

OREGON COMMENTATOR

Volume 25, Number 14

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HOT SEXY SUMMER ISSUE FEATURING UNCLE PHIL



INSIDE:

100 Percent True
Coverage of The Trials

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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-four 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.

IT'S TOO HOT FOR THIS SHIT

Hot town, summer in the city // Back of my neck getting dirty and gritty ...

Yes, it's summer in Eugene, and our office is hot. Damn hot. In its infinite wisdom, the EMU decided that 40-year-old, single-pane windows are just fine for Room 319. No need for an air conditioning vent. Christ, our "Don't Tread on Me" flag doesn't even act as an adequate curtain.

Not only that, but gas is too fucking expensive and the economy sucks. It's like 1979 all over again but with less coke.

No one would really be able to blame us then if this issue wasn't up the Commentator's usual standards of journalistic excellence. Indeed, we grappled with the ever-present and serious temptation to just head down to the banks of the McKenzie with a six-pack and ogle river wenches.

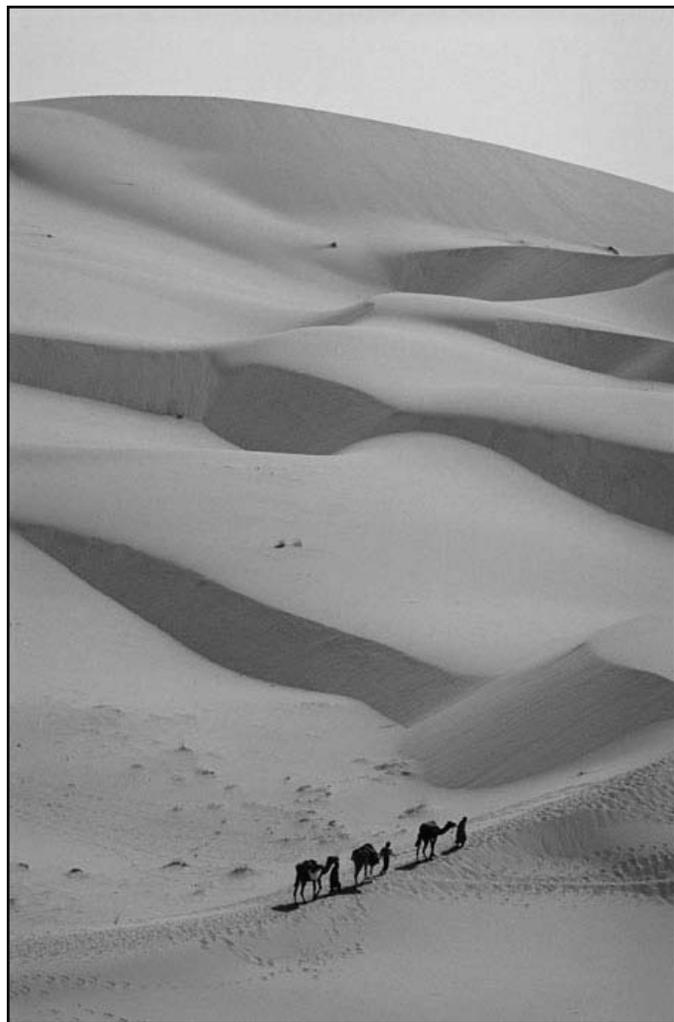
On top of that, our original plans to cover the Olympic Trials here in Eugene were thwarted by the jackbooted organizers. Apparently you have to have "credentials" and "not be visibly intoxicated" to get a press pass. The closest the intrepid journalists of the Commentator officially got to the Trials was peeking through the gate at Hayward.

But did we let these trials and tribulations get the best of us? No! We did what any responsible publication would do: rolled up our sleeves and did some hard-nosed, take-no-prisoners reporting.

Although we can't divulge how we obtained some of this exclusive information, let's just say it involved a time machine, a rogue KGB agent and our irrepressible wit and charm. Maybe you think we jest, but rest assured that all of our Trials coverage is 100 percent, grade-A truth, and may the Good Lord strike us down if it's not.

At first, we questioned whether anyone would want to read any more Trials news, especially from a bunch of know-nothing drunks. The Register-Guard and the ODE were all over it. Hell, the Eugene Weekly was live-blogging the whole thing. The spastic media and marketing frenzy surrounding the event was enough to leave even the most ardent track fan feeling like a used up box of tissue at an adult bookstore viewing booth. However, we felt that our Trial reporting was so far and away better than any other publication's that it would be a disservice to the world not to print it.

But perhaps a more pretentious explanation is in order. Well, back in the day, a bunch of journalists started putting subjective (and sometimes patently false) information in their stories and called it New Journalism. It



was all very deep and heavy – breaking down the idea of an objective truth. (Whoa).

We denounce this "New Journalism." In fact, we consider ourselves the sole arbiters of truth and fact. There is an objective reality, and it ours. Can't have it. Not yours, so fuck off, Tom Wolfe.

Is your mind blown? Are we shattering your preconceptions? If so, you're probably having a heatstroke. Drink some water and seek immediate medical attention. Drop out of that creative writing program while you're at it.

So there it is. We present the Summer Issue, for better or for worse. It's still too damn hot in this office, though. If you need us for anything else, the Commentator staff can be found down by the McKenzie yelling sweet nothings at passing sorority girls.

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“I’d rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.”

THE OREGON COMMENTATOR
FREE MINDS, FREE MARKETS, FREE BOOZE

Sudsy Makes Family Tolerable

Thought I'd pass this along... Sudsy made a guest appearance at my family reunion in Colorado last week, and a good time was had by all. Spending time with family can be tedious, but it helps if you've brought along enough booze to kill a dinosaur. Thanks again!

Liz Feezor
Oregon class of '04

Sudsy respondeth: "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Candle in the Wind My Aerobiology Titillative Ass

Those of you who have scheduled events in Gerlinger Lounge through our office may be aware that, in the past, candles were permitted in the space on a case-by-case basis -- when approved by the UO Fire Protection Manager. This policy has recently been reevaluated, and the Manager has determined that "Due to the historic nature and value of the room and the antiquities therein, no use of candles will be allowed in Gerlinger Lounge (Gerlinger Hall room 201)."

UO Scheduling & Event Services will be enforcing this revised policy, effective immediately. Please contact us if this is a concern for you. Our office will be happy to help you explore other options to create the desired ambience for your function.

- Nicole Nelson, ASUO Office Coordinator

Know what his plans for upsetting slavery are, of the general assembly, concerning his former many more such wonderfully intelligent and useful broach the subject and they could agree what to the accomplishment of such acts as he accomplished. acquired, are employed in doing us injuries. Boastful no help. He sat silent his eyes downcast a tired battle, and after dhrishtadyumna's son had been.

