

# OREGON COMMENTATOR

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## Back To The Booze



Survival Guide: p. 6

Bar Guide: p. 8

Commentary: p. 17



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 twenty-three 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.

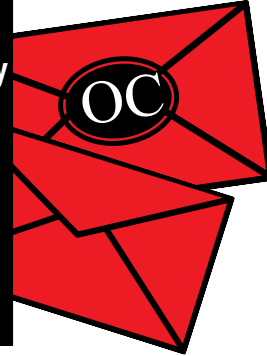
- We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.

- 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.

# MAIL CALL



**Editors Note:** *The following came to the Commentator in a Word document that was accidentally sent to every e-mail on the ASUO Programs list serve. Since it is already out to the public, we have decided to print it*

Liora,  
Monday night Judy found most of a six-pac of beer in the commentators office. Way too early to start this before school. Can we talk about this a little and how is the best way to proceed, soft or hard approach?  
Dana

---

Liora,  
I just talked to members of the Oregon Commentator who were occupying the office after building hours. *I am giving them until 8:00p to wrap up their work and vacate, only because they claim they are under deadline to finish an issue.*

Cari Ciaramella (the only person with a current key) was not present. I asked the person I spoke with (there were about three in the office; I think he said his name was Austin) how they gained access. At first he said he had a key he checked out last Spring, but when I informed him that we had changed the lock in July he changed his story and said that they were using "CJ's key." I assume he was referring to Cari.

In any case, the occupants claimed not to know the policy restricting student office use to times when the EMU is open. I told them that you or an ASUO representative would be following up with them.

One of the challenges in monitoring this particular space is the fact that the organization has obstructed the door's relight so that no one can see in, and the door is often completely closed even when the office is occupied. Is this consistent with recommended practices?

Mike

---

DANA,

In an unusual and welcome turn of events, I was taking a break outside after our phone conversation and Liora happened to walk by. I explained to her what was going on and we went back to the Commentator office to talk to the occupants and get their names. *Liora reiterated to them that they need to vacate the building when it closes unless they have contacted the ASUO Exec. to request special permission on a case-by-case basis.*

It turns out that one of the people in the office /was/ Cari (aka CJ) -- my mistake for assuming the name belonged to a female rather than a male! So, one of the people in the office did have a legitimate key, although there still may be some issues with Commentator staff trading and not turning in keys in the recent past that led to the July lock change. Liora has questions about the Night Manager's role in checking offices after the building closes to make sure there are no remaining occupants, and she will likely have a conversation with Jessi about this. I showed her Terry's report for this evening (sent 11 minutes after building closure); as you can see, *he stated the Commentator office was unoccupied -- which I would question, because the students we encountered had been in the space for at least several hours and had no exterior key to enter the building after it was locked. This is particularly frustrating to me, since a couple days ago I specifically asked Terry to check this office when closing, due to the issue you shared with me (I did not divulge any particulars to him; I only indicated there had been recent problems). I believe stronger clarifications of Night*

Manager responsibilities are in order, along with perhaps shift adjustments to permit adequate time for a complete sweep of the entire building an hour after it has closed. Liora and I stayed in the EMU to make sure the Commentator staff had all vacated -- which they did by 7:50p. I did not need to contact DPS. *Both of us smelled alcohol on the breath of one or more Commentator staff, but an inspection of the office immediately after their departure did not reveal any beverage cans or bottles.*

Okay...time to start the weekend! Let me know if you'd like any additional feedback from me.

MIKE

---

Liora/Mike

*Thank you for the update and just to add to this, Judy has found more beer cans in the office (Sunday 9/16 @11:00 pm). This seems to be going sideways faster than I am comfortable with. My recommendation at this point is to change the lock since we have no idea who is using this space and it is clearly not the key holder.*

I will wait until I hear from Liora.

Dana

## CORRECTION:

It turns out, in fact, Ol' Dirty Opinions Editor Elon Glucklich can grow a mustache. The OC apologizes for the error.



asks ...

What does it take to get you drunk?

**Hank Hill:**

A bottle of tequila and Peggy Hill.

**Sen. Larry Craig:**

Man Juice Martinis; but that doesn't make me gay.



**Ladybird:** A halfrack of Alamo Beer.

**Steve Novick:**

19 shots of Captain Morgan's and this Old Salt is three sheets in the wind. Arrrrrggg!

**Ann Coulter:**

Robocop is drunk right now off of two Appletinis.

**Robocop:**

I may be drunk, miss, but in the morning I will be sober and you will still be Ann Coulter.

**Frank Zappa:**

Mercury, on the rocks.

## The Sudsy Story

Sometime during the summer of 2001, the staff of the Oregon Commentator struggled to come up with an idea for a new mascot to replace the former Buddy Christ. Well, what staff remained in Eugene during the summer, that is. Pete R. Hunt, Bret Jacobson and I brainstormed over a few pitchers at Rennie's as was our wont. I can't quite recall who stumbled upon the drunken love child of the Kool-Aid Man and a cold mug of golden lager. Maybe it was Hunt during one of his more lucid moments, or Jacobson while taking a break from ranting about the evils of the Public Broadcasting Service. I would love to claim credit, but really, I can't recall. What I do know is that it was I who, piece by piece in Photoshop, created that lovable bastard of a mascot.

We all knew what Sudsy should look like. This was before Google ImageSearch, so I think I dug up the components of Sudsy from Altavista or some god-forsaken search engine. His body was clip art of a pitcher of beer. His left arm, the cigar-holding appendage of the foul-mouthed Baby Herman from Who Framed Roger Rabbit? And his right, the original hand of the Kool-Aid Man himself. Our digital Frankenstein was born; Sudsy, the beer pitcher with a foamy head, penchant for stogies and a heart of gold.

"We were absolutely thrilled to be able to bring Sudsy into the fold," says then publisher Bret Jacobson. "We thought the image would more accurately promote what the magazine represents: wholesome fun through alcohol and tobacco products with a side order of humor."

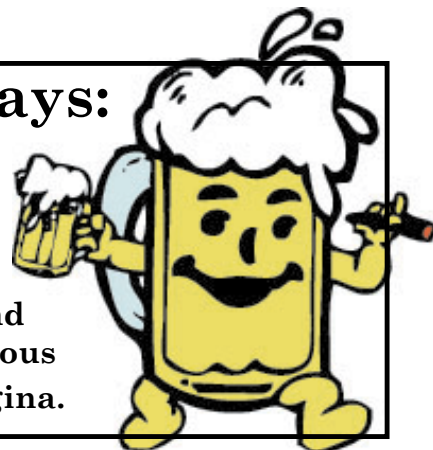
Sudsy, now 43, has stayed reasonably out of trouble and can be found most often adorning the chests of young ladies and gentleman everywhere. Good on you Sudsy; You've made us proud.

Signing off

-Sho Ikeda

### Sudsy Says:

I advise drinking copious amounts of alcohol and pounding copious amounts of vagina.





# Words of Wisdom

*By famous drunks*

"Oh, you hate your job? Why didn't you say so? There's a support group for that. It's called EVERYBODY, and they meet at the bar." **Drew Carey**

"Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut." **Ernest Hemingway**

"Sometimes too much to drink is barely enough." **Mark Twain**

"A bottle of wine contains more philosophy than all the books in the world." **Louis Pasteur**

"Beer, if drank with moderation, softens the temper, cheers the spirit, and promotes health." **Thomas Jefferson**

"I never drink water; that is the stuff that rusts pipes." **W.C. Fields**

"Alcohol is like love. The first kiss is magic, the second is intimate, the third is routine. After that you take the girl's clothes off." **Raymond Chandler**

"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy." **Benjamin Franklin**

"The three-martini lunch is the epitome of American efficiency. Where else can you get an earful, a bellyful, and a snootful at the same time?" **Gerald Ford**

## Bellotti Mustache Watch



**This Week:** Smooth as the Gerber baby's bottom

Remember Bellotti, there is no "i" in team, but there is "t," "e," "a," and "m" in mustache

