

OREGON COMMENTATOR

May 2, 2011

Volume XXVIII Issue XI

Free Minds, Free Markets, Free Booze

EXCLUSIVE

**LTD Nutsack Man:
Whats All The Yelling
About?**

**Political Pescatarianism:
Is It Real?**

Not My Moat

**How Your Student Dollars are
Being Spent on the Jock Box.**

**DORM FOOD
SURVIVAL GUIDE**

PLUS

**REIGN OF TERROR:
How an ex-Communist spy conned
his way to power in the OLCC**





Founded Sept. 27th, 1983 Member Collegiate Network, SFPA

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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 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.

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John Brewster, the LTD screamer, asks for your help. Contact him at: johnbrewster60@gmail.com

Editorial: Nutsack man, ASUO candidates make their own rules, so should you

The college student's day-to-day routine may seem to be fairly static. We get up in the morning, eat breakfast, go to class, go to work (some of us), come home, do homework, perhaps drink a beer (or five, if you're an **OREGON COMMENTATOR** staffer), go to sleep and wake up the next day to do it all over again.

But, as any college student will tell you, this is never the case. Every one of us has a unique experience within the walls of the University of Oregon, and every one of us experiences this life differently.

What are common among all of us, however, are the processes that dictate our existence. These processes exist all around us, in everything that we do. They include biological and physical processes — gravity, weather, bowel movements — legal processes — the fact that you can't kill the people who annoy you — as well as the processes dictated by our own moral compasses.

Each of these processes, regardless of their context, is dictated by a unique set of rules. Whether they are as trivial as the rules in a game of Monopoly or as complex as the physiological contexts of our bodies, these processes dictate how we live our lives. The inherent challenge in our existence on this earth is to learn the rules of these processes and figure out how the processes interact.

What we need to do next, and what college should teach us, is to learn how those processes are apparent in our own lives and how we can challenge them and conform them to our own reality.

No one is better at this than the student politicians who waste weeks of their lives going through ASUO elections and even longer periods of time trying to sort through the epic bureaucracy that is student government. They believe the processes in place do not serve their needs, so they toil endlessly to change them. Their goals

may not always be the most altruistic and their tactics not always the most sincere, but they are taking their collegiate experience into their own hands.

Another individual who fully exemplifies this push of processes is not even a UO student — that's right, I'm talking about John Brewster, also known as LTD Nutsack Man. Brewster has decided that the processes in his life — authority, decorum, public transit — need to be changed in order for him to live his life the way he wants to. His story is not the most admirable, but his life philosophy is inspiring, and exemplifies what every college student should be doing: making his or her experience truly his or hers.

But part of living within these processes and deciding that we want to conform them is dealing with the external forces that force us to live within them, that try to stop us from conforming them to our own unique realities.

While the university community provides a place for us to learn about these processes and their rules and how they interact, it also prevents us from making choices for ourselves, from deciding whether those processes fit in with our own lives. A good example of this is the UO's new smoking ban policy. Instead of taking the social process and its rules and allowing us to conform them to our own standards, the administration is conforming it for us. In this way, the environment for change and growth exists, but is being thwarted and stunted by the very individuals who are charged with fostering that growth.

What we need from our administrators — nay, what we should demand — is that we be allowed to make our own judgments on what is best for our own unique experiences. Give us the knowledge of the consequences of our choices, but simultaneously allow us the opportunity and indeed empower us to make our own decisions.



asks ...

Who's your daddy?

Maneesh Arora:
Stephen Murphy



Jesus: Don't even
get me started.



Phil Knight: Me. I
bought it.



Ben Eckstein:
Amélie
Rousseau

Sudsy O'Sullivan:
Lord Kegsington



Lord Kegsington: The kid is
not my child.



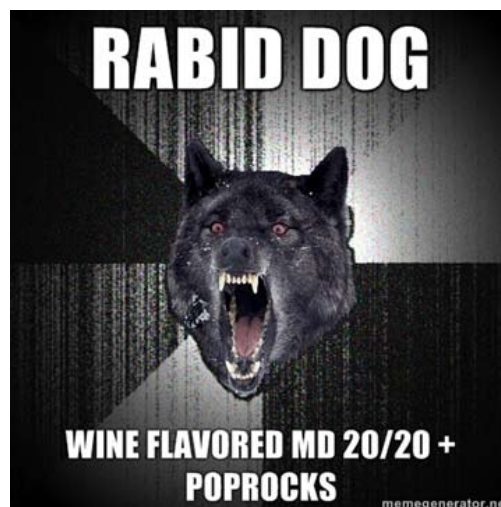
Old Timey Prospector:
Whoooooooooooooooooooores!



Bartending School

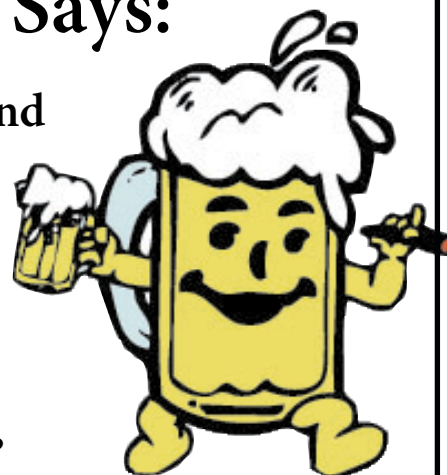
with Sudsy O'Sullivan

An Oregon Commentator original recipe



Sudsy Says:

“My girlfriend
told me to
kiss her
where it
smells, so I
took her to
Springfield.”



The Elections Issue: Corrections

* It has come to our attention that Mr. Gillespie's first name was spelled incorrectly through out our entire elections coverage. It is actually spelled "Cinnamon." The **COMMENTATOR** regrets the error.

* Another article in the same issue it was reported that eating only yellow Skittles will cause one's ejaculate to take on a pleasing taste. It is actually the pink Skittles that have such an effect. The **COMMENTATOR** regrets the error.



Drinking games are a natural pastime of many college students, and it seems no night of debauchery is complete without a few rounds of flip cup or beer pong. But what about those who want to take it farther, who want push their livers and common sense to places beyond that of mortal comprehension? We have found the five most dangerous drinking games in the English-speaking world (in the Spanish-speaking world they involve balconies), and we encourage you to try none of them, ever.

1. Jack Pong

A variation of the more tame beer pong, Jack pong replaces the beer in the pong cups with—you guessed it—Jack Daniels. Of course, not everyone has Jack Daniels lying around, so vodka, Jaegermeister or tequila can also be used. The sheer amount of alcohol consumed if one loses makes for a high-stakes game, perfect if you want to humiliate an enemy or yourself!

2. Dead Man Walking

Many a Duck fan has unintentionally played this game while walking to Autzen, but the basic premise is that for every step one takes, a drink must also be taken. The first one to pass out face first on the sidewalk “wins.” This seems like it could work well during any Walk for _____ charity event or during a morning stride of pride.

3. Edward Forty-hands

Edward Scissorhands had to suffer the agony of having scissors for hands, so any player of Edward Forty-hands must suffer the ecstasy of having two forties of malt liquor (Olde English recommended) duct-taped to his or her hands. Only when the forties are empty can the player be released from their bonds, by which time there is usually a multitude of vomit and tears.

