuk "a total hack?" Major in English, write some nice book reports. Waste four years of tuition money, only to go further into debt to get a masters when it dawns on you that you have fewer job opportunities than an illegal immigrant. Then spend the rest of your life struggling with your magna opus, "Do You Want Fries With That: Power and Structure in the McDonalds? Training Literature. Job possibilities: struggling local bookstore clerk, janitor at Barnes and Noble, fast food technician.

GETTING AWAY WITH PARTYING

ELLEN GREER AND GUY SIMMONS DISH OUT SOME PRO BONO LEGAL ADVICE FOR YOUR NEXT MARGINALLY LEGAL CELEBRATION

A summer's end and a return to the good life of a university student means back to the books, papers and of course, the raging house parties. But before you fully engage in your wild debauchery take a moment to prepare for one of college life's eventualities: cops, the fuzz, the bacon.

The Noise Disturbance- Many students are no stranger to the little yellow slip of paper informing us that we have been bad irresponsible citizens. It means we have disturbed the good law abiding members of society with our raucous social gatherings. Some are lucky and play their cards right, getting just a warning. For others it comes with a big fat fine with which to make the community whole once again, after the trauma of a successful party. Who can afford to throw \$500-\$1500 into our fair city's justice system (aka, the donut fund) and who has the time to spend 30-90 days in jail? Shockingly enough students are not without some recourse, and you may not have to cough up the dough. Examine this handy list to see if a noise violation is right for you. According to the Eugene Municipal Code, a noise disturbance is defined as any sound which 1. Injures or endangers the safety or health of a human; or 2. Endangers or injures personal or real property; or 3. Annoys or disturbs a reasonable person of normal sensitivities. The third point is key. If you know the identity of who called in the initial noise complaint, perhaps your obsessive compulsive neighbor who mows his lawn three times a day and has made it his sole mission in life to get you evicted, you may be able to contest his level of reasonability and put into question the 'normalcy' of his sensitivities.

Also helpful in contesting a noise violation is befriending your neighbors. Bring in a few of your neighbors to testify that your modest gathering had in no way disturbed them. More likely than not the officer that cited you will be the only witness testifying against you. Showing up to court with a posse of witnesses whom the judge can deem as "reasonable people of normal sensitivities," shows that you're serious about your case and the show of force makes the cop's testimony look weak. This principle can be applied



to citations, or even misdemeanor difficulties. As an added bonus you may get to really piss off a cop in a venue where he or she can do nothing about it—and nothing is more entertaining than a cop who looks to be on the verge of spontaneous combustion.

The Alcohol Violation - In Oregon providing alcohol for and/or allowing its consumption by minors can cost you \$350 for the first offense and \$1000 for subsequent offenses. Some advice: if you've got a high scrutiny count at the party, you'd better either have some deep pockets or a mapped out escape route.

If you are a minor, you're looking at \$360 for consuming or possessing alcohol—even just a sip. My advice: Lie, deny, run and hide. Cops hand out M.I.P.'s like candy, and they'll make

their quotas without having to chase you. If you avoided getting one in high school, you'll probably be fine.

The Keg - When you order a keg, you are required by the Nazis at the OLCC to register the keg to an address. Luckily the jack-booted killjoys don't have the budget to kick down every door, nor the legal right to use waterboarding to find missing kegs, so the odds that your non-compliant serving atmosphere will be busted by the OLCC are slim. If you are one of the unlucky few to get the full Control Commission treatment, expect to be amazed by the ungodly hurt that a non-elected body can put on you. Expect property confiscation (including musical equipment), outrageous fines, and a whole mountain of shit. Beer is nice, but if you are risk averse, just make a metric shit-ton of jungle juice, and eliminate the small chance that your party will be crashed by the thugs of neo-prohibitionism.

Legal Help - Lastly, know your legal resources. If you are cited with any party related infraction there is help. All incidental fee paying students are entitled to free council through ASUO legal services. You've already paid for it, it would be fiscally irresponsible to not get yourself into some situation where you're going to need it. They probably won't be much help with fixing your dead hooker situation, but they will let you know where you stand with your everyday legal dilemmas.



SURVIVING THE SLUMS:

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF CAMPUS AREA HOUSING

BY IAN SPENCER

Why have you decided to attend the University of Oregon? Was it because of a specific program? Are you from the area? Do you get in-state tuition? Perhaps those fucking elitist assholes at Lewis & Clark turned you down? Whatever the case, one thing's for sure: you didn't come here for the housing.

The University of Oregon has the worst dorms -- excuse me, residence halls -- in the Pac-10. Yes, that includes Oregon State and Washington State, two schools that have only recently begun receiving the benefits of electricity and potable water. In 2004, the Princeton Review ranked the school as having the worst dorms in the United States. This was unsurprising: the UO is consistently ranked near the bottom of any national statistic not involving number of campus waterfowl or pipe shops.

I can't accurately describe Barnhart, the Living Learning Center or any of the other rich people dorms. For all I know, they're marble and gold-lined palaces with 1200 square foot bathroom stalls and buxom, University-provided elevator operators. Bean West, on the eastern edge of campus, is the only dorm in which I've ever lived, and it bears an unmistakable resemblance to a prison. The crude brick construction and ugly cement courtyards remind residents that, no matter what they may hope, their only escape is academic failure. The DPS personnel (or correctional officers, as they're colloquially referred to) are usually on the lookout for alcohol, pot, dice, and other socializing materials. Shanks are alright, though-- it isn't really prison, after all.

Once you've grown up and realized how terrible an idea paying over \$7,500 to share a glorified closet with another sap is, you're ready to move into off campus. Unless you've done something terrible, like marry someone, you're best off moving into a house with three or four other people. There are ten basic rules here:

1. Live with people you don't despise. Do I have to explain this one?
2. Don't move into a nice house built for a family. Rent from someone who expects the place to be trashed-- who will openly mock you if there aren't at least two new holes in the wall by the time you move out. This will make it far easier to explain why there are four holes in the wall and severe "water" damage in the living room.
3. Pick a place near campus. You at least want the option of sprinting to class. Being near campus makes throw-

ing a party much, much easier.

4. If you live with women, don't expect rule #1 to still apply by the time you move out. Pretending to sympathize with a housemate's relationship drama will drive all but the hardiest of people crazy.

5. If you live with men, don't expect to get your share of the deposit back. Instead of talking about their relationship or football drama, men tend to punch holes through walls and spill beer on the carpet. But at least you'll have a hell of a good time.