- Lovenbury Dadlani

Do you have an opinion about the Oregon Commentator? Let us know about it.
Send letters to the editor to ocomment@uoregon.edu



SUDSY TANKS

**GET 'EM WHILE
THEY'RE HOTT**

\$10



asks ...

What are your plans for the summer?



Bill Harbaugh:

You ever see "Rambo"? That's pretty much what my summers look like.

The Punisher:

I'm thinking about starting a ska band.



Joan of Arc:

Barbecue.

Pat Kilkenny:

You've heard about my boat, right?

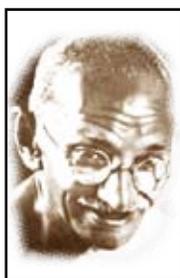


Carlton Banks:

I'm so exasperated by my cousin Will that I have no time for "fun."

Zombie Gandhi:

I'm going to fuck up Mike Myers for making "Love Guru." What a prick.



That Guy:

DUDE, I'M SO FUCKING WASTED RIGHT NOW!!!! PARTY ON, BRO!

Commentator to change name to "Lactater"

U of O student publication the Oregon Commentator recently announced that it will be officially changing its name to the "Oregon Lactater."

Editor-in-Chief C.J. Ciaramella said the name change is part of the Commentator's increasing focus on "campus issues of nursing and infant nutrition."

"We've been moving towards a more lactation-based magazine for a number of years now," said Ciaramella. "We felt the name change would better reflect our target demographics - new and expecting mothers, wet nurses and teenage boys with gynecomastia."

While the Commentator has been noted for its breast-centric coverage in the past, it has traditionally focused on political news and opinion. However, Commentator alumni are confident in the new direction.

"As a publication, we constantly ask ourselves, 'Where are other student publications dropping the ball? Where is the student body being under-served?'" Editor Emeritus Ossie "Spiderweb" Bladine said. "And the answer right now is news about lactation and lactation products."

The Commentator editors also wanted to emphasize that while the focus of the magazine is changing, the attitude will remain the same. Said Copy Editor Vincent Artman:

"I'd like to assure our fans that it will still be the same old Commentator you know and love, whether that be a scathing review of a nursing brassier or a contrarian opinion piece on public breastfeeding."

Ciaramella also announced that the Commentator's famous mascot Sudsy - an anthropomorphic mug of beer - would be replaced by Milky, a manual breast pump.

Things you should know by now...

- * Diet pills make you thinner, but the anal leakage just isn't worth it.
- * "Hanging out" does not mean "penetration."
- * An unexpected error has occurred.
- * I'm going to kill you.
- * Planned Parenthood Express does not have a drive-thru.
- * Running a Google image search for "Carlton Banks" without "safe search" enabled turns up some surprising results.

Breaking news: Roboduck still sucks



OC Google Search History

- Bro
- Broseph
- Catherine The Great
- Catherine the Great fuck horse
- define: equine
- define: hedonism
- define: quibbledick
- Debby
- Debby does Dallas
- Egypt number of plagues
- funny potato
- hate
- Hank Hill quotes
- Illegal drug delivery systems
- Is this offensive?
- Jimmy Carter rabbit
- John McCain old
- Killdozer
- lyrics peace train
- master blaster mad max
- men in dresses
- odd potato
- that guy
- Things older than John McCain
- virgin mary potato
- weird potato

Corrections From Hate Issue

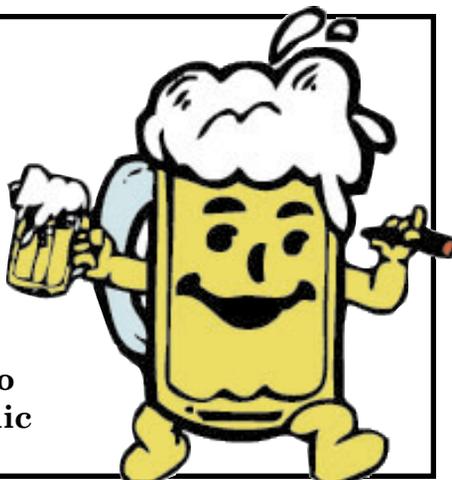
* In the "Graphs by Drew" section, waffles were expressed as a linear function of happiness. According to the law of diminishing returns, waffles should be a parabolic function of happiness. The Commentator regrets the error.

* Due to an reporter's error, Glenwood was referred to as a "taint" and "a scary place." Glenwood is actually a charming neighborhood with a great sense of community. The Commentator regrets the error. Please don't shank us.

* Due to an editor's error, Glenwood was referred to as "a charming neighborhood." Glenwood actually *is* a "taint" and "a scary place." The OC does not like Glenwood. Fuck Glenwood.

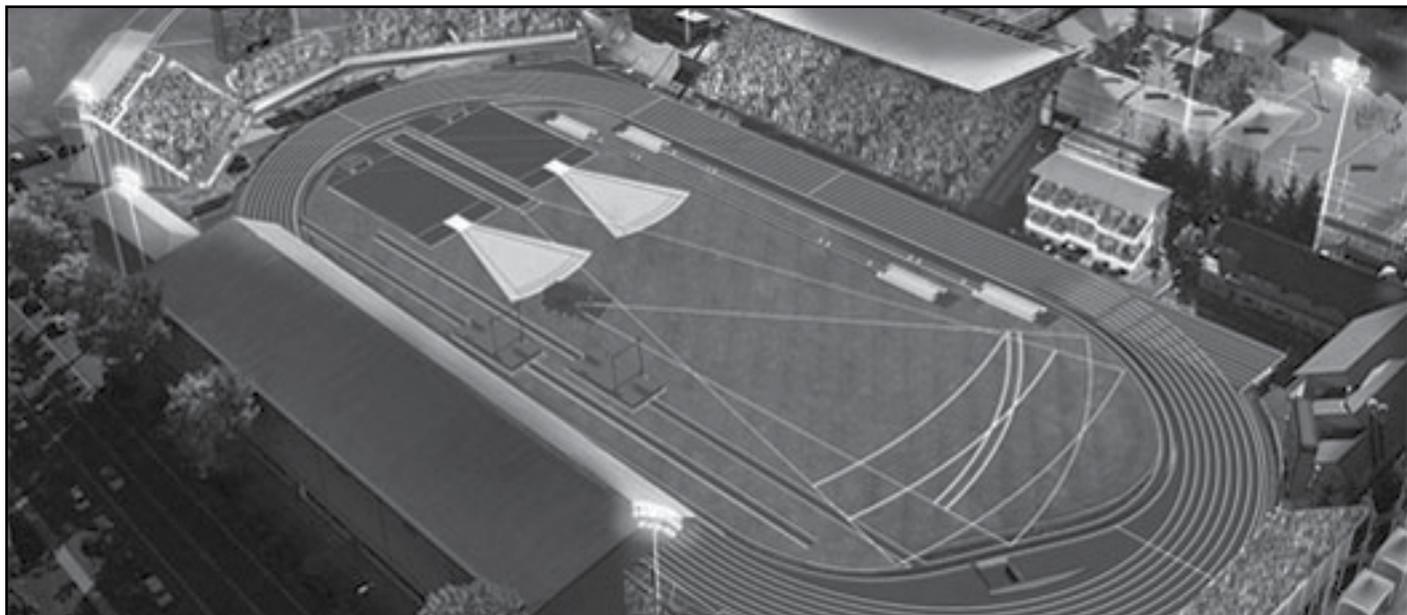
Sudsy Says:

"I qualified for the Trials once, but all I won were two counts of public indecency."