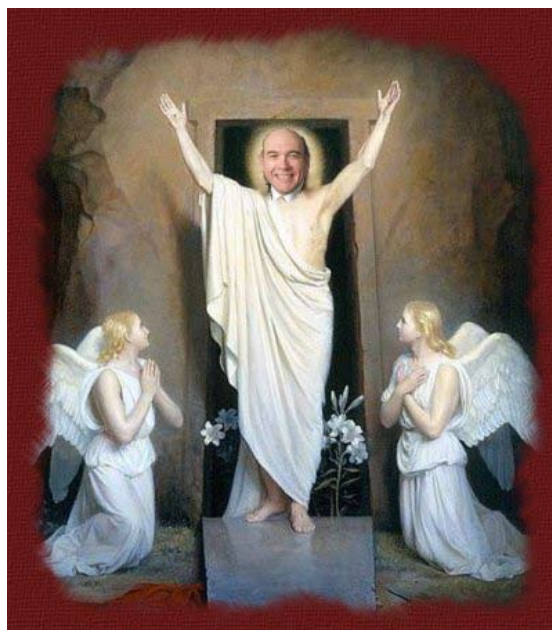
4. Beat the Bartender

This game involves annoying bartenders, so, in a sense, it could be the most dangerous game of all. Two or more players saunter up to the bar and each buys a shot using more cash than the shot is worth. The players try to finish the shot before the bartender returns with the change. Whoever falls off the barstool first wins.

5. Vodka Eyeballing

This trend originated in the UK, which is no shock if you’ve ever seen an episode of the original Skins. To eyeball some vodka, the player intuitively pours a shot of vodka into his or her eye and tries to keep as much of it in as they flail and scream. Absolut scarred cornea.

Where in the World is Richard Lariviere?



He is Risen!



Dakota is a huge fan of vodka ‘ballin’.

Cruisin' with Craigslist Laurie Greenburg

People always ask things like, "Okay, but who actually uses Craigslist? It's not like anybody responds to those ads." Well, ignorant citizen, let me tell you a tale:

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. Actually, it was fucking 9 p.m. on a Tuesday. Everybody on the third floor of the dorm was bored and decided they would turn to Craigslist to get the night crackin'. As a joke, ten guys took a picture of themselves smiling and giving the "thumbs up" and placed an ad on Craigslist for anybody who would be interested in a gangbang with a group of college freshman. After about 10 minutes, BOOM. They got so many pictures of women's vaginas (many unpleasant) that they are still scarred, many seeking therapy.*

*Okay, so maybe they just laughed about it and told everyone they knew, but you get the point.

Craigslist terms you should probably know:

- **FWB:** Friends with benefits.
- **BBW:** Big Beautiful Woman, a.k.a. the juiciest junk your puny eyes will ever encounter. Imagine the girl from Hairspray, but without the ability to fight against racism or a snappy personality.
- **DUCKS:** It means they want to pay you, otherwise known as prostitution. Don't do this. Not because it's dirty and illegal (when has that ever stopped you before?), but because you can get a lot more money just going and doing this yourself on the street. For a realistic reference on prostitution watch *Pretty Woman*, starring Julia Roberts. Or just watch the piano scene... you know what I'm talkin' about.
- **NSA:** no strings attached. They want to bone you and never see you again. If you would like to do this without the help of Craigslist, just go to Taylor's on a Wednesday night for dollar beers and talk to the Greek men about how, "it's called a fraternity, not a frat." Extra points if you love sports.
- **TABOO:** it always means daddy and daughter. Maybe once in the history of Craigslist it didn't mean this, but it does now. If you click on this, prepare to read a very long, disgusting, detailed account of this person's repulsive fantasy.
- If it says "**pic**," well, be prepared. Kind of like that one song in *The Lion King*, except instead of being prepared to kill Mufasa, it's to feast your eyes on a penis. This is usually taken at some weird angle, leaving you to ask yourself those coming of age questions, such as, "Why does the color change?" "Why does it swerve like that," and, "Dad?"

Hot Probs with Kellie Bramstone

I have a problem remembering people I meet while getting my swerve on. How do I deal with this situation without offending anyone?

-Mindy F.

How do you deal without offending anyone? You don't. I hate assholes who, when you introduce yourself, snot something along the lines of, "Yeah, we've met," before rolling their eyes, annoyed that you would dare to forget their name and/or royal visage. Well, you worthless piece of garbage, I'm so sorry that the two minute chat we had in line for the keg six weekends ago didn't leave a lasting impression on me. Maybe it's because you were so fucking boring that I subconsciously thrust you from my mind to make room for more important things, like reruns of "Hogan Knows Best." Tell that awkward, self-important cunt, to take the stick out of their ass, crack an Earthquake (Four Loko lovers, please Google this now) and realize that remembering the names of random party kids is not a priority for people who have actual lives.

When I'm on campus I see a lot of kids walking around with their heads down. It seems like no one wants to meet my gaze and share a smile. Why do you think people do this?

-Theodore T.

You hate people who look at the ground? Maybe they're looking at the ground because your face is completely grossing them out and they're trying to keep their Hot Pocket down. Or maybe they are freshmen who lost their nipple rings in a midnight naked freeze-tag game. Or maybe they are sad and just want to contemplate how ants never have to see their ex-girlfriends grinding on frat douches at John Henry's. Either way, looking at the ground is, in the words of The Great One (Madonna), their prerogative, and you need to chill the fuck out and get to class.

Art: Allison Berl

Elections Recap: Hot mess, no one cared

Rockne Andrew Roll

All Photos: Rockne Andrew Roll

About once a year, student government becomes very hard to miss. For a week or two at the beginning of every spring term, the corner of East 13th Avenue and University Street is dotted in a myriad of colored t-shirts and flyers telling you to vote this way or that.

There are always tables with lots of people and swag. These are the big slates, the presidential and vice-presidential candidates who can collect innumerable underlings to run for Senate and committee seats. They're like political parties, except more transitory. It's a lucky slate that can run a candidate for every seat. The winning slate this year, the Ben and Katie ticket, was only unable to contest two Senate seats.

This is only particularly noteworthy because the Ben and Katie slate, headlined by ASUO Executive candidates Ben Eckstein, the current ASUO chief of staff, and Katie Taylor, OSPIRG Board treasurer, won every other race it contested. Furthermore, only one seat required a runoff election in the second week of spring term. In the primary election during the first week, if one candidate for each office does not receive more than 50 percent of votes cast, then the top two candidates move on to a general election during week two. During the general election, the Ben and Katie candidate won this seat handily.



Total nerds nerding out.

But the most interesting aspect of the election wasn't the crushing defeat Ben and Katie inflicted on Students United, the opposing slate led by ASUO Programs Administrator Sinjin Carey and Sen. Kaitlyn Lange. Nor was it the fact that Students United outspent Ben and Katie by

\$1,805. Nor was it even the slew of "joke candidates," including three **OREGON COMMENTATOR** staff members and noted campus personality Cimmeron Gillespie. [Ed. note: Cims claims his candidacy was not a joke, but we at the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** believe that everything Cims does is a joke.]

The important aspect of this election was the grievances.

Grievances, a formal claim that a candidate or slate broke the rules, are submitted to the Elections Board for a ruling. This board consists of the Elections Coordinator, an employee of the Executive, and other members appointed by the coordinator and confirmed by the Senate. The decisions



Students United securing the bitch vote.

of the board are appealable to the Constitution Court.