6. If you live with men and women, they will end up screwing each other. And not in the rent check way.

7. Throw parties early and often. Throwing good parties is an essential part of any successful college career. Or at least the first three years of college, before you realize that graduating is the other essential component of a successful college career. The first step is to have all your friends there. Yes, even if your friends are a bunch of horny, uneducated men with few social graces. This group of people comprises the bulk of potential party goers. The trick is to make sure they're paying to get in, paying to drink beer, and paying to empty their guts in your backyard. The next step is to get your friends' friends there-- or at least the ones with opposable thumbs. The last step is to serve bad beer.

8. Party music comprises its own rule. Simply put, don't play hipster garbage at your parties. When drinking, flirting, and generally having a good time, people don't want to listen to you talk about how Sigur Ros takes the pain away when you feel like cutting yourself. Pop music is called "pop music" for a reason-- it's popular and fun. Don't worry about alienating the Pitchfork Media component of your crowd-- you probably want to alienate them anyway since they'll spend the party talking about Bush, The War, and Their Feelings anyway.

9. Share basic food expenses. There shouldn't be four separate quarts of milk in the fridge if there are four people in the house. Unless they're each dated from a different month, of course. Similarly, don't share specialized food expenses. There's no reason to pay for someone else's Toblerone addiction.

10. Finally, move out of the damn house and into your own place as soon as you can. Living with other people sucks.



THE 2006

BOTTOM SHELF
BOOZE REVIEW

BY ERIC LEEPER

Face it kids, this is college, in case you've forgotten already. We all know you can't afford that shot of Patron that undeniably makes all of the girls swoon, and frankly most graduates from this university will never have that kind of bankroll. It is for this reason alone that I present to you the 2006 Bottom Shelf Booze Review. My co-conspirators and I have subjected our livers to the lowest of the low for your benefit. All of the liquor presented in this article is generally considered by the masses to be terrible, putrid, disgusting, and above all, cheap. What follows is the best of the worst in the categories of rum, whiskey, vodka, and tequila. If you follow this advice you'll be able to do laundry once a term and still afford to get fucked up. On to the booze:

Rum - Castillo Silver. \$7.95 / 750ml. Bacardi in disguise. No joke. My trusted liquor store clerk informs me that this rum is actually taken from the bottom of Bacardi's rum casks. How fitting. The rum tastes like rum, go figure. Enjoy a night of swashbuckling in the local cemetery and then break the bottle on the doors of the Living Learning Center in a protest of your choosing – the destruction of the tennis courts would be appropriate (yes, I know nobody used them, but still). Many bars use Castillo for their 'well' rum, charging ridiculous amounts for a shot and a splash of cola – don't fall into their trap. Tip: Make your own rum-n-coke and get trashed at home, then head to the bar and don't order a damn thing. That somewhat-maybe-sort-of-decent-looking girl from Econ 101 will either be impressed by your penny-saving techniques or disgusted by your tight-fistedness. Explain all the crap you learned in Econ 201 about product differentiation and watch her eyes glaze over. Either way, give her a shot back at your place to seal the deal and discuss in the morning over eggs and toast. Genius!

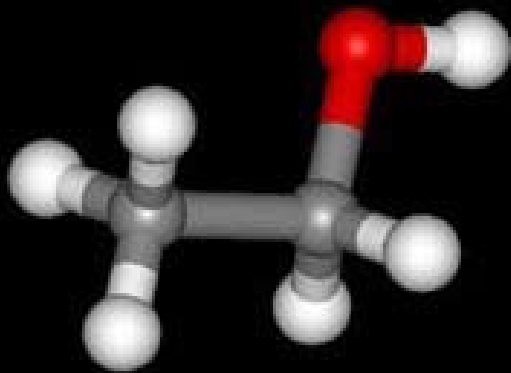
Whiskey - Old Crow. \$8.45 / 750ml. The real O.C., bitch. Probably the best taste overall of any bottom shelf. Sophisticated palates will notice a slight aroma of asparagus and

baby diaper with a strong aftertaste of rotten apple; brilliant work by the manufacturers Old Crow Distillery. This Crow is best consumed at sunset on a porch (preferably in a rocking chair) prior to hitting the town or simply passing out in said chair. Ironically this was the only booze that came in a 'drunk-stumble-proof' plastic bottle, which was ingeniously marketed as a "750ml Lightweight Traveler". The bottle is slim, resembling a large pint, which is perfect for smuggling and throwing; a good jumping off point for the aspiring alcoholic. Tip: Use the bottle to your advantage by drinking half of it, and then playing a twisted game of hit-the-target with it, preferably in the campus area. Closest to each target takes a shot. Award two shots for hitting a moving target (sleeping bums don't move, jackass, they're worth one shot only). Repeat as necessary.

Vodka - Baron Rothschild. \$6.30 / 750ml. Appropriately named, 'the Baron' is a ruthless, heartless bastard. Born into its position of power, it is the cheapest booze we sampled. The Baron will tax and spend all living tissue it comes in contact with – don't be surprised if you find yourself doing the same. Stay away from small children and international students while under the Baron's rule or you may face criminal and/or civil charges. The taste is "chemical", and the effects are nothing short of "chemical". After waking up in a jail cell in an "AXE Body Spray" thong, you will undoubtedly wonder how this shit is legal, and more importantly, where you bought it. Tip: Make the "nasty-snatch." Add the juice from one can of chunk-light tuna and a generous glug of Baron Rothschild into a mixer; add ice, shake, strain, and serve. Savor the dolphin-safe flavors and talk about "that one time" in high-school.

Cognac - Are you serious? What do you think this is? Tip: Don't buy cognac, you idiot.

Tequila - Arandas. \$11.95 / 750ml. Bottom shelf tequila is almost an oxymoron – most tequilas cost upwards of \$20, which under normal circumstances eliminate the category



from this article. Fear not, young inductee, for I have located a cheap and viable alternative: Arandas. This poison from south of the border was recommended to me by the bartender who then mentioned that it was by far the most undervalued liquor in the store—whatever. I am by no means a tequila expert and I do not know how much agave is actually in this, but I do know one thing: tequila does not get you drunk. It fucks you up. You won't be happy about paying \$12 for a fifth but the cultural value of beverages will certainly leave your sociology teacher with a smile. Take a bottle (read: not just a flask) to class and be sure to take a shot every time the professor says discrimination, equality, or persecution. Take two shots if he/she says patriarchy or hegemony. Tip: Planning a Cinco de Mayo in Octubre? Head to Burrito Boy and get the Carne Asada Boy Burrito. Eat it as fast as possible then enjoy a mediocre margarita with friends. After your inhibition has been disarmed, call your project partners from Spanish 101 under the guise of a "cultural experience." They will be happy to attend. Spend the rest of the night taking body shots off of Carlos, Rosa, Juanita, and Craig—don't bother asking their real names, just go with it—cultural immersion, right? Finish the night off with a Carne Asada fiesta in the toilet bowl and surrounding area. Document the event, and then turn it in for extra credit. Don't forget to put the embarrassing pictures of Craig onto Facebook.



