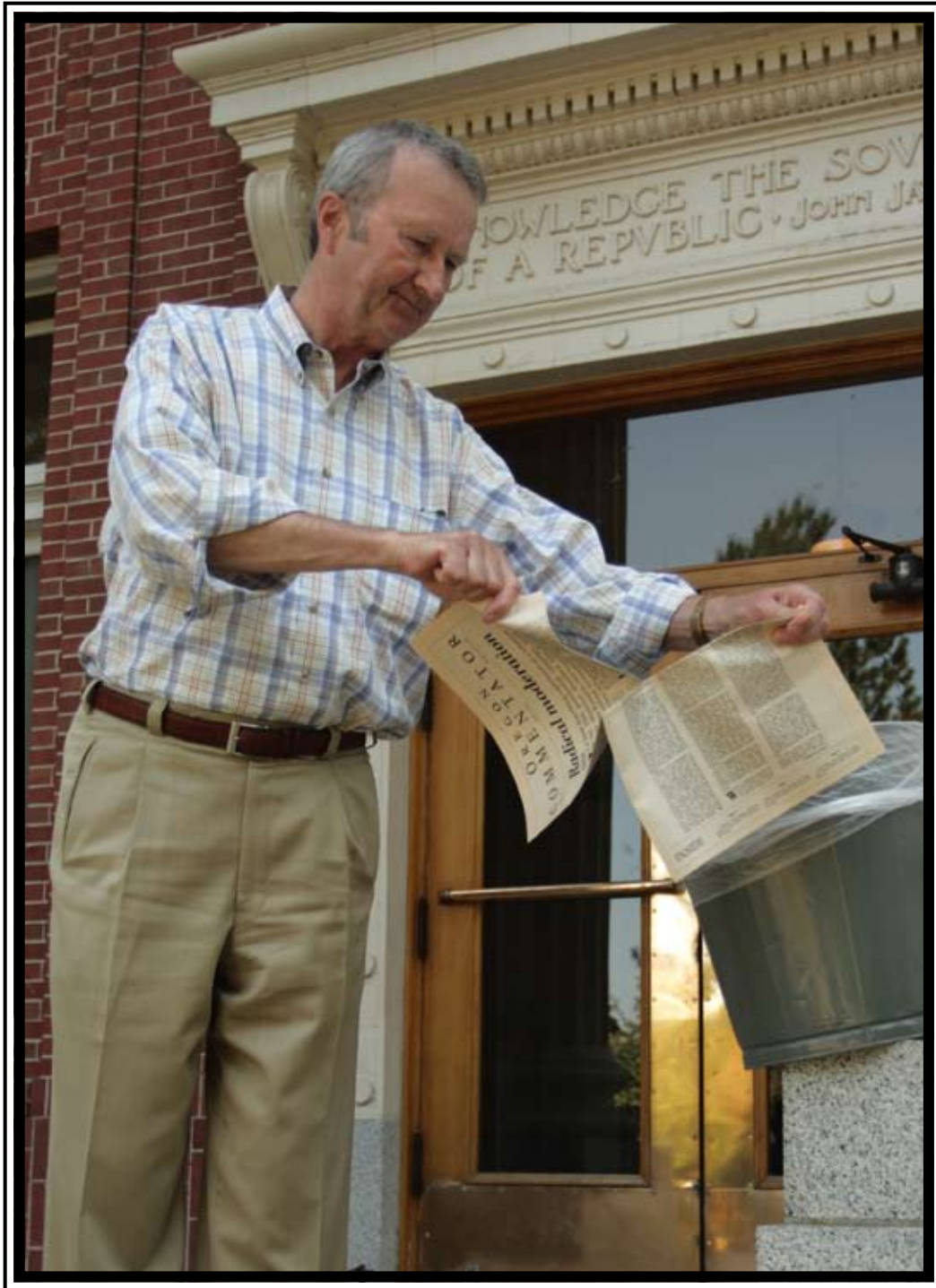


OREGON COMMENTATOR

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25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



INSIDE / Reflections, rants and screeds from our venerable alumni



Founded Sept. 27th, 1983 Member Collegiate Network

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The Oregon Commentator accepts letters to the editor and commentaries from students, faculty and staff at the University of Oregon, or anyone else for that matter. Letters and commentaries may be submitted personally to Room 319 EMU or placed in our mailbox in Suite 4 EMU; phoned in to (541) 346-3721, or e-mailed to ocomment@uoregon.edu.

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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.

BEWARE THE UNDERDOG

That's right, kiddos, this year marks twenty five years of blood, sweat and beers for the ol' Commentator. And please believe, no one is more surprised than us.

It's a small miracle every time an issue goes to print. It means that we managed to collectively drag ourselves away from the bars, classes and love mattresses that otherwise consume our lives long enough to slap together 24 pages of content. That this small miracle has repeated itself every few weeks over the course of 25 years is so improbable, so unlikely, that some might attribute it to divine providence. Indeed, the odds of a publication like the Commentator not only surviving but thriving seem about the same as the Virgin Mary appearing on a piece of toast and asking for an appetini.

But we who have been in the trenches, not just of the Commentator but of any publication, know the truth: It's dedication, not an act of God, that puts these issues in your grubby, little hands.

For 25 years, editors of the Commentator have slaved away. They ate movable type and shat copy [*Yeah, tell me about it - Copy Ed*]. They sacrificed a lot - grades, relationships, jobs ... personal hygiene. And for what? We don't get paid or laid for our output. Hell, most of the students on campus don't even read this damn thing.

Well, why then? We do it because we love it. The Commentator is one of the few places on this sad ship of fools called the University of Oregon where you can be as belligerent and outspoken as you want. It's a bulwark against the tide of drum circles, PC prattling and general douchebaggery that pervades every nook, cranny and classroom.

The editors of the Commentator, past and present, have embraced and relished this freedom. A quick glance



over our sordid past also shows they've pushed it to the extreme. We've come dangerously close to being shut down a number of times.

However, it's important to remember that our outrageous nature was not born in a vacuum; it was a response to the outrageousness surrounding us. In a town once known as the "anarchist capital of the United States," normal is a relative concept. As Hunter S. Thompson once said, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro."

Other conservative college publications have embraced this particular modus operandi as well. Dinesh D'Souza, a former editor of the Dartmouth Review, writes thusly of his time as an embedded college journalist:

"We recognized that to confront liberalism fully we could not be content with rebutting liberal arguments. We also had to subvert liberal culture, and this meant disrupting the etiquette of

liberalism. In other words, we had to become social guerrillas. And this we set out to do with a vengeance."

(For the record, D'Souza sucks, but we liked his quote.)

This is the path we have chosen. Unlike the late William F. Buckley, we are not standing athwart history yelling "Stop!" Rather, we are lewdly straddling it yelling "Buck, bitch, buck!" Just think of us as the drunken rodeo clowns molesting your sweet, sweet Hegelian dialectic.

Looking back over our past, we can only approach the future with, as Buckley once wrote when launching a little rag called National Review, "considerable - and considered - optimism." Thanks to the toil and trouble of editors past, the magazine has become something of an institution on campus, and with that status it has gained, most importantly, a memory.

New editors come in with their own ideas and sensibilities, but one day they invariably look up at the 3-ring binders of back issues on the shelf and think, "I wonder ..." They pull an old issue out. And then they laugh.

Maybe one day this magazine, this carbuncle on the ass of the University, will fold. Maybe one day our antics will cross the line and the hammer will finally be brought down. Maybe one day those sod-bottoms at the Student Insurgent will put their revolutionary know-how to use and firebomb our office, and we'll all go to the great Rennie's smoking deck in the sky.