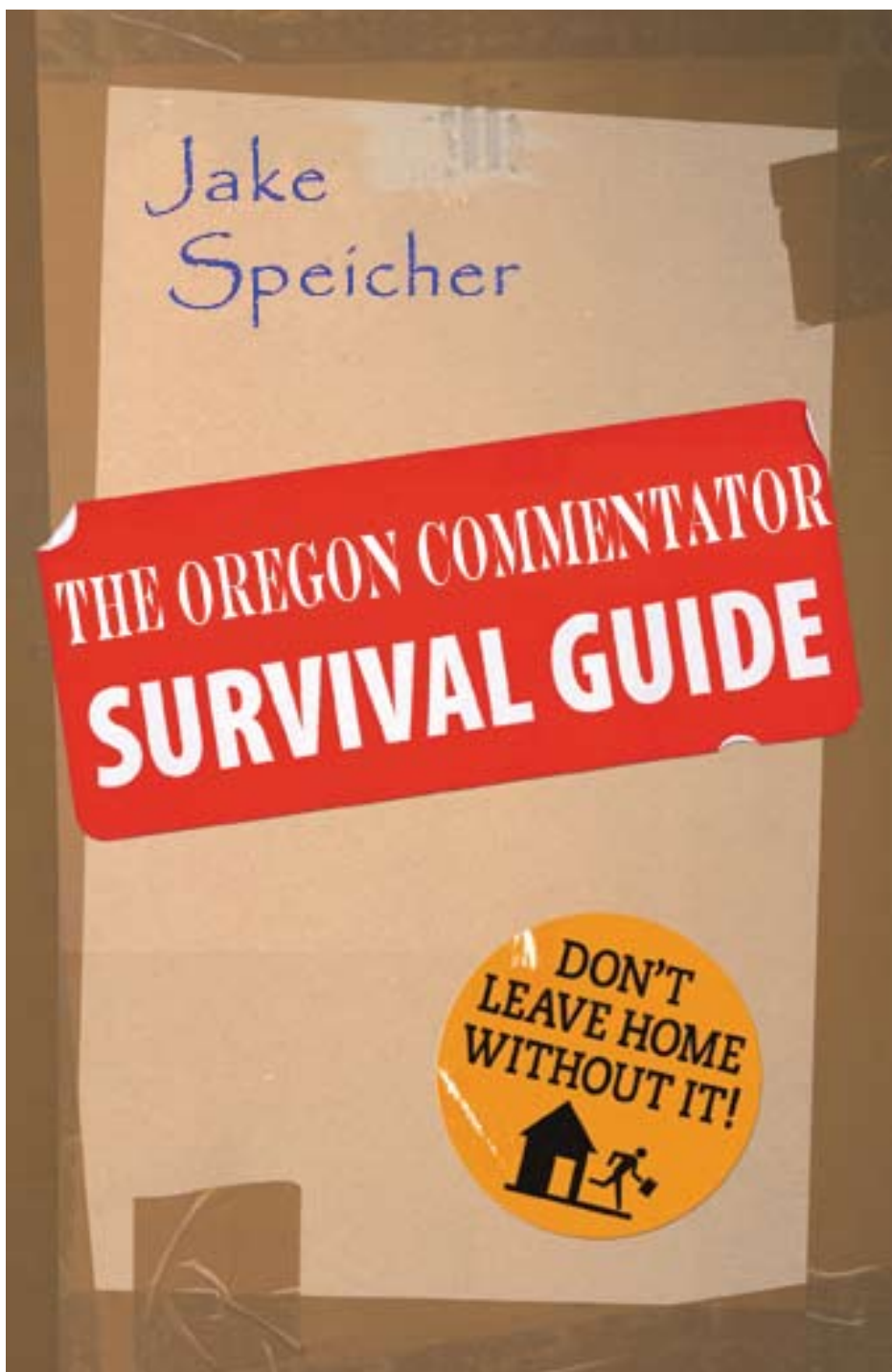


"A Case of the Mondays," by Ryan Manfrin

completes the ensemble.

the sudsy tee





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*This guide is aimed at freshmen, but it really applies to anyone who wants to survive their years here at the University of Oregon. In here, I cover everything from booze wrangling to the ASUO. The point is that no matter where you go on campus, you should carry this guide with you because it might one day save your life.*

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## **The Usefulness of Freshman Year**

Freshmen year of college really is the most useless creation on God's green earth. Sure, you take a bunch of classes, but ask any upper class men what they learned in Geology 103. I'm sure the response will be something along the lines of, "that class was awesome because it didn't start until noon."

No, the real reason your parents pay so much money for you to come here and live in the dorms is so that you can drink and fornicate. Seriously, nothing you learn freshmen year is as important as those lessons you learn late at night in the dorms. I sure as hell don't remember what an enthymeme is, but trust me, I will always remember what happens when you mix Jell-O shots with half a fifth of Bacardi.

Freshmen year, the academic stuff becomes secondary to the social stuff. The main focus is not to see how many A's you can get in a term, but how you can handle life on your own. Those who fail usually join fraternities, and those who pass realize at the end of freshmen year how much money they just wasted trying to be cool.

### **Booze Wrangling**

As I mentioned earlier, drinking is an integral part of college life. The irony is that most college students do the majority of their drinking while they are underage, living in the dorms. This creates a need for every group of freshmen friends to find themselves a "Booze Wrangler."

Probably the most popular (and easiest) form of booze wrangling is to go to frat parties and drink the alcohol provided. However, there are several problems on relying solely on frats to fuel your on-setting alcoholism. If you are a dude, no frat will let you in unless you are accompanied by at least three other females. While if you are a girl, there is the constant threat of being groped if not roofied. Frats also create another problem because they are far away, and you have to walk to them. Trust me; DPS knows a group of drunk minors coming home from a frat party when they see one.

The ideal "Booze Wrangler" is usually an older relative or close friend. Never let your booze wrangler be "a guy who knows a guy." Friends and relatives will not rip you off nor will they screw up the order. If you can't find an ideal booze wrangler than type "OLCC price list" into Google

and click on the first link. It is a .pdf that gives the price for every liquor sold in Oregon. That way you'll never give someone \$20 and get back a fifth of HRD.

## Major Purgatory

You need to watch out for Major Purgatory. Major purgatory usually occurs when you start out as some kind of "pre-major." The two most popular on campus are probably pre-journalism and pre-business. Basically, the administration makes you jump through a bunch of hoops before you can actually begin studying anything useful.

For example, the journalism department makes you take a grammar test, and they also make you take an impossibly banal class nicknamed "Info Hell." The hope is that you'll fail, change majors, and decrease the staffs' workload.

The point is, if you fail one of these classes or tests, you basically put your education on hold while you take them again and again and again. I imagine the meeting for these types of gateway classes goes something like this:

"We have too many students."

"But we need all these students because they give us money."

"So how can we get rid of students while still making the same amount of money?"

"What if we make them take ridiculously pointless and unnecessarily hard classes and tests? That way we can charge them again and again when they fail. Plus, it will give us an inflated sense of prestige."

"Brilliant!"

## The Clusterfuck that is the ASUO

A lot of students still don't know what the ASUO is or does. I know when I was a freshman I had no idea. The ASUO stands for the Associated Students for the University of Oregon. They are your student government. They will misappropriate your money. Just say I didn't warn you.

Every term, students pay an incidental fee. This fee covers the costs for programs such as the student recreation center, tickets to sporting events, and even this publication. Yeah, I said it. Your money is paying for this piece of crap you are reading right now. Doesn't that anger you? It should.

If you think we are a waste of money, you should see the other ways your student

government uses your parents' hard earned cash. Seriously, check it out. It will piss you off to no end. Maybe you'll get so pissed you'll want to get involved. Then, once you're involved, another senator can call you a racist and tell you to kiss his ass in the Daily Emerald.

That's how the ASUO rolls. Guero Loco.

## Class

We all have them, and we all go to them. But not all of us know how to survive them. Yeah, there are those out there who prefer to sit in the front and answer questions, but I doubt any of them read this magazine. This is how to get a decent grade in a class with minimal effort.

First, if it's a lecture class with a course number below 200, you only need to go to the discussions and the tests. If you do feel compelled to attend lecture, sit in the back and do the sudoku/crossword in the Daily Emerald. It's a better use of your time, and the professor thinks you are taking notes. The same is true if you bring your laptop to a class with 200 people in it. These classes are choice downloading music and shopping on Amazon times.

If it is a smaller class with say, 20-30 people in it, don't worry. There are ways to get around everything. The first obstacle is usually mandatory attendance. If you have used up your allotted absences, but you still don't want to stay for class, wait for the professor to take attendance. Then, stand up and shout that you think the Bush administration should stay the course in Iraq. The ensuing frenzy will create such chaos and confusion that you will be able to quietly sneak out the back.

## Bums

They really are everywhere. No matter where you are in Eugene there is probably a homeless person within 20 feet of you at all times. Because so many bums choose to make Eugene their home, 7-11s and Dairy Marts across town stock their shelves with ample amounts of high quality 40s and low-grade wine.

It's impossible to figure out why so many bums choose to stake a claim in Eugene. Not only does all the rainfall make a house of cardboard nothing more than a pipe dream, but the lack of freeways creates an inflated market for underpass housing. However, the city of Eugene, with all its wasteful college students, does provide the homeless with numerous

opportunities to collect cans and dumpster dive.

