

OREGON COMMENTATOR



SUMMER ISSUE

PART II



Founded Sept. 27th, 1983 Member Collegiate Network

Editor in Chief

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Ross Coyle

Managing Editor

Lyzi Diamond

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Sophie Lawhead

Associate Publisher

Nicholas Ekblad

Copy Editors

Autumn Lambright, Molly Metzger

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Drew Cattermole

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Guy Simmons

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Dewar

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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-six 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.

THE SAD STATE OF THE STUDENT PUBLICATION



Alrighty! You've just graduated from the university of Oregon and you're on your way to getting into the nitty, gritty field of professional journalism. Hop on Craigslist, Monster, and the local unemployment office and start sending those resumé's! But wait, unfortunately for you, troubled journalism major, you don't have any experience in the field as many publications ask for! Oh woe is you, tens of thousands of dollars down the drain and now you're working at Hollywood Video, handing out copies of Shrek 4 to yuppie families. How did it come to this?

But it's alright, you remind yourself. The journalism industry is hard to break into. It's hard to find work in a demanding field filled with pros that are unwilling to surrender their posts to a new generation. That's what they said in all the reporting, magazine, and public relations classes.

And of course you bought it hook, line, and sinker. Goddamn suckers that you are.

Everyone says that it's hard to break into this industry, that conventional papers are dying out and that there's no hope. People are being laid off left and right. But as a wise man said, this industry has refused to change in the face of new technology, and is paying for it.

Even college papers and magazines are suffering as students turn an apathetic eye to campus publications. Fewer and fewer journalism majors work for campus media outlets, instead waiting for the "big break" into mainstream and their ticket to success. But why wait?

Campus media is dying. From the Insurgent to the Commentator, fewer and fewer writers, illustrators, photogs and artists with legitimately good points on both sides of the political/social/economic fence are

involved in student publications. Not only is the editorial quality of our student fee-funded media outlets deteriorating, but the University of Oregon student population is not being encouraged to assert points, make opinions, and argue for intellectual betterment. The apathy is contagious, and it's infecting our classrooms and workspaces.

Getting involved with a student publication -- any student publication -- will enhance your journalistic experience at the UO and allow you a leg up on your peers in the department. Whether you want to write opinion, hard news, features, reviews, or just do some layout, every magazine or newspaper provides an opportunity for valuable lessons both in regards to the field and working with other young writers. At very least, you'll get some clips for your portfolio and something to add to your resume.

Additionally, you'll make some of the best friends you've ever made, working together on a finished product that everyone can be proud of. Sorry for all the mushy crap, but we just got back from a few pitchers at Rennie's, and sitting looking around this office is making us all emotional.

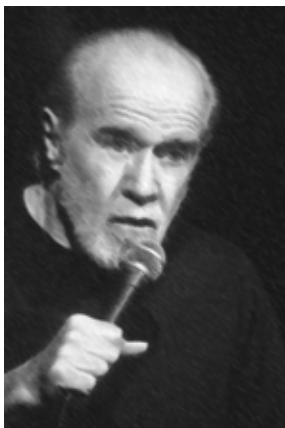
So stop by one of the offices of a magazine you find interesting. If you hate yourself, turn in an application at the Ol' Dirty Emerald. If your jeans are tighter than your 15 year old sister's, hit up the Oregon Voice. If you still haven't showered since the Oregon Country Fair, head over to the Student Insurgent. If you want to hang out with some of the coolest people in the EMU, come by Room 319 and drop off an application. Make sure to surrender your soul at the door, be ready to get up to your elbows in ink, and buckle your seat belt. The world of campus media is tumultuous, and you should always be prepared.

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I think we should allow people to do anything they want. We haven't tried that in a while. Maybe this time it'll work.

To whom it may concern at the Oregon Commentator,

Around 4 years ago some posts were made in the comments section of the Oregon Commentator blog that contain my full name. I am wondering if it would be at all possible for the webmaster of your website to please kindly remove my name (Or at least the full name) from those posts? The reason I am asking is that a Google search of my name pulls up the two posts in question as the very first listings for a search of my name, and my current employer has asked me if it is possible to remove them. It is not at all necessary for the posts to be removed entirely; a simple removal of my name or initialing (S.A.) would be more than enough. Thank you very much for your time and many thanks in advance,

Shaheen Al-Haddad

The URL of the two posts in question are as follows:

<http://www.oregoncommentator.com/2006/07/17/purely-informational/>

<http://www.oregoncommentator.com/2006/07/20/i-had-no-idea-these-guys-were-still-around/>

This email was sent to the OC several times, and we would like to address the issue once and for all in print. Shaheen's posts were references to absurd conspiracy sites connecting September 11 to a vast, right wing conspiracy. After the Commentator's refusal to run his drivel, he berated us on the blog for "not having the balls to run anything [he] thought might be useful to the U.O." He then asserts, oh so tactfully, that "controlled demolition brought down the towers, we're fighting an illegal war, Bush stole both elections, and we've all been brainwashed. Admit it."

Let this be a lesson to those who would post something on the net and think they can just waltz away. Attaching his name to these asinine claims haunts him to this day. Writers on the Oregon Commentator blog are careful about what they publish for this very reason; their name will be tied to it so it had better be a damn good statement.

In short: no, Mr. Al-Haddad. We refuse to remove your name from your statements because it is a reflection of what you believed then, and may or may not believe now. If you've changed, then prove it.



asks ...

What are you bringing to the BBQ?

Bros:

My rush candidates
and Smirnoff Ice, bro.

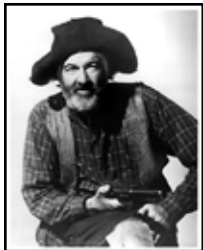


Lohan: Sorry guys,
can't make it :(



Bellotti:

2.3 million hot
dogs!



Ol' Timey Prospector:
Moonshine!



Amélie Rousseau:

My political director,
Robert D'Andrea

**Sudsy
Says:**

“Underwear
is just an-
other layer
between you and
the party.”



**Sudsy also
Says:**

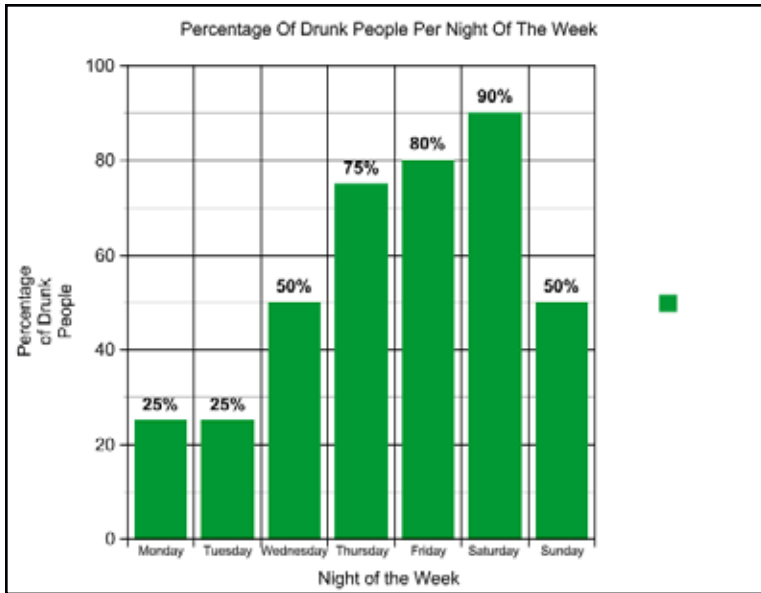
“Better a
whore than a
bore!”



