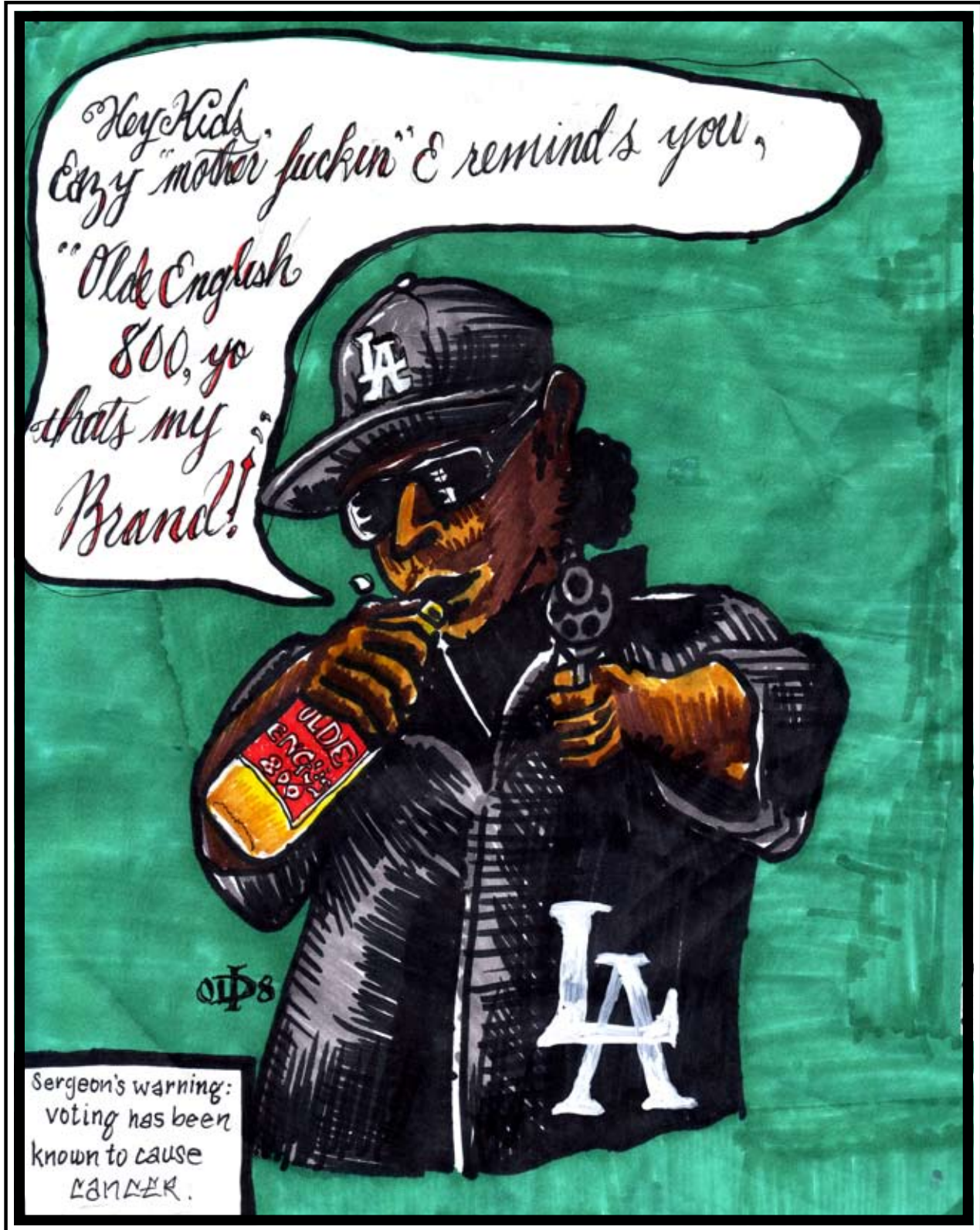


OREGON COMMENTATOR

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Back to the Booze





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.

WHERE WE STAND

And so it begins - another school year, another volume of the Oregon Commentator. If you've never picked up an issue before, welcome. This is our 25th year of operation, and we plan on making it the best ever. If you continue to read this publication throughout the year, we promise you will either be extremely amused or extremely outraged.

Mayhaps, though, you wonder what this magazine is all about. Well ...

The Oregon Commentator is a conservative journal of opinion. However, contrary to what you may hear from fellow students and even professors (hello, Chuck Hunt), we are not fascists, racists, homophobes or misogynists, nor are we shills for the Republican Party. In fact, we could care less what gender you consider yourself, what color your skin is, who you choose to marry or what you put into your body (or into others' bodies).

Conservative for us means a worldview that is rational, cautious and emphasizes the rights of the individual. That is, we favor self-reliance and responsibility over coddling and intervention. As the eminently quotable P.J. O'Rourke once said, "[T]he two fundamental rules of a political system in a free society are (1) Mind your own business. (2) Keep your hands to yourself." Most people today know this as libertarianism, but we'll answer to either.

We are not, however, one homogenous group, and that's the way we like it. Along with the staunch libertarians, there are moderates and yes, even liberals. The only real qualities that staff members share are a zero-tolerance for nonsense and a high tolerance for strong drink. This is why our unofficial motto is "free minds, free markets, free beer."

There is an article in this issue that does better justice to the motto than the limited space of this editorial can, but maybe a brief primer is in order.

Free Minds

We believe that an idea should be judged by its merits, not by its popularity or how fuzzy it makes one feel inside. Our greatest enemy in this regard is fun-

damentalism.

Fundamentalism is everywhere a scourge to freedom-loving people and everywhere a refuge for dolts and demagogues. Most people only consider it a religious issue, but at its heart, fundamentalism is simply the inability to consider other points of view, whether it be in politics, religion, art or any of life's myriad arenas.

On campus, fundamentalism is alive and well in the form of dogmatic liberalism. Despite extolling everyone else to be tolerant and "open-minded," it's the leftists here who are the quickest to stifle, the quickest to censor. And who is their most frequent target? Us, of course. Whenever we are too critical of some sacred cow or our humor "crosses the line," we find that our issues mysteriously disappear, our distribution boxes are defaced or there is some ham-fisted attempt to defund us.

When we say "free minds," all we are asking for is a fair shake, not just for us but for anybody. We oppose censorship wholly and utterly. If we think an idea is stupid (and we often do), we'll debate it. We'll mock it. We'll deconstruct it. But there will be a hockey game on the River Styx before we suggest that it be suppressed. As John Milton once wrote:

"And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"

Free Markets

The Oregon Commentator holds that a free market economy, with minimum regulation by government, ensures the greatest prosperity and well-being for people. This is not to say that capitalism is without its discontents, but when compared to its alternatives, we offer no apologies. Socialism in the 20th century was a monstrous failure that resulted in the deaths of millions of people and the subjugation, both politically and economically, of millions more.

We don't think Che Guevara or his

t-shirts are cool. We don't think communism is even a good idea in theory. The only good thing we can say about Karl Marx is that he had a pretty gnarly beard.

Yet despite the plethora of historical lessons regarding socialism, many on campus and abroad still throw out the old tropes about inequality and the need to redistribute wealth. Sure, they guss it up, but in the end it's still forcibly seizing someone else's property. (Remember what you learned in preschool? That's wrong).

We also vigorously oppose drug prohibition, exorbitant vice taxes and regulations and other forms of moral crusading that unduly impede on individuals' rights to make their own decisions.

Free Booze

None of us are quite sure of its origins, but the Oregon Commentator has always had a deep love affair with the bottle. Perhaps it just comes with the territory; sometimes being part of a conservative publication at the University of Oregon is enough to turn the stoutest teetotaler into a skid row wino.

When Clancy Thurber's, ye olde campus pub, closed down, we poured a 40 on the curb*. When the campus went completely dry, we hung our heads in shame, finding solace only in the fact that our pioneer founders were not alive to see the day. And when the frats went dry, we objected on principle, even though we also object to frats in principle and practice.

As already explained in the "free markets" section, we deplore vice regulation, none more than burdensome alcohol laws. There has been more ink spilled in these pages over the years decrying the OLCC and its pernicious grip on the state's alcohol than just about any other subject (with the exception of those mouth-breathers in the ASUO).

In short, if you're looking to get your slant on, come find us. We're always looking for new writers, artists and drinking buddies. You may not win awards or popularity contests, but you'll have a hell of a time.

* Not really. We would never waste booze.

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"You have enemies? Good. That means you've stood up for something, sometime in your life."

THE OREGON COMMENTATOR
FREE MINDS, FREE MARKETS, FREE BOOZE

OC is Unpleasant and Vulgar

Why isn't there a "report this post as inappropriate" button on your blog comments? The comments about the new downtown ordinance have many vulgarities (such as F*** and Sh*t) and it is not pleasant to read these.

Or, simply place a note that "comments with hate speech or vulgarities will be deleted" and that will probably slow it down a little.

- Robert Coates

OC responds: The reason there is not a "report this post as inappropriate" button on our blog comments is that most of the "inappropriate" comments you speak of are written by the authors of the blog. Therefore, the button and your consequent button-pushing would only act as a circular exercise in futility.