So the next time you have a party, and you're wondering what you should do with all those beer cans, don't throw them away. We here at The Oregon Commentator advocate throwing all your waste onto the lawns of either your house or dorm complex. Not only does it promote cleanliness inside your home, but you are being a good Samaritan. The bums will swoop down upon your lawn while you sleep and take all your wasted aluminum and glass away. They provide a service, and you provide a payment. Capitalism at its finest.

## Finals Week

This is the hardest week of your collegiate life. Not because you take a bunch of hard tests, but because you have so much downtime it's impossible not to get drunk. Most freshmen schedule their classes without checking to see when the finals will be. This is a mistake.

The worst possible scenario is to have a final on Monday and to not have another one until Friday. Once you finish your exam on Monday the first thought in your head will be, "sweet, I'm done until Friday." This thought will end in a celebratory drink, followed by seven more. Then, Tuesday rolls around. Once your hangover clears up, you'll become bored because all of your friends are studying for their finals the next day. You, being the alcoholic that you are, decide to drink again Tuesday night because, "What else am I going to do?"

The same scenario plays out on Wednesday, and by the time you should be studying Thursday, you have a hangover worthy of three days straight of drinking. Then, you try to take the final on Friday; your brain explodes from the combination of dehydration and thinking, and you die. Plain and simple, drinking plus finals week equals death.

## Sleep

The most overlooked part of college life is sleep. You need it. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. The only problem with sleeping in college is that it is really hard to do. First, your roommate doesn't want you to sleep because he wants to keep drinking. Then, your neighbor doesn't want you to sleep because he insists on listening to the new 50 Cent song 17 times in a row. And



# 2007 OC BAR CRAWL

*We came, we boozed, we cursed, we moshed, we danced, we puked and we did it all for you.*

## Good Times



The Oregon Commentator and friends started the night at 7:30 p.m. at Good Times (375 E. 7th Ave.), sober as Mormons at a temperance convention. Well, all but CJ Ciaramella and Robin Maher, who did a little pre-gaming. The joint has character like that cool old guy that sips whiskey all night and talks about the good ole days. Plus, as OC Contributor Sarah Cate, who was licked by a dog upon entry, noticed, “everything that resides or occurs under a freeway pass equals a good time.”

The outdoor seating and billiard area often is a hopping scene for local pool sharks – we can’t think of another place in town where you can smoke while playing pool - but we decided to concentrate solely on drinking. Scott, owner of Good Times, was very accommodating for our group of over 20, which enjoyed the first drinks of the night without any fear of being stabbed, shanked or swindled.



But this is not a place for wussy people; we got the impression that the Good Times crowd resembled that of a Molly Hatchet concert after party. Also, the male restroom smelt lemony fresh. In our opinion, the name says it all.

## Starlight Lounge



None of us had actually been inside The Starlight Lounge (between 7th and 8th street on Olive), but the news that it sells pints of Ninkasi beer for \$1 all day and shots of Patron for \$2 between 9:30 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. got our attention. Note, the Patron was poured out of a clear glass container that was manually labeled with masking tape and a pen. A bit odd, but who cares? It’s \$2 Patron shots! After buying 17 shots of Patron, Operations Manager Nicole De Lancie was taught how to talk like a man: a raised voice and pointing a finger (or two) at the person.

Despite the cheap drinks, however, the atmosphere of this place is swank, as CJ put it. There is plush furniture, a billiard room behind large red curtains, Trivial Pursuit cards on the table and all the fixings of a high-end Las Vegas dive bar. It sells cigars, but thanks to the smoking Nazis on the Eugene City Council, you have to smoke them outside. The Starlight Lounge seems to cater to the upper class crowd. The drinks didn’t cramp our budget, but Managing Editor Jake Speicher didn’t believe any OC staffer could pull any regular (take home) of the Starlight Lounge, so he gives it a big thumbs down.



## Jameson’s



It was just a short stumble to the corner of 8th and Olive for our next stop, which upon entering we felt the need to speak in hushed voices. “Jameson’s is obviously the hipster bar because every Buddy Holly look alike works here,” Nichol claimed. The moody aura of Jameson’s is wrought with dark red coloring, although the phrase “I like the ambiance” was said more times than a Borat quote at a Frat Party. The individual bathroom has no lock – beware of perverts – and has weird Stanley Kubrick lighting, and there was banjo music coming from the outside speakers; Jake was overwhelmed with a “too cool for school” vibe at this point. Jameson’s also provided the first drag queen sighting of the night – zhe had big teal blue hair.



## Horsehead

It was 10:43 p.m. when the Commentator crew crossed Olive St. for bar No. 3, and it was obvious that the booze had kicked in.

“So here we are at Horsehead, what the fuuuuu,” yelled Nicole in a voice that could wake the dead. “Horses have some big fucking dicks...I do know because when I drove to fucking Napa with my friend Anna, there’re some big ones [trails off].”

A bunch of bamboo separates the front sitting area from Olive. Inside, Beck was on the stereo and the vaulted ceilings made us feel welcome, as did the friendly and quick servers. We were stupefied for a moment by a man in a wife beater and overalls sitting by himself, until we realized he was in there for the free wi-fi. The place has Irish flags hanging from the ceilings, lots of art of horses and skulls on the walls, a separate room for pool and darts and a back area for smokers. The best part of this bar for CJ is the food; he quickly ordered what he had been waiting all night for: fried okra. As the OCers munched on the surprisingly tasty concoction, things started to get ugly as Publisher Guy Simmons and Nicole exchanged some “loving” words before the conversation turned to who gets the top in homosexual relationships.

“Bringing a microphone to a pub crawl is a good idea,” said CJ. Indeed it is.



## John Henry's

John Henry's has a cover at the door (ladies get in free on Thursday night), but the bouncer was kind enough to break us a group deal. On this particular Friday, The Athiarchists, a noise metal band, was up on stage screaming its guts out on top of bass-less music. “This is music you can smell,” decided Editor In Chief Ossie Bladine. But something was terribly wrong. No one was moshing. Here at the Oregon Commentator, we believe that if you are going to be anywhere near the stage during a metal act, you best be hit every other second.



“The crowd was so weak,” said OC Contributor Matt Walsh. “A mosh pit should start itself, not we start the mosh pit.”

But that is just what we did. Ossie, Walsh and Sara Cate started the fiasco; Robin and Nicole jumped in not too long after. Soon, the violence escalated and a fight broke out on the outskirts of the dance floor. Some big 300 pound thug rammed into former Managing Editor Andrea Blaser and spilled half a beer on her. The violence spilled out the door on the sidewalk where the workers at John Henry's “kindly asked the man to leave.”

“Iggy Pop would be proud of us tonight,” Walsh said. At 11:50 p.m., Walsh bought Ossie a shot of whiskey that was “definitely unnecessary.”

Jake noted that John Henry's is scary, but not really. It has a good selection of beer and liquor – two taps are dedicated to Pabst Blue Ribbon and you can buy a 22 oz Miller High Life for something like \$2 – and the bartenders are some of the hardest working, if not the hardest working, ones in Eugene. Other amenities include free pool until 10 p.m. and an Ultracade video game that has more than 35 classic video games from the 80s and 90s. Former Editor In Chief Ted Niedermayer then advised us newbies on when to catch the true spirit of John Henry's.

“John Henry's is definitely the best place to pick up a venereal disease...Wednesday night is the night to be here [Reggae vs. Hip Hop Night]...dollar well drinks plus music you can bump and grind to equals easy access to any venereal disease you could ever want.”

“I personally got four variations of the crabs on reggae versus hip-hop night,” Blaser admitted, for some reason.

“Oh really, was one of those a dungeoneous crab?” Ossie asked.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## Jogger's

All of a sudden we realized we were at Jogger's and we had lost half of the crawl. But the night was far from over. Nicole started grinding with the pool tables located in the front of the bar. "You could work at a pretty classy joint if you wanted to," Ossie said. Nicole didn't even hear him, she was entranced by the grip of plasma TVs covering every empty space of wall and the hellaloud music. The shots of Patron from Starlight had finally taken their toll, and it was once again time to eat. Jake and Nicole shared a nice plate of strips and fries. However, we were too drunk to retrieve information on both drink specials and food prices, but just shoot an e-mail to OC alum Tyler Graf for daily specials. No one really remembers being at Jogger's anyway. It was a bar; they

had bar things. A DJ was in front of a psychedelic screen and the men's restroom was impeccably clean. We regret to say we came a night too early and missed the Saturday night silhouette contest. Skanky.