Summer Issue Part 1 Corrections

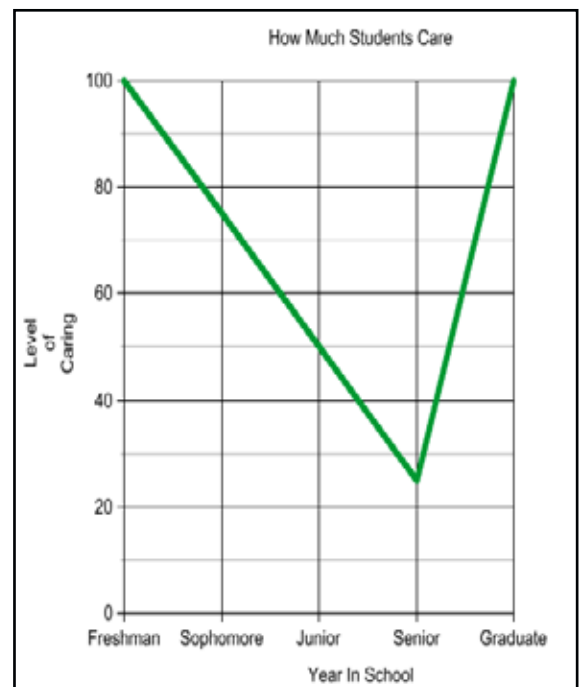
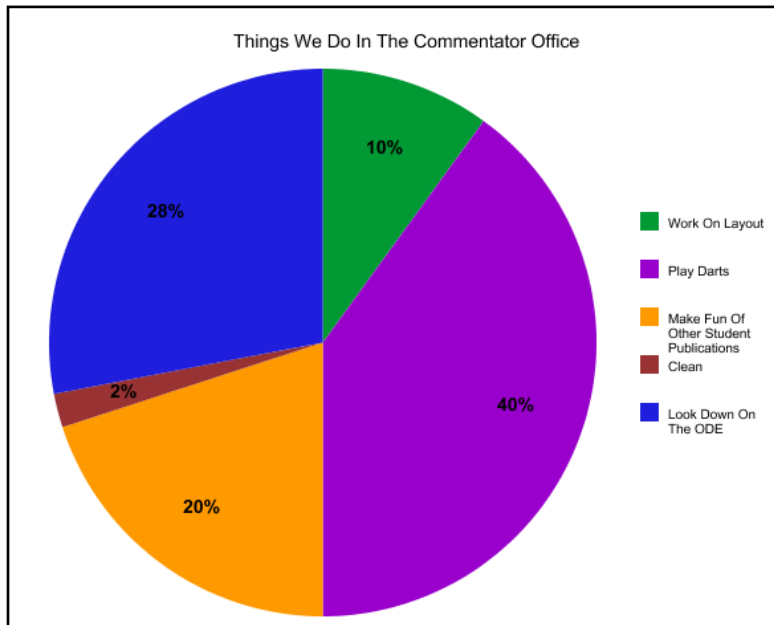
*Joe Rouse claimed Coors as a good summer beer. It isn't.
Neither is it a good fall, winter, or spring beer.

graphs by the ghost of drew



WORSE IDEAS THAN DRINKING
WHILE YOU'RE PREGNANT

BEAR ATTACKS
FALLING OUT OF A TREE
BELLY TATTOOS
SMOKING MALBOROS, PARLIMENTS ARE
O.K.
GOING TO THE COUNTRY FAIR
CHANGING YOUR CAT BOX
BMXING
JELLO WRESTLING
SKYDIVING
BEATING UP A MIDGIT
DEEP SEA SCUBA'V
MECHANICAL BULLS
EATING ANYTHING FRENCH,
(ACTUALLY THATS ALWAYS STUPID)



AT LAST, A RENTER'S MARKET

Enrollment surge, competition brings slightly higher standard of living to West University Neighborhood

Molly Metzigg

I came to the University of Oregon in the fall of 2006, and knew from the beginning that I never wanted to live in the West University Neighborhood (WUN). At that time the neighborhood was overrun with unsightly buildings, beer bottles, and the occasional bearded man asleep on a front lawn. I wanted to stay as far away as possible.

While I never lived there, most of my classmates have at one point or another – with varying degrees of success.

One of my friends remembers watching TV in his apartment one rainy afternoon when the doorknob turned and a strange man stepped into his living room. The two exchanged shocked glances. Then the intruder turned around and quietly closed the door.

"I'm pretty sure I know what happened," said the victim. "He was going through, trying random doors. If I hadn't been there he probably would've taken my TV."

According to city-data.com (which is more reliable than it sounds), nearly 5,000 people reside in the 64 blocks bound by west campus, Willamette Street, 19th Avenue and Franklin Boulevard. That gives the WUN a population density almost three times that of Eugene overall.

Local (and transient) thieves are well aware of the advantages: three times the people means three times the goods. Bart Church, who resides in an apartment in an alley off East 13th Avenue, reports that every one of his neighbors' cars was broken into last year, including his own.

One morning he got into his 1990 Camry and found a bent paper clip super-glued into the ignition. To make matters more annoying, the burglar stole all his change and a ballin' Green Bay Packers hat.

A week later, the car was stolen successfully. Church reported the theft to police, who later found it abandoned in Springfield.

But not one car was damaged this year, and Church says he's noticed a significant decline in the number of requests for spare change and cigarettes. "Homeless people can't use [our] alley anymore to get to 13th because the construction blocks it off," he said. Though the panhandlers might return after the construction crew takes down the fence, he's enjoyed the peace, even if it's only temporary.

In addition to rampant construction, there's a new park in the WUN on East 14th and Hilyard. It's modest but pristine, and more likely to be occupied by college students playing Frisbee than by transients shooting up – one of the reasons the park was shut down for 14 years starting in the 1990s.

There's no denying that the West University Neighbor-

hood is looking better than it has in decades. Much of that success, I think, can be attributed to capitalist competition among rental property managers.

Since the last residence halls opened in 2006, enrollment at the University of Oregon has increased by 2,000, and freshman classes are growing in size with each year. The University plans to add a new residence hall on the east side of campus, but that won't be complete until 2012. Meanwhile, private investors have stepped in to fill the



And newer condos just a few blocks down

void in the student housing market.

One such enterprise is a soon-to-be completed apartment complex at 362 12th Avenue between High and Pearl. This project, headed by Property Management Concepts (PMC), broke ground about a year ago and is giving competitors like Bell Real Estate a run for their money.

Bell owns Church's apartment complex. These apartments, like many in the WUN, have been in a state of disrepair for years: worn-out carpets, outdated appliances, mold, and chipping gray paint that matches the sky for six months of the year.