But ladies and gentlemen and transsexuals, today is not that day. We're pretty sure it's not tomorrow, either. (Those Insurgent kids are lazy as hell.) As for the next 25 years, who can say? But if there's one thing you should know by now, it's this: Beware the underdog.

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“Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in that grey twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.”



THE OREGON COMMENTATOR
FREE MINDS, FREE MARKETS, FREE BOOZE

Introducing Booze 2.0

I just finished thumbing through the new issue and I have to say your bar review lost me on two points. I don't personally take any offense to this because it doesn't interfere with my drinking schedule, but there was some misinformation.

1. Dollar wells at Taylor's are Monday night, not Tuesday. This probably means nothing to you because Taylor's really does suck, but for the value dollar wells are extremely entertaining. Just this Monday I arrived after work to find a friend blacked out and howling Queens of the Stone Age lyrics to himself. After he finished his acapella rendition of "Cocaine," he smashed his glass against the wall for no reason. Not only did the bartender let my friend stay stay, he continued to serve him. Not all is lost at Taylor's on a slow night.

[Second point omitted due to secret information about free pizza]

On an entirely unrelated note, if any members of the Commentator staff have one of those new fangled phones with internet service, you should prob-

ably start an Oregon Commentator Twitter account and update it while you're out at the bars so people know where to come buy you drinks at. Create a badge for the account and post it on the sidebar of the blog so people can see your updates from there. This seems like a no brainer for any drunk in a position to proposition people for free alcohol. Remember, however modest it may be, your celebrity is still greater than those of the ODE staff. I couldn't pick one of those cunts out of a crowd if I tried, and I certainly wouldn't want to drink with them if I could.

That's all I've got. I'd submit stuff, but I'm too lazy. Do the Twitter thing and I'll buy you a pitcher sometime.

- Alex Peters

Oh, to be young again!

OK I discovered the OC the other day. Great publication. I am curious about the opinion that college is a four year vacation from reality. I know that for a lot of these kids here, that's definitely applicable. Suck that tit. My question though: What about the ones that are actually down to learn, just curious about knowing more about the wide range of shit that exists? Just trying to get some clarity.

P.S. All first year naivety has been acknowledged and can be ignored

-edward mostoller

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's your 25 year plan?



Zombie Jesus:

I'm comin' back, bitches! Jesus II: Resurrection Boogaloo!



Robocop:

The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams.



Das Frohn:

Oh, you know, a little bit of [politics], a little bit of [influence]. Just puttin' around the [corridors of power].



Obama:

Bringing America into a new period of peace and prosperity. Workin' on my jumpshot.



McCain

I don't know. Probably dyin'.



Axl Rose:

That's when the next album's dropping! Chinese Democracy II: Electric Boogaloo!



Zombie Lenin:

I'm comin' back, bitches! Lenin II: Revolution Boogaloo!

Wonderword

by MATTHEW THAM

TOPIC: THINGS I THINK ABOUT IN CLASS

BACONSLEEPJU
OSUDSYSTRBWS
OAJHAWAII EY
BEERPONGGHEES
SISOUTHPARKT
DISNEYLANDER
WNIAUTZENGIN
EFCJESUSAUDP
EJAGERBOMBSC
DMARIOKARTCL
RELATIVITYKU
ITBSPONGEBOB
TRANSFORMERS

autzen, bacon, beer,
beer pong, boobs, dis-
neyland, hawaii,
jager bombs, Jessica
Alba, Jesus, mario kart,
relativity, Rihanna,
sleep, South Park,
Spongebob, strip clubs,
Sudsy, transformers,
weed, weekends

Haiku Corner: ASUO Reporter

Eight hour meeting
Covering ASUO
Death would be release

"Speak to your motion."
Fuck Robert's Rules of Order
My personal hell

Knock on the table
A joke without a punchline.
Who's there? A douchebag.

"This needs more debate."
The only thing Senate needs -
a boot in the ass.

Back to the Booze Corrections

* Due to a reporter's error, the bar guide incorrectly stated that the Rennie's staff is "amiable." This is true, except for Rico the bartender. Rico is, in fact, an asshole. The Commentator regrets the error.

How to avoid write-ups

By Matt Tham

So you're finally moving into your very own dorm. Nothing but ragers from here on out right? WRONG! The dorms are anything but a haven of drunken debauchery as depicted in most National Lampoons movies. Instead it's more of a fortress of unnecessary disciplinary action. That's where I come in. I've provided these tips with the intent of helping you avoid the write-ups you probably have coming your way during your first year in the dorms. And trust me I know from experience, you'll enjoy your first year WAY more if you are able to avoid that first, second or maybe even tenth write-up.

Run

Run. Simple as that. Do your best Usain Bolt impression, blow right past that RA and don't look back until you're in your own room or a safer location. If you're fast enough this will never fail. It usually works best if you take off the second the door is open that way they don't even get a good look at you.

Lie

Probably the easiest of all. All you have to do is make up a name and school and claim you're here on vacation. You can literally name off any school and make up any name for yourself and you'll be home free. You also have to make sure to mention that you lost/forgot your wallet, so unfortunately, no you don't have any way to prove who you are. Sorry.

Have a friend lie for you

Your first option is to have a friend lie right then and there and say that you weren't drinking. However, this may not always work. If they hand you a write up anyways have a friend who was there write a letter explaining how you were there for about five minutes before the party got busted and hadn't had a drink yet. As long as the friend writing it doesn't have a ton of disciplinary problems the letter should be believable enough to get you off.

Hide

This is a little risky depending on which dorm you are in. If you are in the LLC this is a great option. As soon as you hear the door know jump into the little closet, or get under the bed and pile clothes around you. If you are in a dorm like Bean this is a little more difficult. You can try to hide under the desk, but with the rooms as small as they are this may be a little difficult.

BAND NAMES WE THOUGHT OF and encourage you to use

- Mexican Prison Riot
- Tyga Znarl
- Eager Trapezoid
- Ham-fisted In-joke
- Bukkake Shower
- Pol Pot Robot
- Cold War Posture
- Achtung! Schneller!
- The Russian Muscle
- The Sarah Palin Porn Party
- Designated Hitler
- Switch Hitler
- Pinch Hitler
- High Out Of Your Mind On Meth
- Nailin' Palin
- Transcontinental Pathogen
- Unambiguous Hitler

Jake the Alum says:



"What, rimjob jokes aren't classy?"

The Oregon Commentator is created by a group of students fed up with "the noticeable gaps in information and journalistic integrity on this campus."

"In the other publications on campus, news stories are sometimes not objective, or even impartial. Editorials are rhetorical, not thought-provoking, and often reflect the writers' grasps of worn-out ideology rather than knowledge of complex issues," writes Publisher Dane S. Claussen in the inaugural issue.

The first issues campus on Oct. 24 with a run of 4,000 copies. The Oregonian prints a small story on the OC, poking fun at it for a typo, then proceeds to misspell Editor Richard Burr's name.

Part of what makes the Oregon Commentator a successful publication is our long institutional memory. Unlike most other student publications, the OC maintains strong ties with its alumni, allowing the staff to draw on years of experience. History and lore is passed from editor to editor much like the Sith lords.

What follows is a timeline of the Commentator, our shining moments, our folly and foibles, our occasional brushes with greatness.

The ASUO tries to defund the OC shortly after it publishes a controversial editorial about homosexuality. That whole "First Amendment" thing gets in the way, though.

ASUO vice president threatens to defund the OC because of content.