## Taboo

After our brief stop at Joggers (or extended, who knows) we headed to Rock "N" Rodeo, but it was 1:30 a.m. and they were still charging a cover, so we crossed 6th Street to the hottest dance club in Eugene, Taboo. Besides being a bar, Taboo also doubles as a swinging 18-and-over club. Jake failed to realize this and was hassled by the bouncers both when he tried to enter the bar area without a stamp and when he tried to go on the dance floor with a drink in his hand. "The security staff at

Taboo was stern but fair," Jake said

Also at Taboo, the Commentator ran into U of O basketball star Tajuan Porter, who said he liked the joint and that "it had a lot of good things going for it."

Besides being endorsed by basketball stars and having strict security, Taboo also provided Nicole (late voted 2007 OC Bar Crawl MVP) a place to yak. That's right, Nicole threw up in a trash can in what seemed to be Taboo's plush VIP section. Not only did Taboo induce vomit with some of our female companions, several of them also mentioned Taboo's high potential of rape.

It was 2:34 a.m. when we left Taboo, seven hours after arriving at Good Times, and boy were we shitfaced.

# CAMPUS BAR GUIDE

*CJ Ciarabella, Matthew Walsh, Ossie Bladine, Jake Speicher and Nicole De Lancie wrote the bar guides.*



## Rennie's Landing

Rennie's Landing is hands down our favorite bar. In fact, the Commentator staff can be seen there five days a week on average. We've almost developed a symbiotic relationship, much like a rhino and a tickbird.

The bartenders at Rennie's Landing are the perfect mix of friendly and surly. They will pour you a stiff drink and chat you up, but they will also throw you out on your ass if you start pulling a Russel Crowe. This keeps the bar patrons at an optimum level of drunkenness – somewhere between Winston Churchill and Ed McMahon. It can get pretty packed on weekends and gamedays, but the staff do a good job of sending most of the more obnoxious bro-magnons off to Taylor's where they belong.

There are so many other things that we love about Rennie's Landing: two bars, two outdoor smoking patios, music that doesn't blow out your ear drums. Oh, and the food. The food is perfect bar fare. No French cuisine can stand against a plate of cheesy bacon fries after a few drinks.

What's the best thing about Rennie's, though? Well, as the saying goes, "Location, location, location!" Rennie's is approximately 50 feet from campus. This might explain why all the Commentator "meetings" end after ten minutes when someone says, "So ... who wants to go to Rennie's?"

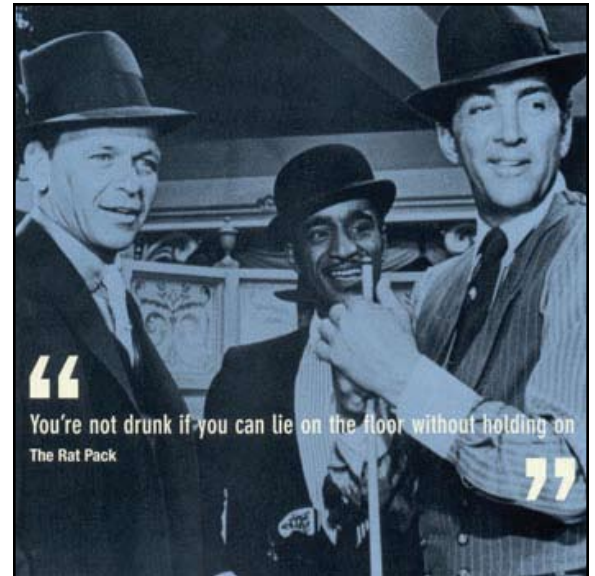


## Taylor's Bar & Grill

This is the perfect bar to come to on a Friday night if you just want to chill. The music is smooth jazz infusion mixed with a clientele that could only be described as classy. You will often find goatee sporting, artsy types discussing the latest works of Michael Chabon and Denis Johnson. At first glimpse, the word pretentious might come to your lips, but give this place a fighting chance.

If the high-class atmosphere doesn't sell you on this bar, then the drink specials will. Almost everyday Taylor's offers a killer drink special to attract a more diverse group of customers. On Monday and Tuesday they offer \$1 well drinks, and on Wednesday, an icy cold beer will cost just one portrait of George Washington. Not to be outdone, Thursday brings out the big guns with \$2 Long Island ice teas, and you can get a \$2, 35 oz. mug of Budweiser every Friday.

All in all, Taylor's is a classy place that not only provides a laid-back atmosphere to enjoy a cold one, but a place where you can discuss the issues of the day with your intellectual peers.



## Fathom's

Located in the basement of Pegasus Pizza on 14th St between Alder and Hilyard, Fathom's has a rocking under-the-sea theme. Maybe it's not the most hopping bar in town, but the free pool on Monday, the Tuesday "five dollar pizza and beer" deal and stiff drinks all day every day make any of the bar's faults forgivable. Seriously, pizza and beer.

## Indigo

If you love Jameson's and dancing, Indigo is the place for you. This has been renowned as the campus hipster joint since it opened four years ago. (They have since that night celebrated the actual 4th birthday where they served champagne and cake on the house.) The Commentator showed up on one of the bar's hoppin' Saturday night dance parties. It was hella tight. We boogied on stage. We got down and dirty below the stage. We drank dollar Pabsts. We did the Hakuna Matata. We so did the scene. Drop that beat, DJ.

## Max's Tavern

Max's used to be the campus bar that wasn't like a college bar. It once witnessed a motorcycle ride-through. The narrow isle made it uncomfortable for some and the absence of hard liquor generally kept "that crowd" out, "that crowd." However, something went terrible wrong last year and "that crowd" often took over the place, wearing vibrant polos and layers of eye liner (not to mention what the girls were wearing), standing on tables and shouting out "Sweet Caroline" and "Don't Stop Believing."

Alas, tis not all MTV-ordained. The mystique of the Max's that we know and love can be caught during daylight and on certain nights of the week. Tuesday Night Trivia is a hit with many, as long as your team arrives early for the primo intellectual sitting. Max's also has free popcorn, peanuts on Saturdays, and one of our favorite bartenders in town, Hunter. Almost forgot, the pickled eggs are really, really good.





# Ninkasi Brewery

"If God was liquefied and fermented, this is what it would taste like"

CJ Ciaramella

There is no sign or outwardly indication to identify Ninkasi Brewery, but peeking through the large, loading bay doors, the other Commentator staffers and I figure this is the place; bags of malts are stacked on the floor and kegs line the walls.

Ninkasi Brewery is Eugene's newest microbrewery. It has only been in operation for a year and a half, but it already has over 100 taps in just about every bar and high-end restaurant in Eugene, including some in Portland.

We're supposed to meet up with Jamie Floyd, the head brewmaster and general Man with the Plan, but he's running late. Another of the Ninkasi staff, Doug Bulski, comes out and offers to show us around. He leads us inside and asks if we want some beer, pouring us glasses from a small, three-tap bar on the side of the wall – the tasting room. I choose the Believer Double Red. I take a sip and get that tingly, beervana feeling. Believer tastes exactly like a red ale should.

Next, Bulski shows us the brewing room. Five 60-gallon tanks line the walls; one of the tanks is being cleaned out at the moment. He tells us the brewery wants to add a few more in this room and eventually the main room as well.

Ninkasi is expanding rapidly. The brewery just moved its operation to a new building in the heart of the Whiteaker area in Eugene, nearly tripling its production capacity to 12,000 barrels a year. Ninkasi is currently producing 5,000 barrels a year.

Bulski leads us in to the freezer next, where hundreds of kegs await buyers. We ask Bulski how long these kegs will last; he pauses, looking around before saying, "Two or three weeks." Kegs go for \$105 – pretty cheap for quality microbrew. Ninkasi is currently brewing five beers full-time – Total Domina-

tion IPA, Quantam Pale Ale, Believer Double Red, Tricerahops Double IPA and Schwag Light Lager.

Total Domination IPA is the brewery's most popular beer at the moment. It pours a hazy golden-orange with a thick, lacy head. The taste is where the beer earns its name. Bitter hops and grapefruit assault the palate but are kept in check by toasty malts; a slight tinge of alcohol brings up the rear. Despite being hop-heavy, however, the beer is surprisingly crisp and refreshing. In other words, total domination.

The brewery's latest creation is its Schwag lager – a light, crisp beer. Imagine PBR but, well, better. The difference is Ninkasi uses quality ingredients, whereas most macro-breweries use rice and corn in the brewing process instead of real malts to cut down on costs, resulting in that watery, gym sock-at-the-bottom-of-your-hamper taste that all college students know so well. For you philosophy students, Schwag is the Platonic form of a domestic lager, while Natty Ice is only its earthly shadow.

Bulski takes us back out into the main room, and we stand around sipping our beers and generally BSing. Suddenly, Jamie Floyd skids into the room on his bicycle. He hops off and apologizes for being late.