THE MARIJUANA INDEX

NUMBER OF CABLE ACCESS SHOWS IN EUGENE DEVOTED TO CANNABIS: 1

EUGENE CITY BASE FINE FOR POSSESSION OF LESS THAN ONE OUNCE OF MARIJUANA: \$250

EUGENE CITY BASE FINE FOR SELLING, TRADING, BARTERING, OR GIVING AWAY BABY CHICKS, DUCKLINGS, GOSLINGS, AND RABBITS: \$250

FAIR MARKET PRICE FOR AN EIGHTH OF AN OUNCE OF MARIJUANA BUDS: \$45

NUMBER OF 2005 ARRESTS FOR SALE OF MARIJUANA IN EUGENE: 6

MOST OBVIOUS SPELLING ERROR IN EUGENE POLICE ARREST RECORDS: SYNTHENTIC



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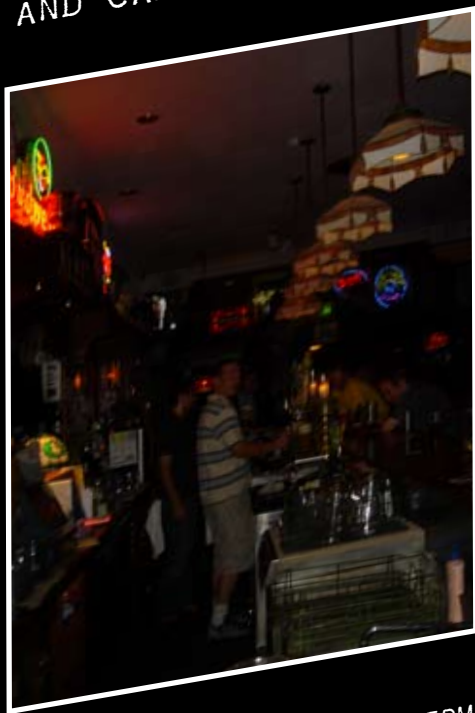
*Rennie's
Landing*

or, "home" as we call it.

1214 Kincaid
687-0600

THE 2006 BAR GUIDE

IF THERE IS ONE THING WE CAN ALL AGREE ON AROUND HERE, ITS THAT BEER IS A GOOD THING. AS OUR GIFT TO YOU FOR THE UPCOMING SCHOOL YEAR, WE WOULD LIKE TO OFFER A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE INTERESTING ARRAY OF PLACES TO DRINK BEER IN EUGENE. BECAUSE AN INCONVENIENT GIFT IS NO GIFT AT ALL, WE CONVENIENTLY DIVIDED IT INTO DOWNTOWN AND CAMPUS SECTIONS.



BY ANDREA BLASER AND TED NIEDERMEYER

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JAMESON'S

By the time Jameson's sprouted up about a year ago, hipsters were facing a quandary: they had traditionally migrated between the Horsehead downtown to the Indigo District by campus. But as their grazing grounds were slowly taken up by slumming campus preppies, Jameson's emerged as the perfect retreat. Not many people knew about it for the first few months, which is a hipster point of pride -- there is nothing better than already being tired of a bar when others are just learning about it. Following the hipster law of social supply and demand, several Horsehead and Indigo bartenders jumped ship to the new bar.

But, alas, the tragic over-abundance of hipsters in this town meant that Jameson's quickly found itself overflowing with clientele on the weekends -- great for the business, but not so great for us boozehounds. On drinking holidays it is impossible to get a drink, and on almost any night of the week it is hard to actually get a table to sit down and enjoy your drink. The atmosphere is dim and comfortable, the large, hand-made wooden bar is ideal for people watching, and the small smoking deck offers perfect views of both drunken revelers and scuzzy meth-heads.

On the whole, the chill atmosphere and professionally with-it clientele make it a great place to make the scene and get liquored up before completely losing your inhibitions, but if you want to sit down and enjoy a drink with friends at the end of a long day, find somewhere with more tables. Some of us at the OC have also witnessed some card machine shutdowns and groups of people disappearing into the men's room for a half an hour at a time, so bring some cash and be prepared to use the ladies room.

HORSEHEAD

Ah, the Horsehead. You just never know what you are going to get. Are the hipsters going to be there? Maybe. Burnt-out middle aged guys with long hair? Probably. Spend enough time there, and you'll see just about every sort of person walk into that bar. Hell, you might even have your conversation interrupted by an accordion player and two fiddlers singing drinking songs on the heated back smoking deck. Some days the place is packed, and other days it will be dead, even if it is a Saturday. Either way, the bartenders are pleasant, the food is excellent (dank BBQ and southern faves) and there is lots of seating both at the bar and in the two smoking decks. Good for either an 80's nite pre-funk, or when Jameson's is just too insane, the Horsehead will surprise you just about every time you walk through the door. Careful, the drinks are strong.

LUCKY'S

Lucky's is a bar we really want to like but is consis-

tently held back by annoying details. For example, it has a long, rich history as a cigar club, but forces you to exile on the sidewalk if you want to light up. It has a few pool tables, but good luck getting one on the weekend. Good luck getting a drink, too. The bar is usually understaffed, and one can't help but feel like cattle going through a chute when attempting to flag down the lone bartender, as the clearance between the wall and bar are more suitable for the eating disorder-ridden kids of Taylor's.

Although Lucky's has its downsides, it is a good local bar with eclectic clientele. Go when you are in the mood to see an up-and-coming local band, but bring some patience and three dollars. Tip to cheapskates: go to the door, show your ID. When they ask for the cover, say you don't have enough cash, and pretend to mull over where to go instead. If it is a slow night, they'll always ask you to stay for free.