I'm sorry you found the blog "not pleasant to read," but perhaps the Oregon Commentator is not the blog for you if you don't enjoy vulgarities and unpleasantries (although it is the blog for you if you enjoy references to The Big Leb-

owski). Thank you for your interest in the Oregon Commentator and our button-related enterprises.

Your Guess is as Good as Ours

CHIAPAS, MEXICO - More than 600 natives from Chiapas, Mexico, including young children and adults alike, proudly tattooed themselves with the 666 and SSS on their bodies as a sign of love for Dr. Jose Luis De Jesus who is the man Christ Jesus here on Earth.

The world is awakening to the fact that God is amongst us and they are honoring the number of His name: 666. Investigate: www.666news.com

- prensamexico@creciendoengracia.com

A Minor Quibble

Sir,

In your summer issue (which I loved by the way), you said Brooke Haven "won" Best Supporting Actress for "Jam it All the Way Up My Ass 2". I feel it is my duty to inform you that Brooke had no mere "supporting" role in this classic. She not only received top billing, above even Missy Monroe and Vanessa Wells, she also is the sole actress on the cover. For Brooke in a supporting role, might I suggest "Taste Her O-Ring", where she does a three-way with Vanessa Lane (and Vanessa does most of the pornographic heavy lifting, I might add).

Thanks,
Paul Coppe

PS: I would send you a digital image of the cover and a download of both movies, but I think I am prohibited from doing so according to federal law.

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 HOT

\$10



asks ...

Any thoughts on gun control?



Barack Obama:
Gun control means
bitterly clinging to
religion and firearms.

George Clinton:
I had to kill a man
with my Bop Gun once.



Ann Coulter:
"Gun" control
is so much easier
now that they put
those little targets in
the urinals.

KISS:
You can pry our
love guns out of
our cold, dead,
spike-covered
hands



Captain America:
I believed in the 2nd Amendment
until some asshole shot me.



Marvin Gaye:
Yeah, what the
brother in the tights
said.



Marvin Gaye's Dad:
No comment.

Samuel L. Jackson performs Hamlet

Boy, it's a God damned quandary: To do, or not to do?
Whether it's better to face the fucking whim
of dumb, motherfucking luck, or to
strap-up and make that motherfucker your bitch.
To die-shit, boy- to sleep - No.
I think sleep, motherfucking sleep,
will get me out of this here shit.
You're fucking dreaming; you dumb son of a bitch.
But wait a second, hold on now,
that's the crux of this whole fucking matter
because when my dumb ass be dead,
what the fuck will there be to look forward to?
Motherfucker, that's worth thinking about.
Life is a hungry fucking dog that just eats
and eats and eats that has common courtesy
to shit you out when all is said and done.
What's the motherfucking point of this here shit?
Fear - pure and simple - I'm God damned scared.
I eat out of the big bowl of shit
life feeds me every fucking day just because of fear.
See, I don't know what will happen to my dumb ass.
So instead of being a man about this here shit,
I cry like a little bitch. Stop fucking crying,
and take what's coming to you.

~ Jake Speicher

Corrections From Summer Issue

* All of the Commentator's coverage of the Olympic Trials was falsified. The Commentator will probably repeat this error.

* Due to a reporter's error, the Commentator reported that the phrase "you ol' polecats" was used in excess of 5,000 times. We later learned this number was much higher. The Commentator regrets the error, you ol' polecats!

* Due to an editor's error, the Commentator ran a photoshopped picture of Jerry Rosiek dressed as a hobbit and smoking a pipe. Mr. Rosiek does not smoke a pipe. The Commentator regrets the error.

Fall of the House of Winslow

Hey, this is Carl Winslow. You might remember me from the television documentary "Family Matters", when my family invited a camera crew into our home and into our lives. Things have been tough for the Winslows since 1998, when we finally said goodbye to America.

My daughter Laura is now a single mother of two and a recovering crack addict. During a brief and abusive marriage to Steve Urkel, who'd been stalking her since grade school, Laura turned to drugs to solve her problems and started turning tricks to make ends meet. The marriage eventually disintegrated and her ex-boyfriend, Jamal, let her stay at his crib for awhile after she split up with Steve. He was dealing, though, and he started trading a bit of rock for booty. Not long after she moved in, though, he got her knocked up and didn't want none of that anymore, so he tossed her to the curb. She slept around a lot for a couple years, living in one crack house or another and turning tricks for a hit. Laura's cleaned up now, but she's having trouble holding down a job for more than a few months at a time.

Eddie, my son is serving two consecutive life sentences for his part in a gang-related drive-by shooting. He and Waldo, his childhood friend, got caught up in the street, workin' a corner, and runnin' with a pretty bad crowd. Real gangsta shit. Anyways, some new gang started moving in on their turf, and Eddie and Waldo had to step up. Unfortunately, they stepped up at someone's wedding reception and killed the bride, the flower girl, and seriously wounded five others. Eddie and Waldo were fugitives from justice for six months before being apprehended while robbing a gas station south of Chicago. Waldo cut a plea and only served fifteen months. Last I heard, that snitching bitch was tryin' to start up a career in rap.

Our neighbor, Steve Urkel, was another sad case. Increasingly desperate for affection once his marriage to Laura disintegrated, Urkel withdrew into a childlike fantasy world and was eventually arrested after exposing himself to a number of local children at the playground he used to work at. He was committed for several months and was released as a registered sex offender. Unable to find work or companionship, Steve turned to religion. After producing a number of jihad-themed YouTube videos, Urkel traveled to Pakistan, where he became informally known as "Dr. Bomb" and assisted in "martyrdom" operations in Afghanistan. After appearing in a videotape leaked to Al Jazeera, in which he says "did I do that?" after sawing off a journalist's head, Steve Urkel's life came to an abrupt end when an American Predator drone fired a Hellfire missile at his car.

My wife, Harriett, died of cervical cancer three years ago, after a long bout with heart disease and depression. Before Harriett passed, we hadn't spoken to our other daughter Judy, for years. The last we heard, she is hooking and living in the streets. But we never cared about her anyways. Or Ritchie, for that matter.

For my part, I was dismissed from my post as a captain in the Chicago Police Department for my role in a bribery scandal. I sold the old house after Harriett passed, and I've been drinking the money away, living in a cheap hotel room down on the

South Side.

The South Side...

That's where this story really begins. You see, I tried hustling some change from Mr. Barack Obama this one time, but that punk wasn't having none of it. Y'see, I went up to him one day when he was coming out of Trinity United - those Trinity folks always had a little somethin' for a brother down on his luck. And I said to him "S'cuse me sir, I'm an ex-Chicago police officer... just been down on my luck you see. Can you spare any change?"

Now let me tell you what Mr. Obama said to me. He says to me "Sorry brother, don't have any." Then he got into his limousine with his family and drove off.

See, at first I was pretty fucking pissed at this rich boy actin' all like he's got some cred down here on the South Side but he ain't got no change for me? I mean, he calls himself mister "community organizer" and shit, but you ain't never seen a project as bad as the ones he's "organized." I mean, you ever been to Grove Parc Plaza? Man, when I was on the force, I busted crack houses that looked like Hugh fucking Hefner's mansion compared to that shithole. Now, I heard Mr. Obama said that he's "consistently fought to make livable, affordable housing in mixed-income neighborhoods available to all" or somethin', but lemme tell you what, I woke up at Grove Parc one time after going on a real bender, and that place ain't no "livable mixed income" shit. It's a motherfucking crack ghetto.

But then I saw Obama on TV, running for President, and suddenly, he's promising change for everyone. So I start thinkin' to myself maybe *that's* why he didn't have no change for me that one time - cuz he was savin' up for the *whole country*! He talks a lot about Iraq, too, but for me... well... Carl Winslow is voting for change. I need change for hooch and Laura sure could use some change - her kids need new shoes. Eddie... well, Eddie's a good-for-nothing, but he's my boy... I guess I'll hold onto his change for him 'till he gets out of prison.

I didn't like Barack Obama at first - I had to rob some bitch to get some booze money that day he didn't give me money, but I'm starting to come around. Lotta people in this country want change, you know. And you know what? I'll betcha Barack Obama's the man to give it to 'em.

Sudsy Says:

"The only reason to go to D.C. is to have sex with Tom Daschle."



Everything you need to know about surviving college

BY DREW CATTERMOLLE

Welcome to the University of Oregon, the 5th most prestigious university in Oregon. No doubt you spent the last few years slacking off and barely squeezing by in whichever high school or junior college you attended. Unfortunately, you ended up in Eugene. College is the best way to avoid entering the real world, so take your time, sit back and enjoy. The next four to six years of your life will be a beautiful haze. You will make friends that will last a lifetime and form a drinking habit that will shorten your lifespan. The challenge of college is not making good grades, it is surviving. That is why I am here: to help you young, bright eyed, possible nubile kids survive.

With survival shows like “Man vs. Wild” and “Survivorman” all the rage, I just want to point out that the *Oregon Commentator* was printing out survival guides before “Bear Grylls” ever made it on TV. Thing is, we’re a bunch of drunks. If we can keep this magazine running for twenty five years, you can survive college.