But as the rival PMC complex started rising from the ground, Church and his neighbors received a well-timed offer: Bell would install dishwashers and new carpeting, appliances, and countertops over the summer in exchange

for a \$100 increase in monthly rent. Each renter could decide individually whether or not to take the deal, though Bell hopes to extend the improvements to any untouched units when current leases end.

Is it a coincidence that these changes are taking place the summer before the neighboring complex takes its first renters? I doubt it. Bell has even revamped its web site in recent months – a necessary business move designed to compete with EugeneRentals.com, a site owned and operated by Property Management Concepts.

PMC started constructing new properties in the West University Neighborhood about five years ago and now



A set of apartments managed by Von Klein

oversees about 1,000 units there. With the 2008 opening of the Coho and Steelhead townhouses on 14th and Patterson, PMC became the first property management company to work with Eugene's Paradigm Properties, a construction contractor relatively new on the scene.

Long-time property manager Von Klein collaborated with Paradigm in 2009, when Indigo Place and Kokanee Place took in their first renters. Paradigm's fifth project, set to open this fall, is also managed by Von Klein. Located near 18th and Alder, The Sonja is a colossal structure and Paradigm's worst aesthetic achievement. But for those who consider location, amenities, and value above style, The Sonja is pretty much optimal. Rooms there ring up at about \$600 a month – expensive, but still a good deal compared to the residence halls.

Renting a newly constructed apartment – one with video security, elevators and keyless access – will always cost more than renting one that's been merely renovated. But those who choose to stay in the WUN's shittier apartments (of which there are still many) will reap the benefits of a changing urban landscape.

For the record, I still wouldn't live there.



Molly Metzger is an editor for the Oregon Commentator and now lives in Chicago.

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JOE'S WHITEAKER "EXPERIENCE"

Joe Rouse

I have just had the best three weeks I've had all year in Eugene. Normally I'd be against sharing secrets like these, but after this experience I feel like a better person. Or something. So I'm going to share it with you.

Eugene has a reputation for left-leaning tendencies, prevalent marijuana use, hippies, anarchists, and a psychedelic, laid-back culture. Yet as my freshman year progressed I felt Eugene had not lived up to its name. I mean, yes, lots of people smoke weed and the occasional acid-head rides through campus on his bike screaming about aliens or Lane Transit District and shit, but where are the free thinkers and radicals that I was expecting? What actually remains of the hippie movement in Eugene?

I stumbled into the Whiteaker neighborhood purely by accident, but due to the number of trees, gardens, and vibrantly painted houses I saw, I knew it was a different sort of place. What I discovered in this neighborhood shocked me. Just walking on its streets I could tell that it was unique.

Life is different here. It is the land that technology forgot, leaving an intimate and social neighborhood filled with what a vast majority of Americans would consider unusual. Different because the Whiteaker is still full of small businesses and the eerie sense that everyone knows each other and is somehow connected.

I stayed at the Eugene Whiteaker hostel for more than two weeks. It was well-run, the staff were fun to be with, and although the hostel was calm and quiet (which is a good thing in my book) it was very easy to get directions to whatever social function was occurring at the time. It cost \$25 a night for a bed in the dorm room (separated by gender) and the hostel itself is full of fun musical instruments to play with and a multitude of wayfaring travelers to talk to. The hostel is an active community with all sorts of people helping to run it and also hosts numerous community activities, including the Last Friday Art Walk, when all sorts of local venues and houses open up and display locally made art. There's also the annual Whiteaker block party . . . but I'm gonna let you discover that for yourself.

The Whiteaker is self-contained neighborhood, and there are few reasons to leave it. It has a locally-supplied grocery store called the Red Barn, it has Sam Bond's Garage (a nationally ranked bar according to Esquire magazine), and is home to the Ninkasi Brewery. There are also numerous places to eat including Eddo Burger. (I didn't realize the burgers were vegetarian until after I had paid, but the results were amazing - check it out on 5th and Blair.) There's also Drum Rong Thai, which has some of the most scrumptious authentic Thai food you are going to find in Eugene. (For those of you that love Thai food and think

you can handle spicy, you should go there and ask for "authentic heat.")

During my stay in the Whiteaker I met hippies who had organized a three-day "gathering" (rave) in a park as well as rusty old leather-clad Vietnam veterans watching life pass on by. I met a man named Lefty who had a hook where his left hand should have been. A family of hippies graciously invited me to sit on their porch, smoke some weed, and talk about life. Another man tragically told me the tale of how he went to jail for beating the shit out of a pedophile that he had caught in the act. I saw incredibly sexy punk rock girls who made my jaw drop. I conversed with a homeless guy who was in a fucked up situation. He told me his life story and the finer points of train-hopping. In return I gave him five bucks and a couple cigarettes.

The Whiteaker has its own pirate flag, as well as community trucks that you can call to get men dressed as pirates to come and help you move. Everyone knows each other and when you walk down the street you see people relaxing on their front porches, beer in hand, watching the grass grow. This is life the way it should be, and a welcome change from the frantic rush of events and the anxiety that I have come to associate with modern living.

Let me give you an example. Apparently, glassblowers in the Whiteaker (and there are many) all share their techniques with one another, unlike glassblowers in Santa Cruz where the dog-eat-dog mindset prevails even in something as hippie-dippy as glassblowing. This mindset of sharing exists throughout the whole Whiteaker neighborhood. People look after each other. Crime and reckless driving are not tolerated, and although there are hippies there (which drags down the whole retail value of the area), the neighborhood is mostly composed of free-thinking youngsters trying to make their way in the world.

People in the Whiteaker like to say, "We're all here because we're not all up there."

On that note, it's been nice getting away from college students - not that you guys suck or are disillusioned about life or anything like that, but because I received another lesson about how life works from a fresh perspective and from people that have never had the various safety-nets in play like you or me. And I realized that the people who had suffered, who'd had everything taken away, somehow managed a comeback. Despite the fact that they might live in squalor, they are always happy and grateful for everything they have in life, as opposed to your typical upper middle class douche-bags that can't stop whining about their de-

NOT SO FAIR A FAIR

Greg Dewar

Eugene's not known for a lot of things, but the homeless and the hippies are right up there. Both of these things may coincide with cycling and running, two other "Eugenisms." The absolute paramount of culture for Eugene since 1969, however, has been the Oregon Country Fair.

The Oregon Country Fair, located just down Highway 126 in Veneta, is a festival of art, culture, and barely-clad people. You'll see more skin you don't want to see at the fair than any place else you may venture, save an actual nudist colony. There's really only one clothing rule: You can't show your lower half junk. However, wearing nothing but a banana hammock or a thong showin' those ass-cheeks is just fine and dandy as far as they're concerned.

I've been going to the fair for years now, probably because my parents went, and my friends' parents went, and I've gotten to know a great many people there. Having made friends with vendors and staffers, I've seen bits and pieces of the "real" fair - more on that in a minute.

One thing I've noticed is a change toward the corporate. The entrance fee has been increasing in a down-turned economy. When you consider the fair's market, it's no wonder that it seemed less crowded this year. How many destitute hippies can afford the \$29 ticket for Saturday alone? Even just a few years ago it was \$18. These days you'll see many more normal people - the kind who look like they don't belong at a hippie festival - than actual hippies.