As Floyd talks to us, it becomes apparent that he, Bulski and the other employees have been keeping themselves busy. Ninkasi recently entered its beers in the Oregon Brew Festival in Portland and the Sasquatch Brew Festival in Eugene. Bulski says the response was good, and Floyd agreed, noting that they sold something close to 37 kegs of beer at the OBF.

"We got great feedback from both those events," says





Bulski. "In the OBF, our double IPA took first place in a double IPA blind taste test."

Ninkasi has also been busy on the home front, throwing block parties and other events. On Oct. 20 the brewery is holding a Fresh Hops "taste-ival", followed by a Halloween party the following week.

"We're really community oriented," says Floyd. "We do a lot of events in the Whiteaker area. We want to be Eugene's brewery."

Ninkasi also wants to set itself apart in terms of pure quantity of beer brewed.

"There are a lot of breweries in Oregon, but there are not a lot of production breweries," says Bulski. "Right now we're probably in the top ten production breweries in Oregon."

Floyd concurs, estimating that Ninkasi is "already the 7th or 8th largest capacity brewery in Oregon."

Most of the breweries in Oregon are classified as brewpubs – restaurants with small scale breweries in back. For example, Steelhead, McMenamin's and the Eugene City Brewery are all brewpubs. Ninkasi, on the other hand, is dedicated solely to beer production, something that Floyd says is an advantage.

"It really allows us to spend our money wisely and just kind of operate on another level," he says.

Floyd says he homebrewed all through college. After graduating, he took a month off to "hang out" and then landed a job at Steelhead Brewery here in Eugene. He worked at Steelhead 11 years where he established himself as a master brewer, racking up seven medals for his creations.

Ask Floyd a question about the brewery or his beer and he rattles off the answer without pausing. He quickly runs down a list of future expansions to Ninkasi – a bottling line, more brewing tanks, moving the kegs to such and such place, etc. Floyd seems to combine a keen business savvy with the exuberance of a guy brewing his first beer in his kitchen. For example, we ask Floyd if we can get a few pictures of him, maybe holding a glass of beer or something. He doesn't hesitate.

"Holding a glass sounds great right about now," Floyd says as he heads into the freezer to draw a pint of his newest brew.



*CJ Ciaramella loves Meatloaf and is an Associate Editor of the Commentator*



# MORE BARS

## Villard St. Pub

Located East of Campus at Villard and 15th, this is your friendly neighborhood pub where you can take the kids. The staff isn't bred to handle a big crowd, however, as we discovered when it showed the Oregon/Stanford football game. At first we resorted to ordering two handfuls of Natural Light pounders when we got to the bar. After that, it seemed best to buy a sixer of Red Stripe at the Market of Choice and bringing it in.

When not hosting a big event, however, Villard has much to offer: a large variety of drinks, good food, and one of the best dart rooms in the city.

## Downtown Lounge and Diablo's

The Downtown Lounge and Diablo's are two bars located in the same building. The Downtown Lounge is a pretty chill place; the lighting is intimate and the red, vinyl booths are plush. There's also a decent variety of bands, open mics and such throughout the week. Directly downstairs and in sharp contrast is Diablo's. Diablo's has a hell theme, which is funny because spending five minutes there feels like eternal damnation. The music never drops below eardrum-shattering levels, strobelights and fog machines assault the senses and every patron looks to be carrying at least three STD's. Like Dante, you will ascend out of this inferno sad but wiser, infinitely grateful to see the earthly sky once again.

## The Wetlands

A good sports bar to see Duck games when they only are being played on satellite. The closest thing to Autzen for away games. A plethora of quality beers on tap makes for a good time. It's a little west of downtown, so you're making a commitment going out there. But if you do decide to venture out to the Wetlands make sure you're thirsty because there is plenty to drink.

## The Highlands

The Highlands is another quality sports bar with a lot of pool tables, decent food, and over 40 beers on tap. Wednesdays is the day to go: free pool all night, and 50% off appetizers, combined with a better than average juke box makes the Highlands one of the cheapest dates in town. Beware of pool sharks, and drunken women who hit their prime in '83.

## Sam Bond's Garage

One of the best not very well kept secrets within the Eugene bar scene. Not only does this place have the best live music of any bar in town, it also has one of the most fun and lively atmospheres. Set inside what looks like an old one-room elementary school, you can enjoy cheap, local beer out of mason jars at a good price, and listen to a wide-range of fantastic local and traveling musicians. There is a reason why Esquire Magazine ranks it as one of America's best bars every year.



## Tiny Tavern

The bastard child of Sam Bond's, is as advertised - tiny. However, what Tiny Tavern lacks in size, it makes up for in character. If you find yourself at Sam Bond's or the Whitiker district with a few friends and just want to go out and drink like its going out of style, Tiny Tavern is your place. Lots of booths, and cheap drinks provide a great environment for drunken entertainment, and ensuing emotionally filled arguments with those closest to you.

## Mulligan's Irish Pub

If you're an alcoholic this is your place. Cinderblock walls, no windows, and the mermaid from Animal House are three ways to describe Mulligans. Great Monday Night Football deal that includes free pizza. Ladies night also is a featured attraction that will generally get you talking to one of Chevron's most beautiful women. Two thumbs way up for Mulligans.

## Mac's at the Vet's Club

If you want to get away from the college crowd, Mac's at the Vet's Club is a great choice. Grizzled veterans can often be found swapping stories and drinking PBR, and there is a conspicuous lack of popped collars. Music is where the bar really shines; Mac's has a great blues rock scene going on most days of the week. Also, the Eugene Chess Club meets upstairs every Thursday, so after you have a few drinks you can go get your ass kicked by a 11 year-old or an old, Russian guy who smells like pee. Conversely, you can get your ass kicked by an 11 year-old then go downstairs and drown your sorrows in booze.

## The Cooler

The Cooler, near Autzen Stadium on MLK Blvd., has a jumbo screen TV, the mouth-watering Cooler Burger, \$1 pints on Monday and more cubic space than a Goodyear Blimp - easily one of the most under appreciated bars by in the University area.



# Alcohol Price Guide

750 ml (one-fifth)

	Price	Proof
<b>Whiskey</b>		
Brokers	\$6.60	80
Old Crow:	\$8.45	80
Rebel Yell:	\$14.95	80
Jack Daniels:	\$19.95	80
Wild Turkey:	\$20.95	101
Crown Royal:	\$25.95	80
<b>Rum</b>		
Barbarossa	\$8.95	70
Bacardi Gold	\$13.95	80
Malibu Rum	\$14.95	42
Capt. Morgan	\$15.95	70
Bacardi 151	\$21.95	151
<b>Gin</b>		
McCormick	\$6.55	80
Seagram's	\$9.95	80
Broker's Dry	\$18.95	94
Bombay Dry	\$20.95	86
Tanqueray	\$21.45	94.6
<b>Vodka</b>		
Potters	\$6.30	80
Monarch	\$6.55	80
Burnett's	\$8.95	80
Smirnoff	\$13.95	80
Skyy	\$18.95	80
Absolut 100	\$24.95	100
<b>Tequila</b>		
Jose Cuervo	\$19.95	80
Monarch	\$10.95	80
Poncho Villa	\$10.45	80
Milagro Silver	\$29.95	80
Patron	\$49.95	80
<b>Liqueurs</b>		
So. Comfort	\$16.45	70
Jagermeister	\$22.95	70
Bailey's	\$19.95	34
Hpnotiq	\$13.95	34

# Hobo's Choice Booze Review

With CJ Ciaremella

## Night Train: \$3.99 17.5% abv

At 17.5% alcohol, this train will keep you rollin' all night long. Beware, though, like other "fortified wines," riding the Night Train may result in a highly unstable drunk. Unless you're in the mood for a wild and potentially disastrous time (i.e. getting in a fight, destroying property and/or running cocaine across the border), this booze is best left to the professionals.



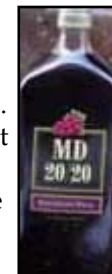
## Camo Silver Ice: \$1.29 9% abv

The discerning hobo knows that Camo Silver Ice delivers the most bang for his filthy, panhandled buck. This "high gravity lager" comes in a 24-ounce can and weighs in at a hefty 9% abv. Compare that to similarly priced Old English and Icehouse, both of which contain only 7.5% abv. Noted hobo booze critic Stinky Pete recently gave Camo high accolades, saying, "Yeah, look at you, mister notebook writin' man. You think you better than me, don't you? I've been to the jungle a few times; you ain't foolin' no one."