1983

1985

1989

1991

1994

Newsweek On Campus briefly mentions the OC in a feature on conservative college publications:

"Many of the newcomers do strive for a more temperate tone. The University of Oregon's right-wing Commentator has won professional awards – and it has an avowed gay and liberal as a contributing editor. The paper did once refer to campus feminists as 'bitchy nuns,' but editors now say they regret it." [ED NOTE: "Avowed gay?" Ah, the 80's]

ASUO President Kirk Bailey says the OC "is the closest thing to the American Nazi Party on this campus."

Editor Owen Brennan Roussell v. Board of Higher Education of Wisconsin, specifically the funding of the First Amendment right to life. The case is later cited by the Supreme Court in Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin v. State of Wisconsin v. State of Wisconsin.

Successful
most
ies
expe-
r,
our
|

The OC buys the Oregon Voice when its incorporated status momentarily lapses, much to the surprise of the Oregon Voice. The OC then publishes several issues of the Voice, using it as a platform to mock the Voice staff.

The ASUO once again tries to defund the OC for mocking a transgendered ASUO Senator. Freedom for Individual Rights in Education becomes involved, and the OC is saved again thanks to that pesky First Amendment.



Beloved Commentator mascot Sudsy O'Sullivan was created in 2001

Someone breaks into the OC office, steals our computers and places an anti-Semitic sticker on our door. Classy.

Editor Tamir Kreigel resigns from the ASUO Senate by having several of his friends dress up as clowns and carry him out of the room.

The OC wins second place in a nation-wide contest for conservative and libertarian college bloggers.

1995

1997

1999

2002

2004

2006

2008

OSPIRG sues the State over the Incident-
funding of OSPIRG,
fee is a violation of
hts. He ultimately
ed by the Supreme
s of the University
outhworth.

The ASUO pretty much reinstates OSPIRG by fiat.

Looking to jump into this whole "web 2.0" thing, the OC staff creates a blog. The seventh seal is broken, and the bowls of God's wrath are poured upon the earth. The first post ever is, appropriately, a link to an Onion article, "Marxists' apartment a microcosm of why Marxism doesn't work."

Editor Emeritus Tyler Graf appears on The O'Reilly Factor to defend the First Amendment rights of the OC's rival publication, the Student Insurgent. In what became known as "Aroused Jesus-gate," the Insurgent decided it would be a real lark to run crude drawings of Our Lord and Savior on the cross with a boner. This was, of course, in response to the OC running the infamous Mohamed cartoons.

In a campaign spear-headed by the OC, OSPIRG is defunded by a special vote of the student body.

The OC is one of the sole voices of reason in the debacle, stating that the Insurgent is indeed stupid, but their stupidity is protected under the Bill of Rights. For what it's worth, O'Reilly commends the OC for its "responsible" journalism.

So you think you want to graduate?

Scott Camp

Congratulations!

Now find any way possible to *not* graduate. It isn't fun out here, folks. Having drinks on Thursday afternoon at Rennie's Landing is fun. Having one class on Monday afternoon and never attending is fun. Working your arse off only to pay \$3.25 a gallon for gas, along with losing your life savings in the stock market is decidedly *not* fun. What's that? You don't want to stay in college any longer? Hmm-mm-mm...well, at least listen to what I am proposing.

As you probably know, our beloved *Commentator* is celebrating it's 25th Anniversary. I gave a great deal of consideration to what would be most appropriate to share with you, and decided on addressing what is highly important to you at this moment: You. America 2008 bears absolutely no resemblance to the country I stumbled into after gradu-

ating, clutching an expensive Political Science degree from our esteemed University. Just to give you some perspective, when I was matriculating as a Duck, Soundgarden and Pearl Jam were all the rage. The internet mostly existed in laboratories and government agencies. The Ducks football program was the perennial

laughing stock of the PAC 10, and in some years, the entire nation. A youthful Bill Clinton delivered a stump speech outside of the EMU when he was still just the Governor of the nation's largest chicken farm. Simpler times, indeed, my young friends. You poor bastards are staring down the barrel of the most complex and horrifying economic calamity since 1929 and for that, I sympathize with you. I want to do my part as a fellow Duck to make your transition into our current morass a little less tragic. So here is what I am going to do...

As you are read this, I am waiting on President Frohn-meyer to sign off on my proposal to introduce an all-elective, 9 credit, 21st Century Survival Boot Camp. It is designed to help you avoid feeling like a one legged person in an ass-kicking contest when you graduate (to those of you with only one leg already, you have my apologies). There is a core skill set that you will need if you are to succeed in a country that is beginning to resemble a very well populated insane asylum. But no one will ever tell you this, and the folks that would have been your mentors and advocates ten years ago are too busy furiously rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic to take the time to help you navigate past any personal icebergs. Forget them fools, yo! You just need to get registered for these classes and rest easy, knowing that you will be years ahead of your brethren at all the other American colleges (except the really good ones).

Day 1: Economics for Recent Graduates (or Top Ramenomics)

Let's face it, there will be times when you don't have two dimes to rub together. When I first lit out to face the post-collegiate abyss, there were no cell phones, almost nobody had the internet, not many people had computers, and cable TV was limited to less than 100 channels.

There was so much less to spend money on then! But you kids today remind me of NASA scientists with your cell phone

ear pieces, your blogs, your Blackberry's, and your own personal communication satellites. These do-dads cost money. Lots of money. And unless you are some super-frugal, Henry David Thoreau type, or Amish, you are going to be loaded down with enough gadgets to impress James Bond. You will need to budget for these toys right alongside rent, food, car, clothes and utilities. But who am I kidding? It's 2008, damn it, so you also have to include money for video games, drugs, DVD's, and

porn (what is with you kids and porn, anyway?). In short, you are going to be broke more often than not. Here are few highlights from the curriculum:



Eat or Drink

Beer has calories and can sustain you until payday, but food has so-called "vitamins and minerals". Food, though, will never get you drunk (unless properly fermented). Learn when to prioritize and why a liquid diet has numerous slimming benefits. Discussion on which beer contains the most life-giving goodness, and which is just beer flavored water. Also, which health insurance has the best coverage for alcohol related mishaps and dependency programs.

Rent or Own

An age old conundrum for financial advisors: is it better to own a DVD or to rent it? You will learn a simple dollar cost calculation for how to properly estimate the future value cost of "Super Troopers" and "Almost Famous", and whether the twenty half- sober viewings after 2 AM justify the \$19.99 price at Target.

Online or Brick and Mortar

With all of the wonderful discounts available online,

along with the ease of use, internet shopping is making it increasingly easier to point and click your way to bankruptcy. The class will debate the relative merits of purchasing that really bitchin' fleece from J. Crew Online versus driving your lazy ass to the mall and buying it from an actual person. Included is a gas mileage/nearest mall mapping chart for dollar management research purposes. Also, Las Vegas versus internet gambling, and why it is easier to stay home, consume mass quantities of diluted bottom shelf liquor, and throw your money down the drain. You may actually find some of it the next day.

Day 2: Psychology for Trying Times (with Anger Management lab)

Do not be surprised if the world fails to live up to your expectations. Jobs are hard to come by and the available ones pay less than the cost of living. Normal people do not look or act like the actors on Gossip Girl or Scrubs, traffic is bad, the ice caps are melting, our business leaders are going to prison, banks are failing, and that is on a good day. There's no way to lie to ourselves and pretend that this is the best of all possible worlds. In fact, it is shaping up to be a giant, overpriced, media ready dung heap. There will be days when you are ready to hunker down and construct your own neutron bomb from recycled computer parts and melted nickels. Less mathematically inclined people might just prefer to drink heavily and punch holes in the walls. This class will help you prepare for the coming dark night of the soul, and if nothing else, will recommend really good over-the-counter sleep aids.