The grievances flew back and forth this election. While Elections Coordinator Will Price did not provide any information about the grievances filed, Commentator staff members were able to confirm that no fewer than six grievances were filed, four of them on Monday of week one, the day the ballot became available. The majority of these grievances were filed by Students United, alleging early campaigning (in various forms) by Ben and Katie. The Board did not decide on the grievances until Thursday. The chosen reprimand was a three-hour suspension of Ben and Katie's campaign, which took effect from 12 p.m. to 3 p.m. on Thursday, ending just two hours before the ballot closed.

"There was no real consequence, because by then most people had voted already," Students United spokesperson Ben Ordonez said. "It actually reinforces the need to campaign early, because you need to lock down those votes on Monday at the latest."

Ordenez felt that the Elections Board would not act unless state law was broken. As he put it, "Any campaigner is free to violate ASUO rules."

Ben and Katie representative Ben Bowman was also dissatisfied with the process and its length.

"I think the whole timeline issue is something that really needs to be addressed in the future," he said. While sanctions were enforced against his campaign, the grievances his campaign filed went unaddressed.

Furthermore, Bowman said that the campaign was not told when grievances had been filed against Ben and Katie.

Bowman does not attribute this to any failing by the Board, but as a flaw in the process. "We need to look at the elections board as a body and figure out how to allow them to do their jobs more effectively because I don't think, this year, that they had the capacity to deal with everything that came before them."

Though not the most important aspect of the election as a whole, the "joke candidates" were quite the sideshow. Former ASUO Communications Director Curtis Haley and DFC At-Large Member Nick Warren ran for Exec as a sort of "joke against jokes," using their candidacy to advocate changes in elections rules to make it more difficult to get on the ballot.

Cimmeron Gillespie ran on a platform that advocated abolishing the university administration to reduce tuition. His notable campaign achievement was calling the staff of this publication "apologists for fascists," referring to last year's Pacifica Forum debate.

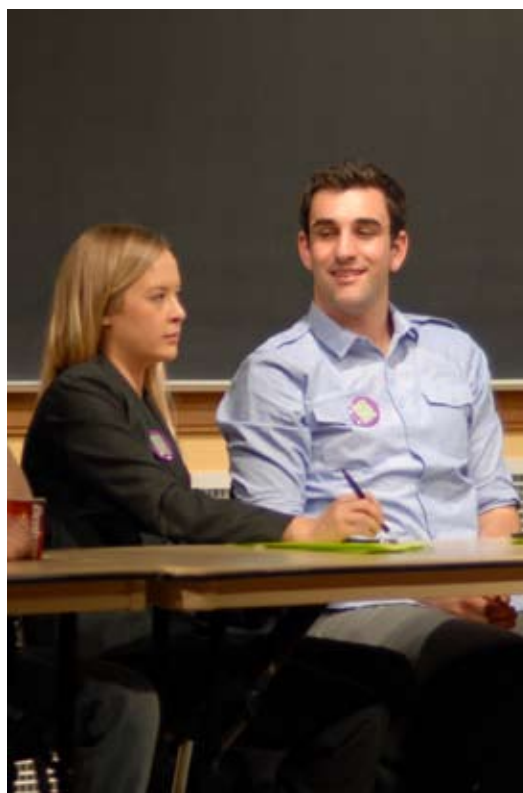
Three of our staff members ran for president. They faired as expected.

All in all, it was quite a mess. This publication had significant difficulty getting information relating to the election from official sources in a timely manner and was forced to resort to backchannel sources. It was difficult to piece together an accurate, coherent picture of what was alleged, who was alleging it and what impact it would have on the process as a whole. Most students didn't see the behind-the-scenes shenanigans, because they were not widely reported except by this publication (through our blog at www.oregoncommentator.com).

And while the results are in, their impact still remains to be seen.



Ben Eckstein and Katie Taylor (above)



Sinjin Carey and Kaitlyn Lange (above)

Cinnamon Gillespie (below)



Rockne Andrew Roll is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR whose faith in democracy is currently buddled in the corner of a psych ward.

Politics is a Filthy Bitch:

A reflection on the ASUO elections process

Nick Dreyer

During the 2011 ASUO Elections, Commentator Art Director Nick Dreyer threw his hat into the ring to become the next ASUO president. Accompanied by his Ray-Bans and pack of American Spirits, Dreyer embarked on the campaign trail armed with only these two possessions and his championship motto: "Pass." These are his reflections on the election process: the ups, the downs, the failure and debauchery. Enjoy.

The Campaign

It is my personal and cock-stomping-awesome opinion that everyone involved in an ASUO campaign for "their guy" has forgotten that they are going to die someday. How red their faces will be when they have reached a decrepit, ripe old age and remember that they once donned Skittle-bright livery and politely bullied passers-by to check a few boxes under the threat of physical, anal violence and hot chocolate. Yes, I imagine they will be slapping their foreheads in self-rebuke, saying, "If only I hadn't wasted my youth campaigning for some asshole," before their incontinence gets the better of them. The more emotive former campaigners will probably shed a singular, solitary tear every time they hear a child's laughter and stare catatonic at their nursing home's duck pond trying to forget...forget...forget...

In any case, during my ASUO Executive campaign, I didn't participate in any of that honky bullshit. You're welcome.

The Debate

It is sad when joke campaigns override the real issues on the table in public discourse. Haha, I kid: Fuck issues. Get money. But it is kind of telling that the **COMMENTATOR's** cast of merry (read: drunk) pranksters had such an effect on the process, and many were willing to point the finger in our direction, claiming that our lampoonishment led to a political farce. Which could be true — I don't really pride myself on "knowing shit" — but quite honestly, I don't remember much of what was actually said at the ASUO candidates debate, being too busy at the time crushing and cutting Nerds candy into cocaine-esque lines with my student ID card and offering them to my opponents.

But it seems an unfair assessment to begrudge political opponents for not behaving in a serious manner in a public forum,

especially if they don't pose a threat as political opponents. This goes tenfold for anyone observing the debate who made the same assessment, especially if you thought we ran with a point to prove. Some of us just wanted to enjoy the ride. You wanted to hear real issues discussed? You did. But you were still going to vote for your guy anyway.

If it's of any merit, I can honestly say that everything I said during the debate was true — true and accompanied with a musical guitar flourish in D-minor.

The Results

I received 48 votes. That's less than one third of the total votes for Hypnotoad (that bastard). I have to say, I'm disappointed. I'm disappointed that 48 people gave enough of a shit to express their support. True believers in my campaign would have "passed" on voting. And in that context, I totally won — roughly 80 percent of the student population opted not to vote. And to those people, I would like to give my sincere gratitude. But I'm not going to; there's whiskey afoot.



*Nick Dreyer: Campaigning HARD
Photo: Siele Rileshe*

*Nick Dreyer is the art director for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and wears only the brightest of livery.*



Notice the glaring typographical
error in this advertisement?
If so, you're probably better at
this than we are.

Seriously, we're no good. We
need help. We're dying out here.

Looking for:

Artists
Writers
Editors
Bloggers
Dog walkers
Dish washers
Beer drinkers

Think you can hack it?
PROVE IT.

editor@oregoncommentator.com

doesn't include
OSPIRG," no
matter what?

What we're
seeing is the
same small
body of active
students figuring
out ways to screw
students out of
their money. The
incidental fee
(~\$200/term)
seems like a small
price to pay when
you're dealing
with hundreds
of thousands
of dollars. It
isn't a liberal
or conservative
dialectic. It
isn't a red shirt
or a purple
shirt bitchfest. It's a



Cimms Gillespie spoutin' off

concentrated effort to squeeze as much money out of ordinary
students possible.