## MD 20/20: \$3.79 13-18% abv

MD 20/20, known affectionately by millions as "Mad Dog," is another fortified wine, and it comes in a multitude of disgusting flavors. Only the Orange Jubilee and Banana Red flavors are tolerable (at least relative to the other flavors), but these only contain 13% alcohol. If you're seeking that possessed-by-demons kind of drunk, seek out the Red Grape flavor, which clocks in at 18% abv. Drink the whole bottle and discover why it's called Mad Dog.



## Boones Farm: \$2.99 3.9% abv

No self-respecting hobo would be caught dead with Boone's Farm. This weak excuse for booze should only be consumed by dumb teenagers who don't know any better. Good luck even getting a buzz on this.



## Carlo Rossi: \$5.99 9-9.5% abv

Carlo Rossi is on the upper-end of the hobo booze spectrum. In fact, its price and relatively low alcohol content make it prohibitive for all but the most hoi polloi winos. This is more the realm of college kids looking to get nasty drunk and a) dull the pain of their insipid existence or b) hook up with that really special someone.

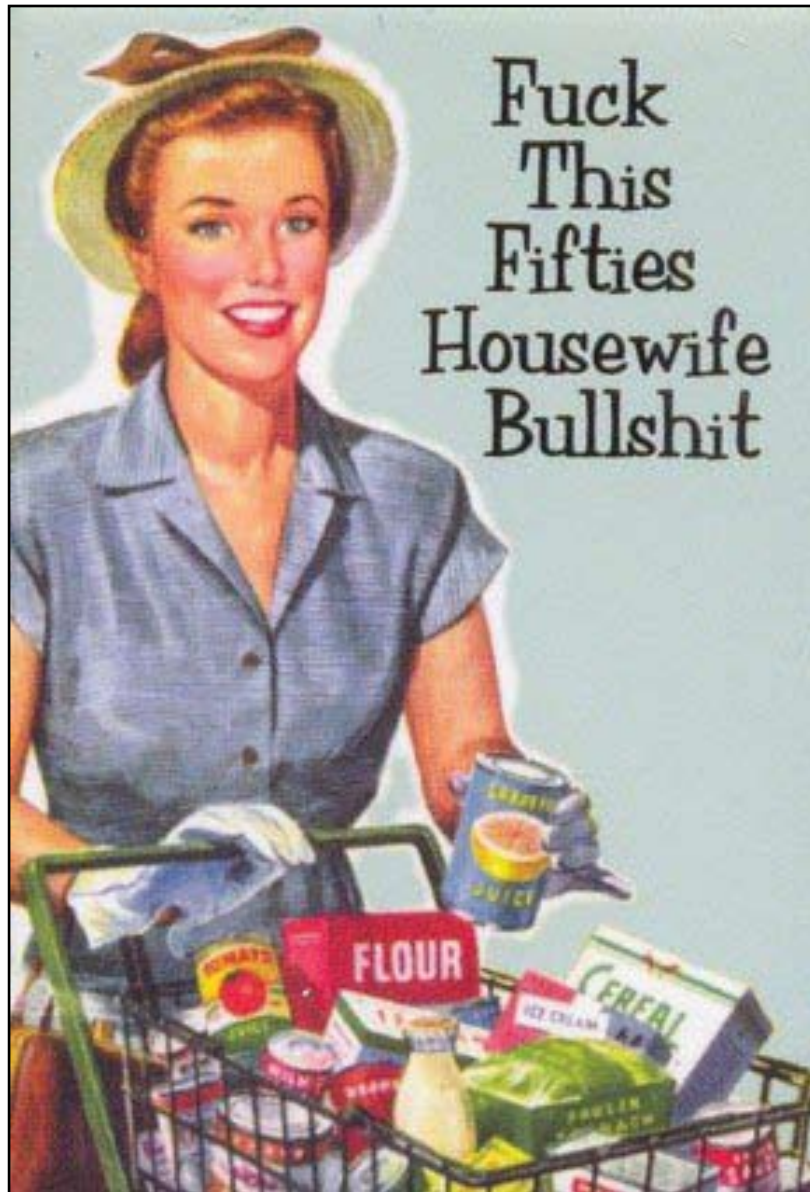


## Joose: \$1.99 9.9% abv

The booze testers on the Oregon Commentator received a research grant from the local Minit Mart in the form of a free can of Joose. The cashier said it was "in the name of science." If you like energy drinks and booze, consider this your ambrosia. This beast packs 9.9% abv in a 23.5-ounce can, not to mention caffeine, ginseng and taurine. Doctors may tell you it's a bad idea to flood your body with stimulants and depressants at the same time, but who has time for doctors when you're feeling crazy drunk AND hyper?



# Are you a strong independent female?



## join us ...

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# Practical skills in a liberal education

Guy Simmons

The first and oldest goal of a liberal education harkens from our ancient Greek ancestors. The Greeks believed that knowledge was intrinsically good. Learning for the sake of learning was a goal in and of itself. But, the vast majority of these venerable scholars and philosophers did not have to earn a living. They were rich noblemen with immense estates. Servants, slaves and effectively endless wealth cared for the ancient students' practical necessities of daily life. All the material wealth required for a young nobleman to survive awaited him once his schooling was complete, removing any need for his education to have an emphasis on useful skills. The noble man could afford to learn for knowledge's sake.

However, the typical student of the modern age has a very different set of circumstances. The students who attend a university in our modern times are comprised mostly of the middle and upper middle class. The average citizen seeking an education today does not have endless wealth to pay for their tuition or for their life after college. They pay for college with government subsidy, hard earned private dollars and expensive student loans, which is why public universities should make sure their degree programs have an emphasis on practical applications in the world or commerce.

Personally, I have never noticed a lack of dancers in society or a great need for more dance instructors.

When the aristocrats of ancient times wished to have their children liberally educated, they would pay all the costs of the student's education. Private dollars paid for everything involved in an education, and the aristocrats who had the wealth would educate their children in the arts, dance, music and poetry. But, for a typical education today, this is not the case. The federal and state governments do much to make modern education more affordable. Our government appropriates millions and millions of dollars to subsidize the cost of a liberal education, in an effort to make one more affordable for the average person. These tax dollars should be an investment in our country and the national economy. If a degree is not pragmatic, has no career path, does not provide skills for a job, and does not return something to the economy, then public dollars should not be used to subsidize that degree.

An anecdotal example of how our government poorly invests can be found at Eastern Washington University. A stu-

dent, named Connie, comes from a single parent home with a very low annual income. Connie and her family cannot come close to paying the cost of the college's tuition, but that is beside the point because Connie's education is almost completely paid for by the federal government in the form of grants and subsidized loans. Connie is not using her free education to learn biology, law, medicine, Spanish, physics, mathematics or engineering. Connie's chosen major you ask? Dance. Personally, I have never noticed a lack of dancers in society or a great need for more dance instructors. Obviously, Connie is not the rule or even the exception. However, the money spent on Connie, and people like her, could be better spent on people struggling to get science, math or even language degrees. Those people will get jobs, pay taxes and return to the economy. When Connie gets her degree, she will have few (if any) marketable skills and is unlikely to have financial success, sadly perpetuating her low socioeconomic position. She should be encouraged to get a job that will pay out and provide for her needs. This is not to say that impractical degrees should be slashed from the curriculum and never taught. If certain degrees generate enough interest in private parties, the degrees could be made available to those

TURN TO SIMMONS, PAGE 19



## *Rennie's Landing*

Where we get our Sudsy on!

1214 Kincaid  
687-0600



# Give me a home where the beer drinkers roam;

Ossie Bladine

Part II

If there was a student-run pub on campus, I would have something to do other than sit in this closet we at the Oregon Commentator call a office (apparently the old closet was even smaller).

If there was a student-run pub on campus, I would go there between Portuguese and Politics of China and enjoy a fine Ninkasi microbrew or two while catching up on the latest sports and news. Actually, I would do this before Portuguese since I've been told it is much easier to speak an unfamiliar language after a couple (or twenty) drinks.

If there was a student-run pub on campus, I would go in there hoping to run into Ty Schwoefferman. I have heard he is a nice guy in person and I would like to find out how someone can be as preposterous in a public forum as he was last year. He would tell me about some historical event of racial importance. I would tell him how excited I am that I spell 'Schwoefferman' perfect every time now. Then the conversation would be saved by some common interests, like De La Soul and The Traveling Wilburys.

If there was a student-run pub on campus, I would probably run into a professor or a GTF of mine once in a while. It is one thing to have a nice chat with an instructor during office hours; it is something far greater to have an educational talk in a spacious and relaxed atmosphere.

If there was a pub on campus, the University of Oregon student body would have an arena of their own to be proud of; an arena that brings together University members of every race, ethnicity, gender, age, religion, sexual orientation, economic class, political affiliation and ability and disability; an arena that people would enter to take a load off and forget their worries (or at least drink them away).