JOHN HENRY'S

John Henry's only redeeming quality is the Thursday ritual of 80's nite, a perennial favorite for sex-starved coeds who really want to catch that new strain of the herps going around. Cheap, strong drinks and cheesy childhood music makes for a crazy night of singing, dancing, and hookups. Of course, those hookups are usually the kind that you would like to forget they ever happened, but at the time, seemed like a great idea. Psycho Killer was playing, and the two of you were rocking so hard that you didn't even notice the cleft lip -- nay, you didn't even care. And all this for three bucks!

JH also has a burlesque show on Sundays, but save the money and look up some internet porn. Good burlesque shows exist, this isn't one of them. Ladies, be ready to be ogled as bad as the time your guy friends actually talked you into going tot the Candy Shack,... you know, just once so you can "see what it's like". Just don't do it.

JOGGER'S

So girls, speaking of ogling, if you like being surrounded by "gangstas" and middle aged men who feel like your breasts are their personal property, go to Jogger's. While the diamond-plated panels on the walls could be described as "charming" some might say that this is possibly the worst looking bar in town. Guys, unless you have the "cool raps" and like to impress girls with your "flow", just don't go. The place is like the bastard child of Taboo, a sports bar, and the Gateway mall. And get this -- they make you pay a cover on the weekend. Take a pass and walk down to Jameson's or the Horsehead.

CONT'D ON PAGE 16

A FEW OTHERS

SO, MOST OF THE OTHER BARS DOWNTOWN AREN'T THAT NOTABLE. SOME OF THEM HAVE COVERS, SOME ARE SUPER SLEAZY, AND SOME JUST TOO DAMN EXPENSIVE. HERE IS A BRIEF RUNDOWN.

6TH STREET -- CHEAP DRINKS. LOVELY VIEW OF THE HULT CENTER GARAGE. SOMEWHAT OLDER CLIENTELE MIGHT NOT BE EVERYONE'S SHOT OF JAGER. THE ELDERADO MARGARITA WILL NOT DISAPPOINT.

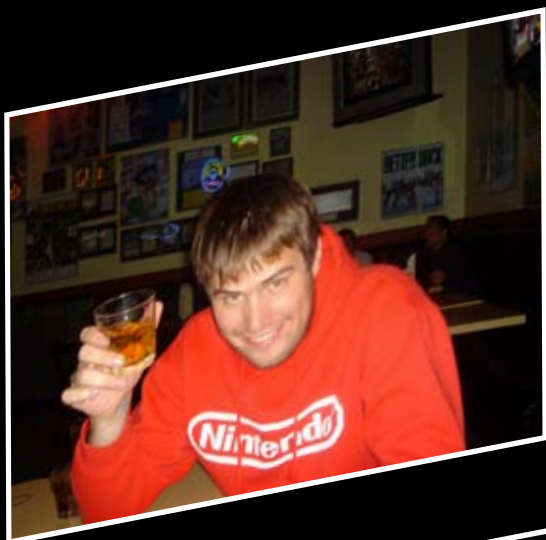
LATITUDE 21 -- USED TO GO BY JOE'S, THEN SOMETHING ELSE BEFORE THE NEW NAME. POSITIVE STUFF: POOL TABLES, ACCESSIBLE BAR AND SMOKING AREA. BAD STUFF: DRUNKS IN DENIAL, BAD MUSIC... CALL IT BEING IN THE HILTON'S ORBIT. PROBABLY NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A WALK FROM CAMPUS. STOP BY FOR A DRINK EN ROUTE TO SOME OTHER BAR.

TABOO -- WALKING STDS LOOKING FOR A NEW VICTIM, AND A DANCE PARTY! UNIMAGINATIVE DANCE MUSIC, DECOR. SUV OWNERSHIP SEEMS TO BE THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC HERE, AND THERE IS WAY TOO MUCH COLOGNE AND BABY MAMA DRAMA.

ROCKIN' RODEO -- AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS THE HODEO, IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A BAR WITH THE ATMOSPHERE OF A MIDDLE SCHOOL DANCE, THIS IS THE PLACE. COMPLETE WITH OCCASIONAL LINE DANCING AND A LARGE VIDEO SCREEN SO YOU CAN CHECK OUT ALL THE DANCE FLOOR HOTNESS WITHOUT ACTUALLY DANCING. AND GUESS WHAT GIRLS? THURSDAY IS LADIES NIGHT, SO YOU GET IN FREE, AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BE HIT ON CONSTANTLY.

JO FED'S -- CLASSY. ONE OF THE MORE EXPENSIVE BARS IN TOWN, BUT IS A GREAT PLACE TO TAKE A GIRL FOR A FIRST DATE. YOU MAY HAVE TO PAY A COVER, BUT THERE IS ALWAYS GOOD JAZZ MUSIC, AND THE ATMOSPHERE IS BOHEMIAN, WITH SMALL CANDLELIT NICHES, AND CRAYONS FOR THE TABLECLOTH. MARTINIS ARE ONLY \$4 ON THURSDAY. IMPRESS YOUR DATE WITH YOUR CLEVER/ADORABLE/REVOLTING DOODLES/POETRY/COMICS THEN CANOODLE IN THE SWEETEST NICHES IN TOWN.

THE 2006 BAR GUIDE CAMPUS BARS



INDIGO DISTRICT

The Hipster Bar, or that's what the Clichésters call it anyway. Once the spot for the most tragically cool of Eugene, the clientele has become quite diverse in the several years it's somehow managed to stay in business. One now encounters as many people who would just as soon be at Taylor's there as those who might otherwise be at home crying and listening to Bright Eyes. Ignore the tacky paper maché waterfall and the concrete Buddhas, and you actually have a pretty cool bar. A long oval bar lets you survey the evening's selection of singles, and the dim lighting and candles at the booths make for some prime canoodling real estate. The Indigo gets packed when they bust out the so-bad-it's-good dance music on the weekends, but can get really snoozy during the week, when the truly desperate gather to awkwardly find some easy tail. The food is well above standard bar fare, rivaling even the Horsehead for tasty ways to soak up the booze and keep the party rolling.

MAX'S

The quintessential neighborhood bar. No hard liquor here, just a great selection of beers, a laid-back atmosphere, and bottomless bowls of popcorn and (occasionally peanuts). Although things can get a bit rowdy in the evenings, Max's is more of a spot to chat with friends, play some pool or chess, or start a drunken popcorn fight. Find yourself walking towards campus on 13th but feel like you can't face classes yet? Stop in for a delicious brew or three and chat with the friendly bartenders about how much college sucks... just make sure to tip them well for putting up with your self-indulgent bullshit. Conveniently located next door to Little's Market, you can always run next door when you run out of smokes, or grab a Sparks to sustain you until you make it to the next bar on your list. The recent addition of an outdoor patio gives smokers the opportunity to destroy their lungs while the alcohol is working on their liver. Max's has one of the more diverse clienteles of any bar in town, so if you feel uncomfortable around people who don't all dress like good little Abercrombiebots, do everyone a favor and stay away. If you want to drink a pint with some friends in the bar that according to local legend inspired Moe's Tavern of Simpsons fame, you've found your spot.

