

OREGON COMMENTATOR

May 18, 2011

Volume XXVIII Issue XII

Free Minds, Free Markets, Free Booze

Get your blood
boilin' with rants on:

THE TEA PARTY

So-Cal GIRLS

STUDENT LOANS

FOOTBALL

THE GREEK

SYSTEM

iCLICKERS

VEGANS

and (surprise)

THE ASUO

MORE HATE

THAN EVER BEFORE!





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:

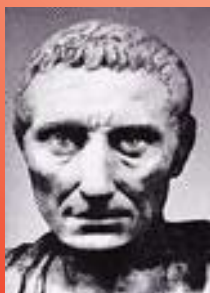
- We believe the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate—instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
- We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
- We believe that it 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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"Let them hate, so long
as they fear."
-Lucius Accius Telephus

I HATE EDITORIALS

If you're reading this, congratulations, you are one of less than three readers who will bother to stop and take a glance at this exercise in futility. The other people accidentally started reading to distract herself from the lascivious gaze of Franklin Bains, so you're in good company.

Though this is the first editorial I have written for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**, I already feel my teeth grinding like two barsluts at Dollar Beers. Does anyone really want to read the ramblings of a smarmy, vindictive drunk, much less a gaggle of smarmy, vindictive drunks? The answer is apparently yes, because the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and its notorious Hate Issue keep coming back time and time again... like barsluts at Taylor's Bar and Grille.

But really, can you blame us for all the hate? Eugene, and the University of Oregon, both places "managed" by money-grubbing narcissists, are overrun with hypocritical douchebags who would rather spew recycled slogans handed down from the hipster hive-mind* than consider questioning the status quo, thinking critically, or, you know, forming opinions for themselves. That's not what college is about at all.

College here in Kid Nation is about doing as little as possible while paying lipservice to the illusion of having a rebellious youth by slack-lining and drinking out of mason jars. Anything less, and you're just another slave to the man, man. After all, alternative is only alternative if everyone else is doing it, right?

Living in this shit-stew day in day out is enough to drive even the sanest of people off a parking garage roof. But, for all our bitching, we must remember that apathy is, as always, a human right.

You have the right to not care about the facts. You have the right to ignore logical discussions in favor of dogmatic bullshit. And so we channel our rage into something more constructive than breaking forty bottles behind the Circle K: this fucking magazine. All of our frustration, all of our belligerence, all the nights spent screaming "WHY ARE YOU SO STUPID?" out of the window of Room 319 have been condensed down for your viewing displeasure.

So, unless you're late for an awareness bike rally, read on, but warning: this magazine has been known to cause outrage, distrust in authority figures, logical thought patterns, and truth herpes.



Sophia Lamhead is the Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and that's her real face.

**For more on hive minds, see the bitch-slap of reality on page 24*



asks ...

Why you be hatin'?

Optimus Prime:
Got mistaken for a kegerator.



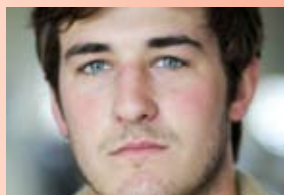
Whoopi:
Funding for Sister
Act 3 fell through.

Frankin Bains:
No longer first in Google
search.



Osama: Virgins, not
what they're cracked up
to be.

Mark Costigan:
I heard my voice recorded for
the first time.



Oregon Voice: Ran out of
molly.



Kool-Aid Guy: My
boyfriend thinks
I'm fat.

Bartending School

with Sudsy O'Sullivan
An OREGON COMMENTATOR original recipe

Friday Night

Whisky
Tears
Splash of Grenadine
*Garnish with photos of her and her
new boyfriend.*

Sudsy Says:

“Get crabs.
Give back.”



Where in the World is Richard Lariviere?



Engaging in home improvement!

Ask Laurie!

Dear Laurie,
What do you hate?
Love, Benjamin Franklin/Mom.

Dear Momma B. Franklin,
I hate when girlfriends and gay-man friends tell me that their male partners come too fast in bed. And you wanna know something. I interviewed two extremely sexually active men on campus to see what they have to say on the issue — and when I say “extremely sexually active,” I mean if you have had a venereal disease, one of them probably had something to do with it.

With that, here are some tips on how to stop the semen shit from hitting the pussy fan:

Tip #1 Slap your dick. It distracts your body from the fact you're about to come while simultaneously turning on the chick. Is this true? Andrew Elliott, interviewed for this article, seems to think so.