This year I didn't notice the garish costumes or the extreme amounts of nudity I had come to expect. It seemed to be a relatively boring affair in an outdoor mall. Even the old-timers I've talked to have started to hint at the beginnings of disenfranchisement.

Perhaps most annoying aspect is the exclusivity. There are essentially two fairs: The one you can pay to go to and the one you can get to if you know someone who can get you a job there or are family. The "real" fair starts on Thursday night, though some show up as early as Monday. And while during the day it is a tame, pot-less, alcohol-less, weapon-less family-friendly affair, I have only heard stories of what goes on at night from those allowed to stay, when they party to the wee hours of the morning. I have had the opportunity to stay more than once; however it doesn't feel right to be a part of something that so many are excluded from.

Plus, what's worse than a bunch of hippies? A bunch of drunk, stoned, completely naked hippies. Appetizing way

to spend your night? I'll pass.

It seems as though the normal people who pay to get in are simply there to fund the endeavor and facilitate the real partying and "real" fair that happens after they leave. During the day, you're herded around like cattle, yelled at, and generally treated like mincemeat by the staff who cloud themselves in an air of elitism. Going to the country fair and having someone treat you like they're "hippier-than-thou" is a bizarre experience. How does that fit into peace and love and equality? At the end of the "regular" fair, there is a security sweep where they mercilessly kick out anyone who isn't wearing the special bracelets. They ferret through the brush and every nook and cranny - those who aren't allowed must be purged. They seem to have a special fervor for it, for as soon as us normals are gone, they can start the party.

... you're herded around like cattle, yelled at, and generally treated like mincemeat by the staff who cloud themselves in an air of elitism.

As I bear witness to this shift in the fair, it's only pushing me away. I find myself becoming more and more

of a redneck, looking for unity in capitalism, mudding, and firearms. Bring on the Coors Light.

Let's get one thing straight. At this point in my life, I hate hippies. This is America. Having a job and showering are not optional.

So, why, then, do I live in the Eugene-Springfield area? Know thy enemy. By infiltrating the bastion of their power I can study them and create contingency plans for the great hippie uprising sure to come. When, in their pot-induced stupor, they flood the streets like zombies, and those of us who pay taxes and love the red, white, and blue must defend that which we hold so dear, you will understand my constant vigilance. The fact that they have begun clandestine exclusive events with strict security protocols only leads me to believe they are organizing. Organizing in a way akin to that of the National Socialist Party.

The hippie is a tricky foe. One minute a friend, the next a dagger in your back. In the first uprising I lost many a good soldier to their wily ways.

Be prepared.



Greg Dewar is a contributor for the Oregon Commentator and likes his hippies like he likes his steak.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

One bar crawl that turned into a hell of a story

Sam Abrams

The bleeding had stopped from my elbow and hand, but the wound was still incredibly tender. My shirt was dirty and torn and I smelled like I had spent the night sleeping on the street. That's because I had. I staggered along the side of the highway using Dusty and Blayne as balance to keep from falling over. My sight was blurry. "Shit, it's 10 in the morning, and I am still fucked up. Dammit, almost eight miles to the border."

In fact, we were all fucked up. We were battered and bruised, we had no car, and for all we knew, Stevie was still in jail. As I plodded along the stretch of freeway, pondering my uncertain future and trying not to hurl from Dusty's rancid B.O., all I could do was laugh. I realized I was having one of the best times of my life.

We've all made stupid decisions. They tend to lead to horrible situations, the kind where you feel like you are totally screwed and a nice warm bed is a thousand miles away. This one was no different. What we usually don't realize at the time is that predicaments like these make the best memories. They are the kind of memories that years down the road you and your buddies can laugh about over a few beers. To put it simply, sometimes being up shit creek without a paddle is the best kind of adventure.

This particular adventure started with a phone call. "Sammy, get your ass over here, we are going to Vancouver."

"Oh boy," I thought, "Vancouver always means trouble." I don't know if it's the combination of shiny neon lights mixed with copious amounts of booze, or if we just assume Canadian laws don't apply to us. Either way, something crazy always seems to go down when we head up north from our tiny little border town of Blaine, WA.

We drank two bottles of rum on the way up there and by the time we reached Granville Street, Brandon and Dusty were already punching each other. Our rambunctious crew spilled out of Calvin's truck into our new playground. Everything was going great. While waiting in line to get into our favorite club, Blayne had already found a new girlfriend. The combination of her bright pink tights and missing teeth screamed STD. Blayne has a special radar to pick out the classy ones.

Fast forward to one o'clock in the morning. I was balls to the wall, full on hammered. Forming regular English words was a challenge. I was Godzilla smashing and terrorizing my way through the bar. That's when I did something that would inexorably change our lives, at least for the next 24 hours.

I bumped into a bar stool, picked it up, looked at it, and then threw it into the ground. I'm still not sure why I

did this, but I remember it seemed like a fantastic idea at the time. I guess I just wanted to see something break into tiny pieces.

The bouncers swarmed around me and gave me the option of leaving the bar or sustaining bodily harm. We got the message that maybe it was time to go home. As our designated driver Calvin pulled out of the parking lot we were met by a wave of oncoming headlights and then the red and blue of the Vancouver P.D.

"Oh man."

"What the hell, Calvin! I thought you were the sober one."

With a car full of drunken Americans and a driver who had just turned the wrong way down a one way street that had forgotten to bring his drivers license, there was no way we were getting off with a warning.

We pleaded and begged for them not to tow our car. We promised it would never happen again and we said we were real sorry. They were not amused. Stevie made a diplomatic move by trying to calm the angry cop down with a reassuring pat on the back.

"Hey guys, I really appreciate what you are trying to do here, but the thing is we have work tomorrow and really need to get home tonight."

They slammed him against the car and slapped cuffs on him like it was an episode of COPS. Stevie spent the night in jail. He probably had it the easiest out of all of us.

With one friend in jail, no car and nowhere to sleep, a small little thought floated through my head. "We are completely fucked!" I remember how I felt back then. We were in a strange city, at least 40 miles from home. I was worried, even a little bit scared, but dammit if we didn't have a good time. The city was our home for the night and we were going to make the best of it.

I've had a handful of friends in my life and many acquaintances. However, with no one else do I share the memory of being laughed at by hobos as we struggled to stay warm by spooning on the cold hard concrete.

I still laugh when I remember Blayne finding a pair of bright red roller blades in the dumpster. "Shit, these are too small for me, Sammy try on these roller blades."

"Ill show you motherfuckers how to skate," I said twenty seconds before I performed a face-plant onto the sidewalk and scraped the shit out of my arm. It's funny little moments like these that I remember before we passed out on the sidewalk, cuddled up with each other and wrapped in newspaper.

BOXERS? BRIEFS



State closes UO Bend campus

Student confusion, overlap lead to program cancellation

The University of Oregon, at completion of this year, will cease operations of the Bend satellite campus, turning over all central Oregon university activities to the Oregon State University-Cascades campus.

Up until this point, the situation at the Bend campus was confusing for Central Oregon students. The UO was operating under the umbrella of OSU-Cascades and students were required to enroll in and take classes from not only UO, but also OSU-Cascades and Central Oregon Community College in order to finish a degree program. The state hopes this new solution will ease the burden on students and create a more accessible learning environment.