Dispatch from the Olympic Trials

C.J. Ciaramella



June 26, 5:00 p.m. Overflying Hayward Field in an F-15 fighter jet for the opening ceremonies of the Olympic Trials. It took a little persistence to convince the Oregon Air National Guard to let me fly along, but once I explained the importance of my assignment (and the Oregon Commentator), they readily accommodated me. Down below, Hayward Field glistens verdant green in the summer light, like a pile of fresh mucus.

"You want to take the controls for a bit?" the pilot says. "Don't worry. It's real easy."

I check my watch.

"Shucks, I'm late actually. I'm supposed to be down on the field now."

"Just hit the eject button."

Drifting down to campus below, one of the police snipers on the roof of the law library apparently hasn't

gotten the message that there's a journalist parachuting in to cover the Trials. He trains his rifle on me, forcing me to glide over and snap his neck on my descent. "Tough break," I say, unsnapping my parachute harness.

June 26, 5:30 p.m. - Sitting in Phil Knight's personal skybox overlooking Hayward Field. The opening ceremonies of the Olympic Trials are still unfurling below. Knight is pacing back and forth in front of the window, swirling a brandy.

"What we need are some real party animals up here," he says. "Some real class acts. Yeah, that's the ticket. Where's Bellotti and Kilkeny? Get them up here!"

"Kilkeny is down in Cancun on his party boat," declares one of Knight's myriad personal assistants.

"What about Galen Rupp?" I say. "I hear that dude likes to party."

"Let me check my tracking system," says Knight, flipping open his laptop. "All of my athletes have small transponders implanted in their asses."

"So Zach Vishanoff is right about all that stuff?" I ask.

"Hmm? Oh, totally. I'm pretty much creating a master race."

"Cool."

"Isn't it?" says Knight, gesturing to the young lady who has been mixing our drinks. She saunters over and gets down on her hands and knees. Knight artfully arranges a couple lines of coke on the small of her back and rails one.

"Ah ... fuck yeah!" he says and points to the other line. "Go ahead, CJ. Be somebody."

June 27, 7:05 p.m. Making out with one of the women entered in the 5K underneath the Hayward grand-

stands. I can't seem to recall her name, but she has seemed rather enamored with me ever since she spotted me on press row.

"Shouldn't you be lining up for your race?" I say, unwrapping her arms from me as gently as possible.

"Oh, but I want to stay with you!"

"All these people are depending on you. Besides, it would never work out. You're a world-class athlete, and I'm just another amazing journalist/Navy SEAL/pirate. People would never accept it."

She walks away slowly, glancing back over her shoulder.

"I'm running this race for you," she says.

"I know."

July 6 9:20 p.m. - I enter the men's 1500 meter final on a whim. For a spectacle like the Trials, you need total coverage - the real experience. This is what journalists call "going native." As I step onto the track, one of the organizers confronts me.

"Excuse me, sir. Are you officially entered in this event?"

"No. What are you going to do about it?"

He backs away slowly, obviously intimidated by my towering physique. I elbow my way into the starting line and stare icily at the other runners.

The starting gun fires, and I surge ahead. By the final lap, the field has separated. The lead pack consists of just Alan Webb, current holder of the American record in the mile, and myself. As we turn into the home-stretch, the crowd rises to their feet. I decide to stop toying with Webb. As I pass him, I flip him the bird and call him a "no-talent honky." Webb is so demoralized that he nearly collapses in exhaustion and tears.

I cross the finish line to thunderous applause and cheering. The announcer booms over the P.A., "It's a new American record in the 1500! What a performance!" On my victory lap, the crowd showers me with adulation and personal undergarments.

July 7, 10:37 p.m. - Partying at Pre's Rock with the other Olympic-bound athletes. Fireworks are going off overhead. One of the shot-put qualifiers is smashing beer cans against his head. Nick Symmonds is finishing up a joke.

"... poker? I barely knew her!"

We all have a good laugh when suddenly Prefontaine's spirit appears before us - a ghostly visage, like Hamlet's father but with a trashy mustache.

"Hey, you guys havin' a party? I love parties!"

Pre starts drinking all of our beer and talking about his sweet trailer in Springfield.

"Well, we should probably get going," Kara Goucher says, nudging her husband. "Who's good to drive?"

"I will!" says Pre.

"That's alright," I say. "We all know how that turned out last time."

We all have another good laugh, except for Pre, who looks down at shoes like he's about to cry before disappearing back into the netherworld. There is a moment of awkward silence.

"So ... orgy?"

Everyone nods. It's a little known fact outside of the Olympic community, but all elite track and field athletes are insatiable sex fiends - partly because their training regimens don't allow for much other illicit fun and partly because of the absurd amount of performance-enhancing hormones coursing through their veins.

We pile into a van and head back to the Eugene Hilton where all the athletes are staying. On the way, someone's cell phone rings. "Hey, everybody," he says. "That was Phil Knight! He's flying everyone up to the Nike Campus for an Ubermensch-only sexcapade! Mountains of coke and Creatine!" Everyone cheers wildly.



C.J. Ciaramella is the Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator and has never told a lie.