If there was a pub on campus, I would take advantage of one of its many opportunities. Maybe I would improve my management skills – God knows being the Editor In Chief of this rag isn't helping me get organized – or perhaps I'd take joy in being a bartender. Other

It is one thing to have a nice chat with an instructor during office hours; it is something far greater to have an educational talk in a spacious and relaxed atmosphere.

positions a pub would offer to students: janitor, accountant, event organizer, advertiser, beer and wine guru, chef (if there's food), art director and so on.

If there was a pub on campus, there would be more comoderly and communication between graduate and undergraduate students.

If there was a student-run pub on campus, I would suggest highlighting home brewers from the University. Perhaps have a competition with a panel of judges (The Oregon Commentator would be the obvious choice) and set it up so the winner gets an internship with an Oregon brewery; better yet, set it up so the winner's brew will be recreated, bottled and sold by a local brewery. Wouldn't that be a good thing?

If there was a pub on campus, it would aide the ASUO in completing the mission laid out in its Diversity Plan. If you ask the leaders of any student pub in the nation – I asked a few – they will tell you that a responsible place to drink beer and wine is an essential aspect of uniting a community.

If there was a student-run pub on campus, it would mean that the student body actually achieved something worthwhile for a change. It would mean students led a successful campaign to better the University by doing the immense load of homework it takes to create a pub and convinced the administration we are competent enough to carry out a task like this. It would mean we proved to the public that drinking does not lead to irresponsibility, being young and stupid does, and that on-campus bars promote mature and responsible consumption of alcohol.

If there was a pub on campus, it wouldn't make much money. But it wouldn't lose

any. Money is not the issue here. Community is the issue.

This began as a news article and turned into an opinionated one because the news was too simple: bars or pubs are good for the communities of higher education institutions.

There used to be a bar on campus, Clancy Thurber's in the basement of the Collier House (that old building kitty-corner to the EMU Amphitheater), but it wasn't run by students so it failed. There is a place on campus to buy beer now, Cafe Marche in the Schnitzer Art Museum, but come on.

There have been proposals to start planning an on campus bar to the administration, EMU Director Dusty Miller told me, but the old people argued it would not be efficient to build something (a bar) in a building (the EMU) that is already strapped for room (and being overrun by the MCC) when the majority of the student population (students under 21) cannot use the facility (without a fake ID). First, whoever said that a student run bar has to be in the EMU? Second, there are just over 20,000 students at the University. There are 4000 graduate students; that is 20 percent. Of the 16,000 under graduates, I figure at least 40 percent are of age, that is 6,400 students. That is 10,400 legal drinkers. Then there is the alumni, the faculty and the visitors to the University of Oregon that come for business and later wonders, "what is this university community like? If only there was a laid back atmosphere to have a cold one and communicate with the youth of America."

As Associated Students of University of California Los Angeles President Gabe Pruitt, who has been part of a push to put a bar on the UCLA campus since 2002, put it, "The University is showing a lack of respect to tell students they can't have a drink on campus when the law says we can."

Anyone interested in starting a committee to but a bar on campus, email me at pbladine@uoregon.edu



*Ossie Bladine, who showers almost every day, is Editor In Chief of the Commentator*

# Fear and Loathing in Carson

## Drew Cattermole

Freshmen, your destiny is upon you. It is in your best interests to read this article before you make any major decisions. Or at least before you crack open that Pabst you just snuck into your dorm room. Live by my randomly inserted tips if you don't want to end up like me last year: homeless.

I had the joy of living a majority of my freshman year in the dorms – emphasis on majority. With a month left in the spring quarter, I was told I was being evicted from the dorms and would need to clear my dorm room in five days. This news came after I was obviously unsuccessful in sweet talking Kathleen Murray, the Director of Student Affairs, into letting me stay in the dorms. Kathleen Murray is a devil of a woman. At first sight I thought she was pretty cute, emitting a sexy librarian vibe; but behind that mask is the Grinch of student affairs, taking the fun out of college. So I packed up my room, spent the last points I had at

SIMMONS, FROM PAGE 17

who can pay the unsubsidized price. Our tax dollars should be spent wisely and students, like Connie, who cannot afford to pay their own way should be taught skills that will allow them to live without government assistance.

The government, however, is not the only group spending money without good return. Middle class and upper middle class families are investing large percentages of the family budgets into degrees, which have little value in the work force. Campusdirt.com has a schematic, which shows that at the University of Oregon 53 percent of the enrolled students' family income is \$75,000 or less. According to the University of Oregon 2005-2006 course catalog, the average cost for undergraduate resident per year to attend school is \$13,500. That means a four-year degree at the University of Oregon costs approximately a total of \$53,400. This means that for a majority, college is a huge expense to their family. If the family has multiple students, the expense would obviously multiply. The hardships these costs create on a family should have some sort of a beneficial return. A family that spends 53,400 dollars for four years of school should expect

the Grab 'n' Go, cut my hair into a mohawk, and went on to my third residence of the school year. (I had previously moved from one dorm to another because my roommate and I didn't exactly get along so well. Just read on. You'll find out why.)

Looking back, the five write-ups that I was convicted guilty of could have easily been avoided. Most times it could have been as easy as checking to see through the peep hole who was knocking at the door. After write ups, you and your friends will sit and play the "would of, could of, should of" game, which leads to a bunch of "if onlys." If only I hadn't tacked out the bathroom while the RA showered. If only I had not tried to fit fourteen of my new hall mates in my room for a Talking Heads dance party the first weekend. And while I am on the subject of dorm room dance parties, it is not something I recommend. They might give you that chance to grind up on the cutie from the second floor, but loud

music and drunken people bumping into everything are big markers for RAs.

Some write ups were caused by my own ignorance. For example, leaving my door open while I went to play basketball at the Rec Center. The RAs were tipped off by a neon green beerbong that I left in my sink. (Yeah. Carson has sinks.) I was not even present while written up on that occasion and the RAs decided to let me know via a sweet little note on my door. As you may guess, it was not the most pleasant of notes to come back to; I didn't even win the damn basketball game.

Here are a few more tips on how not to be kicked out of the dorms. One, beer pong in the dorms is a recipe for a write up: drinking, loud smack talking, and cheering. Ha. Fat chance talking your way out of a write up with a beer pong table set up in the room. Two, a paper-bagged forty may seem like a discreet way of drinking in

TURN TO DRUNK, PAGE 20

that their student would be able to get a career once graduated. Unfortunately, many degrees offered by today's universities such as, dance, art, philosophy, and gender studies have few practical applications in the real world.

The problem grows when a student does not have financial support from his family. Students, who must pay for their education personally, out of pocket or with student loans, need an emphasis on practicality even more in their liberal education. Students paying for college with student loans, who are not getting a degree that will get them a job, often find themselves in a world of pain after school is out. According to an article in MSN Money, a student incurred 46,000 dollars in student loans in the course of her education. She got a job as an administrative assistance, making \$32,000 a year. Being a single mother of 2 boys, her student loan debt exploded to more than \$100,000. Her lenders now expect \$650 a month, which is one-quarter of her gross income, for the next 35 years. This former student will be 78 years old before her loans are paid off. Her liberal education had no practical value, and her debt will lower her standard of living for

the rest of her working life.

Society should place an emphasis on degrees that return to the economy and return to the student. We must specifically support those who are getting degrees which lead to careers because college is a great expense to everyone involved, especially students who use student loans to pay for their degree. Administrators and university students would do well to remember that the world is run, not by those who know the most, but by those who can do the most. A liberal education can be worthwhile, but you should make sure yours, at least, has some emphasis on real world skills because without practical skills you might find yourself working the counter at Starbucks with high school kids.

Only the high school kids won't be 60 grand in debt.



*Guy Simmons, who spent his summer shaking his fist at the Russians from an Alaskan island is Publisher of the Oregon Commentator*

finally, your professor doesn't want you to sleep in his class because it's rude or something like that.

The best strategy for sleeping in college I can offer is to take lots of naps. During the day everyone is usually at class or doing homework. Oddly enough, these are the quietest and most peaceful parts of the day. A solid three hour nap usually cures anything that ails you.

If napping isn't an option, you can always become that crazy kid who obviously doesn't get enough sleep. Not only will you become irritable and closed-off, but your grades and social life will suffer. Then you will lose even more sleep because you sit awake at night worrying about your grades, and why no one likes you. It's a vicious cycle. So kids, get your sleep.

### Apathy

The final piece of advice I can give for surviving the University of Oregon is to stop giving a crap. This campus is full of people who once upon a time had free and independent thoughts, just like regular people. But what happens is they "start caring" or "want to make a change." Then they join a student group. However, most student groups on campus consist of opportunistic vultures who prey on the weak minds of freshmen who don't know any better.