Additionally, according to those skeptical of the UO administration, the program existed as a place for former UO provost John Moseley to spend his \$124,000 per year stipend as a part-time liaison between the Bend program and the administration at the Eugene campus. Moseley will continue in this position until the campus is closed at the end of next year.

OSPIRG resorts to going door-to-door

Students still don't want to give you any money

The Oregon Student Public Interest Research Group has been canvassing door-to-door in Eugene for individual donations this summer, following its first year on the University of Oregon campus without student fees since a one-year de-funding in 1998. The Student PIRG operated on the UO campus this last year with \$80,000 from the Oregon State Public Interest Research Group.

OSPIRG operates by amassing student funds to pay for lobbyists advocates in the state of Oregon with focus on blanket liberal issues, such as global warming, public transportation and healthcare. Donations to a specific campaign are de facto donations to the salaries of these advocates.

OSPIRG is likely to apply for a contract this year in front of the ASUO's Athletics and Contracts Finance Committee. Most likely, their contract will go funded, and the State PIRG will be in the unfortunate position of deciding

whether to fund the University of Oregon's Student PIRG at the same \$80,000 pricetag.

For the time being, however, remember: there is no shame in asking a canvasser to leave your property.

Summer Senate Approves Sustainability Coordinator

ASUO Executive breaks rules to carry over funds

The ASUO Summer Senate, at its June 30th meeting, approved an earmark of funds for the previously debated Sustainability Coordinator position, allowing the ASUO Executive to carry over funds from their 2009-10 budget to be spent in 2010-11. This occasion proved the first time this procedure had ever taken place, as all remaining balances in incidental fee budgets roll into a surplus fund on June 30th.

At a May ASUO Student Senate meeting, ASUO President Amelie Rousseau and former ASUO President Emma Kallaway requested that some extra funds be used for various projects, which included \$10,000 for a Sustainability Coordinator to wrangle the environmentally focused student groups and make sure they, you know, do things. The Executive intended to funnel the money through the Holden Leadership Center so as to preserve it for use in the 2010-11 school year, but due to some administration changes, this was no longer possible.

Rousseau attended the Senate meeting, flanked by ASUO Accountant Lynn Giordano, to request that Summer Senate allow them to earmark funds within their own budget so they could spend the Sustainability Coordinator money after June 30th. Since approval of this measure, with dissent from Sen. Bocchicchio, questions have been raised as to the ability of the Summer Senate to make this motion, as it is probably a decision for the full Senate to make.

Unfortunately, Summer Senate is likely to get away with it, because no reasonable student cares about the ASUO.

WORLD CUP COVERAGE

North Korea wins, evidently

Ahn Tae Sik

Editor's note: The Oregon Commentator came into the summer with grand ambitions, and among them was an ambitious strategy to cover the 2010 soccer World Cup. We would watch every game, provide detailed analysis, and devote the issue to the subject. We put our best man, Sudsy O'Sullivan, on the assignment and sent him to South Africa.

O'Sullivan came to an unfortunate conclusion upon watching the first match of the tournament: soccer is soul-crushingly boring. So much so, in fact, that, seeing no alternative in the first minutes of the match between France and Uruguay, O'Sullivan took his own life.

While regrettable on many levels, this was doubly unfortunate because it left us with space to fill in our magazine. After careful deliberation, we opted for a strategy that lazy Ol' Dirty editors have resorted to in similar situations on many an occasion: running articles from professional wire services.

After taking into account O'Sullivan's travel and funeral expenses, we found there was only room in our budget for the most inexpensive wire service available: the People's Glorious Wire Service, a news organization run and funded by the North Korean government.]

The Western press, along with actual images of the North Korean national team's games, told the story of a North Korean team whose coach claimed the country's leader, Kim Jong Il, had invented a new technology that allowed him to communicate psychically with the team. If this was in fact the case, the Western press claimed, the Dear Leader's advice was not good, resulting in three defeats for the North Koreans, including a 7-0 trouncing at the hands of Portugal, a series of games in which the team scored one goal and conceded twelve.

The People's Glorious Wire Service presents a different story.

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (People's Korean News Agency) -- July 11 2010 Juch 99 -- The Glorious soccer squad of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea recorded a glorious triumph in the annals of the Juche philosophy with a sweeping triumph in the soccer World Cup.

The Glorious people's soccer team triumphed 22-0 in the final match in this city, beating the imperialist oppressors of Spain. In the wake of its triumph, the Glorious People's coach Kim Jong Hun proclaimed that the team

had deliberately scored one Glorious goal for each year that Eternal President of the Democratic People's Republic served as President of the DPRK during his lifetime.

Twenty-one of the goals in the match were scored by Dear Leader Kim Jong Il, who had never played soccer prior to Sunday's match. Dear Leader Kim arrived in South Africa, which hosted the tournament, on the back of a Glorious winged horse that took off from Baekdu Mountain. He touched down Saturday night.

The Glorious People's striker Jong Tae Se said of Dear Leader's arrival, "It certainly was Glorious playing alongside Dear Leader. Even I, who am renowned as the best striker on the Asian continent and Glorious champion of the People, was in awe of his talents."

The win came in the wake of a Glorious semifinal triumph over Uruguay, in which the Glorious people's team won 215,000-0, scoring one goal for every casualty the Democratic People's Republic suffered in the war between the Glorious Democratic People's Republic and the Western oppressors, which started in 1950.

The Glorious People's team completed an impressive run with a 1,912-0 victory over the capitalist pigdogs of the Netherlands, a 415-0 triumph over the fascist oppressors of Chile, and group stage victories over Brazil, Portugal and the Ivory Coast, of whose scores the capitalist pigdog scorekeepers lost track, so Glorious was the People's Democratic victory.

The final goal in the game against the formidable, villainous Spanish adversaries, was scored by Eternal Leader Kim Il Sung himself, after the Eternal Leader erupted gloriously in the center of the field after having been thought to have met his Glorious demise in 1994. The Eternal Leader wove through the noted Spanish traitors' artifice of a defense as if he were a mythical winged horse, pounding home the Glorious final shot from 77 yards.

Afterward, the Eternal Leader was said to have gone into the home of a humble proletarian Korean family. Upon seeing their humble meal of rice gruel, he was said to have been satisfied.



Ahn Tae Sik is a foreign correspondent for the Peoples Glorious Wire Service of North Korea and pledges allegiance to his eternal leader, Kim Il Sung.

FCC: INDECENT, SO INDECENT

Sophie Lawhead

Tuesday, July 13th the United States 2nd Circuit Court ruled against the FCC's indecency policy, claiming it was a violation of free speech and "unconstitutionally vague." The case was brought against the FCC by Fox Television Stations, Inc., asking the commission to defend its 2004 policy update that gave the FCC license fine broadcasters millions for as little as a single f-bomb dropped on live television.

The court decided that FCC's ability to hand out massive fines was threatening to broadcasters, causing them to shy away from live events or unpredictable performers and intimidating the networks into only showing safe, sanitized programming.