In fact, the joke candidates seemed to represent the student
voice far more than either of the "real" slates. By pointing out the
inherent flaws in the system (and the ability for anyone with access to
a copier and a button machine to run), these candidates demonstrated
student frustration with the hijacking of the ASUO election process
by power-hungry individuals who disregarded grievances, etiquette
guidelines and even Constitutional Court rulings.

The aggressive canvassers and Greek Life endorsements
just begin to breach the real problem with the university election
process. The ASUO doesn't represent student interests in the least
and they're having a ball of a time doing it.

I guess the ASUO can have their spam and eat it too.



*C.W. Keating is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and, under
normal circumstances, enjoys canned salty meats.*

How to Not Starve in the Dorms

Stephen Murphy

Many dorm-residing students manage their meal plan points poorly and as a result must resort to eating Grab 'n' Go hamburgers just to survive. This is unacceptable, so here is some advice for students with meal plans; because seriously, if you are planning on paying for your meal with actual cash, unless you have a strong desire for a particular menu option, you are likely to find better deals somewhere in the EMU or on 13th Avenue west of campus.

1) Grab 'n' Go is probably the most hit or miss place to eat in the dorms. Some hot line meals have wide acclaim, such as the fettuccine pasta and tri-tip steak, whereas many a naive freshman has been placed into a coma by the hamburgers (citation needed). Unless you really know what you want or just love playing Russian roulette with your gut, eat elsewhere.

2) Late-night Carson dining is a gift from God if you love pizza; they serve it up, roughly two to three times as big as the regular slices served elsewhere, for a point per slice. Also they have delectable ice cream and topping monstrosities called Whammies, which are so delicious that a few years ago three students were expelled for starting a knife fight over the last chocolate sprinkles in Carson (citation needed).

3) At Common Grounds and Dux Bistro you can have a fountain drink filled with orange or apple juice among other beverage options, and it's refillable. Cost of fountain drink: 1 point. Cost of bottled juice: 2 points. You do the math.



Photo: Tom Walsh



Hot n' ready for your gullet

4) At both Dux Bistro and Common Grounds, you can get tomatoes and lettuce on a sandwich for no extra cost, meaning that two pimped out Cheesy Grillers will net you roughly twice the sandwich-to-point value as virtually any other sandwich. That's some goddamn value right there.

5) Student workers are basically forbidden from bending rules at all, but the only driving force they have is fear of being yelled at. Likewise, some "blue shirts" are less motivated to follow procedure perfectly, and some rules are just plain ambiguous. If you want chocolate in place of something in your smoothie, there's probably a blue shirt that will let it slide, especially if you're particularly persuasive and/or pitiable.

6) Actually, the lesson here is just that if you want something that's not quite on the menu, just bug people until you get your way. That probably holds true for most of life, in some abstract sense...



Photo: Tom Walsh

7) If you bring a bottle then you can have water for free, but no place carries water cups; your only option is to pay for a fountain drink or buy bottled water. If you drink water with any regularity, carry a bottle with you. If you ask, "Can't you just give me a water cup?" the employees have to say no, and if you throw a fit then they'll just hate you even more.

*Stephen Murphy is a sophmoric embarrassment to the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and is interested in surrogate motherhood.*

*Tom Walsh is a photographer for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and would like the student body to know that it took five people over the course to two days to get permission to photograph the cheesy griller for the magazine.*

Political Pescatarianism: One Man's Journey

Nicholas Ekblad

For as long as I can remember, I've thought myself to be a relatively healthy eater. During high school I ate healthier than my whole family, having acquired a loving taste for fruits, vegetables and whole grains. I made sure to eat a variety of them as well as meat and dairy. I felt great when eating a well-balanced meal, even better during wrestling season when all those whole, complimentary nutrients helped me stay strong, quick and focused.

As of late, I have been refusing to contribute to the industrial food complex of America.

And that's what it is, a complex; an addictive, complicated shit-show on the world. I've been buying local or regional, organic when I can. OK, I still eat fish, and I can't give up cheese. That shit is irreplaceable. But hey, nobody is perfect. I am doing my best to not vote one dollar to a corporation's systematic pillaging of the Earth.

According to data from the book "Development and social change: A global perspective" by Philip McMichael, between 1960 and 1990, more than 25 percent of the Central American rainforest was converted to pasture for cattle, which were, in turn, converted into hamburgers for an expanding fast food industry in the United States. This is part of a larger system.

During the 1990s, the company Monsanto established itself as king of genetically modified corn, which is put into anything and everything. The sun is our primary source of energy, and its essence is literally soaked up by humans and the food we eat.

It makes sense that the members of this interdependent ecosystem should be taking in the purest form of the sun's energy. With these things in mind, I have undergone a change in shopping habits that classifies me as a political pescatarian. I am dissatisfied with the food industry's prioritization of profit over the quality of product and well-being of the consumer.

Our plant foods are declining in nutrient levels as the years go on. Even as agricultural technology advances, we don't see healthier raw ingredients, but genetically modified copies of other foods. Our options are streamlined to the most yielding crops rather than a variety of choices and nutrients.

This has upsides and downsides. We could go back and forth all day. But corn doesn't really even exist anymore, and that's fucking weird. Cows whose beef we eat weren't meant to eat corn — mutant corn no less — nor were they meant to be pumped with extra hormones themselves! Now that's fucking weird.

The point is, I became more and more conscious of the food industry in the United States and its effects on the world environment. My disgust was amplified as I began to realize that all these unnecessary atrocities were committed not for the sake of the consumer or the well being of mankind, but to make a more profitable business.

What's more, referring back to the Central American rainforest, this meat wasn't used for the consumption by the poor or those in



Art: Allison Berl

famine; it was all turned into fast-food patties. Twenty-five percent! In Central America! That unique area is so tiny in relation to the much different Amazon Basin below it. The fact that those in power, those who have say in this would allow that to happen outrages me. Only a few individuals profit off of this process while Americans are converted to fat-asses and parts of the Earth are destroyed. When a gross indulgence of mine destroys part of the Earth, to which I owe my life, it has gone too far.

I am not perfect; I know that this is not the answer to everything. I don't deny that humans are omnivores and that this way of life does not work for everybody. Admittedly, I still buy cheese and sugary breakfast cereal sometimes (they're just so damn tasty), but I now get all the protein and amino acids I need from beans, nuts, seeds, etc.

Perhaps one day I will have a completely clear conscience. Perhaps all of my hard-earned money will go to hard-working local farmers, rather than destruction and greed. But the current system does not give me many choices, so I'm making all the ones I can.

Nicholas Ekblad is distribution manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and we haven't told him we genetically modified this magazine

John Brewster: Beyond the sweaty, shaven nutsack

Alex Tomchak Scott

All Photos: Ross Coyle

When people first hear John Brewster bellowing, “Go Ducks, but LTD can lick my sweaty, shaven nutsack,” on a chilly, late-April Tuesday on the corner of East 13th Avenue and Kincaid Street, they react as might Tokyo’s citizens to civil defense klaxons if Godzilla attacked two or three times a week: The fear and confusion are still there, but they are now familiar, borne stoically by those who know what to expect.