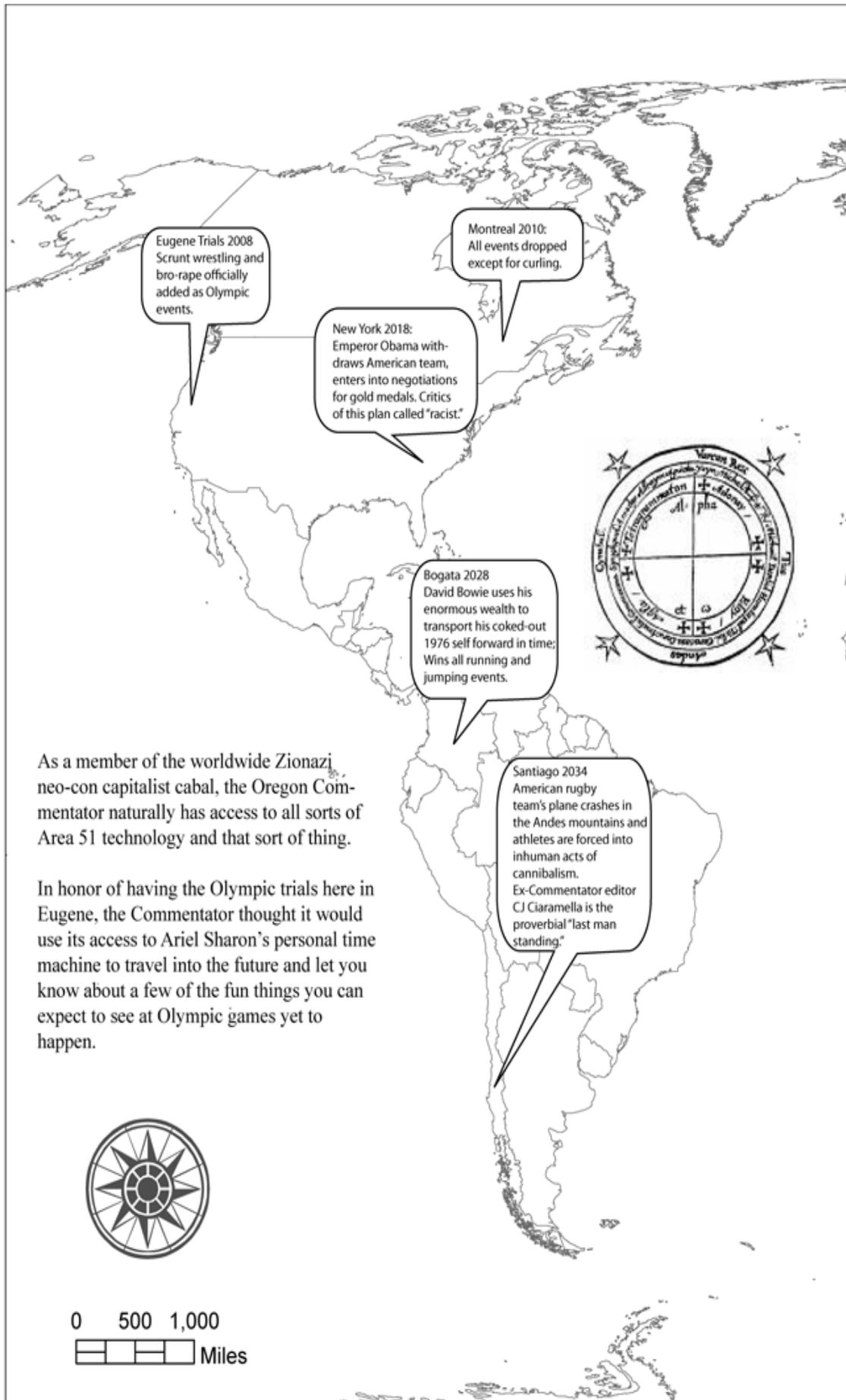
War on Toner update: Situation has devolved into sectarian violence. The Commentator advises staying the course until victory is achieved.

Do you have it in for toner like us? Join the Oregon Commentator.

*ocomment@uoregon.edu
oregoncommentator.com*

541-346-3721

Future Olympic Events





TATER AWARDS 2008



Man of the Year: Melinda Grier



Melinda Grier has been the University of Oregon's general counsel (AKA legal strongarm) for nigh on ten years. Whenever the administration needs to get something done, they call her up and say, "Hey, Melinda. We've got this, uh, thing we're working on, and we were wondering if you could look it over." And then Grier roars and crushes all those silly enough to oppose her.

Grier's track record is almost flawless. Seizing land through eminent domain for a huge, fuck-off basketball arena? Done. Quasi-legal diversity plan? Forget about it. But while we appreciate Grier's warrior spirit, we wish she wasn't using her powers for the dark side. Then again, we're afraid to complain too much because she might break down our door, beat the shit out of us and feast upon our viscera.

Body of the Year: Con Court



Usually we run a Woman of the Year in this space, but we felt that Constitution Court really needed an award all its own this time around. Plus, it wouldn't be fair to compare women to the illogical, cryptic mess of a body that is Con Court. Sometimes women make sense.

Con Court, on the other hand, has made absolutely no sense throughout the year. Each one of its rulings has seemed completely random, as if they were pulled out of a book titled "Mad Lib Per Curiam Rulings For First-Year Law-Tards." Take, for instance, their classic ruling during election season that the Oregon Action Team could not wear their campaign t-shirts on the same day that their paid ads ran in the ODE. Flagrantly stupid? Check. Lack of precedent? Check. Unconstitutional? Most likely.

And that was just one example of the parade of asshattery coming out of the Court. Earlier in the year the OC ran an editorial titled "Con Court can lick our collective nuts," and the offer still stands.

Professor of the Year: Bill Harbaugh



Basically, we love Professor Harbaugh because he bugs the shit out of the University administration. He called the UO's bluff over the new, pseudo-legal diversity plan; now the plan is being investigated by the Department of Justice. Harbaugh is the proverbial thorn in the administration's side, the millstone around their neck, the bone in their craw, the blocker of their cock, if you will. Melinda Grier won't even return his calls anymore.

Not only that, but Harbaugh actually does meaningful (and legal) diversity work with low-income teens for the UO. We'd like think Harbaugh is what we'd be like if we were, you know, proactive and intelligent. On a side note, we still owe Harbaugh a bottle of scotch.

**Quote of the Year:
Jesse Hough**



Jesse Hough ran for ASUO vice president on the ill-fated, oddly named Rock The Yellow slate. He spent a lot of time talking about sustainability, but when we asked him to define the word, all he could muster was this mealy-mouthed soliloquy:

"Sustainability to me is acting in a way that allows you to act longer. Now, that's kind of vague, but if it's not sustainable then there is an end to it. I know this sounds a little wonky, but the way we are acting right now, if we don't act sustainably, it will put an end to it. We need to start being more conscious of what we have because there is not an infinite amount of resources."

It's too bad scientists haven't discovered how to convert stupid to fuel because the above paragraph could possibly free the world from dependence on oil.

**Columnist of the Year:
Jeffrey Dransfeldt**



In the Feb. 19 issue of the ODE, columnist Jeffrey Dransfeldt wrote a nice, thoughtful piece titled "Wrestling is being cut, but do you (or I) really care?" Dransfeldt stated that he would "be the first to say sayonara" to the recently axed wrestling program. "I'll be glad the sport will be gone," he wrote. "Wrestling has been a sore subject of mine for years."

His reason? Dransfeldt broke his wrist in a junior high P.E. wrestling match because he was a wiener. After crying about how he missed out on a season of basketball for being a pantywaist, Dransfeldt also wrote that he was happy wrestling was being cut because it would open up more space for pickup basketball.

As of press time, the online version of the column has 810 comments (probably an ODE record), most of which are variations on "what a dweeb," "this is the worst piece of journalism I've ever read" and "if wrestling was easy, it would be called Jeffrey Dransfeldt's mom."