FATHOMS

Downstairs from Pegasus Pizza, Fathoms is a cramped little bar with only one truly defining characteristic: free pizza at midnight. If your night out doesn't really start until midnight, kick things off by getting buzzed here, then filling up on pizza before moving on to Taylor's or Rennie's.

Otherwise, it's just a vaguely euro spot with one pool table, an expensive jukebox and a parking lot for a smoking deck. If it's not near midnight, bite the bullet and buy some tasty but pricey pizza and bring your beer upstairs. Pegasus occasionally hosts live music, and at least you won't spend you evening staring mindlessly at the fish tank downstairs. If you have a decent sized posse and want to take a place over, this tiny place will satisfy your G-Unit wannabe pretensions.

TAYLOR'S

Oh, Taylor's. The Garden of Hedonism. The Sodom to Rennie's Gomorrah. Packed almost every night with the well-groomed and horny, Taylor's offers an environment in which you can feel safe to judge people solely on their appearances and credit limits. Bump and grind with tipsy greeks, play pool and gaze longingly at the babes, or try to incite a riot on the smoking deck; anything goes at Taylor's as long as it doesn't involve meaningful conversation. Watch as eyes glaze over if you try to talk about anything more important than whether the girl in the blue halter top has a better ass than the girl in the yellow halter top. If you can fit in with the Hollister crowd, if you've got some money to burn, and if you don't mind if your urinary tract burns a few weeks later, this is a good bar to try to get lucky at. Ladies beware: standing or moving anywhere near the dance floor will be considered an invitation to be dry humped from behind, whether you planned on dancing or not. Also, be prepared to answer the question "so, what's your major?" at least 35 times over the course of the evening. Don't worry though, Taylor's has your back. One dollar well drinks Monday through Thursday means you can drink heavily until you feel up for some dance floor groping, awkward conversation and eventually drunken, fumbling intercourse with some hottie who can't spell their own name. For pure entertainment value check out Tuesday night karaoke and watch falling-down drunk frat boys slur their way through "Don't Stop Believing" and "You Sexy Thing."

RENNIE'S LANDING

Paradise. Nirvana. Our longest running advertiser. Thanks to Rennie's your classes in McKenzie and Chiles are twice as excruciating, knowing that the caring, loving, and accepting alcohol is less than 90 seconds away at all times. Seriously, once this fact dawns on you, you will find yourself scurrying out the door while the professor has his head turned, and you'll be basking in the glow of a fresh pitcher before you realize how screwed you grades are going to be. Rennie's can be defined only as the consummate campus bar. You are just as likely to see a professor or GTF

getting tipsy here as you are to run into other students. The atmosphere is bright and upbeat, with noisy conversation and laughter providing a much better soundtrack than the loud music in most bars. Televisions in every room and great bar food make Rennie's the perfect place to watch a game, except of course for Duck games, when it gets intolerably crowded. At night it gets fairly busy, but rarely to the point where service suffers, or you can't find a table. Without a doubt the greatest feature of Rennie's is the upstairs smoking deck. It's a second-floor, open-air Shangri-la where you can smoke, drink, soak up the sun (or huddle up to the propane fire pit), and watch the world go by.



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WHAT IS LIBERTARIANISM?

BY ANDY DOLBERG

Libertarianism is the acceptance and practice of the non-aggression axiom: "that no man or group of men may aggress against the person or property of anyone else."

– Murray Rothbard

This is an easy rule to live by and the vast majority of the entire planet's population conducts themselves in this manner. Its meaning is basically the same as the golden rule. So what is the aggression Prof. Rothbard speaks of? In the most literal sense, he means threats or acts of physical harm. It's often easy to tell what qualifies as aggression: robbery, mugging, rape, murder. If you were to encounter an armed man on the street who threatened you if you didn't comply with his demands, you would be the subject of aggression. Libertarians abhor this behavior because it is wrong; offensive violence violates the natural rights of human beings to be free from aggression.

Revolution. The root of the non-aggression axiom is the natural rights philosophy. Thomas Jefferson enumerated these rights in the Declaration of Independence: the right to life, liberty, and property (although the latter was replaced with "happiness" in the actual document). Libertarians subscribe to the idea that all humans have these inalienable rights, even though they are often infringed upon. The Founding Fathers knew that these three rights were inexorably linked with human happiness and that eliminating one would render the remaining worthless. Liberty without life is death. Life without liberty is slavery. Liberty without property is starvation. Let's turn to a discussion of political topics in which libertarians sometimes share the same opinions as the right or left, but often times provide a refreshing moral alternative to the norm. Currently libertarians are a small, but vocal, ideology in this country. What keeps them relevant and gaining converts is their principles – and sticking to them.

Taxes. The problem with many political debates in this country is the lack of a guiding principle on both sides of the aisle. Should we increase the tax rate by 5% or just 2%? What should be questioned, though, is what tax money is

spent on – is it necessary, productive, or even right to have adventures in the Middle East at the expense of the American people? What about bridges to nowhere? How about \$2000 debit cards spent on alcohol and strippers? Even the frivolous spending of student loans can top the latter! But maybe we're just too greedy as workers – I mean, think of the people who don't work! What about their needs? Everybody has needs, but in America only the diligent workers pay to fulfill them. It is always nice to think that someone else should pay for something you think sounds good too. For the majority of Americans, taxed at a 33% cumulative tax rate, we need to make \$1.50 to pay for \$1 worth of goods. Honestly, are we undertaxed? Maybe the government should focus on providing the services enumerated under the Constitution, such as national defense, and leave the citizenry our pittance we work for.

Public Goods. Every productive person in this society has to pay for public property that most of us will never ever see, use, or even know exists. Have you ever heard of the Florissant Fossil Beds national park? Of course not – but it's coming out of your pocket to maintain it. Now what about the bus? I pay the incidental fee, but I have a car and live close to campus. Even if the bus is free, my car has many less incidents of violence by tweakers. Also, I don't have to wait thirty minutes to be greeted by a unionized, under-worked smoker who won't let me on the bus when it's raining because it's not time to leave yet. I'll roll with Nissan any day. The sad part is that if everyone wanted to use these public goods, we couldn't – the roads are clogged, 911 is busy, and the cops only respond to MIP violations around here.