A note of nervous tension grips the street in the short moment between the first audible scream and the first sight of him. People are fully braced by the time Brewster is visible in the distance now and all eyes are upon him.

Back arched, shoulders tensed, he moves in emphatic, powerful jerking motions on the seat of his bicycle, to which he appears fused. With his glowing, pool-like eyes and wild, bushy mustache, he brings to mind a Chinese lion procession on New Years — wild and yet human, moving with equal parts pantomime and raw aggression. The look is enhanced today by the tangled, flowing blond wig he wears.

One bystander in a magenta hoodie shouts his catchphrase back at him in front of Frog Miller’s joke book box and Brewster rises to his challenge, rearing up on the seat of his bicycle and throwing a bit of extra venom into the “nutsack,” the last syllable always emphasized with throat-splitting vibrato. As he passes along the other side of the street, a young man sitting on the deck at Taylor’s Bar and Grille bellows out to him offering a beer.

These appearances are all most people know about John Brewster. Many people with whom I’ve spoken can fill in much of the rest — homelessness, mental problems, conflicts with authority — often because they’ve taken the time to ask him. That’s just what Brewster wants out of what he’s doing: for people to take notice.

“Seems like, you know, I do it for the attention,” he says. “That’s the only way I know how to get attention.”

One person whose attention Brewster hasn’t gotten is Andy Vobora, the director of service planning, accessibility and marketing at Lane Transit District, the county bus system about which Brewster is shouting. Vobora’s job makes him essentially the public mouthpiece of the transit provider. He leaves me a phone message when I call asking his thoughts on Brewster.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about,” he says. “So I don’t know if I’m going to be much help to you in your piece. You can give me a call back if you need to, but I don’t recognize that name at all.”

When I later explain to Vobora who Brewster is, he chuckles and says he doesn’t know much about the man.

“I’ve seen that guy a couple of times,” Vobora says. “Never



had a chance to talk to him. He comes by LTD every now and then, shouting his opinion. ... I don’t really have much of an idea what his issue is.”

Brewster says bus drivers are often amused by him, even shout along with him. I talked at one point with a driver who called him “Old Brewster,” and said the two of them had a conversation. Brewster himself no longer seems too bitter about what happened between him and the transit provider anyway.

The story he tells of what turned him against LTD is sketchy: He says he can’t remember a time of year or whether it happened at daytime or nighttime. “Being brain-dead, it’s hard to remember crap like that,” he says.

What he does remember is that the incident was about 10 years ago. Brewster was living in James Park in Springfield at the time, but used to leave regularly in the direction of Eugene. Harsh winds on the Franklin Boulevard bridge that connects the two made biking the distance problematic, so Brewster would ride the EmX a couple of days a week. One day, he got into an argument with a driver.

“I was going to put my bike on one side,” he says. “They had a bike rack over there. I couldn’t put my bike on that side and I had to go across the bridge. Usually, they’d just tell me, ‘Go on the other side,’ because there weren’t nobody on the bus at all, but she just kicked me off the bus and took my bus pass, kicked me off for life.”

Brewster says he was on a lifetime disabled pass from LTD at the time. Angry at LTD for revoking it, he adapted his catchphrase from a line in the Adam Sandler song “Ode to My Car” and has been shouting it ever since.

What’s remarkable as he tells this story is how little bitterness he has toward LTD. Up close, he lacks the ferocity he seems to radiate from his bicycle. His moustache has the texture and color

of steel wool, but it curls up on the sides like a housecat's whiskers, making him seem to smile even when he's not smiling. His eyes are still wild, but something about the way they fade from hazel near the pupils to a blue so pale it's almost white dilutes the effect. They are housecat-like too. His skin is deeply tanned and variously, minutely wrinkled, and his chin is dusted with matted white stubble. When he's off the bike, it's evident how narrow his shoulders are, how paunchy his belly.

He spits his words out in gravelly, stammering chunks of New England granite — his hometown is Pittsfield, N.H. His eyes dart as he talks, and his spatulate, sodden paws move in concert with a head that strains ever forward for emphasis. His speech isn't gentle exactly, but it's less forceful than when he is shouting. I've heard him shout "Fuck you" at two young men crossing Kincaid Street in the middle of his catchphrase and "I hope you don't give a shit" to a security guard following him around Valley River Center. One Department of Public Safety officer tells me many in the campus security outfit have had run-ins with Brewster, who believes he is banned from campus.

Brewster says this kind of interaction is typical of his relationship with police, whom he says he has distrusted since he was in "second or third grade." For the story of what happened then, I have only his word to go on, which may not be entirely trustworthy, but here it is.

Pittsfield is a small town — Brewster says his high school class was notably large, but still contained only 69 people. He was the son of a real estate agent and a homemaker, one of four children. "My father didn't really do anything for us," he says. His mother, he claims, began an affair with a police officer, who "knocked her up." The relationship led to his parents' divorce.

Brewster claims the police officer himself is serving two concurrent life terms for a double murder — of "a Chinaman," with whom he was "in business," and another police officer.

"That's why I don't like the authority of cops," he says. "It's called 'Serve and Protect.' I was only in second or third grade and my father said, 'We're going through a divorce.' That just rips me, you know, a kid, up. And it's all because of that damn badge. It's called 'Serve and Protect,' but all they do was fuck over my mother and family."

Brewster didn't stay long in Pittsfield. At first when he tells me why he left, he merely says it was "adventure," and leaves out the barfight in whose aftermath he received his first criminal charges. Then he calls me and says he'll show me his the citation from that fight, intimating it may have had something to do with his flying west. When we meet again, though, he retreats from the suggestion.

"Everyone used to go up to Washington House — that's the name of the bar there — everybody used to talk about who was going to get in the first fight and everything," he says. "You know, that's all they did back there, you know. I guess I had a fight that night. I wasn't involved, but I was around it and I was drunk and everything, and they need somebody to pick on, and maybe somebody bounced off, crashed off me and something, I don't know. I ended up in jail for it, and all those charges. And then, it weren't no big deal, I just came out here, you know, and they never did follow through from it. I wasn't really running from it."

Brewster said his plane landed in San Francisco first, where he was taken in by "Jesus people," who put him up and "preached to

me for a couple of weeks until I couldn't take it anymore and I hitchhiked to Eugene, Ore."

Once in Eugene, he worked selling macrame hangers at the Saturday Market for a few years, not making much money and eventually being kicked out, he says, for using a hibachi.

For the next few years, he worked "odd jobs" until 1986, when he got into the motorcycle crash that would change his life.

"I had a Harley Davidson," he says to begin the story. "I was going 100 miles an hour and (I) went off the road. All I did was break my jaw. I was in a coma for a couple of weeks. I was paralyzed on my left side, couldn't walk, couldn't talk or anything. And then I woke up, but when I came to, I was in a nursing home, tied down with body restraints in my bed and my wheelchair. I was going, 'What the hell you doing that for?' you know? And they said whatever the hell they said."

Brewster says he was given a "brain pill," which he calls "Haldof." I ask him if it could be Haldol, a powerful drug prescribed mostly for psychosis and tourette's syndrome, and he says it could. "It just started tearing me up," he says of the pill. His mother came to help and he was off the pill in a few days. While he was in the hospital, he says, he "used to terrorize" the staff to get back at them for the body restraints. He says they told him he was "too crazy."