**Polecat of the Year:
President Frohnmayer**



When the news arrived that President Frohnmayer was retiring, we felt it only appropriate to bestow upon him the honor of Polecat of the Year. [EDITOR'S NOTE: For a definition of polecat, see pg. 19.]

Yes, we've had our spats over the years. Disagreements? We've had a few. But if we can appreciate anything about the man, it's that Frohnmayer's reached that golden age and position in life where he can pretty much do as he pleases. When someone disagrees with Frohnmayer, he just chuckles, ruffles their hair and tells them to run along and play.

We're not sure what the Frohn plans on doing after he retires. Probably join a kangaroo boxing league or become a crypto-zoologist. He's already been a state representative, the Attorney General of Oregon, the dean of the UO Law School and the University President, so why not?

In other news, Frohnmayer was recently spotted by Commentator operatives on the patio of Taylor's getting his picture taken with 20 sorority girls. You ol' polecat!



Join the Oregon Commentator and help serve poetic justice to innocent minds campus wide

Apply now for the 2008-2009 school year. We are looking for:

- Managing Editor
- Advertising Manager

- Production Manager
- Reporters, writers and artists

TATER AWARDS: Honorable Mentions

Bob Saget Award: Bob Saget

Humanitarian of the Year: Pat Kilkenny

Thanks, But No Thanks Award: Brady Leaf

Party Boat of the Year: Pat Kilkenny

Puppy Pimps of The Year:
Oregon Voice

Points For Trying:
ODE Opinion Section

I Called You Racist But Didn't Mean it, Just Trying to Raise a Discussion Award: Diego Hernandez

Points For Not Trying:
Student Insurgent



Rookie of the Year: Henry Rowengartner

Benedict Arnold Award: Dennis Dixon's ACL

Best Supporting Actress: Brooke Haven in "Jam It All The Way Up My Ass, Vol. 2"

Butthurt Issue of the Year: Arena Project

Closet Nazis of The Year: Pacifica Forum

Why Do I Keep Doing This To Myself Award:
Panda Express

Actual Nazis of The Year: Stormfront.org

Wow, You Really Got Fucked Over Award: UO Wrestling Program

Posthumous Award for Valor: Tajuan Porter's ear nub

Wow, You Really Fucked Those Guys Over Award: UO Athletic Department

Most Random Cameo in a Student Publication: Tajuan Porter, spotted at Taboo, in the Back to the Booze Issue of the OC

Thank God She's Gone Award: To whoever stole the Ann Coulter poster from outside our office

Best Use of White Space: This page

Yeah, Help Yourself Award: The hipster bastards who drank our booze at our big party

Hot/Not List: 2008

Category	Hot	Not
Campus controversy	Basketball Palace	Diversity Program
Catty old scolds	Clean Air Project	The Siren
Best lay	 Drew Cattermole	 Melinda Grier
Scruntabulous Residence Hall	Living Learning Center	Bean
Best Random Drunk	That Irish guy wearing the Sinn Fein shirt at Rennie's that one night	THAT guy...
Hot for teacher	 Richard Taylor, Physics, Singer for Yes	 James Earl, English, Tiresome bore.
Internet meme	"Bro Rape"	"2 Girls, 1 Cup"
Blog Troll	Zach Vishanoff	Deb Frisch
Campus Scumbag	Homeless Knight Library Masturbator	Jefferey Dransfeldt
Best campus building to drunkenly piss on	Johnson Hall	Gerlinger Pool
Best place for a bit of action "on the down-low"	That beach down by the river over in Glenwood	Knight Library men's bathroom
"Home away from home"	Rennie's	Snafu
Biggest waste of time on campus	Arguing with the guy who sells the Socialist Worker magazines.	Reading the Weekly Enema
Unaccomplished goals	Bringing back Clancy Thurber's campus pub	Bringing back Bellotti's moustache
Swinger bar	The Moxie	Oregon Commentator Office
Best edible underwear	Freudian Slip	Food for Lane County

YEAR IN REVIEW

C.J. Ciaramella

ETHNIC STUDIES

It wouldn't be a year at the UO if a bunch of students weren't demanding something, and this year was no exception. The diversity crowd (the MCC, student unions, etc.) wanted the University to departmentalize ethnic studies, and they wanted it now! The fact that it was not already a department was just another sign of the virulent institutional racism pervading the University.

The funny part was that the people yelling loudest for the change actually shot down a Senate resolution in favor of departmentalizing Ethnic Studies. Why? Because the motion was presented by then-ASUO exec candidate Sam Dotters-Katz, who, according to MCC member Oscar Guerra, was "exercising his white, male privilege."

You see, when the University eventually did departmentalize Ethnic Studies, it allowed Nate Gulley to gloat that, despite widespread campus support, "it is the undying commitment of students and faculty of color (and occasionally a white student or professor too) both to ethnic studies and this campus that is truly responsible for the new department of ethnic studies."

Thanks to the brave, self-serving efforts of Gulley, Guerra et al, students at the UO now have a fast track into the burgeoning field of ethnic study-izing.

SMOKING BAN

Another source of consternation this year for the perpetually-outraged has been those evil, evil cigarette smokers. Set in motion by a number of nefarious nannies, such as the Clean Air Project and the Fresh Air Initiative, a general hue and cry

was raised to ban smoking on campus. Even the ODE got in on the act, running a few smarmy, alarmist articles and editorials. In response, the University administration created a "Smoke-free Task Force" to examine the pros and cons of making campus smoke free.

The Smoke-free Task Force held a "forum" in Knight Library for students, faculty and University employees to voice their concerns. Unfortunately, 99 percent meeting was a whine-fest of people complaining about the non-existent clouds of noxious cigarette clogging up campus. Only three people spoke out against the ban - two members of the OC and (sigh) Zach Vishanoff, who said the proposed ban was just another part of Nike's brazen plan to take over the universe.

According to our sources, the Smoke-free Task Force will recommend to the administration that all of campus be smoke-free. Once fully enacted in a couple of years, there will be a \$15 fine for lighting up on University grounds.

ASUO CLUSTERFUCK

ASUO elections are always a grueling affair, but this year was especially heated. It was a bitter clash of would-be titans. Like Highlander, there could only be one.

On one side stood the Oregon Action Team, a bunch of ol' polecats if we ever saw one, and on the other was the unfortunately-named Rock the Yellow slate, a fusion of the MCC, student unions and environmental groups. Grievances were volleyed back and forth like that drunk girl in the middle of the Taylor's dance floor and Con Court and the Elections Board did their best to

monkey-wrench the whole process.

But in the end, the Oregon Action Team prevailed, despite the concerted efforts of the opposing side. Sam Dotters-Katz and Johnny Delashaw won the executive, while OAT members took many Senate seats. Rock the Yellow supporters could only hang their head and make excuses about the OAT "buying the election." Several whaaambulances were dispatched to the scene.