Drugs. The defining property of a human being is free will. The ability to make decisions, and subsequently act, is the most important part of life. We make value judgments every day, and we are guided by subscribing to a set of

values which are called ideologies. Acts that violate those values are called immoral; but the concept of morality is meaningless without free will. For this reason, among others, is why libertarians oppose drug laws. If you lock a man in a cage, how much morality can he exercise? His free will is subjugated by violence, and that isn't a far cry from some of the draconian laws in effect today. A drug is a substance that can change a process in the body, change moods or mindset, or enhance or disable ability. Well, that could be practically anything, but the problem is that government defines what bad drugs are and good drugs are. First, it is immoral to use violence to coerce a person to not consume anything they wish because there is a subjective value of "bad" assigned to the good. Secondly, how far will the definitions go? It's not a far cry to imagine government agencies enforcing prohibition to gain money or power - just look at the "War on Drugs." Recently in Scotland, a 10-year study found that the Scotch were not consuming enough fruits and were eating too much fatty foods. They summarily concluded that legislation should be passed to punish the consumption of what the government decided were "bad" foods because, "So pervasive is poor diet that reliance on individual choice as the prime ideology in shaping food supply is no longer an adequate policy or ideology."

Gun Control. First, the concept of morality can only be applied to humans. Inanimate objects cannot be inherently evil, but they certainly can be used by people in evil ways. The amount of power government has can be measured directly by the lack of freedom the citizens have. All tyrannical governments have instituted gun controls and confiscation. The worse mass slaughters of humans occurred last century, and dekamurderers first stripped their victims of the means to defend themselves in order to commit those acts. The principle of personal firearm ownership is not for pragmatic reasons such as hunting, skeet, or other hobbies. The reason the second amendment is so high on the list of the Bill of Rights is because of its importance to personal liberty. People don't have a specific right to own guns; they have a right to self-defense without the sanction of government or anyone else. Aggression and illegitimate violence is wrong no matter who commits it, and self-defense to repel it is always right. The Founders obviously recognized how important personal firearm ownership was to fighting tyranny - because they were doing it! More so than ever, due to the increasing frequency of governments to commit genocide, we need to accept this idea as correct. When governments create a monopoly of violence, there is nothing stopping them from taking the next step in exercising that power. Recent examples can be found readily illustrating the idiocy of gun controls in other countries. The most logically simple gun control is simply banning them. So what happened in Britain after banning guns when gun violence fell, but then knife violence rose? The British Medical Journal published a study in which doctors presented the data

of the rise in knife violence and the doctors concluded that a good solution would be to ban pointy kitchen knives, the true culprits of violence. Don't worry - they also surveyed chefs across England to ask them if they used the point of a knife in cooking, in which most said no. In London, they can still get a chopped liver and eat it too. Since bans didn't work in England, Canadians thought compiling a registration of every private firearm in their country would reduce crime. Two billion dollars later, an unusable software system, and no reduction in violence partially caused liberals to lose the most recent national election.

Action. The core of libertarian analysis is to understand what affects the individual while interacting with others in society, because protecting the individual's natural rights is the goal of libertarianism. So what can we do to work toward this goal? Primarily, educating yourself about libertarian tenets is best. Read libertarian philosophy, and also current libertarian writers and blogs. Friends of liberty are imperative to bring about liberty. Secondly, talk to friends and families about what you believe, but more importantly why you believe in it. Point out the contradictions of government policies, such as banning gambling except on state machines. Whittling down the mental bias toward government power with logic and reasoned discourse is immensely helpful to end it. Thirdly, live your life in a libertarian way, similar to how vegetarians or religious people do. The goal of liberty can be lost if there aren't enough people who believe in it or defend it. Do your part; sacrificing ease in order to defy tyranny is rewarding because you've now made a personal investment in freedom.

Andy Dolberg, otherwise known as "The Warrior",
is the Publisher of the OC.



HITS FROM THE BLOG

Dustin Says:
September 18th, 2006 at 8:53 pm

Sad, another state that's just not ready for my infinite wisdom yet.

WWW.OREGONCOMMENTATOR.COM



Oregon Football: Is This The Year?

by Dustin Stockton

The Oregon Ducks football team has started 3-0. It took some luck, some skill, and some serious risk taking. After three games the ducks are fortunate to be 3-0 and as karma would have it the polls have them ranked lucky #13. Offense: The offense is loaded this year. The team is anchored by an offensive line that returns all five starters from the 10-2 campaign last year. They've been opening huge holes for running backs Jonathon Stewart and Jeremiah Jones. Dennis Dixon is making a convincing case for more Times Square billboards with good passing efficiency matched with lightning speed on the ground. The new spread offense that offensive coordinator Gary Crowton installed last year is coming into it's own, taking full advantage of Dixon's ability to read, run, and pass. Jayson Williams heads a deep and talented receiving core that goes six deep. Tight End Donte Rosario is no slouch either. So with no perceivable weakness on offensive expect the Ducks to have little trouble scoring. They will have to take better care of the football than they did against Oklahoma though, if they want to keep up with the offensive juggernaut that is USC. Defense: Adrian Peterson the all world Oklahoma running back had his way the Ducks in the fourth quarter and finished the game with over 200 yards rushing. Fresno State also rushed for over 200 against the Ducks. The defensive line and linebacking core obviously misses Haloti Ngata's big body clogging up the middle. Senior linebacker's Blair Phillips and A.J. Tuitele have made the big plays in the big moments, with Phillips blocking Oklahoma's last minute field goal try. A bright spot has been the play of the defensive backfield, which had been expected to fold early and often. J.D. Nelson provides lead-

ership to an inexperienced but talented group, helping cope with the loss of top cornerback Jackie Bates. Special Teams: RB's Stewart and Johnson have proved to be the excellent kick returners we expected. Kicker Paul Martinez has only missed one field goal and Punter Aaron Knowles seems proficient. The Ducks have come up with big plays but would be advised to avoid the squib kick. Probably should be carefull with the onside kicks too. Schedule: The ducks face two formidable road tests in the next two weeks. The Ducks travel to Tempe to battle an Arizona State team looking to bounce back from a blowout loss at Cal. Next it's the Golden Bears who seem to have put an early loss at Tennessee behind them. A win against Cal would set the stage for a showdown against USC on the road on November 11. Oregon finishes the season in Corvallis. Arizona under Mike Stoops and Washington under Ty Willingham are playing better ball than expected but shouldn't be able to compete with Oregon, USC, and Cal. Intangibles: I love a team that's willing to gamble. The fake field goal on 4th and goal against Fresno State and the touchdown to Jayson Williams on 4th and 6 against Oklahoma were both bold calls that show that the Oregon coaching staff won't hesitate to put the game in the hands of their playmakers. Referees seem to be on the payroll and that's always a plus. The Ducks do have to play their toughest games on the road, in hostile Pac 10 stadiums. If the Ducks can find a way to win against USC they can win the Pac 10, and a berth into an elusive BCS bowl bid.