Brewster says he sustained brain damage. "I can only keep one thought in my mind at once," he says. "I get two thoughts, I get confused, and then when I'm ... think of something right away I got to say it because if I don't it just goes away and I can't remember what I was talking about. It's really, really confusing, you know? And then, up on the hill where I'm camping out at, I'm doing something and then I'll go do something else and then I remember, 'Oh yeah, I was doing this.' I forget what I was doing, go back and forth like that. And it's really, I start work on something, I put something else down, and then when I go back to it, I can't remember what it is and, you know, it's just really mind-boggling at times."

He says he's tried to work, but he struggles to remember instructions. By the time he came out of his coma, he says he was already signed up for the federal Supplemental Security Income program, a program designed to help those with disabilities so severe they cannot work. He has been homeless off and on ever since, living off the monthly government check.

But despite being homeless, Brewster is not unhappy. His campsite is — or was, as of press time — on the side of a hill in Goshen. To get there, he takes a trail just off mile post 199 on the Northbound side of Interstate 5. About 100 feet up, he lives under a massive quilt of blue tarps draped over the branch of a tree, underneath which are his tent, his cooking fire and all manner of personal affects. Off of one gnarled branch over his sleeping tent hangs a pink and red Valentine's Day pinata in the shape of a heart. When the weather is nice, he uses a massive stockpile of water to fill a children's swimming pool and he rests in it.

He has lived here for five years. On a clear day, one can see for miles from Brewster's campsite, all of it green and wild except the Eugene Mobile Village RV Park about half a mile to the north and downhill. Predatory birds circle overhead and wild animals stumble across. Brewster says he found the site himself and all the work of clearing out the trail was his, and it has been a lot of work. He's dug terraces into the side of one hill to rest his gear on and cut about



200 feet of trail into the woods.

"I think it's nice living like that," he says. "But before, when I was living in a house, stuff like that, I never thought I'd be homeless, because the homeless, I didn't think much of them. But now that I've been up here five years, it would be hard to move me into a house. Now, I ain't got a choice. Being up here, you can't see no cars, no houses, nothing. It's just a lot of stuff to think about, to look out and space out on. Because I don't like getting anything done, but I look out there and I think of all the millions of things I could be doing, you know? It's so nice just to look out here." He points off toward a distant mountain to the northeast.

He lives in spite of a constant threat from the east. Downhill from Brewster's campsite is "Heroin Hill," a campsite inhabited by drug users. Brewster takes precautions not to attract their attention, avoiding fires at night, making sure his campsite is not visible from the east. Down the slope, he has fortified by tying dozens of rusty metal tripwires between trees and limbs. Against the dusty brown forest floor, they're nearly invisible during the day, probably moreso at night. Brewster says Heroin Hill residents have attacked from that direction a couple of times at night and the trip wires have helped him fend them off. He keeps buckets of stones handy for that purpose as well.

Brewster's campsite is not perfect. Near the tent where he sleeps — always naked, he says — there is the powerful smell of animal dung. In the winter, conditions are worse, he says. Two men camp at the top of the trail together and Brewster says he dislikes them and has asked them to leave. But he is answerable to nobody. He can dictate his own terms. And the view is very nice. He calls his home "paradise."

He won't be able to stay there much longer, though. On the Tuesday when we talked, Brewster said he had until the weekend to clear his things out. Once the property owner became aware of his campsite, Springfield police came through and told him to get out. He had, he said, until Easter weekend. He spent much of the week packing his things away, taking them to a big public storage unit in

town. The deadline passed and Brewster was still in the campsite as of Apr. 26, but he was still in the process of moving his things out.

He is not optimistic about life after he leaves the comforts of his home. He says he'll probably ride around after dark, looking for dry places to lay his sleeping bag for the night, waking before dawn to avoid discovery.

"It will be hell," he says.

It seems to be hard for Brewster to interact with people in the paved and developed regions of the world. During our first interview, carried out in Valley River Center, at least one mall security guard was never more than 100 feet away. Brewster says he has gotten more tickets and citations than he can remember or count and been arrested several times. Once he urinated on the floor at a Springfield jail out of spite.

Brewster is back out the front door of Taylor's less than a minute after entering with the young man who offered him the drink. "I guess I got you kicked out," he says, turning to his erstwhile benefactor. After his new friend mumbles a reply, Brewster says, with seemingly genuine surprise, "I guess he don't like me."

This, it seems, is the price of his constant attention-seeking. "It seems like nobody will know I'm around unless I do something weird or stupid," he says. "They won't notice me unless I create a scene. I guess that's why I always create a scene or something like that."

Brewster, sitting on a bench outside the Duck Store, trails off and there's a brief silence in which I find myself wondering why the Taylor's patrons never offer to buy a drink for any of the many homeless men and women lurking periodically on that block. If a homeless man doesn't grab our attention by loudly and publicly reminding everyone of his genitalia, I wonder, does he really exist to most of us?

Alex Tomchak Scott is copy chief and managing editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and will be pleasantly surprised by a long time friend.

Illegal Immigrants are Controlling Our Booze

Ashley Reed

Several years ago, a business-owner in Bend, Ore., had his establishment shut down by an ex-Communist spy — a man who, 14 years ago, had stolen the identity of a dead three-year-old — via the powers afforded to him by a virtually omnipotent government agency. And that's not the scary part.

The business- and bar-owner, has chosen to identify himself only by the alias "Dotchin B. Gone," and appears to anyone entering his cozy hovel of an establishment to be running a popular show. With the plethora of people it pulls in on the weekends, Gone's bar is arguably one of the most profitable businesses in the Bend area, and in a place that subsisted largely on tourism and home-building prior to the recession, a decent profit is nothing to sneeze at. The bar was in good standing; it was a legitimate business venture with no prior violations and years in business to properly age.

Enter the man who was, at the time, still known to the Oregon public as Jason Robert Evers. An unimposing bloke with eyes a bit too close together and an affinity for the cue-ball cut, Evers was every bar-owner's worst nightmare: the regional manager of the Oregon Liquor Control Commission. Though our friends at the OLCC praised him as a hard-working, helpful everyman, the restaurant owners of Bend had a slightly different take on Evers.

"He would camp out in your bar with his OLCC inspectors and start issuing citations for the most bizarre things," said Columbine Quillen, bartender at the 10 Below bar in downtown Bend. "The bars and restaurants in Bend were under siege. Evers was doling out fines like they were candy at a Fourth of July parade. Everyone in the restaurant business was perpetually afraid for their livelihood, for at any moment Evers could be at your door trying to close you down for some tiny violation or no violation at all."

The *Bend Bulletin* notes that at least two violations reported by Evers were thrown out after the establishment's security footage proved that nothing he charged them with actually occurred.

"Central Oregon businesses were irate," Gone said. "The businesses had hired their own private investigators to prove that Jason had lied on the stand using the videotape from their bars. They were never financially compensated, but the charges were reversed. One bar owner claimed it cost him \$25,000 to get the charges reversed."

In an interview with the *Bend Bulletin* in regard to such complaints, however, Evers seemed less than repentant, saying, "If they are trying to make a personal character assassination against me because there are a few unhappy licensees out there, so be it."

In summation, Evers was a notorious liar with a chip on his shoulder, and didn't care what innocent bystanders he squashed on his harebrained cocktail crusade. Gone's bar, which had the gall to

turn a profit by selling a legal product to paying adults, could not escape Evers' special brand of justice. After secretly holing up in the bar so as to better fabricate clues, Evers' honed in on Gone's fatal weakness: the inability to do anything at all in the face of an organization that apparently bases its rulebook on the Salem Witch Trials.