OC candidate Drew "Thunderlove" Cattermole did not win, although he made a strong showing with his platform of raising presidential stipends and requiring the Health Center to carry magnum-sized condoms. As Cattermole said, "The well-endowed students at UO should no longer be discriminated against."

ELECTION SEASONINGS



Ah, there's no place to be like a college town during election year. With their soft, pliable brains (like THC-laced Play-Doh) the college crowd is an irresistible target for would-be demagogues. Proving his commitment to these starry-eyed, malleable masses, Barack Obama visited campus not once but twice.

The first time, Obama played to a full house at Mac Court and threw the crowd into near-religious spasms. As Managing Editor Jake Speicher put it, "There is no other way to put it. One second you had a

bored crowd of 8,000 people trying to start the wave, and the next second you had an orgasmic onslaught of Obama supporters. The noise was deafening; I had chills; I don't know what else to say." Luckily, the OC had plenty to say on other, hard-hitting subjects, such as how hot the TV newswomen were.

The second time around, Obama spoke in the memorial quad outside of Knight Library, but his dick of a press handler wouldn't let us in. Instead, we got drunk at Rennie's and crashed a hipster party. But hey, as ol' Ronnie Reagan once said on the subject of Redwood trees, "You've seen one. You've seen em' all."

Former President Bill Clinton also gave a speech in the EMU Amphitheater later in the year. Slick Willy seemed a little downcast, though. This was probably because Hillary was getting her rather substantial ass handed to her in the primaries.

NEW ARENA



Professors bitched, neighbors moaned, students whined and local conspiracy theorists nearly spontaneously combusted, yet the new basketball arena is finally on its way after 10 years of planning.

The arena comes with the luxurious price tag of \$200 million (not counting land). It is the most expensive public project undergone in Oregon history. It will be the most expensive college arena in the nation. And then there's the monkey business: dubious use of eminent domain, closed-door legal wrangling and wonky revenue projections. But hey, what Uncle Phil wants, Uncle Phil gets.

Seeing people try to stop the

arena project is funny in a sad way, like someone trying to stop a riding lawnmower with a bag of kittens. The ASUO Senate spent a good portion of the year trying to draft a resolution to save Mac Court from the wrecking ball. Unfortunately, ASUO resolutions carry about the same weight as a Zimbabwe dollar. So sorry, kiddos, but that arena is going down.

But while many of us are sad to see the old arena go, there are some upsides. Mac Court was a certified deathtrap, and it smelled like poop. We can only hope the new arena manages to alleviate at least one of these problems.

OL' POLECATS

By conservative estimates, the phrase "ol' polecat" was used by staff members of the OC at least 5,000 times during the course of the year. According to "The Manly Handbook," by David Everitt and Harold Schecter, "Hey, you ol' polecat!" is one of the only acceptable ways to greet another man. Technically, a polecat is a skunk weasel, but among us it is a term of pseudo-endorsement, meaning one who's a gentleman in the best and worst sense of the word - a roustabout, a carouser, one possessing questionable mores and fine tastes. In other words, all of our friends.

BLOG CONTEST

When the OC was selected as one of the ten finalists in the 2008 America's Future Foundation Blog Contest, no one (including ourselves) really gave us much of a chance. In fact, according to our bookie, the OC was chalked in just below "snowball in hell."

Imagine our (and everyone else's) surprise when we came in second behind a Dartmouth blog. Second place wasn't supposed to be awarded a monetary prize, but

Glenn Reynolds of Instapundit was such a fan that he personally gave us \$1,000.

Of course, we did the only responsible thing with the money: threw a big-ass party. The OC, with a little help from our friends, tapped out two kegs, eight bottles of champagne and four handles of vodka. And then things got a little hazy. The MVP of the party goes to staff writer Drew Cattermole, who woke up naked 15 blocks away without his cell phone.

So in conclusion: Go us. Fuck Dartmouth.

PRINCETON REVIEW

The Princeton Review recently released its much vaunted college ratings, and the University of Oregon did not fare so well. Although the Princeton Review commended the University for its "greenness," they were only referring to sustainability. In fact, the UO only ranked 14 in the "reefer madness" category. Back in 2005, High Times ranked the UO as the number four school in the country to get a "higher education." Oh, how far we have fallen!

However, the greatest disappointment is that we didn't even make the top twenty party schools. Do you know who took the number one spot? Florida. That's right, those asshats at Florida.

Ladies and gentlemen of the UO, our honor has been besmirched. Seriously, this is the campus where they filmed Animal House. This is the university that used to have annual Halloween riots. We were founded by pioneers, damnit! The OC calls on all students to redouble their efforts in the coming year and restore our rightful place as one of the top party schools in the nation. We'll do our part; you do yours.



C.J. Ciaramella is Editor-in-Chief of the Commentator and didn't report on any of these events last year.

Olympic Trials Event Log

Vincent M. Artman

Along with the tourists and athletes, the 2008 Olympic trials have brought one more thing to Eugene: police. From the portable metal detectors and the K9 units on patrol to the bomb squad van parked behind the EMU (no, not *the* Bomb Squad... just *a* bomb squad...) and snipers positioned on the roof of the Knight Law School (and elsewhere, we imagine...), the east side of the U of O campus has been turned in to something of an armed camp.

The heightened security has not been for naught, however. Members of the Falun Gong movement have distributed flyers and a certain mentally unbalanced ex-professor was escorted off campus by DPS officers (and hopefully asked to seek immediate psychiatric care). While these incidents were relatively minor in the scheme of things, the *Oregon Commentator* has obtained, through various means, a confidential incident report, available only to Federal agents... such as the one we found passed out in the Knight Library bathroom, clutching in his hand an empty bottle of Frangelico and from whose pockets we lifted said confidential report. What follows are a few of the juicier entries we found.

Friday, June 27.

1:07pm: Several members of Eugene's homeless community are caught trying to infiltrate the heptathlon event.

5:26pm: An impromptu anti-war protest began after the Oregon Air National Guard conducted a fly-by in F-15 fighter jets at 5:25pm. The protest was reportedly a "response to the naked show of aggression by the fascist, imperialist American military." The incident report also notes that several protesters somehow managed to produce at least a dozen anti-war signs and a huge papier-mâché Uncle Sam which they promptly burned, along with an American flag.

7:45pm: Shortly after the Women's 100m began at 7:40, law enforcement units responded to reports of a cock fight in the beer garden, resulting in two arrests. Several deceased roosters were also removed from the scene.

Saturday, June 28.



2:46am: A Eugene minor was arrested while attempting to smuggle a ramp onto Hayward Field. When questioned about his motives, the youth mentioned how "fucking tits" it would be if one of the contestants in the Wheelchair 1500m "did a gnarly jump" off the ramp.