Success Through Negative Thinking

You will soon be repeating the same questions over and over again, including: "How could this idiot possibly be my boss?", "You won't go out with me why?", and "Did everyone go crazy and forget to tell me?" New Age psychobabble dismisses these types of instincts as wrong headed and small minded. Nonsense! In this class, you will learn to embrace totally logic-neutral conclusions like: a) Your boss really is the biggest asshole in the Universe, b) That person did not want to date you because they are stuck up and secretly insecure or crazy, and not because of that thing on your face, c) Other people are terrible drivers and should get off the road, and d) When I become rich and/or famous, the people that wronged me will be very, very sorry.

Jesus H. Christ and Other Less Popular Deities

A large portion of the Earth's population believes in some kind of higher power. At no time in human history has there been a greater need for a cosmic superhero. In today's trying times, it is calming to know that there is a Supreme Being that is aligned with your spiritual needs,

agrees on which of your enemies to cripple, and can help the field goal kicker of the team you bet on to hit this 53 yarder into the wind because you really, really, really need to cover the point spread. Also, a breakdown of popular gods by height, as well as which denominations still sell indulgences, which take checks, and which practice plural marriage.

Self Medication: Smilin' Through the Pain

We all like to pretend that we are above our own searing emotional pain, but sometimes all of the bluster and fake tanning spray in the world cannot quiet that inner critic that whispers "Your faults are numerous and obvious to others". In those times when your firm psychological foundation rattles and hums, here are a few of "Mother's little helpers" to make your pathological self-loathing a little more fun. Includes: a) Valium and Dr. Pepper, 24 great flavors, b) Don't Fear the Reefer, and c) Robotussin on Ice is Nice.

Day 3: Alternative Communication Styles (Expletives included!)



Lying, as a general rule, is an ugly way to get ahead. Anyone can lie, and everyone does. That is why I have come up with a revolutionary truth-telling technique that will amuse your friends and keep your enemies guessing. Why fiddle around with blundering tales that no one will one ever believe when you can just as easily astound them with the truth?

Are You Talking to Me?

I'm the Only One Here...

There will be days that fail to reach the level of neutron bomb creation or snorting crushed Vicodin, but they will try your patience anyway. Your boss will come stomping into your cube and will say "I told you to have the Finklesstein Report on my desk by noon! You better have a good excuse for this malarkey!" People who have not taken this class would make up some absurd lie like "I was in a minor

Life is a crap sandwich and other things

I learned at the Commentator

Mark Hemingway

I'll confess, when I was asked to contribute to the 25th anniversary issue of the OC, I hadn't exactly been keeping up with things the magazine's latest efforts at telling the ASUO to STFU.

So I began plowing through last year's issue archive, and lo and behold, one of the first things I saw was a photo essay devoted a former UO psychology professor – i.e. a person given thousands in taxpayer dollars to teach inchoate minds about mental health – lasciviously *humping* one of the EMU courtyard's green bollards in an attempt to show a raving itinerant street preacher who's the real intolerant Captain Crazy pants. But hey, Lord love a Duck. That's in the bible somewhere, right Mr. Street Preacher?

After all these years, I wasn't even mildly surprised by this particular tableaux. But you know what they say, the more things change... the more you resent the utter inadequacy and malicious intent of the people and institutions you foolishly entrusted your undergraduate education to – or something like that.

Ten years removed from the *Commentator* and my time in Eugene, the one thing I can take solace in is that I now know life doesn't get automatically get better as you get older and wiser. I'm about the last person to be handing out Life Lessons™, but success – in whatever modest form I can claim to know – largely depends on your ability to wake up every day knowing full well that today is the first day of the rest of your crap sandwich. And what's more, not only are there are people that depend on you enjoying that crap sandwich, there are also plenty of people you come into contact with every day that are victims of injustice so profound that contemplating it for second means your crap sandwich starts to look comparatively like steak tartare on artisanal focaccia flown in from Tuscany that very morning. (For what it's worth, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Edmund Burke speaks of the capacity to "bear with infirmities until they fester into crimes," but I find the crap sandwich metaphor a bit more memorable.)

Now you'd think that now that I've graduated and have somehow cobbled together a career as a political journalist in Washington, D.C. that I would have left my petty political disputes as an undergrad behind me. But that's just not the case. Case in point: My proudest achievement as an undergrad was



being an integral part of the campaign to defund OSPIRG. Now we're about to elect a former PIRG organizer President of the United States.

As if Bush wasn't bad enough, as young man Barack Obama, Hope of a Nation, worked for NYPIRG and cast his lot in with that thieving, mendacious group of left-wing mountebanks so horrifying they could come straight out of the Lesser Key of Solomon. While the stakes may be a bit higher in Washington, one way or another I'm still doing battle with OSPIRG.

I'm no crusader, but my chosen tool for the necessary redressing of injustice happens to be journalism. And I learned everything worthwhile about that from the *Commentator*. J-school tried to teach me the mechanics of writing, but real clarity of thought only comes from wrestling with the

often unsavory aspects of human nature. It was the *Commentator* that filled the kiddie pool with canola oil, shoved me into the ring, and taught me everything I know about fighting the good fight.

Given my personal fondness for what this peculiar institution taught me, I'd like to think that the *Commentator*'s 25th anniversary will not go unremarked upon at the University of Oregon. The general campus community is so blind to corruption and such a slave to groupthink, that they've always treated the *Commentator* as the ideological equivalent of a fart in a crowded elevator. So I suspect no one will much care. But anyone who's paid attention over the last 25 years knows there have been innumerable instances where the *Commentator*, either through rock-solid investigative journalism or simple ridicule, has kept any number of infirmities borne on the backs of students from rising to the level of festering crimes.

Or to put it another way, for a quarter of a century the *Commentator* has been making university life more palatable. God willing, in another quarter of a century it will still be around, helping students choke down their crap sandwiches with its patented hellbroth of good humor and righteous indignation. And yes, even if you don't say anything, we know:

You're welcome.



Mark Hemingway was on the OC from '95 to '98 and is currently a contributor at National Review.

Jeremy Jones for ASUO President



**"BRING OUT THE VIRGINS
—TO WASH MY LOINS!"**

[Http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~jjones5](http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~jjones5)

The case for the Commentator

William Beutler

A few weeks ago I actually sat down and did the math on my tenure with the Oregon Commentator: I spent two years as chief editor of the magazine resulting in twenty issues I would call my own — though I might disclaim a few but for my name being on them. Depending on how you count front-of-book pieces (I didn't) or unsigned editorials (only if two pages or longer) I wrote some 29 articles as Staff Writer, Associate Editor, Editor-in-Chief and Editor Emeritus. Trained as a journalist, I consider "counting" equal to "math," and leave it there.

All told I served five years concurrently at the OC and the UO and if it wasn't for the former I surely wouldn't have spent so much time at the latter. I might even have followed my original plan of transferring to one of the film schools that had either passed on me for submitting screenplays to directing programs or simply required financial resources I did not have. And thanks to my involvement with the Oregon Commentator, there was absolutely no way I would have time to study enough to come anywhere near achieving the kind of grades that might actually earn me an offer elsewhere.

At the Commentator I found my writing voice, which at worst is like DFW minus 30 IQ points and at best has earned me just about every meal ticket in my life, or at least the ones to fancier restaurants. I'm sure I still would have taken up blogging at some point, though the OC got me in the door early. But what would I have written about? The Commentator gave me that, too. At this underrated campus institution I unwittingly found a coherent philosophical perspective that I never knew I needed.