Freshmen Year

Freshmen year is your formative year on campus. If going through college were like learning to ride a bike, freshman year is like your training wheels. Most freshmen choose to live in the dorms - sorry, “residence halls”. The dorms are magical places where your living quarters will smell of vomit and you really do have to wear sandals in the showers. The bulk of freshman year is taken up with trying to find a place to drink and party outside of the dorms. Most upperclassmen will be happy to accompany you if you buy them some “Naked Juices” at the Grab & Go. Those



things are delicious. If that doesn't work, make sure show up to the party with a big pack of girls; guys are always looking for more girls at their party. When trying to find a party in the first place, make sure you know where the party actually is. People *do not* like it if you bust into their house looking for a party that isn't there. Some folks might even call the cops. Some of you kids might choose to live in a frat. Here you will spend the term being some closet case's bitch. Have fun with that. If you choose to join a sorority, be ready for rush. Everyone in the process is judging you and will call you fat and ugly behind your back.

Picking Classes

If you want to be an overachiever and try to finish college on time I suggest choosing a major right away. Avoid falling into what we call “major purgatory.” This is the process of getting those harder major classes out of the way and in the process losing your social life. This happens most commonly when a student takes J202, otherwise known as “Info Hell.” When it comes to picking classes, make sure you know what you're in for. An online class might seem like the right

way to go, but it's hard to stay motivated because there are no classes to go to. Most likely you will take the quizzes in your underwear still drunk from last night and look up the answers on Wikipedia. This works about seventy percent of the time, just enough for a passing grade. Required classes like WR 121 and 122 are excruciating wastes of time where your teachers will explain that an “enthymeme” is just a thesis with a different name. Just call it an enthymeme and you will pass.

Roommates

The UO assigns roommates by making them take a survey that asks them what their favorite genre of music is, how late they stay up and how clean they keep their room. It's no surprise when the system completely fails at matching up roommates who actually like each other. Your roommate *could* become your best friend, but most likely they will smell of chicken grease and steal your food when you're elsewhere. Just hope you don't get stuck with a roommate like the one I had freshman year. He was a succulent 300 pounds and liked watching porn when he thought he was alone. If that wasn't enough he also had a girlfriend who

was just as large and lived down the hall. Now... I was a lenient roommate and gave up the room when he asked for alone time with his girlfriend. Being sexiled was no problem for me. It was when they *wouldn't* kick me out that the problems started. There was many a morning when I would wake up to the smell of sweat, groaning, and the sound of fat on fat. When I would get up to take leave of their tender lovemaking, I was greeted by ghastly visions of the deed being done. I never was able to tell whose boobs belonged to whom.

Midterms

If you haven't withdrawn from all your classes yet, you are doing good. Now is the time to study like mad and forget everything you studied until the final. If you go to class one day and find out there's a midterm, just mark everything with D. D is the new C.

Finals

When studying for a final I suggest reading your class notes, reading your book and reviewing the powerpoints. When you feel like you've mastered the material, get silly drunk: you deserve it. Everyone knows beer is brain fuel.

Excuses

Being able to get away with a good excuse is key in college. Be sure to know when to *properly* use an excuse. Excuses are like trick plays in football: they work when pulled off at the right time, but aren't good for every play. I personally like to stay away from the old "My Grandparent died" line because I'd feel guilty if they actually died. Instead, I kill off one of my step relatives. They're easy to kill off because they are made up and close enough enough a relation to warrant going to the funeral. If "death" is not your thing, try "happy". My sister has given birth five times since I started college. It's weird that she always has them around midterms. If you need an excuse for being late to a meeting or discussion group just look the instructor in the eye and tell them you had diarrhea,

they will not ask any questions. Seriously.

Chores

Living on your own can bring new responsibilities that many college students can not handle. One of them is laundry. You don't live with your mom, so learn to do laundry. Laundry is a simple task that a trained monkey could do. You can even mix the whites and the colors. Just get the damn thing done. You *will* smell if you don't.

Going Home

You got one shot to get drunk and confess your love to high school crush at a party, I suggest tequila to get some confidence. They won't mind if you vomit during the confession. Also: guys, when your mom says bring "all" your laundry home, that doesn't mean your cumrag. Seriously.

Smoking Pot

The stoner population on campus is equal to or greater than the alcoholic population on campus. Smoking pot can be a great bonding experience. That said, smoking pot in the dorms is never a good idea, no matter *how* much Febreze you have. If you are just getting into the Devil's harvest, don't go overboard. As much as you may think it's cool to smoke pot and be lazy and high all the time, it's no way to go through life, no matter how good you get at Mario Kart. Nevertheless, I recommend Dough Co. cookies for the munchies. Also, remember to use your manners when smoking. Don't be that guy who never pays for weed. That guy is an asshole. Seriously

Freshmen Fifteen

Use the stairs, fatass.

Flirting

Getting drunk and hitting on the opposite sex may seem like an easy way to flirt, but it's not the only way. People *can* learn to appreciate you when you are not under the influence, but remember: Facebook *is not* an appropriate way to flirt, no matter how many times you "poke" them. Also: girls, don't be scared to let a guy know you are interested in them. Guys are idiots and most of them can not pick up on "subtle hints".

Sex

Use a condom. Nothing says "I have herpes" like a huge herpes sore on your genitals. Seriously.

ASUO

Many students do not have a clue that the ASUO even exists, to say nothing of what it does. The ASUO is the University's student government. If you remember student government in high school, it's basically like that but with the added bonus of being able to misappropriate millions of student dollars. Every term a portion of your tuition goes into the "incidental fee". The incidental fee covers costs for student programs like clubs, the student recreation center and those shitty murals you see all around the EMU. Pretty much all the resources you slag off and never use you pay for. The problem with ASUO is the fact that no one besides the people actually *in* the ASUO really cares about what the ASUO does. This is clear from the 13% voter turnout in last year's ASUO presidential election. If you ever *do* get involved in student government, my advice is take the small amount of money they give you and drink it away because nothing is going to get better.

Freshmen

These bright-eyed and enthusiastic creatures will most likely be found on campus. They like to ask questions about living off-campus, and have an unhealthy interest in every-

Free minds, free markets

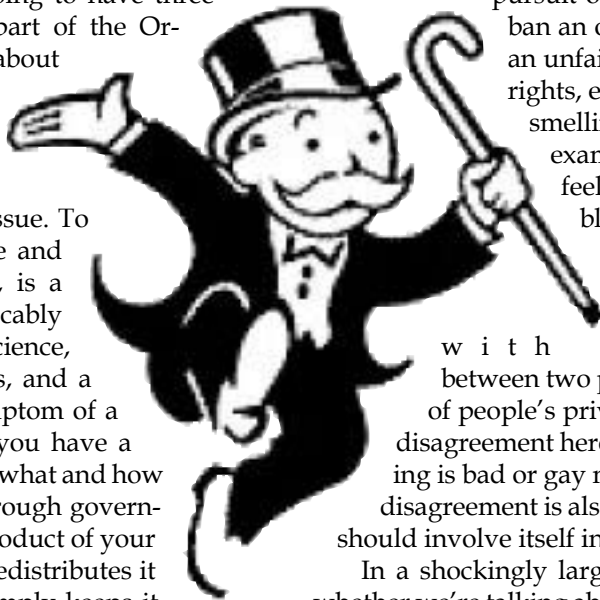
Vincent M. Artman

This issue was originally going to have three separate essays for each part of the Oregon Commentator's motto: one about free markets, one about free minds, and one, of course, about the wonders of booze. Free (or at least free-flowing) booze you can read about elsewhere in this issue. To write about freedom of conscience and free markets separately, however, is a pointless chore; the two are inextricably linked. Without freedom of conscience, there can be no truly free markets, and a lack of free markets is often a symptom of a fundamentally un-free society. If you have a system of government that dictates what and how much should be produced and, through government coercion, forcibly takes the product of your labor (that is to say, money), and redistributes it to other members of society (or simply keeps it for itself), then you have a society that is characterized to one degree or another by lack of freedom.

No place, of course, is completely free. Simply by being part of society one tacitly agrees that certain choices are unacceptable. While you might personally feel that what is best in life is, say, crushing one's enemies, seeing them driven before you, and hearing the lamentations of their women, we live in a society that generally frowns on that sort of barbarity. While blood-soaked bad-assery has a hallowed place in the movies, it's probably to everyone's benefit that such behavior is generally circumscribed in day-to-day life. Along with banning the practice of crushing one's enemies and driving them before you, we also outlaw stuff like driving when you're drunk, high on crack, masturbating with a hooker, while speeding at 100+ miles an hour through school zones as well as other, less dramatic practices that tend to get in the way of other people living their lives.

Furthermore, I think most folks can agree that there's a certain point at which laws have gone too far; when the state is starting to take an unhealthy interest in what its citizens are up to; when protection has become oppression. Of course, there can be reasonable disagreements about where this line actually is, but I think it's a fair assumption that most people believe that there is in fact a line.