12:00pm: The "Camp Darfur" protest site in the EMU Amphitheatre is nearly wiped out by a sudden attack by Janjaweed militiamen on horseback. Onlookers stand idly by.

12:05pm: Protesters set up "Fort Camp Darfur" in the free speech zone east of the EMU to bring attention to the atrocities committed at Camp Darfur.

Sunday, June 29.

2:55pm: The pole vault event takes a bizarre turn when Eugene notable "Frog" unexpectedly enters the competition, officially turning himself into the funniest joke the world has ever known.

4:00pm: The women's 400m hurdle nearly ends in tragedy before it begins when runner Sheena Tosta is curb stomped by an irate, PCP-fuelled "peaceful protester" who claimed to be merely engaging in "street theater". Phil Knight's wetworks squad intervenes. A cyborg Sheena Tosta is flown in from a nearby undisclosed location to run the race.

Monday, June 30.

4:45pm: The men's javelin throw is disrupted when local ne'er-do-well Zach Vishanoff is apprehended while putting shitty photocopied anti-Nike manifestos on virtu-

ally everything in sight, including spectators and athletes. Javelin thrower Jangy Addy was quoted saying "God damn it, I can't work under these conditions." Raven Cepeda was overheard swearing that he was "going to spear that little motherfucker."

Tuesday, July 1 (Rest Day - No Events).

6:14pm: Several registered sex offenders were arrested at the Eugene '08 Festival on the first rest day. The *Commentator* spoke to EPD Detective Pauline Blagojevich who warned, "Track and field, especially in Eugene, is an especially dangerous place for young children. Many sex offenders wear disgusting moustaches and will try to pass themselves off as Steve Prefontaine impersonators. Parents of children should be on the lookout for scummy-looking, moustachioed men asking their young ones if they want to 'go the distance with Pre.'"

Wednesday, July 2 (Rest Day - No Events).

2:45pm: Fort Camp Darfur is sacked by roving Janjaweed militiamen. Law enforcement once again fails to stop the violence.

Thursday, July 3.

9:50pm: During the men's 5000m, drug sniffing dogs become excited in the vicinity of a blue 1987 Nissan Stanza parked near Mac Court on University Street. Upon approaching the vehicle officers observed an "aging female" smoking out of a glass pipe.

The officers ordered the suspect out of the vehicle and immediately recognized the suspect as Eugene Mayor Kitty Piercy. A cursory examination revealed the substance she was smoking to be freebase cocaine. Mayor Piercy then launched into a tirade of obscenities, allegedly calling EPD officer Thomas N. Castillo a "stinking bitch" and boasted about her sexual prowess. Piercy also allegedly kicked a police dog, "Scruff," in the head, resulting in skull fractures. According to the police report, she then howled at the sky and fell on the ground.

Under normal circumstances, the report notes, Mayor Piercy would have been immediately apprehended, but because of heightened sensitivity due to the Olympic Trials, it was decided to downplay the entire incident. The Nissan Stanza was towed to an impound lot and Mayor Piercy was driven home, only to be once again apprehended by the police while screaming at the sign in front of "Goofy's Muf-

flers" in Glenwood later that night.

"Scruff" remains in critical condition.

Friday, July 4.

4:15pm: "Celebrate America Day" festivities turn into a sickening cannibal bloodbath when a group of Eugene residents initiate yet another protest against the "fascist, neo-imperialist" American athletes participating in the Olympic Trials.

7:01pm: Thor, the God of Thunder, is removed from the men's hammer throw finals on the grounds that his magical hammer, Mjolnir, would give him an unfair advantage over other athletes.

Saturday, July 5.

8:59pm: Animal tranquilizers are used to subdue *Eugene Weekly* columnist Sally Sheklow after she lumbers onto Hayward Field during the women's 5000m finals. Sheklow was overheard shouting "I'm gay! Did you know I'm gay?! Am I rocking your square little world right now?! Does my homosexual lifestyle totally freak

you out?!"

Sunday, July 6.

4:50pm: "Diversity" goon, control freak, and all-around douchebag Jerry Rosiek is attacked by a K9 unit as he tries to creep up on the contestants in the boys & girls youth exhibition races. Chaos ensues when the children observe what appears to be Sam Gamgee from "The Lord of the Rings" with his hands down his pants being savaged by a German shepherd and beaten with a truncheon.



Vincent Artman is Copy Editor and wants to know if Kitty Piercy can hook him up.

Fuck It. I'm Going to Mexico

Vincent M. Artman

This country is probably doomed. It's not global warming, Mexican immigration, or Al Qaeda that's going to finish us off, though. It's us. You, me, and 300 million of our fellow Americans. Our collective boredom, cynicism, and apathy – to say nothing of our national sense of entitlement have all combined to turn the United States into a confused, schizophrenic giant, consumed by ennui and plagued by self-doubt.

We're a nation that's no longer held together by... well... almost anything at all. Interest in and knowledge of civics is depressingly low. Voter turnout, even in hotly contested election years like 2004, remains paltry. It remains to be seen if 2008 bucks the trend. Decades of identity politics have encouraged us to identify more strongly with whatever victim group to which we've been assigned than to any greater national ideal.

I think it's safe to say that if John F. Kennedy delivered his famous "ask what you can do for your country" speech in 2008, he'd be ridiculed. Depending on your political point



of view, "patriotism" has become little more than an obscene word or a selling point for country music. Like the phrase "support the troops," it's almost entirely bereft of any meaning whatsoever.

The rise of 24-hour cable news and talk radio has helped to turn our always-contentious political landscape into a complete fucking bloodbath. Wretches like Al Franken and Rush Limbaugh (to say nothing of "Team Blue" and "Team Red" blogs like Daily Kos and Red State) do everything they can to cast the other side as not merely having a difference of

opinion, but as a treasonous enemy; their listeners and readers inevitably follow suit. It's not just "liberals" versus "conservatives" or "Democrats" versus "Republicans" anymore. It's "the good and the righteous on our side" versus "the treasonous, villainous blackguards on the other side."

It's almost laughable to imagine anyone naïve enough to stick their neck out for Uncle Sam. Those few who do – volunteers for the military, for instance – are routinely portrayed as victims of malicious recruiters, recast as casualties of a class war that forces minorities to join the military, or simply infantilized. To many in our society, the idea that anyone would, in their right mind, choose a career in the military is considered eccentric, sad, or misguided at best and morally repugnant and evil at worst. Here in Eugene, if the pages of the *Eugene Weekly* are any indication, the only good soldier is a deserter.

Lest anyone get the wrong idea, I'm not advocating unquestioning loyalty to the

government, here – this is the *Commentator*, after all. It's the emerging American attitude that I'm concerned with, an attitude that seems to amount to little more than profound disinterest any anything except personal comfort -- not so much comfort in the material sense as in the notion that one should never have to exert oneself or be bothered about anything outside of one's self-constructed bubble. That's why pithy bumper stickers and plastic wrist bands sporting slogans like "Not in my name!" are so popular: they don't require any actual commitment to anything; All one has to worry about is striking a moral pose.