There was a time, roughly coincident with my tenure with the Commentator, that I believed and would tell anyone who would listen (appropriate to the conversa-



tion or not) that the future of American politics was libertarian — not pseudo-utopian Randianism but the gradual, inexorable ascendancy of markets and individuals over state and collective authorities, with a political center of gravity just to the right and increasingly open. The Era of Big Government was Over, The End of History was upon us, and Paul Krugman was writing monographs about the blessings of free trade.

By means no greater nor necessary than innumerable pitchers of Sierra Nevada followed by inadvisable Teas of Long Island on the upstairs porch at Rennie's (back then it was only upstairs) I helped more than a few from my cohort to discover their own libertarian ideals. Some made the full transition with me from apathetic, liberal-by-default college students to libertarian-leaning conservatives of the sort that this magazine has always fostered and in turn relied upon. Come to think of it, I may have even appointed a few of them to leadership positions.

That was the very beginning of this decade (fortunately still unabbreviated as a two-syllable expression like "aughties" or "naughties"). And can you believe it's almost over? In my opinion, it can't end soon enough. The fact that it began with yours truly at the helm of the Oregon Commentator may or may not have been an ominous sign, though the cover art from my last

issue in charge — a cartoon axe bashed through a cartoon Earth — sure seems like one. But it was a Hate issue, so what do you expect?

Then came The Clash of Civilizations and, not far behind, myriad if not exactly unprecedented expansions of federal power. The response to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001 was far from the only way in which government made a comeback, but it undoubtedly accelerated the reversal. Think the

Iraq war, Medicare Part D, the PATRIOT Act, Terri Schiavo, FISA, the farm bills, McCain-Feingold just before and now the massive federal mortgage bailout: while there are bitter differences over which were acceptable compromises and which were contemptible abominations, we can all agree there is a little something there for everyone to hate.

And that only enumerates a few of the things that actually happened: Social Security reform flamed out quickly and if you don't know the name David Walker, do yourself a favor and Google him just as soon as you finish reading this.

Recently, Slate's Jacob Weisberg was moved by the current financial crisis to declare The End of Libertarianism, which in retrospect will sound like any one of the sweeping capitalized statements I've already referenced and everyone now treats as oversimplifications at best. But make no mistake: we are about as far from libertarian conservatism now as I thought we would be close to it then. Libertarianism has not been discredited, but its fair-weather friends have undeniably surrendered it to procrastinations and quick fixes.

Small-government initiatives have always faced a gigantic uphill battle at the national level, a fact explained most successfully by political scientists and think tankers such as Jon Rauch, whose excellent

Government's End (alas meaning its entrenchment and sclerosis, not dislodgment and remission) pointed out the difficulty of this challenge more than a decade ago. Remind me, how many cabinet-level positions did Ronald Reagan manage to eliminate?

During the Republican presidential primary season, I supported (and was lucky enough to work in a small capacity for) Fred Thompson, the former senator from Tennessee who once admonished Alec Baldwin thusly: "Russians don't take a dump, son, without a plan." My initial support was based not just on his motion picture awesomeness, nor even necessarily that he leveraged the Internet to put himself back on the political map, but his sincere and well-made arguments for federalism as a means of devolving power from the national level back to the states. (In a Chapman Hall political science class, I remember professor Joel Bloom once talking about how the related concept of "devolution" was the next big trend in national politics — yet I haven't heard the phrase once since moving inside the Beltway a half-decade ago.) Federalism is not libertarianism per se, but they are highly compatible as both seek to advance personal liberty, allowing for reasonable disagreement and controlled social experimentation without forcing the entire country to live under the same typically immovable set of laws. Though Fred did not win the nomination, his ideas deserve to be heard again.

Despite these manifold setbacks and also very much because of them, I submit that the Oregon Commentator is more vital now than ever, more important to its community and to the center-right writ large. True, libertarianism is barely a whisper in the national conversation, but minds are often made up first at the local level. And the Commentator is uniquely positioned to do this.

Certainly the magazine is humming along. Most editors, myself included, surely feared at one time or another that this student publication, our bane and benefactor — our lifeblood and liquor drain, our alternately alliterating things good and bad — would wither away without us running the show. It's not easy to put out a magazine every few (I mean, two) weeks and do so while juggling classes or a job or both. And yet here I am writing for posterity in a magazine just as funny and just as sharp as

the one that brought me in the front door when I had no idea what it was all about. I don't worry about the Oregon Commentator anymore.

And while the "free minds, free markets, free booze" credo has been key to the Commentator through the years, I'd argue that it has been served at least as well by the magazine's own (mostly unexamined) federalist ethic: that is to say, the emphasis on local debates over national ones. What does a college student know about federal policy? Maybe plenty, but that's never where our comparative advantage lay.

At this underrated campus institution, I unwittingly found a coherent philosophical perspective that I never knew I needed.

The Commentator succeeds not by writing about what other right-leaning magazines (or today, blogs) write about but what matters to the campus and to the average student. Even commentaries that deal with national issues still tie back to, or are unmistakably from, an Oregon perspective, and unmistakably so from that of a grumpy, hungover (or hair-of-the-dog-bitten) Eugene undergraduate.

And the state, with its decriminalized marijuana and assisted suicide, is one of the more fertile places to deliver and nurture libertarian ideas once again. I support the former and am ambivalent about the latter, but I will fervently defend Oregon's right to find out what works and what doesn't. What does may be adopted elsewhere, and what doesn't will remain the sort of quirk that has influenced Stephen Colbert to brand the Beaver State (which really should be the Duck State) as California's Canada, Washington's Mexico, Idaho's Portugal and, most recently, the West Coast's taint.

To those who would say the Commentator is merely libertarian and not legitimately conservative, I humbly request that one consider the context. Nine years after once-and-maybe-future-mayor Jim Torrey christened Eugene the "anarchist capital of the United States" no other city

has even contested the claim. As one of the few student publications spawned during the Reagan revolution to survive long enough to both fight for its country and consume alcohol legally (if one thinks of the Commentator as a person, which I like to do) it is undeniably key that the mission and masthead describe it as a "conservative journal of opinion."

There may be no greater example of the OC's resistance to the prevailing wisdom than its criticism of the Incidental Fee, as purely a student-focused issue as one exists. For as long as the Commentator is published — and I am confident that will be for many years to come — it will stand athwart the University of Oregon, yelling stop. And reflecting the nature of West Coast conservatism, it was no mistake for the staff application to eventually — around Owen's time, if I recall — include the question: "How do you feel about the Commentator's libertarian editorial position?"

I am writing all of this two weeks prior to the November election, and I do so assuming that Chief Justice Roberts will be swearing in President Obama come January. The impact on the hyperlocal Oregon Commentator will be limited at first. But given the Democratic Congress the new president will have, look for the left to overreach sooner than you might expect, divided governance to become a popular notion once again and free-thinking Oregonians to be searching for an alternative.

By focusing on Eugene's laughable city politics, the University of Oregon's eye-rolling campus controversies and the ASUO's inevitable misadventures, the Commentator composes a synthesis that renders the thesis and antithesis as lackluster as the Marxist professors who put such ideas in my head to begin with.

In time there will be a resurgence in small-government, libertarian-conservative philosophies and policies. And you can count on the Oregon Commentator to be there as participant and observer — most likely drunk.



William Beutler was Editor-in-Chief from 1999-2001. He is now a writer and consultant in Washington, D.C. and currently Innovation Manager at New Media Strategies.

Off the cuff with Olly Ruff

Olly Ruff

The Oregon Commentator has now lasted longer than Duane Allman did. I'm not certain, but this may actually have been one of the magazine's originally stated goals. Regardless of whether I just made that up, however, it's a fitting occasion for a commemorative issue: twenty-five years of free minds, free markets, and free booze. (Tragically, whenever the last two planks of that motto come into conflict, the penultimate one takes precedence; it's a by-law.)