The root of the decision is the policy's statement that a "single, non-literal use of an expletive," was grounds for

huge FCC fines. Like most bad things, it started in 2003 with Bono and a live awards show, where the Irish demigod

said, "This is fucking brilliant," after receiving a Golden Globe award, which the commission, while under pressure from the Bush administration, ruled as indecent. Ultimately the FCC did not fine NBC, who broadcast the show, stating that the network was not at fault because they received no advanced warning and the word was not used in a sexual context. However, after handing out fines to the Howard Stern Show (\$27,000 for a talk on "blumpkins" and "balloon knots") and \$247,000 to the WWDC radio station in Washington, D.C. for discussing cunnilingus, a wave of fear spread through the networks, creating what the 2nd circuit court called "a chilling effect" on American broadcasting.

It is possible for the FCC to take this ruling to the Supreme Court for an appeal, but they do not stand to have any better luck. Even the conservative Justice Clarence Thomas has expressed doubt about the constitutionality of the FCC's policy and stated that the two precedents which supported policy tightening were of "questionable viability."

What does this say about our courts, and more importantly, what will it mean for our TV?

It appears that the indecency crackdowns of the past five years have not had their intended affect on the population or our judicial system. The Bush administration's push to enforcing "morality" and "family values" (meaning white, Christian values) in our American media has not succeeded as hoped. Sure, most Americans still fear gays enough to deny them wedded bliss and dream of scourging all Latinos from the Southwest, but goddamnit, we still want our filthy, expletive-riddled MTV, and the highest courts of our land our going to make sure we get it.

This loosening of censorship restraints could also reflect an overall change in the minds of administrators and the public. Of all the new eras President Obama is supposed to have ushered in, the most overt seems to be an advoca-

Of all the new eras President Obama is supposed to have ushered in, the most overt seems to be an advocacy of frank, open dirty talk.

cy of frank, open dirty talk. This contributor, for one, noted a lack of FCC citations given for violence,

depictions of drug use, or bigoted and/or racist depictions of minorities. It seems that talk of a woman receiving oral sex is more offensive than graphic depictions of someone getting bludgeoned to death with a hammer. Hopefully the tide is turning, and we can expect more logical rulings of what is decent and indecent public viewing material, and, God willing, a Janet Jackson-Justin Timberlake-Bono triple showdown at next year's Superbowl.

(For the ignorant: FCC = Federal Communications Commission. They regulate all television networks to make sure no one is having too much fun on TV. 2nd Circuit Court = one of the thirteen United States Courts of Appeals, rules decisions for the states of Connecticut, New York, and Vermont)



Sophie Lawhead is the associate editor to the Oregon Commentator and speaks whenever she goddamn well pleases.

BARRING THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE

County Library Closure may be worse than higher taxes

Ross Coyle

On July 1, 2010, after 98 years of operation, the Hood River County Library closed. Taxpayers voted down Measure 14-37 to form a new district capable of supporting the three county libraries 46 to 54 percent on May 18.

Due to a decrease in timber receipts in the fall of 2009, Hood River officials pulled funding to non-mandated library services, then convened a citizen group to find a solution for library funding. The group decided on a special funding district that would tax estates by 70 cents per \$1000 of property value. They submitted it for the budget proposal, which was voted down by the county in May.

The vote came as little surprise to Hood River Library Foundation Board Member Mike Schend, who believes it was an issue not so much of taxpayer reluctance but the time of year. "We kind of got caught in the bad timing," Schend explains. "It didn't fail by a whole lot."

Schend, a retired school administrator who sits on the Hood River Library Foundation, believes that the proposed tax plan would have worked if communication had been better between the committee and citizens. "People don't trust you easily if you say you need \$70 thousand one month, and then a month later \$56 thousand."

But now that the fate of the facility is indeed in jeopardy, Schend has noted an increase in interest. "Now that it failed," he says, "people are coming out of the woodwork saying, 'What can I do?'"

The question becomes, in an age of instant access to the net, whether or not Hood River, or anyone, needs a library. In a recent letter to the Hood River News, retiree Aaron Curtis argued that it's not right for him to pay for an asset he doesn't use. He is joined by landowners and business owners, who claim the tax would cripple them due to the size of their assets [NOT BOOBS].

These citizens have suggested that the library charge by usage, requiring that those who utilize the library pay for it. Curtis claimed, in a recent Hood River article, that he uses the Internet for his research needs and subsequently has no use for the public library. Other business owners have made financially motivated claims in favor of a library usage fee.

We can debate the necessity of health care and public schools, but not the necessity of libraries. There is no tax bracket or social class that citizens need to be a part of to take part in a library. Public libraries are centers of learning, public meeting spaces, and sometimes even provide youth centers. Every library closed is one less beacon of truth and knowledge available for all citizens.

Kathy Watson, the proprietor of Nora's Table Restaurant, reiterated that opinion in a letter to the Hood River

News. Watson used the library from a young age, as a way to escape her troubled family.

Watson found the library – a quiet, peaceful brick and mortar building – ordered and relaxing in contrast to her home life. Not only was she able to get away from her house, but she found encouragement at the Hood River Library.

"No one had encouraged me to be an intense reader," she recalls, "But the librarian took me under her wing."

Watson argues that you'll naturally pay more for services based on the land you own, even if you don't use them. "If you have a house on 100 acres, you're going to pay more for a fire service that you may or may not use," she says.

Watson does agree that equitable taxation is difficult without a sales tax, and that fees are placed inordinately on property and income taxes.

Watson also agrees that a brick and mortar library provides, beyond books, a place to meet and work as well as a community center. She claims that the meeting room in the library was constantly used. "Isn't the basis of democracy people coming together to talk about things?" she asks.

"You have to pay for any service in Hood River, such as parks. But elevating a library above pay to use puts a value on education and learning and literature, and says that these doors are open to anyone."



The Hood River Library as seen from its north-side park



Ross Coyle is the publisher of the Oregon Commentator and has never read a book in his damn life.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE FUTURE

Kevin Baird

After reading Pete Lesiak's blog post about fighting zombies in the year 2020, I couldn't help but think about what the future held in store for all of us. I was wandering around campus one night pondering robots and the starry universe when a benevolent space traveler appeared before me. He introduced himself as Z-Nuts and he told me I could ask him anything about the future.

Oregon Commentator: What will become of the Student Insurgent?

Z-Nuts: In the fall of 2014 the Student Insurgent is disbanded after an ASUO Senate committee investigated its legitimacy. They found that the Student Insurgent was no more than Sudsy's used asswipes bound together. The Insurgent's staff had been writing phrases like "Anarchy in the U.K." and "Capitalism Sucks" on the cover to give it the appearance of a student publication. Nobody ever knew that the Insurgent was filled with so much crap, because nobody ever opened it to find out.

OC: Will the Duck's football uniforms become flashier than they are now?

Z: In 2016, the Ducks football team adopted a new uniform with holographic pants and helmets that display great moments from Duck football history.

OC: Will our track teams continue to dominate?

Z: The track teams fall from national contention in 2014, but re-emerge as a Track and Field Powerhouse in 2018, when Phil Knight funds the resurrection of Steve Prefontaine, made possible through biotechnology. Steve Prefontaine now coaches the track team. Unfortunately for him, they used frog DNA to fill the gaps in his DNA, and now Pre changes his sex every other month.