Many people, for instance, feel that banning smoking in bars, to take an issue that's been in the news in Eugene, is a reasonable policy. Others feel that telling individual business owners, especially people who own establishments such as bars, whose chief function is to facilitate the



pursuit of unhealthy habits, that they must ban an otherwise legal practice constitutes an unfair curtailing of individual property rights, even if we do enjoy going home not smelling like an ashtray. To take another example, some people in government feel that homosexuality is a social blight and that gay marriage should be banned. A lot of the of the rest of us think that the government has no business getting involved

with what is essentially a contract between two people and should stay the hell out of people's private lives as much as possible. The disagreement here is not simply over whether smoking is bad or gay marriage is destroying society – the disagreement is also over how deeply the government should involve itself in people's private lives.

In a shockingly large number of cases of oppression, whether we're talking about the campus smoking ban or the Cultural Revolution, there is, at the root of the whole thing, someone who thinks they know better than everyone else. Mao thought that sending peasants to make steel and forcing intellectuals to farm was a jolly idea. Millions of dead Chinese people probably would beg to disagree... if they weren't dead. John Ashcroft thought he knew better than the voters of Oregon when he threatened to prosecute doctors who got involved in assisted suicides. Luckily for us, we happen to live in a pretty free country with a decent system of checks and balances. The Supreme Court decided he had overstepped his authority. Other people, unfortunately, live in places like North Korea, where the head of state's general attitude is "Vote for me if you want to live". I guess it works, because Dear Leader Kim Jong Il routinely gets somewhere around 100% of the vote. Barack Obama and his starry-eyed acolytes can only dream of numbers like that.

For the most part, the United States is unlike North Korea. Government intrusion is relatively limited, at least by modern standards (which are, sadly, pretty low). Despite what you might hear from some of the more bedraggled and bedreadlocked denizens of campus, the United States, even under the evil, vicious tyrant Bush, is a country generally characterized by a respect for liberty. If you were looking for proof of this, simply pursue letters-to-the-editor in the local newspapers. Even in these darkest days of AmeriKKKan neo-fascism, the same old loudmouths feel perfectly comfortable carrying on their twilight struggle against the forces of oppression by openly complaining about how President Bush is basically like Hitler, how the Republican Party plat-

form approximates Nazism, and how freedom of speech is basically dead. Week after week you can find this stuff in the pages of the Eugene Weekly and the Register Guard, printed right along with the authors' real names. While you might draw from such absurd displays the lesson that these people are simply foolish and ignorant of history, the real lesson is that our government is extraordinarily tolerant of what amount to open challenges to its legitimacy.

Were the government as totalitarian as is claimed, we'd never read such hysterical nonsense in the state media organs (independent papers would be a thing of the past). Our valiant protesters would be to Americans what that guy who stood up in front of the tank in Tiananmen Square is to the Chinese public: irrelevant and forgotten. As it stands, both major candidates for President saw their Party conventions disrupted by anti-war protesters, second-rate, faux-Trotskyite rap-metal bands, and marijuana advocates – to name a few. Almost none were arrested, and most of those that were were engaged in violence. Nevertheless, "free speech zones" were set up, which is an unsettling reminder that the liberties we often take for granted aren't always at the forefront of our politicians' thoughts.

While the Commentator certainly doesn't agree with most of these protesters and finds the bulk of their ideas poorly conceived, we're glad that we live in a society tolerant enough to allow them to march around, shouting and chanting and generally feeling self-righteous in public. We've never engaged in box-dumping or tried to stop people on campus from putting forth their points of view. The reason why is right there in our motto: we believe in free minds. That means that no one – not us, not the government, not radical campus progressives – has the right to tell anyone what they can say or think or be allowed to read.

This basically tolerant state of affairs isn't necessarily a given. Even a cursory look at the trajectory of American history reveals a general trend toward ever-greater government interference in what people can and cannot do. Some of these developments, like banning smoking in closed areas like aircraft, have been net positives. Others, like the USA PATRIOT Act, haven't been so great.

The problem, of course, is that once the government *has* power, it's extraordinarily difficult for the people to get it back. Does anyone honestly believe that Barack Obama will relinquish the powers accumulated by the Executive during the Bush years? Not on your life. When a party is the opposition, an overbearing Executive is a "threat to the country", "shredding the Constitution", etc., *ad nauseam*. On the other hand, when that very same party is sitting in the Oval Office, all that Executive power becomes useful and "necessary to protect the country".

After all, every politician thinks they know what's best.

Aside from the obvious monetary rewards, the chief draw of politics is the opportunity to make rules that everyone else has to follow. Every politician, when confronted with the power in his or her hands, solemnly swears that while *those* dastardly villains in the other party might be using all their power for evil, *they'll* use the power for good instead. So while politicians might occasionally disagree on the proper uses of said power ("Ban abortion!" "No, no! Ban guns!"), each and every one of them feel entitled to it.

And so we have battles over abortion, drugs, foreign policy, and everything else under the sun. The only ones who are really left out of the back-and-forth are the people who voted these guys into office in the first place (unless, that is, they can scrounge together enough money to contribute one of those aforementioned monetary rewards).

So take this "we know best" mentality and apply it to an economy. Generally, we call such economies "planned". Planned economies generally operate on the basis of a series of... uh... plans (often of the five-year variety). These plans lay out how much of what should be produced in the next few years. Prices for goods are usually

set by the government. Now, for large, singular projects – a large dam or the Olympic stadium, say – this can work out alright. Governments do a decent job of marshalling huge amounts of capital, material, and labor to complete such grandiose undertakings – Peter the Great constructed the city of St. Petersburg by essentially throwing a bunch of serfs into a swamp and letting other, less-dead serfs build Russia's new capital on top of their corpses. The Soviet Union's mania for all things gigantic was legendary, and even here in the United States many huge projects like Hoover Dam were completed under the New Deal, one of the first – and still one of the biggest – instances of the government getting heavily involved in our economy.

Governments aren't so good at allocating resources for smaller stuff, though. It's easy to plan out how many Hoover Dams or St. Petersburgs you're going to build. Stuff like how many feminine hygiene products or different sizes of pants to produce are a bit more difficult to plan for. The number of pants with small waistlines needed and available in a given time shrinks and expands. A filthy capitalist might call this dynamic "supply and demand". In a planned economy, the government calls it "counter-revolutionary" and publishes economic tracts that claim that it doesn't exist or doesn't work (or blame any shortages on "wreckers", "hoarders", and "kulaks", steal their property, and send them to the camps, along with a few thousand of their fellow "wreckers", to build a gigantic canal or two). See the entire economic history of the Soviet Union as an example.

If the price of a Ferrari were arbitrarily set at \$100, for

The number of pants [...] needed and available in a given time shrinks and expands. A filthy capitalist might call this dynamic "supply and demand." In a planned economy, the government calls it "counter-revolutionary"

2008 OC Bar Crawl

The staff of the Oregon Commentator set out on a quest to document Eugene's finest cantinas, and we're passing the savings on to you!

Rennie's Landing

The night started out, as most every night does for the Commentator staff, at Rennie's. It seems redundant to write anymore about this fine drinking establishment. If you have ever picked up an issue of the Commentator before or know any of the staff, you know that we are usually found on the upper smoking deck, yelling horrible and obscene things at each other.

The location is prime, the food is generous, the staff is amiable and the happy hours are indeed happy.

The Commentator recommends whatever the bartender hands you. (The sweet potato fries are a masterpiece as well.)

The Samurai Duck

The Samurai Duck is, in a sense, impossible to review. Either you will love the Duck for being one of the most disgusting dives in Eugene, or you will wish you were dead. The Samurai Duck is Eugene's "metal" bar. Other bars, like the Black Forest and the Oak Street Speakeasy, pull in a metal crowd now and again, but the Duck is heshier home-base. The Duck on most nights is filled with a surprisingly friendly collection of metalheads, extremely loud music, and the faint aroma of urine. When the Commentator visited the Samurai Duck, the men's bathroom was at least an inch deep with piss and vomit, which is pretty normal. The door has, in our memory, never closed properly and, in fact, consisted at one point of a bead curtain.

The bartenders are affable and spend most of their time outside smoking. The Commentator recommends beer and free pool on Sundays.

Taylor's



A potentially dangerous man blows off some steam in a game of Big Buck Hunter Safari at Taylor's.

Most people think Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is a symbolic journey into mankind's black, black heart, but it is actually a metaphor for the time that Conrad went to Taylor's Bar and Grill.

If you're a fan of scantily clad sorority girls and the frat boys who love them, then Taylor's is the place for you. If not, you may still find yourself there for Tuesday dollar wells and Wednesday dollar beers. Good luck getting more than a few, though. The crowd can be vicious – a gauntlet of popped collars and pink purses. Other attractions include karaoke night and the skank-tabulous dance floor. After strutting your stuff on the dance floor, be sure to make an appearance outside; the patio is the best see-and-be-seen location in all of Eugene.

The Commentator recommends getting the fuck out. The horror ... the horror!

Fathoms

Fathoms bar is located just off-campus beneath Pegasus Pizza and is, truth be told, kind of the unheralded campus bar. The bartenders at Fathoms are decent, the drink are cheap and the atmosphere is good – especially if you're a fan of bright fish tanks and black pleather.