The Legal Limbo Of Eugene Poker Rooms

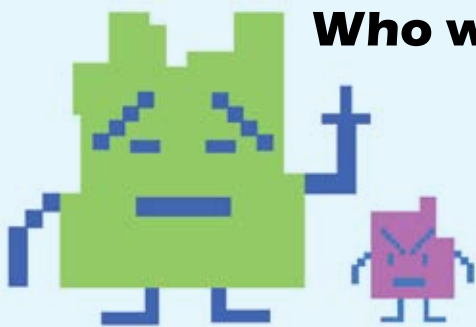
by Dustin Stockton

Poker has exploded worldwide since Moneymaker won the World Series Of Poker in '03, and Eugene is no exception. Poker is offered in a variety of venues around town including tournaments in nearly every bar in town, and live action available in two different poker clubs. The problem with these clubs is that they are operating under uncertain legal conditions. In a front page article in the Register Guard, Sgt. Jerry Webber of the Eugene police vice and narcotics unit is quoted saying "What (the existing ordinance) is set up for is for a group of friends to have fun and go to a bar, and have a friendly game of cards. That's what the social gaming rules are set up as. But when (poker clubs) become profit-making, it is then illegal gambling, which is a felony."

The District Attorney's office isn't prosecuting anybody yet, but if lottery revenues can be shown to have been affected in anyway by these establishments look for that to change. The problem with Eugene's poker clubs is that there is no regulation. The cards are being dealt, money is being wagered, but there are no safety nets, no procedures in place to guarantee the integrity of the game. California's cardrooms are regulated by a gaming commission which ensures that the house, the dealer, and the players follow specific rules and procedures that provide for the safest and fairest possible conditions. About a year ago, I attended a dealer school in Sacramento where I was certified for poker, blackjack and a variety of other casino games. A key element of the schools training was aimed at detecting

cheating and the wide variety of cheating techniques that could be employed even with strict procedures in place. Experts showed us that through sleight of hand a random looking shuffle can be made to deal out very specific cards. The only way to protect yourself from this kind of cheating is to demand that all dealers use the standard shuffle, shuffle, strip, shuffle, cut, deal method.

There also needs to be an independent moderator to settle disputes between the house and the player, as it can often be hard to distinguish between a truly heroic bad run of cards and getting cheated. When all of the games mechanics are uniform, players have no choice but to blame the cards. Other rules mandate that each room have unique chips, video surveillance, and that they take no more than a certain percentage of all bets wagered as a rake. These rules and many more safety provisions to ensure peace of mind for everyone involved, and are really the only hope of resolving vicious disputes over large sums of money. The article that ran on the front page of the Register Guard seemed to suggest that these clubs should simply be shut down. Clearly prohibition won't work... it will simply move the game into the shadows, where there are no safeguards against unscrupulous sharks. The reality is that people enjoy playing poker, and that it is better to have fair, regulated games than the quasi-decriminalized, but unregulated legal limbo that currently exists in Eugene.



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On About Time For A New Controversy

"The Insurgent found itself embroiled in international controversy this past spring for publishing a series portraying Jesus Christ in a variety of sexual and absurdist cartoons."

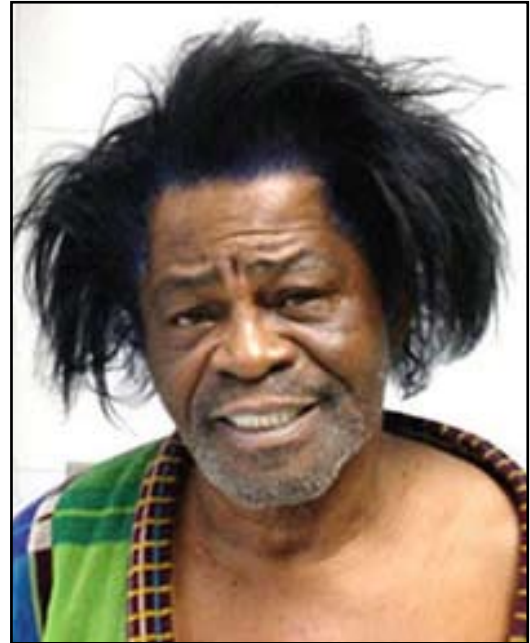
-- 'Ol Dirty covering the Insurgent in their campus media round-up. "International controversy?" We thought the Collective had used up their interminable 15 minutes of fame

"'We have nothing to apologize for,' Insurgent contributor Don Goldman wrote in an editorial. 'It is Christians who should throw themselves at our feet and beg forgiveness.'"

-- Ibid. See? This is what we're talking about.

"Submissions of all creative genres are encouraged."

-- Ibid. Because God knows they need the help.



On Desperate Libertarianism

"I don't do that. I'm a Republican."

--Bree Van de Camp objects to receiving oral pleasure on the hit show Desperate Housewives.

"Well, I'm a Libertarian. I believe in minimizing the role of the state and maximizing individual rights. Trust me. I know what I'm doing."

-- The supply. Literally the smoothest thing we have ever heard. Wow, is it just us, or is it getting hot in here.



On *New Frontiers In Metaphor*

"Just this week I was walking down the street, minding my own business, when some guy working on his lawn inadvertently blew a bunch of debris in my face. This got me thinking about how screwed up leaf-blowers are. Well, nothing encapsulates leaf-blowers like George Bush's foreign policy."

--*Campus Democrats Chair Ben Lenet phones in another "Apply Liberally" column in the 'Ol Dirty.*

"[Bush concluded a press conference] by saying that a return date for when American troops can come home will have to be determined by the next president. Again, leaf-blower foreign policy."

--*Ibid. Wait, I don't get it... what is he getting at?*

After all, given the courage and valor we've seen demonstrated by our troops time and time again, I believe they deserve a foreign policy that doesn't blow.