OC: What will become of the John E. Jaqua Center?

Z: On December 21st, 2012, the John E. Jaqua Center for Student Athletes blasted off into outer space.

OC: So what's 2020 like?

Z: Frog has retired and Toad has taken his place. Scientists receive transmissions from the Student Athletes in the Jaqua Center, which has landed on the desert-planet Tatooine. After a short but successful career in the NFL, LaGarrette Blount returns to the University to teach self-defense workshops and our campus has been OSPIRG free for over a decade. But alas, hipsters still douche around campus in all their piousness. At least there's no more ballroom dancing clubs.

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Seat 1: Programs Finance Committee

Brennan Lowes

Year In School: Senior

Major: Business

Seat 2: Programs Finance Committee

Laura Hinman

Year In School: Sophomore

Major: English

Seat 3: Programs Finance Committee

Erin Altman

Year In School: Senior

Major: International Studies and German

Seat 4: EMU Board

Janet Brooks

Year In School: Senior

Major: Journalism: Public Relations

Seat 5: EMU Board

Kaitlyn Lange

Year In School: Junior

Major: Chemistry and Political Science

Seat 6: EMU Board

Tyler Griffin

Year In School: Junior

Major: Romance Languages

Seat 7: Athletics and Contracts Finance Committee

Bri Woodside-Gomez

Year In School: Sophomore

Major: Education

Seat 8: Athletics and Contracts Finance Committee

Ian Fielding

Year In School: Senior

Major: Philosophy and Economics

Seat 9: Department Finance Committee

Blake Sedgley

Year In School: Junior

Major: Business and Economics

Seat 10: Department Finance Committee

Jeremy Blanchard

Year In School: Senior

Major: Computer and Information Science





Seat 11: Undeclared Majors

Max Barkley

Year In School: Junior

Major:

Seat 12: Architecture & Allied Arts, Psychology, Music Majors

Jackson Hite

Year In School: Senior

Major: Planning, Public Policy and Management and Environmental Studies

Seat 13: Business Majors

Chris Bocchicchio

Year In School: Junior

Major: Business Administration

Seat 14: Social Science Majors

Evan P. Thomas

Year In School: Senior

Major: Theater Arts

Seat 15: Social Science Majors

Brian Powell

Year In School: Senior

Major: Political Science

Seat 16: Math and Science Majors

Zachary Stark-MacMillan

Year In School: Senior

Major: Mathematics and Computer Science

Seat 17: Graduate / Law Students

Marissa Elena Garcia

Year In School: Law Student

Program: Law

Seat 18: Graduate / Law Students

Tom Schally

Year In School: Graduate Student

Program: Masters in Public Administration

Seat 19: Journalism Majors

Grace Hochstatter

Year In School: Junior

Major: Journalism

Seat 20: Education Majors

Mike McInerney

Year In School: Junior

Major: Family and Human Services

A LETTER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

Recovered by Lyzi Diamond

[Editor's Note: The Oregon Commentator, known for our unorthodox style of research, camped out in front of Larry Scott's home in attempts to interview him for a story on the newly-created Pac-12. When he blew us off, we decided to search his trash for information. We discovered this torn and tear-stained letter among snotty tissues and destroyed Longhorn paraphernalia, and have reprinted it here for your viewing pleasure. Enjoy.]

Dear University of Texas,

As our bitter romance comes to an end, I wanted to recall our experiences, the ups and the downs. Our courtship has been long, arduous and ultimately fruitless. After this letter finds you well, we shall never speak again.

I remember the first day I considered calling you. It was a Tuesday, and I was sitting in my office, newly crowned Pac-10 Commissioner. Upon taking the job, I knew we would meet eventually. I had been salivating at the notion. The ability to harness the power of a sixth television market and caress your sweet Longhorns was a little too much for me to handle. I had been waking up in cold sweats, images of Colt McCoy still imprinted on my eyelids. I knew the time had come.

My people called your people. You were coy, as I expected. You talked about your friends Texas A&M and Texas Tech, how you wouldn't go anywhere without them. You hemmed and hawed, speaking of loyalties and contracts. My people sounded calm, but my hands were shaking. I knew I wanted you, needed you for this to work. There were benefits for everyone. Shit, we could have had our own television network! I was optimistic when we decided to meet in person. I thought we were on the same page.

Boy, was I wrong.

Upon arriving in Austin, my nose caught the sweet smell of possibility. The rumors had begun to circulate, the pressure was building, I had you IN THE PALM OF MY HAND! YOU STOMPED ALL OVER MY HEART, TEXAS! WE COULD HAVE HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL LIFE TOGETHER!

Now I'm stuck with my second choice, the consolation prize. Colorado and Utah combined have nothing on your offensive line, Mack Brown's competitive stare, and those sexy burnt-orange uniforms. What did the Big 12 have that we didn't? I know Dan Beebe looks better in a miniskirt than I do, but the love in my heart rings truer than his ever did, or will. I know you'll be disappointed.

I hope you understand that I won't ever take you back. I can't have you in my life anymore. It's over. I took all your pictures off the wall; I deleted you from my Facebook. When I see you on television, I will turn off the channel. When I read about you in the newspaper, I will throw it away.

Goodbye.

Sincerely,

Larry Scott

P.S. Fuck you, Dan Beebe.



Larry Scott is the Pac-10 Commissioner and he won't take no for an answer.

WHITEAKER, FROM PAGE 10

On that note, its been nice getting away from college students - not that you guys suck or are disillusioned about life or anything like that, but because I got to learn about life from the perspective of people who never had the safety nets that most college students enjoy. I realized that the people who had suffered, who'd had everything taken away from them, somehow managed to make a comeback. Despite living in borderline squalor, they are always happy and grateful for everything they have.

There is no place like the Whiteaker. It is the heart and soul of Eugene. It represents what Eugene used to be, and is one of the best kept secrets on the West Coast. Although I once feared that the Whiteaker would become flooded with meat-heads, frat boys, and stereotypical college students, I now realize that that this will never happen. Most people are too lazy to walk, bike, or take the bus to anywhere that's unfamiliar. And that's fine. But for those of you that came to Eugene for Eugene and not for beer pong, do something with yourself. Talk to that scary-looking figure, get shit-faced and fucked up on drugs, go on a four-hour walk at night and meet some locals. Your experience in Eugene can only be as exciting as you make it.



Joe Rouse is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and thinks drum circles are totally awesome.

CANADA, FROM PAGE 19

We took a sky train out of the city the next day. During the trip, our fellow passengers looked at us like we were walking piles of diarrhea. I assumed it probably had something to do with Brandon (who was miraculously still drunk) peeing on the wall in the middle of the station. It was either that or the fact that we smelled like a perfume of booze, B.O. and garbage. After hopping on a few different buses and attempting to hitchhike, it became clear we were going to have to walk home. My buddies and I trekked the last ten miles down the side of the freeway battling massive hangovers.

"Do you guys think Stevie is ok"?

"Yeah he's probably fine. It's only Canadian jail".

"Haha yeah, they've probably got HBO."