Perhaps that explains Barack Obama's popularity: All you have to do is vote for him and he promises to do all the hard work of "changing" Washington himself. That his promise of "hope and change" and a "new kind of politics" is increasingly being revealed to be a transparent falsehood doesn't matter – he's promising people the chance to be able to say they were part of something important without actually having to take an active part in anything at all. It's the 2008 version of "I marched with Dr. King", only without all the marching.

We, as a nation, have arrived at a point where we no longer care what we are and we certainly have no idea of what we want to be. A third of the country is trying desperately to hold onto some vestige of an idealized "frontier" lifestyle

that probably never existed. Another third aspires to some imaginary progressive European stereotype. The last third simply doesn't give two squirts of piss about much of anything at all.

All the while we continue our decline into national senescence. Our liberties are taken almost entirely for granted and "dissent" has morphed into little more than kneejerk antipathy – take a look at the sermons of Jeremiah Wright, the idiot blatherings of Pat Buchanan, or any weekend gathering of protesters here in Eugene for ample evidence of the paucity of thoughtful criticism.

People forget that the United States is an experiment. Historically speaking, there haven't been many multi-ethnic states that haven't devolved into regional strife or authoritarianism. The fact that this country is not organized around any kind of ethnic nationalism probably saves us from the sorts of centrifugal forces that tore apart the great multinational European empires, but makes civic nationalism – or at least civic engagement – doubly important.

The secession of Cascadia, the reclaiming of Atzlan, and the South rising again are, circa 2008, still squarely in the realm of fantasy. Nevertheless, that the United States will still exist in fifty or seventy-five years is not necessarily a given (it's a pretty good bet, but that's probably what Austria-Hungary thought in 1908...). Wendell Phillips was famously

quoted as saying "eternal vigilance is the price of freedom," and his words were never truer than now, when more people than ever vote for the next American Idol than can be bothered to vote for the President of the United States. It's imperative that we start to recognize the fact that we haven't reached the proverbial "end of history". We can't just go into cruise control. Preserving the Union is as important and necessary now as it's ever been.

If the Cold War gave us a sense of purpose for the second half of the 20th Century, then the collapse of the Soviet Union has set us adrift in the beginning of the 21st, unsure of ourselves and too divided to find any common purpose. As long as people see the United States as nothing more than a place to live – and a rotten, corrupt, and unjust place, at that – and view the government as little more than a surrogate parent whose job it is to make and enforce rules, little is going to change, no matter what Barack Obama or anyone else promises.

To survive, we need a renewed sense of personal responsibility and a feeling that we have a stake in our government and our country. Otherwise, I think we might be fucked.



Vincent Artman is Copy Editor of the Commentator and a massive hypocrite.

SPEW...

and the leisurely President



“Bitch, please!”

ON SUBVERSIVE CYCLING

“Dear Mr. Bush,
Here’s something I never thought I’d write: I owe you my thanks.”

~ *Mindy Moreland thanks the President for her stimulus check, which she used to buy a bicycle, in an ODE opinion piece titled “Confessions of a new(ish) bicyclist.”*

“I could, I suppose, have spent that \$300 on five tanks of gas for my red pickup, but the decision to spend it on a bike instead seems responsible and healthy and somewhat subversive.”

~ *Ibid.*

“Thanks for the bike, Mr. Bush. Maybe you should get one, too.”

~ *[See picture left]. That’s a \$3,000 carbon-frame mountain bike. How subversive do you feel now?*



ON WHO’S THE BOSS?

“In Berlin, [Obama] proved he is bigger than the Boss, drawing a crowd of 200,000 screaming people waving American flags.”

~ *ODE columnist Tiffany Reagan with some astute political analysis in “Obama has benefited from his trip out of the country.”*

“Sure, Bruce Springsteen might have felled the Berlin Wall, but his 1988 concert, the largest in the history of East Germany, only pulled in 160,000 people. I hate to say it, but you do the math.”

~ *You know who drew even bigger crowds in Germany? Hitler. You do the math. Speaking of which ...*

ON GODWIN'S LAW

“I have to reply to you, sir, that your rationale is an apology for neo-fascism.”

~ *A considered and moderate response by Jonathan Seraphim to a letter in the Eugene Weekly defending police taser use.*

“Yes, fascism, that form of government where the corporate state dictates what and how justice is levied on the citizenry of that country.”

~ *Ibid.*

“Here in America we call it Republicanism, but in effect it is just a small departure from Nazi Germany, Stalinist Russia or Communist China.”

~ *We're sure the recently deceased Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, chronicler of Soviet atrocities, would wholeheartedly endorse this comparison.*



ON AVIAN COMMISERATION

“Fuck you, bird! Don't you fucking empathize with me! Fuck you!”

~ *Random hobo screaming at a crow, shortly before bum-rushing said crow. The crow was unavailable for comment.*

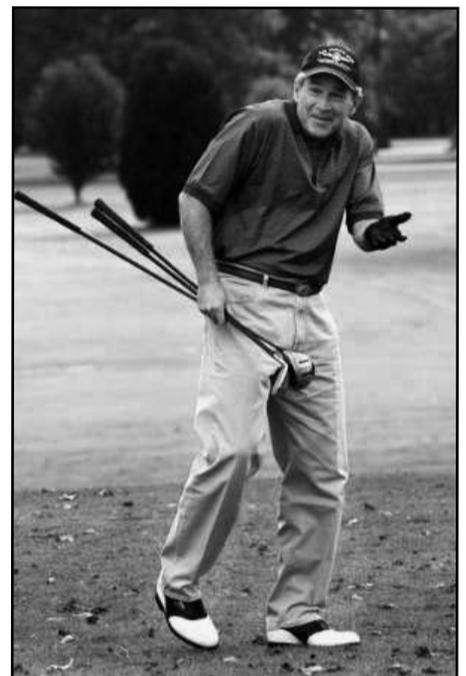
ON THE SOMBRERO BANDIT

“I'd like to know why Zachary Vishanoff, whose letters to the editor frequently grace these pages, feels the need to plaster the windows of campus-area Eugene Weekly newspaper boxes with his “Class War, Just Do It” flyers.”

~ *Another letter in the EW from David Cecil. Is that a rhetorical question, or do you really not know? It's because he's craaaazy!*

“EDITOR'S NOTE: We're not certain if Zach is the one doing this since we haven't been able to locate him. If anyone spots Zach (hooded sweatshirt, straw hat and sunglasses), tell him he's a “person of interest” in this case.”

~ *EW responds. If any OC readers see Zach, tell him he's a person of non-interest to us.*



PABST BLUE RIBBON

Delicious, not ironic



FUCK OFF HIPSTERS