--*Ibid. Ba-ZING! The big payoff.*

On *This is How We Do It*

"The commentary page is meant to be a forum to spark thought-provoking discussion, and the content on that page is meant to be sharp and opinionated. But that doesn't mean those opinions spill over into our choice of news content. We strongly encourage readers to respond to columns..."

-- *The ODE describing its own commentary section in a Sep. 18 editorial. If the Emerald wants thought-provoking discussion, why does it not allow its writers to comment on the Commentator website?*

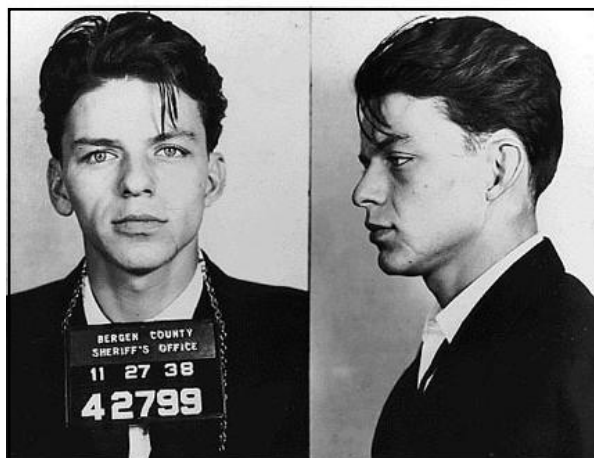
"The first and most important distinction that readers should make about the Oregon Daily Emerald, and any other newspaper for that matter, is that commentary and opinion pieces are just that-- opinions. They are not news articles."

--*Ibid. Oh, so that leaf blower stuff wasn't hard news?*



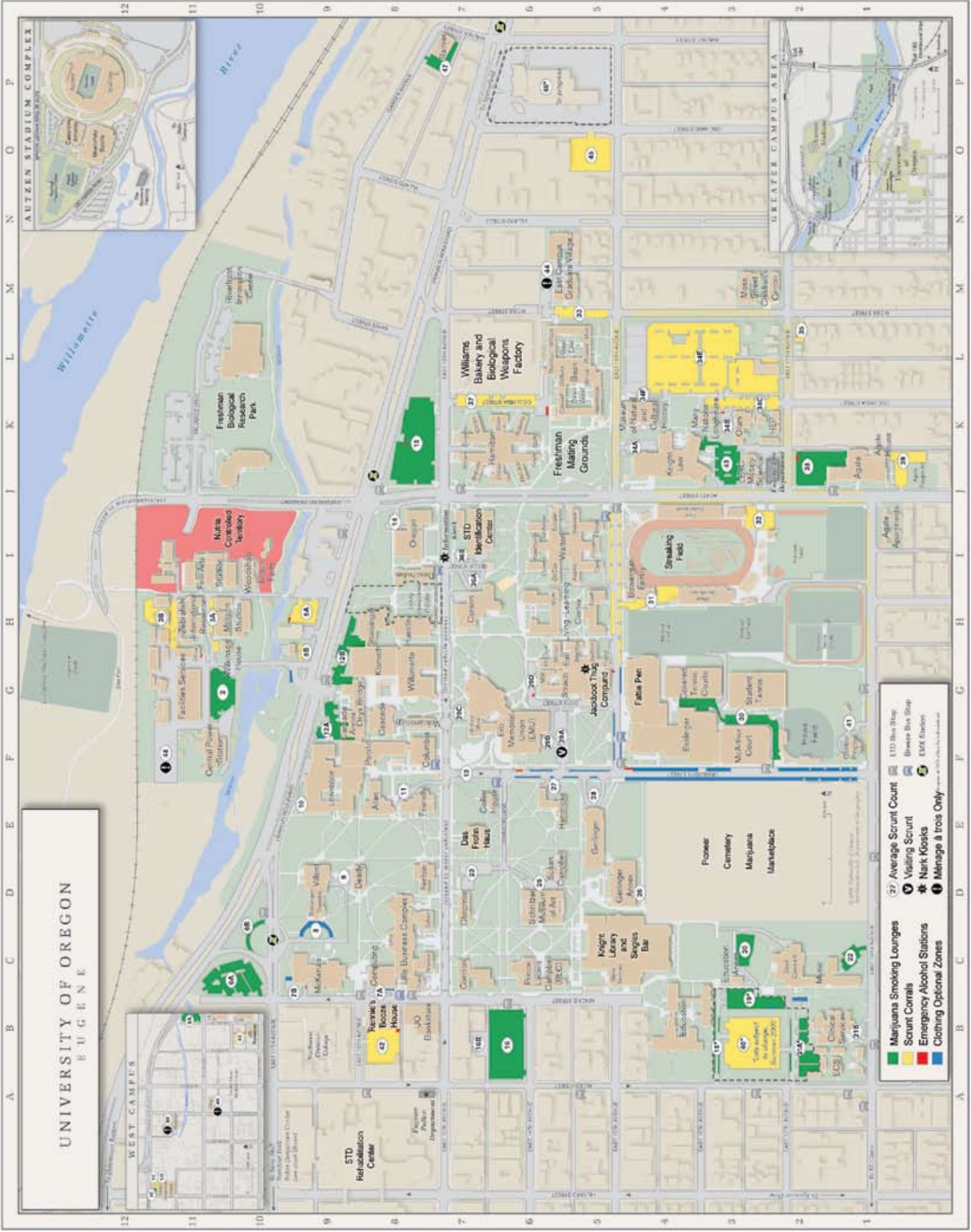
"I'm in no way advocating that we ignore Iraq, but this quagmire has deterred our focus from the real war on terror. Democrats must reframe this debate.

-- *Ibid. "Deterred our focus?" So mangled, mealy-mouthed caveats and middle school metaphors is the way to "reframe the debate? C'mon Ben... you can do better.*



"A lot of people think they know a lot about everything. A lot of people think they know a lot about how newspapers should be run and how stories should-- or should not-- be written."

--*Ibid. Um, What you mean is that a lot of people think that they could do a better job than you all have been doing. Not patronizing your readers is a good place to start fixing that perception.*



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
EUGENE

- Marijuana Smoking Lounges
- Scrumts Correls
- Emergency Alcohol Stations
- Clothing Optional Zones
- Average Scrumts Count
- Visiting Scrumts
- Mark Kiosks
- Ménage à trois Only
- LTD Bus Stop
- Breeze Bus Stop
- EMX Station