The one word of warning I can give you is that if a student group has more than two letters in its acronym it's probably up to no good. OSPIRG, ASUO, and the MCC all want you to join them. Not because they believe you can make changes on campus as an individual, but because they believe you will give them the numbers necessary to push an agenda. Please do not become one of these automatons spewing propaganda at every corner.

That is why we here at the OC (notice only two letters) endorse apathy as a lasting philosophy here at the U of O. Not only will it stop you from being roped in by some pointless student group, but it will prepare you for your complete and utter failure as a student. In the long run, the only thing that matters is that none of it mattered at all.



*Jack Speicher, who let Nicole drive him home after the pub crawl, Managing Editor of the Oregon Commentator*

the Carson dining hall, but it is not. Three, in the unfortunate event that heavy drinking leads to vomiting, it is not kosher to throw up breakfast out your window, especially when your window looks down on the entrance of Carson and it is two in the afternoon. Helpful hints: use a chowder bag, do not keep marijuana where it can be smelt from outside, and do not urinate on your roommate and his girlfriend while they are sleeping. (We didn't exactly get along.)

Being kicked out of the dorms was a bittersweet time last year. It was bitter because I was being thrown into the streets with no place to go and all my food points were cancelled. As a part of my punishment, I was completely banned from all dorm living areas until June 15th, 2016, but fuck that, I'm going back in 2013. Also, I was now a thirty minute walk from any of my friends in the dorms. But the real icing on the cake was that living on a couch is not the best way to attract members of the opposite sex. Sure my story and miniature horse mane looking mohawk gave me that "edgy badass effect," but it's hard to attract a girl home by asking "should we take this back to my sofa."

The sweet part came from being out of the dorms. RAs were a thing of the past and I could shower without sandals. I was in heaven. My new place looked out over the Ducks Village swimming pool and it was a quick stroll to the hot tub.

After I had my food plan cancelled I was living off the few items that I had purchased when I cleared my remaining points from the Grab 'n' Go. I stocked up on only turkey, bread, cereal and milk. It was a week until I ate my first hot meal, which was leftover spaghetti. Telling my parents about getting kicked out was the hardest part of the ordeal, since I actually did not tell them. Word got out that I was living on a couch, however, and they found out and were not too pissed. They actually gave me some money so I could eat hot meals.

Do not take my warning lightly or you could end up like me: living on a couch, hungry, homeless and with a ridiculous haircut. If you so choose to participate in binge drinking, pot smoking, and basically choose to live the life of a fairly normal freshman, be careful, you might end up enjoying being kicked out like I did. Just make sure you have friends who have a place to stay and are willing to let you crash there. It is nice to live outside the dorms, but it is nicer knowing where you are sleeping each night. I would like to end this article by thanking Connor McCarthy and Jeff Loomis for letting me bum it on their couch for a month. And to all you freshmen, drink up, close the door, and if you are a slutty girl and need a place to party, I live five minutes away from the dorms.



*Drew Cattermole, who really should seek some professional help, I mean...damn, is a Contributor to the Oregon Commentator*





If you are reading this, you are already ahead of 90 percent of the University of Oregon's population. You see, attention to detail is not a strong point here at Oregon's largest campus of higher education. There are inefficiencies left and right, and down - just check out page three if you have not already. We do not mean to break the rules, but sometimes things happen that need to happen. Yes, we make mistakes once in a while, but we are still better than anyone else.

Unfortunately, since you are actually reading this editorial, you are obviously on drugs, or you are an intellectual of the fifth dimension. Either way, chauvinistic rants about our superiority probably will not impress you. Who cares if we believe the ASUO student government is full of a bunch of quakebuttocks? And what if this quarter-of-a-century interminable feud with the irrational nescient persons on campus is all for nothing? These are nugatory questions. The only quandary worth contemplating at the moment is "how much does the Oregon Commentator drink?" The answer is more than you.

There is a simple set of standards that college students should live by; there are also many values of higher education that have been overshadowed in the past decades. The Commentator staff attempts to separate the two but is often stonewalled by its own inability to not get drunk. In

the words of Homer Simpson: "Alcohol, the cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems." We often sit around a table at Rennie's Landing lamenting the woes of this campus and the rubes who run it. Soon, however, one pitcher turns into two or ten, and quickly we forget what the hell we were just whining about.

That is why we wanted to thank you, the students, for paying for us to run this little publication. Without it, every good idea ever had by a Commentator staffer would have been washed away in a torrent of cheap beer and bottom shelf whiskey. Because of this magazine, we can become borderline alcoholics while still raging against the machine.

But we would like to get a few things straight:

One, we are not racists, whatever our many, many "fans" may tell you, but we think it hilarious to be labeled as such.

Two, we are not an elitist group with an agenda to force our ideology onto others. We just use this magazine to support our outstanding ability to drink booze.

Three, We don't really hate other publications on campus, we just think they all suck.

Four, unlike the majority of ASUO programs, we are completely run by students and do not receive stipends. It has been like this for 25 years since the Commentator

began and will continue to be the case until somewhere along the line the OC Staff all perish in a accident involving four pints of Jack Daniels, an eight-ball of coke, an ASUO van and Don Goldman wearing a Gandalf outfit.

And finally, five, we do hate OSPIRG as much as we say. It's not that we hate the environment, it's just that we'd rather spend that money on the office kegerator.

Speaking of office kegerators, one, or a few, individual(s) who may or may not be affiliated with the Oregon Commentator may or may not have been consuming alcoholic beverages in EMU Room 319.

But ladies and gentlemen, the issue here is not whether we broke a few rules, or took few liberties with our female party guests - we did. [wink at Dean Wormer] But you can't hold a whole program responsible for the behavior of a few, sick twisted individuals. For if you do, then shouldn't we blame the whole programs system? And if the whole programs system is guilty, then isn't this an indictment of our education institutions in general? I put it to you, Greg - isn't this an indictment of our entire American society? Well, you can do whatever you want to us, but we're not going to sit here and listen to you badmouth the United States of America. Gentlemen!

# SPEW...

and spew



## ON JUNKY JOURNALISTS

“Have a good trip, see you next fall ... maybe”

*~The headline to Josh Grenzsun’s enthralling opus on drug use and college in the Ol’ Dirty.*

“College recreation orbits around two large social objects - alcohol and drugs.”

*~Because alcohol isn’t a drug, right?*

“Your overall identity will neatly be defined by your participation in these areas over the next four years because your use or non-use will greatly influence who you associate with, the activities you partake in and your relationship with the law.”

*~That’s right, define yourself through drug use, kiddos.*

“For those of you abstaining from every substance from heroin to caffeine, I can’t relate to you, so you should stop reading this.”

*~Grenzsun professes his love of China White.*

“Use of certain drugs and abstention from others in college will ingratiate you to some people and mark you as a pariah to others. For example, you heavy pot smokers are probably not hanging out much with those who draw the line with Coke - the drink, not the powder. And you straight-edgers - I told you to stop reading - you probably don’t spend time at bars and kegs. Your drug use transcript is a social code for who and what you want to be associated with, and what you don’t.”

*~Just tell me what drugs I have to do to keep away from this guy.*



## ON FRIENDS OF THE OC

“Hey Ossie...Fuck off!”

*~lefty\_man on the Oregon Commentator blog after we tear apart his opinion like a pit bull on a developmentally disabled child.*

# ON BUZZ KILLERS

“Emphysema, lung cancer, cardiovascular disease - I don’t think anyone wants those.”

*~Ol’ Dirty Sports Reporter Dan Jones in a column about why athletes don’t smoke, and why they are better individuals than those who do.*

“And current smokers? They’ll look much less cool if they are smoking through a hole in their throat.”

*~What? Aren’t two of the key lessons in athletics “Never give up.” Since when is sticking with your guns not cool?*

“The Ducks have athletic scholarships. So? Do you need an award not to smoke? Why slowly kill yourself because you aren’t going to school for free?”

*~Because the mortgage is due, the kids need to be picked up in one hour and the nanny has emphysema because she smokes two packs a day, I still haven’t written my Poly Sci essay and my buns are burning...and you’re telling me I can’t have a damn cigarette?*

“Don’t get me wrong: Oregon athletes aren’t perfect. I’m guessing there are plenty of Ducks who’ve smoked marijuana and drank in excess.”

*~Paging Ontario Smith.*



# ON WHERE TO PUT HOBOS

“How about using the space in municipal buildings, which would otherwise be closed at night, to house the homeless? Every city, county, and state has buildings, and most areas have schools. All of these could be used.”

*~Cimmeron Gillespie of The Insurgent solves the problem of how to get people off the street and into your public buildings.*