"There is no complaint system," explains Gone. "Once you are charged, you go to administrative court — if you can afford a lawyer — or try to plea to a lesser sentence before the court date. Either way, there is little way out of trouble...it is a jury of their peers. Administrative court has nothing to do with the judicial system. There is no grand jury. It's you against them, and they are the judge, jury, and prosecutors."

It's not news to say that the OLCC is somewhat out of touch with reality. As any underpaid wage slave at an establishment with a tap knows, the OLCC encourages servers to steal the drinks of intoxicated customers (if they weren't belligerent before, you can bet that half-finished pitcher of Guinness vanishing won't help) and replace them with free food. Overregulation forced the highly-attended Bend Brewfest public tasting and festival to shut down in 2009 (the idea that businesses wouldn't come out if it was nearly impossible to make a profit without facing prison time seemed to bypass the anti-booze battalion), and as **OREGON COMMENTATOR** Editor-in-Chief Lyzi Diamond noted last summer, a slight reassessment of one prohibition-era policy caused the cancellation of the Oregon State Fair's 22-year-old wine and beer contest.

The backward nature of these policies is bewildering, comical even — I know I got a few chuckles out of taking my alcohol handler's test, not all of which were the fault of the Bailey's beside my keyboard. However, when wielded with the iron-fisted and sweeping irregularity that the OLCC seems so keen on employing, the effects are, for lack of a better word, sobering.

While Gone was unwilling to provide details for fear that they would compromise his anonymity, the results of Evers' bust were as predictable as they were unpleasant: after being charged with a minor, invented incidence of wrongdoing, the bar was forced to temporarily close in accordance with an OLCC mandate. Though the closure was not permanent, it lasted long enough to necessitate employee lay-offs and cause the business to take a significant financial hit.

Right about then, sick and tired of Evers killing their collective buzz, the restaurant- and bar-owners of Bend decided to nut up.



The real Jason Evers (left) and Dotchin Krastev (right).

Escalating their complaints to the governor's office in mid-2009 (while the OLCC chased their tails and claimed no knowledge of the reported shenanigans), licensees were eventually able to get the Oregon Department of Justice to conduct an investigation of Evers' activities.

At that point, Evers conveniently requested a transfer to the town of Nyssa on the Idaho border. There, he fell out of the public eye, the controversy he caused largely forgotten.

Then, in April 2010, karma blasted Evers like an Irish car bomb. After filing for a passport in Idaho, Evers' application pinged the FBI, who was elbow deep in what is charmingly referred to as Operation Deathmatch. According to a press release issued by the Sacramento division of the FBI, "This process identified individuals who fraudulently applied for, and obtained, United States passports using birth certificates of deceased Americans." A little digging turned up the sort of story that would make John Grisham salivate: Jason Evers was kidnapped and murdered at age three in his home state of Ohio, and had been dead since 1982.

The fake Evers was arrested on Apr. 27, 2010, and at first refused to give his name to the authorities. Within days, Mr. Doe's newspaper mug shot caught the eye of one of his old college buddies, and the story proceeded to get weirder: the man who had been calling himself Jason Evers since 1996 was actually a man named Doitchin Krastev, member of the Bulgarian bourgeoisie, who came to study in the United States in the early 1990s and decided he didn't like the idea of going back.

"The many evils of communism" was the cause of Krastev's refusal to return to Bulgaria, Michael Horowitz, friend of the Krastev family and former cabinet member of the Reagan administration told the Associated Press. "There was a psychological impact from living in those kinds of dreadful societies, and in that dreadful culture. And Doitchin saw it."

Apparently Krastev had a thing or two to teach the citizens of Oregon about governmental over-regulation, but first he had to get there. After dropping out of college, Krastev vanished off the face of the Earth, reemerging as Jason Evers after Ohio's lax birth record laws allowed him to obtain the real Evers' birth certificate and social security number. From there, it was just a hop, skip, and jump to the west coast and into the employ of one of the most powerful regulative bodies in all of Oregon.

Krastev has since been sentenced to two years in federal prison, after which he will most likely be deported. However, the OLCC has refused to remove the charges brought by Krastev under the guise of Evers (who, I will say again, was a documented liar before the feds got involved) against Bend businesses, including those against Gone.

"And because they are an administrative arm of the government, you can't sue them," he said.

Let's take a second to think about that. The OLCC, with enough egg on its face to make a Sunday's worth of prairie oysters, has admitted that it let a con artist run rampant through the streets

of Bend, under their jurisdiction and without oversight. But they're not going to do a damn thing to fix it, and there is no one that can make them.

At the beginning of this article, I said that a small-business being shut down by an ex-communist spy was not the scary part of this story. The scary part is that this man was given that kind of power in the first place, or that it is available to anyone at all. The OLCC, which will slap a business with thousands of dollars in fines for fun, exists without checks, balances or repercussions. Consider, if you will, exactly why Doitchin B. Gone has chosen to remain anonymous and has left out many of the juicy particulars of his story: the OLCC is so powerful that it could ruin him for telling the truth about what a corrupt behemoth they are. They are the Oregon Liquor Control Commission, and may God have mercy on your soul if you cross them.

Not to mention, if I might take a break from the insanity and address the practical, what good does the OLCC actually do? Raising the price of a Friday at Rennie's and making it a fireable offense for a server to not whip out their handler's permit at a moment's notice

"The OLCC, with enough egg on their faces to make a Sunday's worth of prairie oysters, have admitted that they let a con artist run rampant through the streets of Bend, under their jurisdiction, and without oversight. But they're not going to do a damn thing to fix it, and there is no one that can make them."

don't seem to yield particularly positive results. The Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration backs up that drunken rant-in-waiting with a garnish of facts: in Oregon, binge drinking among 18-to-25-year-olds sat at 39.5 percent, while California, with its comparatively hands-off approach, clocked in at 37.75 percent for the same age group.

Gone put it in a more practical light: "We have just as many drunk drivers, just as many underage drinkers and just as many problems with alcohol per capita as other states; so why are we wasting tax money on [these] administrative costs when we could put that money to [provide funding for] schools to come up with a curriculum about alcohol abuse? I completely agree with taxation, it helps our state, but the massive amount of waste on the administrative side is just that: a waste of my tax dollars."

One must also note that Evers wasn't just the bad apple that ruined the 'tini. Unfortunately, corruption and mismanagement have become hallmarks of the organization's public image. From embarrassing one-offs — such as the group's director resigning after being charged with a DUI in 2006 — to more far-reaching blunders.

In 2010, an internal audit showed gross mishandling on the part of the OLCC's licensing division, uncovering such issues as, "License investigation quality checks had become diluted to the point of uselessness," according to the *Bend Bulletin*. Perhaps worst of all, it has become typical form for the OLCC to deny or excuse such behavior — officials described the results of their own requested internal audit as "overstated" despite the numbers, and their ability to ignore the criticism of licensees and home-brewers is astounding.

Oh, and they defended and promoted an enforcer who wrecked havoc on the businesses of Central Oregon, then claimed, in the

words of OLCC spokeswoman Christie Scott, “The agency is just as much a victim as anyone else.”