There are two real draws for Fathoms. First off, they have a "beer and pizza" special on Tuesdays during happy hour, where you can get a personal-sized pizza and a domestic beer for \$5.95 (\$6.95 if you substitute a microbrew). Pegasus cooks pretty excellent pizza, making this a good deal, since a beer and a cheap menu item at Rennie's is going to run you somewhere around \$8 – 10 during happy hour.

Second, Fathoms has been known to host Street Fighter 2 tournaments, courtesy of one of the bartenders, who brings in his Super Nintendo now and again. While Fathoms isn't necessarily the best bar in the universe, beer, pizza and Street Fighter 2 is a potent combination.

The Commentator obviously recommends beer and pizza.

Burrito Boy

Burrito Boy isn't actually a bar, but it's where you will most likely end up after the bars close – as will about 100 other drunk souls. This makes Burrito Boy one of the best people watching places in Eugene. When the Commentator rolled in at about 2:40 a.m. there was a man outside being attended by the EMT's. He had apparently fallen off his Rascal scooter and was too drunk or too insane to get up.

The Commentator recommends the wet burrito, either adobada or chile verde.

Max's



The infamous pickled egg, carbon dated to sometime in the early Pliocene.

Max's used to be a respectable dive – a real biker bar, in fact. It was originally owned by a dude named Max, who, if his picture is any indication, was an ol' polecat. He probably kept a shotgun under the bar. The bathroom was covered in lewd graffiti, and the foundation was rotting out from under the building.

These days Max's is something quite different. Instead of the laid back, boozy atmosphere of yore, it is now home to a pulsating mass of students. By midnight on any given day, the interior of Max's looks like the third-class section of an early 20th century freighter bound for Ellis Island. There is, however, free popcorn, and you can still catch some of the old days if you go during the afternoon. Max's was also one of the last bars in Eugene to conform to Eugene's no-smoking ordinance.

The Commentator recommends the pickled eggs.

Indigo District

This bar is so terrible, we didn't even bother to go inside. If you like being endangered by Hep-C and fire-arms, this is the place for you.

The Commentator recommends that ladies cover their drinks at all times.

Jameson's

Jameson's is now Eugene's "hipster" bar, following the downfall of the Indigo District a few years ago. Friday and Saturday nights at Jameson's are basically intolerable, with half of Eugene crowding inside. During the rest of the week, though, Jameson's is a great place to hang out and, despite popular misconception, the bartenders at Jameson's are friendly and experienced.

The big downside of Jameson's is the lack of a good food menu, as the bar doesn't have a proper kitchen. What they have available is tasty, but there's a definitely lack of choices. Thankfully, Jameson's has a partnership with the Horsehead Bar across the street, and if you're carrying cash, you can order food from their kitchen from Jameson's and they'll bring it across the street for you. On Sunday nights Jameson's often runs movies (Rambo, The Predator, etc.).

The Commentator recommends that you stop listening to Tapes n' Tapes, you hipster fuck.

John Henry's

John Henry's is one of Eugene's more storied bars, but definitely not one of its best. If you like watching bald fat guys punch one another in the face out in the street, John Henry's is the right bar for you.

It host popular events like "80's Night," "Reggae vs. Hip-Hop Night" and a burlesque show, which are potential draws, but being packed into that bar with a few hundred douchebags dressed in their favorite ironic neon 80's gear loses its appeal after a couple times.

The Commentator recommends the 32 oz. bottles of Miller High Life and the 32 year-old low lifes.

The Horsehead

With a lower hipster quotient than its neighbor across the street, and fewer enraged meatheads pummeling one another than around the corner at John Henry's, the Horsehead is, along with Jameson's, perhaps the best bar in the heart of downtown Eugene.

Furthermore, the bar has been the target of a ridiculous anti-smoking crusade on the part of the City of Eugene, and has racked up several thousand dollars in fines due to the fact that the hedgerow they have surrounding their excellent outdoor smoking area is considered an "impediment to airflow." If for this reason alone, the Horsehead deserves the patronage of any and all liberty-minded alcoholics.

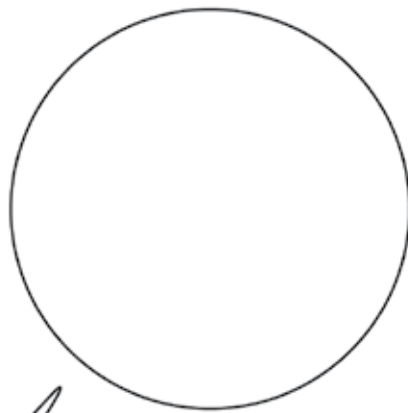
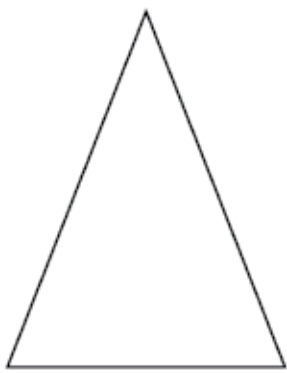
The Commentator recommends the fried okra.

Starlight Lounge

The Starlight Lounge tries for a swank atmosphere, but in practice it only achieves something closer to "stank" – as in, "There's some stank up in here." Leather couches and intimate lighting can't disguise the middle-aged man ogling your date from across the bar and slowly licking his lips.

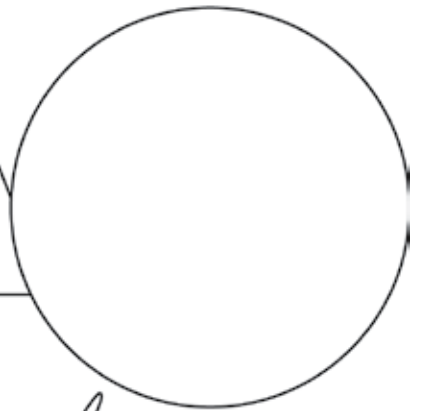
The \$2 Patron shot special, however, does help. (There have been questions raised among drunken Commentator staffers as to the veracity of the Patron shots. As far as we know, they are indeed Patron. In any case, they will fuck you up.)

The Commentator recommends buying as many \$2 shots as you can before the special ends and moving on to less stanky areas.



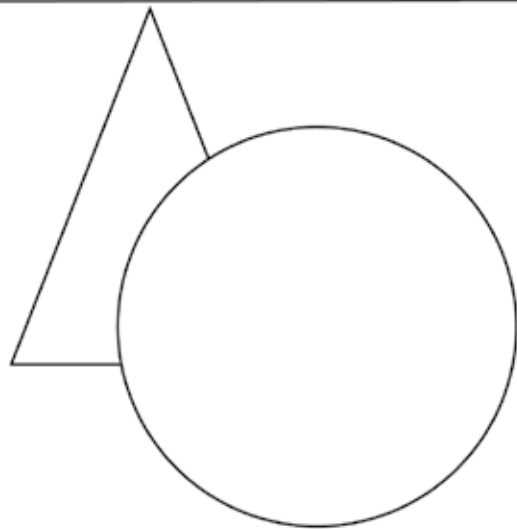
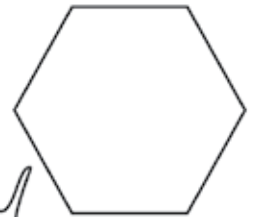
Fuck you, douchebag.

Excuse me?



Eat shit, fatso!

Well, I never!



You make me want to puke, freak.

I'm just the way God made me, sir.



Dude, what the hell is your problem today? You're being a real asshole.

I'm protesting Sarah Palin.

That's it? That's the punchline?

...

Dude, this comic is really terrible.

Tell me about it.



ARE YOU A TEAM PLAYER?



CJ Ciaramella
Editor-in-Chief, Oregon Commentator

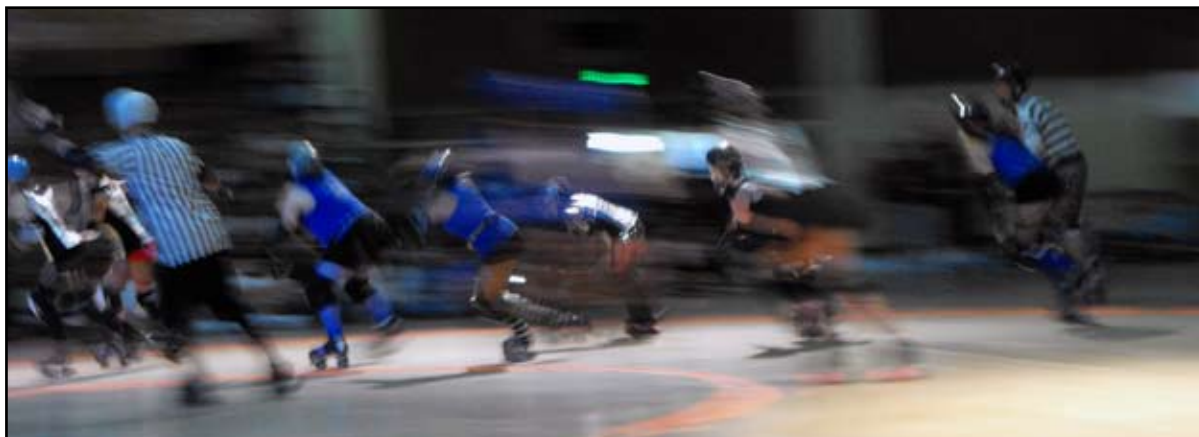
Stephen Person
Publisher, Oregon Voice

The Oregon Commentator is currently seeking writers, artists, photographers and designers to beat those devil dogs at other student publications in feats of drinking.