The Commentator has succeeded because it is (ideally) run with a political philosophy but journalistic tactics, rather than vice versa. In particular, its most important editorial principle, one it has exemplified for as long as I've been around to witness, is one it shares with all other journalism produced pro bono by distracted people who must be beaten with sticks to get them to write anything. This principle states that whenever you can come up with a few pages of plausible copy without actually having to beat someone with a stick, you jump at the chance. In this case the result may just be a collection of curmudgeonly alumni gazing into our navels while all repeating the same drunken anecdote from very slightly different perspectives, but at least it is a testament to the current editorial board's grasp of the basics of their trade.

The thing I'm struck by most is not so much that the magazine has survived in some form for this long, but the fact that it is still more or less recognizably the same publication it was in 1983, despite being staffed entirely by student volunteers who move on and are replaced every year or two. The OC has managed a fairly impressive level of year-to-year continuity that has been unbroken since at least the Owen Brennan Rounds administration, which is highly unusual anywhere in campus journalism and even more so in the "conservative media" ghetto on whose outskirts the Commentator sits. I spent something like four years officially contributing in some form or other, and over that period the basic idea of what the Commentator is, who it is aimed at, what material it does and does not publish, and so forth has remained basically unchanged. This sense of continuity starts with the mission statement that runs inside



A young, fresh-faced Olly Ruff at Max's Tavern. Note the general optimism and lack of existential horror.

the front cover of each issue. It's a sober and inclusive document, more The Economist than National Review, and together with the word "conservative" on the masthead I think it's often the most provocative thing about the magazine - in fact, many of the most febrile assaults on the OC during my time there came from people who apparently hadn't bothered to read much beyond the cover. Somewhat miraculously, a center-right manifesto that would seem quite uncontroversial in large

parts of the world has been enough to provide the Commentator with an ideological identity, plunge it into the center of the shouting match that is campus political discourse, and give it the one thing without which opinion journalism shrivels up and dies: enemies. "Commitment to fiscal responsibility" really isn't a very exciting phrase, so it's always helpful if, for instance, an OSPIRG apparatchik is willing to stand up and denounce you for trying to stop them funneling money off-campus. Student government may consist of a group of undergraduates playing at being politicians - in fact, it absolutely does - and as such, anyone would feel ridiculous for taking it too seriously. But the money they are responsible for is real, it is paid directly by students, and it runs into the low seven figures. Much of the OC's best journalism has begun with following that money. In addition, it has produced a number of coherent and serious pieces arguing various local and (less often) national issues from a skeptical conservative/libertarian standpoint, from the late Michael Rust's scene-setting "Radical Moderation" to perhaps the most critically acclaimed piece of writing the Commentator has ever published, Dan Atkinson's exhaustive and lyrical review of bottom-shelf wines. This last one didn't contain any political content as such, unless one counts making fun of the Oregon Voice as a political stance - which, of course, we generally do.

But if a free campus paper run by volunteers could consistently fill issues with hard-hitting exposes of political corruption and professional-quality think-pieces about great issues of the day then it wouldn't be free and it wouldn't be run by volunteers. As has been lamented in the farewell pieces of various Editors-in-Chief, volun-

teers are flaky sons of bitches. People miss deadlines, or ignore them altogether. Copy-editing is impossible when pieces are amended immediately before publication or improvised on the spot. Instead of helping with layout, the entire staff decamps to Rennie's. I did this a lot, and whoever's in charge frequently ends up doing so as well - in fact, at least one issue has been written in its entirety there by passing a legal pad around a large table while flagging down more and more Long Islands. But eventually whatever is legible on the legal pad must be transcribed, whatever pages are blank must have things put on them, and the magazine's infrastructure - its network of alumni, its library of back issues stretching back to the Eighties, the collection of random objects attached to the walls of the office - is at its most important when the editor has been up for forty-eight hours straight and is trying to produce the last eight pages of content with no assistance from the rest of the staff, who have usually remained at Rennie's. There is always a risk that somewhere between the fifth and sixth can of Rockstar someone will look around the office and say to themselves "fuck it, we're running two pages of CD reviews." But then institutional memory takes hold, and they pull themselves together and start writing abusive haiku about members of Student Senate instead [*For example, see pg. 6 - Ed*].

The dense web of incomprehensible in-jokes, non-jokes, running jokes and (more often than not) abusive haiku that results from this kind of creative process was the first thing I noticed about the Commentator when I picked up one of Bill Beutler's issues in Carson, back in the year 2000, and the first thing that made me want to write for it. After a chance meeting with the staff in the much-mourned Clancy Thurber's, I hung around throughout the tenure of five or so editors, filling pages as best I could and getting what I still consider to be a great crash course in ridiculous campus controversies. The magazine fell in and out of favor with the Collegiate Network - the non-sinister umbrella organization of American right-wing campus publications, where "right-wing" can be interpreted extremely broadly - for its refusal to toe any party line (or, depending on your perspective, for printing too many rambling articles about drinking and not enough about national greatness). It ran an epic number of joke candidates for political office, of which Tim Dreier's spoof-McCarthyite campaign deserves special mention. (He proposed the



Ruff again, near the end of his tenure at the OC, with fellow lumberjack Tyler Graf.

creation of an ASUO Committee on Un-American Activities, and spent a lot of time brandishing what he claimed was a list of subversives on campus, which turned out to be a copy of the student directory with Dreier's own name painstakingly scratched out. I'm not sure if the number of people who didn't understand this is surprising or not, but they certainly wrote a lot of angry letters.) It was nearly shut down on more than one occasion, coming perilously close most recently in 2005 when an alliance of student government officials and the Insurgent collective did their level best to establish that the Commentator's insensitivity had finally reached criminal status, and thankfully failed. And it became an early adopter of web publication, beginning to produce a blog before the word made it into the old-

media lexicon. By 2004, everyone was surprised by the large amount of traffic we were generating - although in fact this turned out to be the direct result of unsophisticated search algorithms noticing that contributor Erin Flood had used the phrase "thong ass" in a comment. Now the blog is thriving, as a large readership in Eugene and further afield hurl insults at each other in the best tradition of the internet, and curmudgeonly alumni complain about font selection.

And I'm one of those curmudgeonly alumni myself, yammering on in blog comments about how much better things were in the old days. Still, indisputably superior though the old days were, some things have not changed: the valuable (and usually undervalued) role of campus media in pointing out the absurdity of campus politics, the fact that I'm running horribly behind deadline on this piece (although at least it's not because I was at Rennie's when I should have been writing it), and the Oregon Commentator itself: a campus institution that has proven extremely difficult to eradicate. So here's to many more successful years under the next generation of editors. After all, Gregg Allman is still going strong at sixty.



Olly Ruff was involved in some way or another with the OC from ruffly 2000 to 2005 and is currently a professor of mathematics.

History of the OC blog

Timothy Dreier



It was four score over four plus five years ago that a rag-tag group of dissatisfied Reaganites banded together to publish the very first issue of this publication. I doubt many of them thought it would last -- I've always gotten the impression that it was started on a lark and that none of the founders really expected it to go anywhere -- so, at very least, we can say the magazine has surpassed those radically moderate expectations. I also suspect that none of the founders guessed that 25 years after the first issue hit stands a kid who was 18 months old in September 1983 would be considered one of the organization's elder statesmen and telling another tale of triumph that began on a dare.

When I started at the Commentator in January of 2001 the OC was still very much a paper animal. What little on-line presence we had was hosted on the University of Oregon's Darkwing server, with content straight from the magazine's pages -- diligently converted to .html by Ben Nahorney and Sho Ikeda. In any case, the Commentator's presence on what we would all come to know as the Ted Stevens Memorial Series of Tubes was what might

charitably be called "minimal."