In a way, it almost seems as if the Evers case needed to happen. Krastev overstepped, fabricated, bullied, and finied his way up the chain of command, and the OLCC let it happen. A criminal who stole the identity of a murdered child was allowed to abuse an incredible amount of power, and in doing so showed just what the OLCC can and does have the free reign to do. Businesses being shut down is a whisper; an abusive jerk-off hitting the national news in a story befitting the National Enquirer is, or should be, an explosion that lights up the deepest, darkest corners of the OLCC’s power grid for all of us to see.

So let us all raise our glasses to justice, and our middle fingers to the OLCC. As Quillen so eloquently put in regards to Krastev (and I sense by extension the entirety of the OLCC corruption machine), “We’re not glad the real Jason Evers is gone. It is a sad story of a baby being murdered. But whoever this sick shit is that has pretended to be Jason Evers for the past decade – well, good riddance. Might you enjoy being dicks around in prison as much as you enjoyed dicking the city of Bend’s bars around for the past couple of years.”

Gone, meanwhile, had a parting shot of his own: “Karma is king” I’ll drink to that.

Ashley Reed is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and practices sobriety in moderation.

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Total Jaq Off

Ben Maras

Behind the two 900-pound glass doors into the first floor of the Jaqua Center, the smell of fresh coffee hangs in the air. Green and yellow neons flash overhead in the sky-lit atrium and illuminate the cement elevator shafts. To the right, an LED reader board shows times and room numbers for student appointments.

But unless you're on that list, stepping out of the elevator onto the second floor is considerably less exciting. This floor isn't for you, nor is the one above it, even if you are a tuition- and fee-paying student at the University of Oregon.

For more than just the exclusivity of Phil Knight's \$41.7 million gift to the UO Athletic Department, few buildings on campus have been more controversial in their time than the Jaqua Center, also known as "the cube," or the "jock box." For being a free gift to the athletic department, the costs to the students of the university keep piling up.

First, the land it was built on was leased to Phil Knight for \$1, allowing for the no-build contract that created the glass-and-steel structure that few students or faculty get to use. But thanks to a couple of amendments, the UO also pays for the athletes-only parking lot, custom-etched Apple computers and staffing for the building. They also pay two-thirds of the landscaping cost, or approximately \$666,000 per year.

Then there's the nearly \$2 million from the general fund that the UO threw at the allegedly self-supporting athletic department this year for the athletes-only tutoring services of the jock box. That number is up from \$1.6 million last year, and by comparison was below \$300,000 in the 2002–03 school year.

From the moat designed to keep the commoners off the glass to etchings on the bathroom mirror depictions of Phil Knight and his wife watching everyone pee, every minute detail is embellished with the sports enthusiast in mind. But architects and administrators touted the enviro-conscious technologies that apparently were to make it a one-of-a-kind endeavor and a sleek fusion of design and efficiency. It may be a giant glass Taj Mahal to student athletes, but at least, they said, it's a model of energy efficiency for such a building.

So how does one greenify a giant cube, 85 percent of which is covered in glass, when building code says that more than 50 percent is impossible?

For starters, insulate everything that isn't glass. Floors, stairs and the few opaque walls all get the thermal treatment, trying to make up for the heinously inefficient glass shell that acts as the building's only skin. The only opacity to the external walls of the building comes not from the double envelope of glass that surrounds it, but the steel cage that is the only thing filling the five-foot gap between the panels.

The screen is composed of triangular wire, designed to make it easier to see from the inside out than the outside in. It also

slightly improves the efficiency of the building by adding mass and collecting and radiating heat within the glass envelope that surrounds the building.

For how much sun Eugene gets during the school year, it may be surprising the amount of thought that was put into making the building as efficient as possible on those few days. Automatic shades open and close depending how the sun strikes the building, as do dampeners on the roof designed to keep heat in or let it out. Architects also tied the zones of heating and cooling together, to allow air to be move where it was needed within the building.

The improvements were aimed at helping the building meet standards laid out by the State Energy Efficiency Design (SEED) program, which mandated way back in 1991 that all new state buildings needed to exceed energy conservation provisions in the state building code by 20 percent. But hundreds of thousands of dollars later, the Jaqua center didn't even squeak by with a C-minus. The site's power usage is only 7.7 percent above the code.

And who paid for the improvements? Hint: It wasn't Phil Knight, the athletic department or anybody else who gets to use the shiny new building.

The bill for the SEED improvements was passed on to the UO, put into place with another contract amendment signed by Howard Slusher of Knight's "Phit LLC," and Frances Dyke, UO Vice President of Finance and Administration. In it, the UO agreed to reimburse Phit LLC for up to \$200,000 for improvements done to get the building up to a code.

State law doesn't require SEED compliance until 18 months into operation, so there's still some time to get things straight.



What happens in the study lounge stays in the study lounge.

Architects involved with the design of the building are quick to point out that some of the electronic dampers weren't working when numbers were collected, and that they're still figuring out how to use them most efficiently, and point toward hope for the new numbers to be released next year.

Others blame the building's relative inefficiency on the 100-horsepower pump that circulates water in the moat surrounding the building. Since it is not technically part of the structure of the building, they feel that it should not be counted against the building's efficiency. Others, however, feel that it's the overall usage of the site that counts, not just what's inside the building. If we're going to raise the name on high as a temple to eco-friendly design, than why not strive for better, and include the pump?

When this question was raised by a student at a panel discussion on the Jaqua Center at the Holistic Options for Planet Earth Sustainability (HOPES) conference, Bob Snyder, a licensed architect who worked on the design of the jock box as well as the new Casanova Center extension, was on hand to answer.

"Should 'green buildings' have any of these add-ons like fountains?" Snyder asked, calling it an interesting question of where to draw the line. "We need to be careful not to sterilize our buildings. Making the screens 80 percent solid would have been right choice for environment, but not for design."

To Snyder and others involved, the Jaqua Center isn't necessarily meant to be a "green building." Instead, it's a convergence of 20th century design with the added bonus of

being relatively environmentally friendly. And it's admittedly an impressive feat, getting that glass cube up to code (well, almost).

But try telling that to the student body that's paying for its functions without even being able to use the myriad of services inside. Just getting to walk around in a pretty building is little consolation, and students expect more from their university.

Ben Maras is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and has kind eyes.



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SPEW...

“Two days ago, I was staring out a window, when a common jay caught my eye. ... Maybe birds should be in charge.”

— Eugene resident David Dubach in a letter published on the Eugene Weekly website (“Birdbrain Times,” Apr. 14), making one of the more cogent political proposals in the paper’s letters section.

“It’s high time to bring on the birdbrains. What have we got to loose? Everything.”

— Dubach again, probably just about right assuming “loose” is not a spelling error, which is more fun anyway.



What if birds ruled the world in uniform?



“There is more dignity and public service in offering a \$5 hand job than being dressed as a national monument and dancing on 7th Avenue to remind us to get our taxes done.”

— Springfield resident Jeff Albertson in a letter published in the Eugene Weekly (“Hand Job is Better,” Apr. 14), a man who has obviously never given a \$5 hand job, an act involving even less dignity than you’d expect.

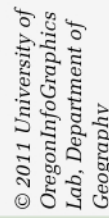
From the Oregon Voice (they pretty much spew themselves, don’t you think?)

“It’s ice cream for breakfast. That always seems like a no-brainer.”

— Lucy (“Pint of Love” Apr. 4)

“I’m like a moth toward the light when it comes to the get down shit.”

— Andrea (“Shponged?” Apr. 14)



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