**The Oregon Commentator, Room 319 in the EMU
Looking down on the Emerald
ocomment@uoregon.edu**

ROLLIN' DIRTY

C.J. Ciaramella



It's July 26, and the inside of the Lane County Fairground is packed. However, unlike a normal, crowded day at the fairgrounds, there are no rows of guns, antiques or inbred dogs.

Instead, the middle of the concrete floor of the fairgrounds has been taped off to form a large, oval track. Women whiz by on old-school quad skates, traveling at delirious speeds; they're wearing mini-skirts and fishnets. And they're slamming in to each other.

This is the "Track Town Smack-down," a roller derby bout, and it's awesome.

Started almost two years ago, the Emerald City Roller Girls is a women's flat-track roller derby league composed of three teams: the Andromedolls, the Flat-track Furies and the Church of Sk8in. There is also a "fresh meat" team of new members, as well as a traveling team of the best players in the league.

Each team sends five women on to the track – three blockers, a pivot and a jammer. Blockers, as the name implies, block, performing much the same job as a linebacker in football. Pivots stay slightly ahead of the pack and act as a last line of defense (or offense). And then there's the jammers ...

Points are scored when the jammer laps members of the opposing team. The jammer must nimbly thread her way through the pack, using her teammates to block for her. The problem is that jammers are usually smaller girls, while blockers are, well, large. Sometimes this

does not turn out well for the jammer, as witnessed when one is plowed into the crowd by a well-placed hip-check.

And it is full-contact. The girls don't make bones about throwing a shoulder, although elbows and arms aren't allowed. There is a "crash zone" around the track where fans can sit, although, as the name implies, this comes with the added danger (or benefit, depending on your mindset) of being crashed into by a roller girl.

"Please keep your children and beer out of the crash zone," the announcer intones throughout the evening. "And please keep your beer out of your children."

The action is divided into two thirty-minute halves, which are further divided into two minute "jams." The lead jammer (the first to successfully pass the rest of the pack) can call off the jam at any time; this is often used as a defensive strategy to keep the other team from scoring. The short bursts of action, accompanied by blaring music and a large amount of beer for sale, makes roller derby a spectator-friendly sport.

Mascots from each team work the crowd during lulls in the action – a Vader-esque robot for the Andromedolls, a purple fury for the Flat-track Furies and a naughty nun for the Church of Sk8in.

And the crowd is into it. There are sections for each team, and spectators hold signs for their favorite players. They cheer for a good hit or a sly juke just the same.

A big part of derby, although it varies from

league to league, is spectacle. The women wear miniskirts, costumes, sometimes face paint. Each roller girl also has a unique alias that usually involves wordplay or a pun. Examples: "Holly Gofightly," "Napalm Beth," and "Slaughter Kinney."

After half time, all the members of the Andromedolls come out wearing fake mustaches, declaring that "they're serious." (It's unclear whether they're referring to the mustaches, themselves or perhaps both.)

Looking upon this scene, one is led to wonder how this all started. Who had the idea to bring derby here? What sort of mad genius started the league and organizes the monthly bouts?

The answer, and perhaps the most surprising part of the whole thing, is that it grew from the ground up - self-organized, self-governed, self-promoted, all-volunteer. The genesis of roller derby in Eugene happened, of all places, at a knitting circle. As Vexine of the Furies explains:

"I was at a knitting group - a stitch n' bitch - and Burnadeath said, 'Hey, you guys wanna play roller derby?' It just kind of exploded."

What began about a year and a half ago as a group of girls at the local skate park is now a three team league. There are tryouts, including skating proficiency tests, and a junior derby league has just started up as well.

Some of the women have never played a sport, much less a full-contact game like roller derby, while others are sports fanatics. Rocka Rolla of the Church of Sk8in is of the latter group. She previously played soccer, rugby and lacrosse before discovering roller derby; she says she enjoys it because "it's the only sport I've played where you're playing offense and defense at the same time."

Another derby girl, Babe Malicious, was previously a competitive BMX rider and ranked tenth in the nation in her age group. She recently opened a roller derby shop 11th and Willamette and says business is steady.

"It's been really good for people to get their stuff here instead of ordering it online," she says.

Other players were culled all the way from Portland or recruited off the street. Some, such as Liv Evil, happened upon roller derby by chance and were hooked.

"I saw an advertisement, and after I saw them play I was so psyched," she said. "I just had to get out there."

At the end of the night, the match between the Church of Sk8in and the Rainy City Roller Dolls from Centralia, Washington comes down to the very last jam. The home team is up by one. Everyone in the stands is cheering wildly, almost irrationally.

The Rainy City Roller Dolls can't be held off, though. They dig deep for just enough points to put them ahead, while the jammer for the Church of Sk8in remains trapped by the pack.

No, the home team didn't win, but it would be a gross misnomer to say the fans left disappointed.



C.J. Ciaramella is Editor-in-Chief of the Commentator and sat in the crash zone.



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JUMP

MARKETS, FROM PAGE 18



instance, everyone would go out and buy a Ferrari (or, since we're living in Eugene, feel free to substitute "Ferrari" with "Prius"). Manufacturing could never keep up with demand, and Ferrari showrooms would be perpetually empty.

Hell, there was a time not too long ago when Toyota simply could not keep up with the demand for Priuses which, while not really in the same price bracket as a Ferrari, are expensive enough that they're not in a lot of people's price range. If Toyota could barely meet the *yuppie* demand, just imagine what would happen if a Prius was priced at \$9,000 (to pick an arbitrary price). Everyone would rush out to buy a Prius or two. Even if the government also arbitrarily limited every household to one car, Toyota would almost certainly have a difficult time keeping dealerships stocked. As it currently stands, yuppie Prius drivers, since they're lucky enough to live in a society that doesn't mandate that the price of every car be fair (that is to say, affordable for everyone in society), can hop into their Prius and pop over to Sundance for some tofu and a few "LOCAVORE" bumper stickers whenever they please. The other option is hanging around all day with nothing better to do than hectoring the lower classes to start taking mass transit. Thank Odin for the Prius, then.

Such is the cost of "fairness": when something is priced so that everyone can afford one, everyone can go get one. Desires are infinite. Resources (and Priuses) are not. Eventually someone's going to have to wait in line for theirs. This applies to cars, to bread, and even to health care. When everyone gets treated the same, *everyone* gets treated the same, and there's usually only so much treatment to go around. Sadly, the chances are you're not first in line.

Let's take our example one step further and say that the government decided that *only* Priuses were to be available to the public. No Hondas. No Hummers. No F-150's. Only Priuses. And let's suppose that the government owned Toyota and planned out, five years in advance, how many Priuses were going to be produced between 2010 and 2015. First off, they'd probably run out of Priuses. Aside from that, if you're like a lot of people in Eugene, you might be thinking, "You know, that's not such a bad idea! I'm sure Barack Obama will incorporate this into his platform of change!" Well, for the sake of argument, let's say instead that the government owned GM and, for the last 8 years, only Hummers were sold. Not such a great idea anymore, is it? Well, maybe it is if you're Shell Oil Co. Now let's pretend Shell is owned by the government, too.

As P.J. O'Rourke once said, "when buying and selling are controlled by legislation, the first things to be bought and sold are legislators." Now are you getting the picture?

In our (admittedly unrealistic) little example, the government basically holds all the cards. You buy the cars they let you buy and fill up at the government-run gas station. When you buy tires, you buy from them. When you need a tow, you call the government-run tow agency.

Isn't this starting to sound like a bit of a racket? And the worst part of it is that you don't really have any choice in the matter. You and 250,000,000 of your fellow taxpayers dutifully send 70% of your paychecks (or, more likely, never even see that 70%, it just goes straight to the politicians) and that money goes to provide for all your needs, or some reasonable facsimile thereof. You get what you get and if you don't like it, tough nuts. File a complaint.

Sounds like a less-deadly version

of that "vote for me if you want to live" scenario we talked about earlier, doesn't it? In both scenarios, a government full of people convinced that they know better than you about everything from cars and abortion to gay marriage and what sizes of pants society needs has stopped you from choosing. You can't choose to drive the car you want to drive. You can't marry the person you want to marry. Someone has already cooked up a law that made that choice for you: you get to drive an F-350 Quad Cab and you get to marry someone of the opposite sex, otherwise you're breaking the law.

In some ways, we already live in a country that resembles our little scenario - in most states, homosexuals can't get married and have the same rights as everyone else. On the other hand, we can drive whichever cars we please. This strange state of affairs is brought to us courtesy of intrusive government.