At the time this was not unusual for a college publication. The Dartmouth Review -- one of the oldest conservative college rags in the country -- put its own domain online late in 1998. The University's own Ol' Dirty Emerald first went online in early 1999, so the registration of www.oregoncommentator.com in February of 2001 was a little late, but not terribly - especially considering that the Commentator had been on the web for several years previous to that.

For about a year and a half after registration, the OC's new domain rolled along essentially as it had on the University of Oregon's servers -- html archives of issues, mediocre design hacked together when somebody on staff remembered how to code, and one very brief foray into the world of message boards. Oliver Ruff is the proud owner of the sole topic therein, now unfortunately lost to the aether. I'm sure it was brilliant, though, really.

In November of 2002 the monkeys finally grabbed hold of the monolith. None of us who were there can quite remember who decided we should have a blog. My own hazy memory credits the idea to Bret Jacobson (Publisher, 2001-

2003), but it could have come from William Beutler (Editor 1999-2001). It might even have come from Sho Ikeda (Contributor Emeritus), or from Pete Hunt (Editor 2001-2003). In any case, Blogger was free and it seemed like a good idea at the time, so with Sho's technical skills and the design assistance of ex-Another Perspective columnist Brandon Hartley -- who I still think the Commentator owes money -- off we went.

The inaugural post belongs to Sho and reads, in its entirety, "Let's start this off with a fine article by The Onion. I'm sure this scenario is not uncommon at student 'collectives' at the UofO." My first post was a simple link to an article in the Ol' Dirty about, of all things, public restrooms and whether or not they should be segregated according to one's genitalia. Obviously, we were in fine form.

Over the next year or so the blog came into its own and, coupled with the change from .html archives to .pdf versions of the print magazine, started to transform the Commentator website from a small afterthought to a key component of the Commentator's distribution system. To the extent that carrying boxes of issues around trying to pawn them off on unsuspecting members of the student body and/or vagrants is a system, anyway.

By the time we switched from Blogger to Movable Type and I took over as Editor-in-Chief in fall of 2003 the Commentator website was getting as many unique visitors as the print circulation, from all over the world. The blog became a clearinghouse for ideas that were too short, too short-notice, or simply inappropriate for the print edition of the magazine. This change was driven by a small, dedicated group of OC staffers and alumni - Sho Ikeda, Oliver Ruff, Bret Jacobson,

Pete Hunt, William Beutler and myself. Between 2002 and fall of 2003 those guys did an amazing job posting consistently interesting entries and building a regular readership. My own contributions were mainly over-long pieces about economics nobody read and the occasional post calling Howard Dean a communist.

During my tenure as Editor I was lucky to still have Olly and Sho around on staff, to get the continued contributions of recent alumni, and to add Tyler Graf to the mix as well as increase the participation of one Jeremy "What's spell check? No, seriously, I don't know what it is." Jones. We also got the rest of the staff more involved, to the extent that we had a staff, and counted on regular posting (of varying quality) from almost everyone at the magazine.

In other words: Times, they were good.

And they only improved -- in fall of 2004 then ASUO Senator Toby Hill-Meyer took exception to an edition of "OC Asks". The resulting hullabaloo, including a massive budget blow-up and hundreds of angry anti-Commentator protesters, made excellent blog fodder. As the ridiculousness of that year's budgetary process proceeded the blog became a place for OCers new and old to keep tabs on goings on, give our opinions about exactly how many extra chromosomes the PFC kids were carrying, and to taunt Toby about his/her/its demand for special nonsense pronouns. A good time was had by all and the OC's budget was approved in the end. This was mostly due to our dark budgetary magics and sacrifice of several farm animals of varying cuteness, but I digress.

Under Ian Spencer the blog got its next big piece of exposure thanks to a bunch of dirty hippies who never really liked us in the first place -- The Student Insurgent and our lord and savior Jesus Christ. Well, the Messiah's throbbing, tumid member. In April 2006 the Student Insurgent published an issue we all came to know as "Boner Jesus" and,

as one might expect, it contained explicit pictures of the King of the Jews in various states of undress at myriad stages of arousal. The one constant, near as we could tell, was that the Insurgent kids thought Jesus was hung like a horse. I guess, in a weird way, that makes a certain kind of sense. In any case, Boner Jesus offended exactly who the Insurgent hoped to offend, and the aptly named Jethro Higgins made it his mission to get the Insurgent defunded as a result.



This was all excellent campus news at the time, and given that the Insurgent did not have any semblance of a functional website, Ian took it upon himself to scan and post the offending issue -- our monthly bandwidth usage quintupled overnight as the 10mb file was downloaded and linked around the web. We also had a most delightful influx of commenters who confused our magazine with the Student Insurgent. Many of them posted fire-and-brimstone rants, many others condemned the Commentator to hell. At one point Olly proposed that any such posts be submitted in verse -- unfortunately this request was largely ignored. The extra attention helped get the Commentator blog its most major piece of national exposure, and gave us a pretty good boost in readership that I am pleased to say has been mostly maintained.

Since then it's been all rainbows and sunshine. Ian started, but Ted Neidermeyer and subse-

quent editors Ossie Bladine and CJ Ciaramella have continued, the tradition of in-depth ASUO coverage on the blog. Over the last couple of years their reporting on Student Senate meetings has been superb and, with the notable exception of the short-lived Metal Mondays feature [*Blasphemy! - Ed*], the quality of the Commentator blog is top-notch. And that's just not the idle beaming of a proud papa, no, in 2007 the current crop of OC bloggers placed second in the America's Future Foundation Conservative College Blog contest. The competition was fierce, and to me the whole exercise seemed like an excuse to give the Dartblog guy a bunch of money, but having blogosphere notables Radley Balko and Glenn Reynolds rank our blog among the best in the nation is pretty great. The \$1,000 prize was nice too, and I hope the staff spent it all on booze.

So there you have it, the story of the Oregon Commentator website from idle side-project designed to kill time between issues to dominant digital colossus crushing its enemies beneath its feet. I'm proud of the achievement, and lucky to have been there at its inception (I was going to say conception, but there were, thankfully, not any fluids involved). The blog has become a valuable piece of institutional memory, and I could not be more pleased about how well the staff has done with it since I left in 2004. So to all previous staffers who've long since quit posting - thanks. And to all you current staffers who are afraid that the old codger contingent will savage you in the comments: fucking grow a pair and post something already, you pussies.



Timothy Dreier, OC Editor-in-Chief 2003-2004, really does wish you'd stop wasting his \$4 a month and blog already, you lazy, ungrateful little whippersnappers.

JUMP



GRADUATE, FROM PAGE 11

car wreck", or "My best friend needed me to take them to rehab again". But not you! Without looking up from your Yahoo News webpage, you will respond "I was working on it, but then I went to lunch with Myron and he told this hilarious joke about the Pope and I accidentally peed in my pants. I had to pretend to spill Fresca on myself! Anyway, I had to go home to change and that is why I am not done yet". That will end the conversation right there. Also, if your significant other catches you staring at an attractive member of the opposite sex and demands an explanation, you will learn that simply stating "I was wondering what you would look like if your butt was that nice" is actually a suitable reply. Doghouse? No way! They will be speechless, and once they get over their seething, insecure apoplexy, you will be thrilled to see them heading to the gym much, much more often

Can't You See I'm Busy?