As it turned out, Stevie was just fine. As we marched down the freeway, he was calling his mom for a ride home. After hours of walking we reached the border and received reprimands from our numerous friends' parents who work there. From the border it was a short walk to Calvin's house and salvation. The nightmare was over.

That trip home was the best part of the whole ordeal. It was just my best friends and I hanging out and talking while we tried to somehow get back to America. Good friends will help you out of a scrap, but the best ones will be right there in it with you. We didn't know when we were going to get home, but it didn't matter. We were with each other, and we had a hell of a story to remember.



Sam Abrams is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and never gets stopped at the border.

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On Patriarchy and Taking Down The System

"The weirdest part is that I know that none of these guys, who are, after all, my friends, is trying to be patriral or sexist."

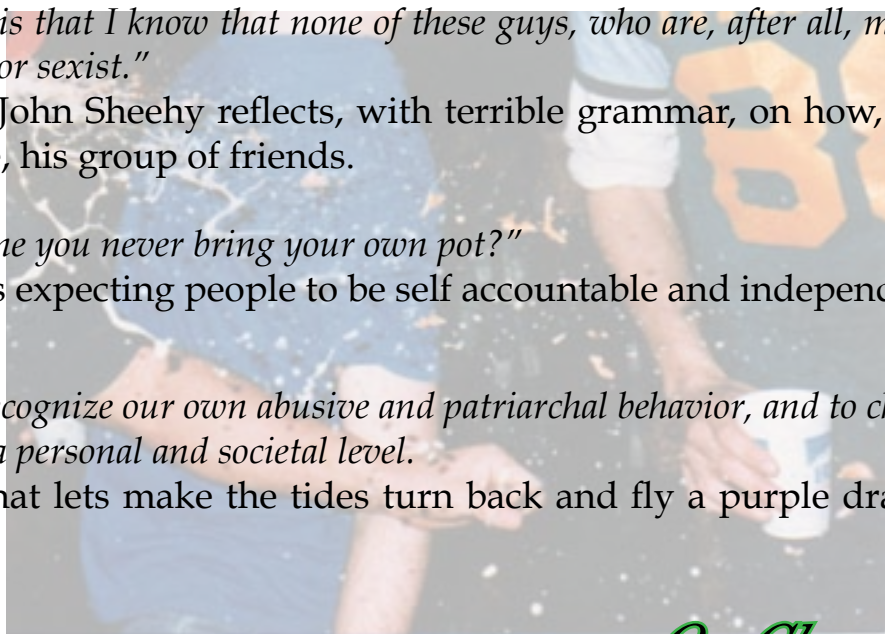
-William Shatner John Sheehy reflects, with terrible grammar, on how, patriarchy, managed to infiltrate, his group of friends.

"Gee, Jane, how come you never bring your own pot?"

-ibid. Patriarchy is expecting people to be self accountable and independant.

We must learn to recognize our own abusive and patriarchal behavior, and to challenge and dismantle it on a both a personal and societal level.

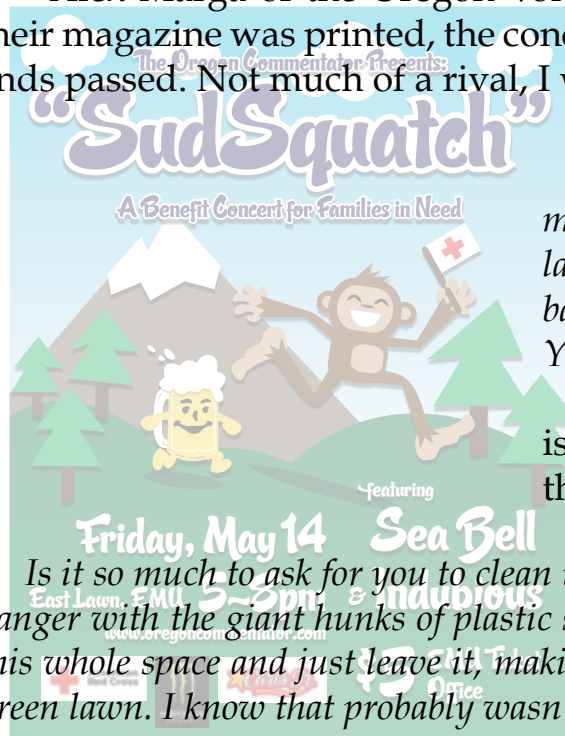
-ibid. And after that lets make the tides turn back and fly a purple dragon to the moon.



On Cleanliness

A few weekends ago, a rival magazine The Commentator put on a charity concert for the Red Cross Foundation.

- Alex Marga of the Oregon Voice on Sudsquatch. By the time their magazine was printed, the concert was more than a few weekends passed. Not much of a rival, I would say.



To make it clear that the concert was not free, the Commentator staff put up a big, green barricade around the lawn, with spaces for tables to be set up on all sides. The barricades were made of plastic, but the message was clear: You're not getting in here without paying the money.

- I thought you understood what a charity concert is. How is the Red Cross going to get any money if they don't charge for their event?

Is it so much to ask for you to clean up after yourselves? Not only are you putting people in danger with the giant hunks of plastic stage just chillin' on the lawn, but it's rude to block off this whole space and just leave it, making it seem like only certain people can hang out on the green lawn. I know that probably wasn't the intention (or was it???), but it's still ridiculous.

- You caught us, Marga. We at the OC think it's great to block off student space for our own personal use. Look for the Slip-N-Slide in the EMU lobby in September.

On the College Experience

"Free time is gold for freshmen. Though you'd be best off spending your first year in a magical world with well-fortified castles known as dorms, and eating your way to the recognition of a slightly deteriorating metabolism, the cursed realm known as the "real world" always has a way of reminding you that life really does suck."

- Tyree Harris cautions freshmen about the dangers of being busy in college, recommending that you stay in your dorm and eat food instead of aiming to support yourself.

"My experience was greatly hurt by the amount of hours I had to work and the shortcomings of my financial situation. As a freshman off-campus, who spent most weekends pulling in extra hours to skate by on the next month's bills, I felt like my whole existence was reduced to school and work . . . Not to string my own violin, but it was depressing as hell."

- Way to let college students know that if they have to work to support themselves at college, they'll have a shitty time.

"I'm pretty sure most kids won't have to pay out of pocket as much as I did freshman year, and I would like to hope that most freshmen don't have to endure the hardship of being worked like that with no strong support system of friends."

- Hey, working freshmen. Welcome to your sad new existence.

The Oregon Commentator would like to take this opportunity to encourage all students to get a job. You're an adult now, it's about time you start earning your worth in the world.

On User Error

"It makes me very angry when someone tells me, 'She probably hit the gas pedal instead,' because I think it's a sexist comment, an ageist comment,"

-Toyota Prius owner Myrna Marsielle after being told that there weren't any inherent defects with the car's accellerator, and that most people were in fact hitting the gas instead of the brake. Totally Myrna, it's because you're a woman, not because a series of scientific tests proved you wrong.

On Solid Reporting

"Campus Summer Crime Less Frequent"

-Emerald article by Ryan Buckley. About as obvious as a headline claiming that "The seasonal migration of 20,000 young people changes the community".

PROVIDING MEALS TO
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