My point is not that all government is inherently bad, merely that people are often quick to support policies they agree with regardless of how they infringe upon the rights of their fellow citizens. Many liberals are quick to demand equal rights for homosexuals while gladly advocating policies that deprive others of the opportunity to make economic choices. Conversely, many conservatives feel perfectly comfortable imposing their moral values on the rest of society while loudly complaining about any impediment to free trade.

What partisans always seem to miss is that freedom of conscience and freedom of trade are two sides of the same coin. To support one and advocate limits on the other is to put yourself into a position of presuming to dictate how others should live. The most rational position is "live and let live", no matter how vile you might find someone else's personal or economic choices. *Free* minds, *free* markets, and, of course, *free* booze.



Vincent Artman is Copy Editor of the OC and has a Faulknerian love of dependent clauses.

one else's major. When out at a party they are easily spotted because they roam in massive packs, often looking for a different party someone in some other residence hall heard about. They will commonly be spotted wearing backpacks full of beer at parties.

Sophomores

Sophomores are always the drunk-est people at the house party. For most of them it is their first year living without a real authority figure. It shows in their lack of hygiene and general health. The most common words out of their mouth is "Who wants to get fucked up?"

Juniors

The junior class will seem to evidence a certain wisdom now that they are halfway done with college. Don't let this fool you: most of them are dumber than when they started due to massive brain cell damage associated with being a sophomore. They can be spotted smoking cigarettes and packing around the extra weight that came with too much booze and Dough Co. They are often heard asking "What the hell am I going to do with my life?"

Seniors

Seniors have their act together more than anyone else on campus. Their social gatherings consist either of small get-togethers with close friends or simply going to Taylor's and yelling at people walking past. They can often be heard boasting about future internships and explaining why they will walk in the spring but be done with classes after fall term.



Drew Cattermole is the Production Manager of the OC and banned from the dorms until 2014. Seriously.

The Moxie

The Moxie is a hair salon *and* a bar. This might mean something if you go to hair salons. For the rest of us, it just means The Moxie is unusually clean for a bar. Instead of the reek of spilled beer and vomit, there is only the faint aroma of Paul Mitchell. The drinks are expensive, but the liquor is top-shelf (or at least middle-shelf) and the bartenders know how to mix them.

Also, The Moxie is Eugene's most prominent swinger bar. This might mean something if you enjoy threesomes with aging, hyper-sexual couples. For the rest of, it just means there's an increased chance of getting flashed.

The Commentator recommends a cosmo and a condom.

Mulligan's

Mulligan's has no windows and looks like an I-5 rest stop bathroom. That's about as ringing of an endorsement as the Commentator can give a bar.

The Commentator recommends not looking anyone in the eye.

Mac's at the Vet's

True to its name, Mac's at the Vet's Club is located in a veteran's hall on Willamette. If you're in there at the right time, you can hear grizzled old men talking about Korea. There is also some funky-ass blues going on at Mac's throughout the week. Take a date and boogie on the dance floor.

The best part about Mac's is it is too far away from campus for the average bro-magnon to walk to. No popped collars, no DJ's and no "Sweet Caroline."

The Commentator recommends a "vet's brew" (PBR).

Lucky's

Lucky's is a cigar bar that, thanks to Eugene's nanny-state, you can no longer smoke cigars in. There is a lot of music happening at Lucky's throughout the week, though. The Commentator staff does not venture into this bar often, but if you like some quirky music and quirky people, give it a shot. (There is usually a cover, so be prepared.)

The Commentator recommends an IPA and a stogie.

Tiny Tavern

Guess what? Tiny Tavern is tiny! But what it lacks in square footage, it makes for in crazy. In fact, this Whiteaker area bar is packed to the gills with insane people. It's like a neutron star of googly-eyed acid freaks. One time a crazed man threatened the Editor-in-Chief of the Commentator, yelling "I'm going to put AIDs in your ass!"

Also, Tiny Tavern has the longest running Olympia tap in the state. Legend has it that bootleggers were running kegs down to Tiny's back during prohibition.

The Commentator recommends a pint of Olympia and two tabs of sunshine.

Good Times

Can you really go wrong with a bar named Good Times? The answer is no.

Good Times has something close to 30 beers on tap, including Dead Guy and Arrogant Bastard. There's also a huge outdoor smoking deck. It's also located under an overpass, which is quite likely the coolest place for a bar ever.

The Commentator recommends a pint of Arrogant Bastard and getting hustled at pool.

Booze: a cautionary tale

Leighton Cosseboom

For anyone who has ever felt persecuted, taken advantage of, or wronged in any way while being blacked-out drunk, you may take comfort in knowing that you are not alone.

There are many university students who routinely shed the facade of being a sensible human organism and get boozed up. Not just "drunk," natch, but plastered to the point where a hare-lipped kindergartner might prove to be a more comprehensible conversation partner. Within this group, there is an elite few whose drink of choice is Sailor Jerry's Navy Rum and whose stupefied megalomaniac is legendary. Participation in irrational, unjustified acts of lewdness, violence and uncouth behavior is practically required.

Last night, for instance, a couple of my associates ventured north, to the suburbs of Portland, in an attempt to replenish their finances by panhandling in their parents' homes.

During their visit home to the quiet neighborhood of West Linn (a cesspool of *nouveau riche* and pompous yuppies), my associates decided to take the edge off by slaying bottles of the aforementioned and always delicious Sailor Jerry's Navy Rum. After such an auspicious start, they assembled a posse of their peers and decided to take a leisurely swim in the neighborhood pool... sometime around 3:00am.

Well, one does not have to be a crack logician to deduce that the inhabitants of the suburban neighborhood did not appreciate this. Nevertheless, it was something of a surprise when a woman clad in naught but a bathrobe and accompanied by a Jack-Russell terrier tired to deliver her own brand of vigilante justice to these blacked-

out vagabonds.

This neighborhood enforcer informed them that they were breaking the law and that she had already alerted the police department. Confused by this act of aggression, our highly intoxicated protagonists attempted to leave the swimming area, only to find that the woman was holding the gate shut and shouting "Oh no! You're not going anywhere until the police get here, you damn dirty hooligans!" My associates hadn't counted on this setback.

The situation had escalated. Suddenly the woman had hostages - them - and my associates were at a loss for what to do. How did this woman think she could contain the group of inebriated twenty year olds? The audacity! One of my partners in crime - the thinker of the group - decided on the best course of action: take the bitch out!

Catching the woman off-guard, my friend kicked the wrought iron gate open and mauled the would-be vigilante. The battle began to move from the pool area into the middle of the street. Needless to say, the woman screamed bloody murder. Before anyone had time to think, there was a full scale wrestling match taking place in the middle of this suburban neighborhood.

The woman's husband could only stand on the other side of the street, so shocked by the spectacle that he was rendered impotent, if he wasn't already. He did not intervene in the brawl.

Due to all of the commotion and violent screaming, neighbors began to shuffle out of their houses, expecting to find a dead body. Instead they saw a drenched U of O student, clad only in his boxers, assaulting a middle-aged

woman in a bathrobe. The woman screamed, "Help! Help! I'm being accosted by an insane person! He's been smoking PCP!" While no PCP had in fact been consumed that night, my chums found themselves in a bit of a pickle.

When the fuzz arrived on the scene, the only two men under Sailor Jerry's command left at the scene found it difficult to explain the situation to the police in a way that made any sense whatsoever. When the police decided to take them into custody, it was time for Plan B: yell violent threats at the scared woman who now literally had blood on her hands and most likely regretted attempting to contain these wild, drunken beasts.

Needless to say, the police were not impressed by exclamations such as, "I'm going to burn your house down and kill your whole fuckin' family, bitch!"

The legal ramifications of this incident currently remain unknown. The situation could have been easily diffused, but Sailor Jerry's crew clearly saw more value in terrorizing the yuppies of that quiet suburban neighborhood. Their mission to replenish finances may have resulted in little more than a larger financial burden on my associates due to the fines they received from the police, but never let it be said that the buccaneers under Sailor Jerry's flag are afraid of a bit of a scrap now and then.



Leighton Cosseboom is a contributor to the OC and loves himself a drunken pool party.

Sarah Palin: VPILF

Justin Hurst

Sarah Palin: who the fuck *is* she?

Well, Palin's a middle-aged mother of five with little experience in politics, and what experience she *does* have has been in the sparsely populated state of Alaska. She is unfamiliar with the "Bush Doctrine" and seems to be oblivious to the fact that Iraq was *not* involved in the 9/11 attacks. But she can skin a moose and knows her way around a rifle! Most importantly, she's a hottie.

The woman is sexy, and McCain made the right choice in picking such a dishy little beezy. Not only was it the smart decision, it was the *only* decision McCain could have made to bolster his position in the upcoming election.

It's not that her family values, pro-life views and stance against teaching practical sex education (since abstinence only education worked *so* well for her daughter...) will rally the socially conservative base of the Republican Party.

In an election where ol' man McCain was running against the sexiest presidential candidate since Kennedy, it was imperative that he chose a sexy running mate to break Obama's monopoly on sex appeal. In Palin McCain found an attractive female politician to counter the sexiness of Barack Obama.