You will be amazed at how often people will try to interrupt you with their personal needs when you are trying to surf the internet or goof off. You will learn several sure-fire ways to subtly imply that you are too busy to listen to their nonsense. This includes the "Talk and Talk" method of phone answering, in which you will begin speaking to a non-existent counter party as if you were right in the middle of a critical conversation prior to greeting the caller. A live classroom role playing example includes: you are reading your Facebook page at work and your phone rings. As you lift the phone off the cradle, you pause for a moment and start speaking to the cube wall "...couldn't tell you but he better be here in two minutes!", or "...the hospital as soon as I can finish these last few calls, damn it!" Then you will speak into the phone in a terse voice, using a brief and charmless salutation. You will witness just how quickly people get off the phone with you. Soon enough, you will be as alone as Burgess Meredith in a Twilight Zone episode!

So there you have it, my young friends. Call your student advisor and let them know you want to be able to take the 21st Century Survival Bootcamp immediately. Your future success in a pointless and failing culture depends on it. If you are unable or unwilling to take the steps critical to your adult development, do not despair. You can take heart that you are there are many, many, middling level Graduate Schools with no attendance policies just waiting to receive your application and subsequent tuition check, and at the very least, that buys you another three years of seeing the sun rise while there are still unmelted ice cubes in your bourbon glass. See you there!



Scott Camp was an OC staffer and editor from '91 to '94 and is currently working on a whole book dedicated to the power of negative thinking.

*War on
Toner update:
Significant
inroads to peace
have been made
in recent months,
but there is still
much work to be
done.*

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Sudsy Saved my Immortal Soul

Ted Niedermeyer

Like almost everything I've ever written for the Oregon Commentator, this is late, rushed and pushing a print deadline to the limit. In fact, my entire experience with the OC now seems like a hugely improbable accident, fueled by curiosity, beer and the need to fill pages. And though my time with the OC did nothing to improve my discipline, academic career or ability to make deadlines, it was without question a life-changing experience. To put it in layman's terms, Sudsy saved my life.

I discovered the Oregon Commentator late in my junior year when I took a class with then-publisher Bryan Roberts. Having recently quit the UO debate team and lost interest in maintaining my grade-point-average, I was full of opinions that nobody seemed interested in. When Bryan told me that there was an outlet on campus for iconoclastic opinion and off-the-wall humor, I picked up several recent issues and began reading. I soon realized that the OC was what my life had been missing. After contributing to two whole issues, then-editor Ian Spencer told me that I had no choice but to take the editorial reigns when he graduated. He probably didn't know at the time how right he was.

Having only shed the leftist label a few years earlier, I was stuck in something of an ideo-



logical fugue state when I discovered the OC. From the first time I read it, the Commentator's mission statement struck me with its clarity and practicality. I saw in it a blueprint for change; for local, national and student politics, for opinion writing and most of all for my own tired leftist perspective. Freed from the self-destructive ideology of guilt, conformity and paternalism, I jumped into my year as editor of the OC with a fresh perspective and a renewed creative drive that I had long given up on.

Motivation to spend hours in the office aside, nothing about working for the OC was easy. From the inevitable criticism from the campus mainstream, to attending endless ASUO meetings, to convincing the OC alumni that I would respect the publication's traditions, my year as editor was one struggle after another. With

only two staff members carrying over from the previous year, I recruited friends, roommates, and crazy kids who wrote hilarious letters to 'Ol Dirty to help feed the OC's endless hunger for more content. I reached out to the few reformist elements in the ASUO, and threw myself into the Sisyphean task of returning that failed organization to some version of sanity. And against all the odds, I had the deep pleasure of seeing my efforts bear some fruit.

A lot has changed since the OC was founded 25 long years ago. Many of our current staffers weren't even born when the our first issue challenged the Oregon campus to consider a new perspective of Radical Moderation. Politics and economics changed considerably since 1983, but through it all the OC has remained funny, on-point, and true to its mission statement. We've survived defunding attempts, brought the ASUO around to fiscal responsibility, taken OSPIRG to the Supreme Court, and drunk enough beer to fill the Willamette Valley. More importantly, Sudsy saved my immortal soul... and taught me how to use apostrophes. For that I am eternally grateful.



Ted Niedermeyer was editor-in-chief of the OC from 2006-2007 and is now a vigilante blogger for hire.

SPEW...

and politics as usual



ON CERTAINTY

“Taxes, as annoying as they may be, are the investments in infrastructure required of us by our country, and ultimately endow our people with a civilized society. ”

~ ODE columnist Matt Petryni. You heard it here first:
taxes = civilization.

ON BRINGING SEXY BACK

“It has come to my attention this University has no weekly column revolving around everyone’s favorite subject - that awe-inspiring trifecta of love, sex and dating, and everything else in between ... Well, worry not. We have one now.”

~ New ODE columnist Anastasia Strgar plans on writing full-time about sex. The OC Spew Department braces for a huge influx of material.



“Booty was, like, all up in my face, bro!”

“We made it to the party only to find that as soon as we stepped inside, we’d entered the haven of a hot, sweaty college party. Relieved, we threw ourselves into the orgy that is a frat party and instantly, our goosebumps disappeared.”

~ Strgar again in a blog post titled “Partying gets treacherous as weather gets cold.”

“In my experience, triangular relationships of any kind rarely prove successful. When triangles are built with feelings, the end result is often a sticky, gooey mess akin to being dumped in a vat of KY Jelly. While being a prize in the game of love may seem exhilarating, the reality is that when all is said and done, you’ll be left alone to wash the gooeyness off yourself.”

~ From Strgar’s piece, “Love triangles are a risky business.” Was “the gooeyness” before or after the frat orgy?

ON BORN IN A SMALL TOWN

“We have a little saying around my house: “God, I HATE Sarah Palin!” If you’re wondering why my roommates and I react so negatively to such a cute, homey, seemingly-friendly mother of five, it’s because of this sort of thing: Since when is it a crime to not be from a small town?”

~ ODE columnist Truman Capps off to a roaring start in “Size Doesn’t Matter.” Hey, you can’t sail to China in a rowboat, Capps.

“You know who was born in a small town? Ted Bundy, the infamous serial killer. Timothy McVeigh called a small town in upstate New York his home. Hitler was from a town of less than 16,000 people - of course, that town wasn’t in America, so perhaps that’s why he went astray.

~ Ibid. There’s some sort of logical fallacy at work here, but we’re too sad to look it up.

“I could elaborate; there are lots of small towns, and I guarantee you every one of them has produced at least a few stinkers. Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie and Jesus were also from small towns - this disparity suggests that judging people by the size of the town they were born in makes about as much sense as judging them based on the color of their skin.”

~ Wait, what? Attention budding writers: a missing line-break can completely change your intended meaning.



ON CIVIL DISCOURSE

“Kitty Piercy is Torrey-lite, in drag! Piercy may think she has progressive views but the Whole Foods-parking garage fiasco proved to me she is a typical conservative capitalist.”

~ A letter to the editor in the Eugene Weekly from Chris Williamson. Only in Eugene could Kitty Piercy be described as a “typical conservative capitalist.”



RONALD REAGAN

April 17, 1981

Mr. John Hinkley
St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Washington, D. C. 06969

Dear John:

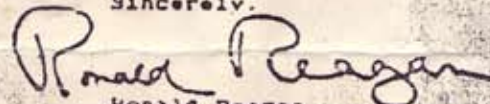
Nancy and I hope you are making good progress in your recovery from the mental problem that made you try to assassinate me. The staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital tell me you are doing just fine and will be released soon.

I have decided to seek a second term in office and I hope I can count on your support and the support of your fine parents in my re-election campaign.

I hold no grudge against you John, and I hope that if there is anything you need there at the hospital, you will let Nancy and I know.

By the way, did you know that Walter Mondale and Gary Hart have both been fucking Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,


Ronald Reagan

RR/dbj