Now, many people may disagree with me here. Those people think that sexiness shouldn't have anything to do with a presidential race. They may be right, but the problem is that in the wonderfully superficial society that we live in, attractiveness is very important. Therefore it only makes sense that two of the most attractive politicians around are a part of this race.

Still don't believe that attractiveness is important? Why do you think Obama got the Democratic ticket in the first place? Is it because he was



more qualified than Hillary? Were his policies any better (or different)? No. It is because he is much sexier than she is and people liked watching him speak. Conversely, the sight of Hillary in her heinous pantsuits made the penises of men shrink nationwide.

This is not the first election where the attractiveness and sex appeal of the candidates has been an important factor. Looking back on the 1960 presidential election where Kennedy snuck away with a win against Nixon. What was the deciding factor that tilted the election in favor of Kennedy? Kennedy was far sexier than Nixon, and as 1960 was the first presidential race with televised debates, Kennedy's attractiveness played a key role.

80 million people tuned in to watch the debate, and Kennedy gained a slight edge over Nixon. Everyone who listened to the debate thought that the more experienced Nixon had won, but the more numerous TV watchers saw a freshly tanned and sexy Kennedy spar against a sweaty and sickly Nixon.

1960 marked a turning point in modern politics after which a politician could gain an edge over an opponent simply by looking better than the guy.

Palin, like Obama, will benefit from her aesthetic features in the upcoming election. Palin has one serious advantage, though: she is a hot mom, *and* a hot politician.

Since the movie "American Pie", MILFs have been a key aspect of American culture. After "Desperate Housewives" became a hit, it wasn't just horny teenagers who were down with MILFs, either.

It is now a very real possibility that we will have the first "VPILF" in the White House. The fact that she is hot only increase the chances of this.

There is some debate over whether or not Palin is actually hot at all, but I think she's just like the semi-attractive teacher you had in high school. You know... the one who was the hottest on the faculty and therefore doable almost by default.

Palin is the most enticing politician I have seen. Due to the lack of saucy female politicians, this makes her the hottest by default and therefore completely doable.

She is also about to be a grandmother, and though she ain't the hottest MILF in the world, she *is* the finest G-MILF I have seen since Lynne Spears.

Now, more than ever, the Republican Party need this hot, gun-toting mother of five to help lead the flock. The Republican message has gone stale over the last eight years. Conservatives are lucky to have a fresh, pretty face to feed America the same bullshit.



Justin Hurst is a contributor to the OC and is ordered by law to stay 300 ft. away from Sarah Palin at all times.

SPEW...

and the passion of the Dow



ON HIS STRUGGLE

“The way Jews in this town have treated the [Pacifica Forum], I must confess that I’m being impelled quite against my wishes to see in the Jewish community a lot of unsavory behavior... So I’ve undergone a transformation somewhat in the direction of becoming an anti-Semite.”

~ Orval Etter, in a Southern Poverty Law Center article describing the wacky goings-on at the Pacifica Forum. Hey, at least he’s honest about it.

ON COLD FISH

“With everyone talking about change in 2008, the Emerald opinion staff has decided to change things up.”

~ Uh oh. This never bodes well.

“This year, we will compile a weekly top 10 list on a variety of different topics. The topics will range from short relationship tips, to what not to do before finals, to what to think about when voting for the election. To introduce the column and the year, the opinion staff compiled a list of What Not to Do On Your First Date.”

~ Get ready, kiddos, because the casanovas of the ODE opinion staff are going to sex you up!

“5) ‘Sexy Can I?’: If you see the relationship going anywhere beyond that night, don’t agree to go back to one of your places to ‘watch a movie.’ We all know what THAT leads to...”

~ Never mind.

“6) Fill Awkward Silences With Fun Distractions”

~ We recommend amending this sentence to read: “Fill awkward spaces with fun distractions.”



ON ARCADIAN DREAMS

“But what really irks me is when people allow these “useful commodities” to consume their lives. For instance, when I go out to eat with a friend, I expect to have, for the most part, his or her full attention. Maybe this is too much to ask, but do they really need to be having a full texting conversation while we’re trying to chat in person? Call me old school, but I think that’s just a little rude.”

~ ODE columnist Meredith LaFrance in
“Technology becoming a crutch.”

“Culture has lead us to betray our own aboriginal spirit and wholeness, into an ever-worsening realm of synthetic, isolating, impoverishing estrangement. Which is not to say that there are no more everyday pleasures, without which we would loose our humanness. But as our plight deepens, we glimpse how much must be erased for our redemption.” ”

~ John Zerzan, noted green anarchist, puts it a slightly different way in “Running on Emptiness: The Pathology of Civilization.”

“I’m the kind of person who watches movies like ‘Pride and Prejudice,’ ‘A Knight’s Tale’ and ‘The Three Musketeers,’ wishing I could transport myself back in time, away from the hassles of the overwhelming amount of gizmos and gadgets galore.”

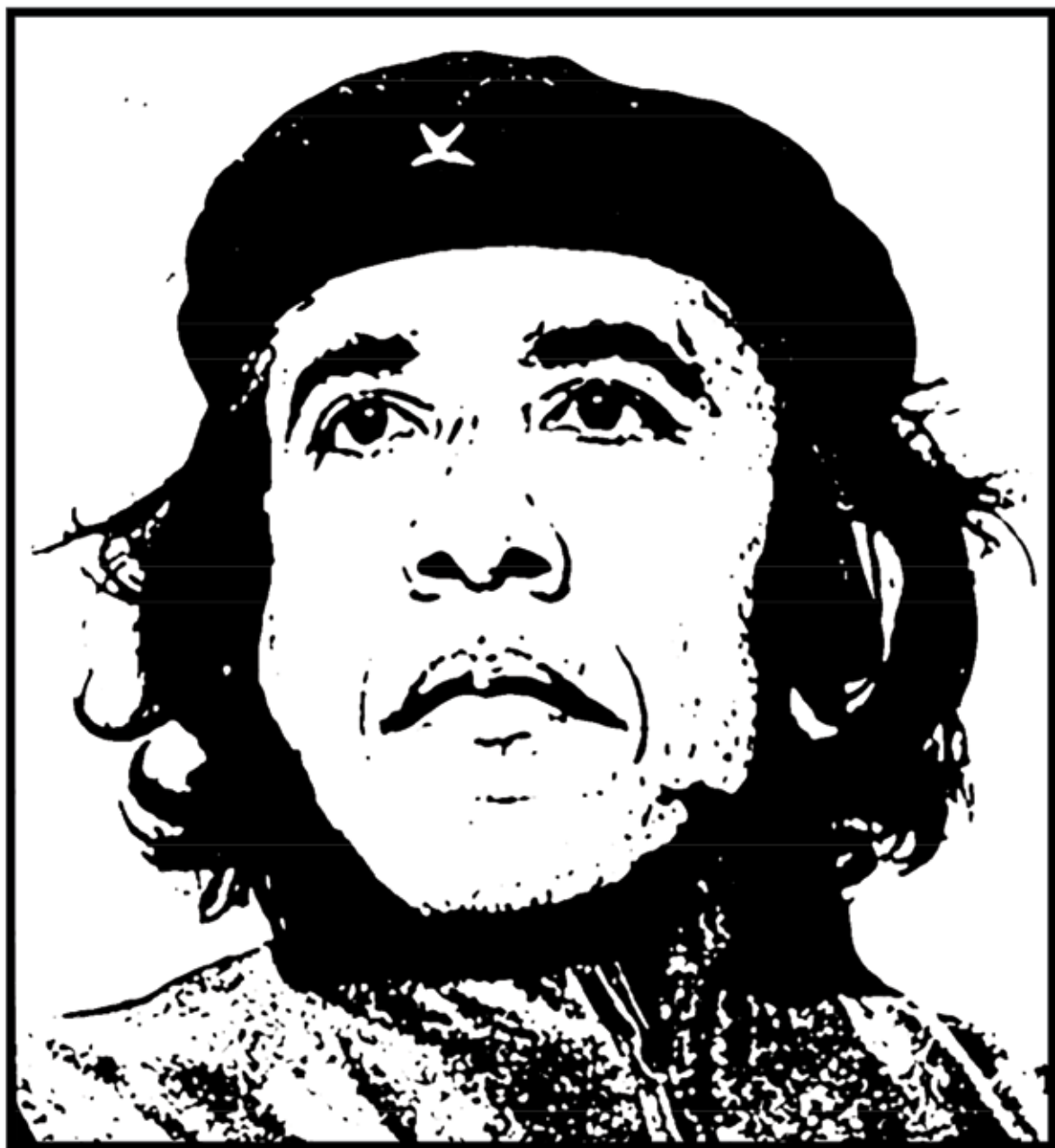
~ LaFrance again. “A Knight’s Tale”? Really?



ON THE MINISTER OF PAIN

“A montage on Russian television of the white-robed prime minister body-slammng opponents accompanied the release of the video, ‘Let’s Learn Judo With Vladimir Putin,’ in Mr. Putin’s hometown, St. Petersburg, on Tuesday.”

~ From a New York Times story, “Putin’s tips for what to do when negotiations collapse.” Putin is a black belt in judo. In Soviet Russia, belt blacks you!



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