Tip #2 Have the chick slap you in the face. Same idea, they're turned on, you're abused and confused. Do you have a mark on your face the next day? Do you live in a trailer park? Is your name Marshall Mathers, but one day you decided you didn't like it so changed it to Eminem after you met Dr. Dre? Am I saying that Eminem ejaculates prematurely? What do YOU think?

Tip #3 Recite the Pledge of Allegiance over and over in your mind to distract yourself. That's why the fuckers invented it. That's why you say it at the beginning of the day in elementary school. Without it, every elementary school class would descend into a crazy orgy. Little known fact: Caligulia was shot in an elementary school classroom. It was supposed to be a documentary about phonics, but someone forgot the Pledge.

Tip #4 Spell things around the room in your mind. Akeelah and the bee? That girl was a hot mess in the bedroom, could last all night long ... and you should've seen the bee. Why do you think Fergie is always spelling things? Because it's the only way she can stop her superhuman sex drive from destroying small developing countries.

Tip #5 Go down on her. It gives you a chance to rest while arousing her. You gotta give head to get head, fellas. You gotta give anal to have a chick use a strap on on your anus*. You gotta break your dick off in someone's ass to get a dick broken off in your ass. It's just physics. Don't quote me on that. I'm not a scientist.

Tip #6 Reread Tip #5

Tip #7 Probably the best/most effective: throw cold water on your dick. Where you get the water? I don't care. It doesn't matter to me. If you're serious about this, you'll have a hose handy. Only have sex in the bathroom. I don't give a fuck! Bathroom, Backyard, Shed, ya know, places with a hose chillin' nearby. People's pools? No. Don't ask me why, just don't. Ever since the war I can't go anywhere near a pool.

Tip #8 Watch The Human Centipede Beforehand. Bad for arousal, good for stopping an orgasm.

*known as pegging. Captain Hook loved that shit.

If you have tried any of these and they didn't work for you please immediately contact Andrew Elliott or me, Laurie Greenberg, at articles@oregoncommentator.com



Andrew Elliot sometimes avoids premature ejaculation using these proven techniques.

DRUNK RESTUARUANT REVIEWS KNIGHT LIBRARY

Sate-Kus

I'm eighteen tequilas in when I waltz into the Knight Library flashing my UO ID (VIP only, you see), to the security guard who knows me by name, Sphincter. Didn't even have to make a reservation.

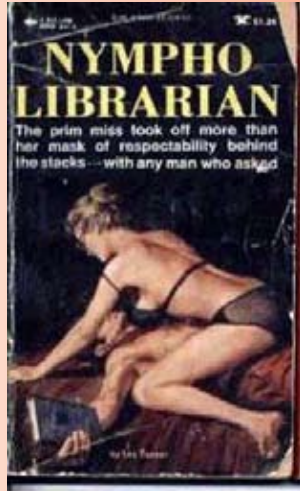
The meals are served buffet style; you just walk up to a shelf and feast on whatever suits you. I began with some hors d'oeuvres, sampling The Complete Lexicon of Retardedry before moving on to my entrée of some "phat" Swift.

By this time, the six-pack of de-caffeinated Four Lokos I had imbibed (before those tequilas, you see) began to do their magic and the rest of the night is a little bit of an existential crisis. I vaguely remember telling some political science major that I thought her paper was really on point before licking her sternum. I also kind-of, sort-of remember shaving my pubic hair in the third story bathroom. I was told later that I defecated in the "Int. Topo Maps" drawers and stuck my dick between the pages of a book by Kant, making the obvious puns.

Long story short, I had mistaken some bewildered and terrified sophomore for Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior — which would have been flattering if I hadn't chased him all the way to the Special Kesey Collection with a hammer and some nails (I brought them from home) screaming at him to get back on that motherfucking cross where he belongs. Which is reasonable, I'd say. I mean, I'M not going to die for my sins, right?

Anyway, KNIGHT LIBRARY: best restaurant ever.

-Dreyce Creem



*Eat shit on the cob,
You waste of oxygen, you.
Fuck a fruit basket.*

*Tuition too low?
Not enough money for hats?
Restructure that bitch.*

*Eighty-six million
For pervy PIRGs one night stand
That's a lot of lube.*

*Email interview
Oh, you're a commentator?
You're not good enough.*

*Misspelled lecture slides
Neon links in comic sans
I hate econ class.*

*Douche with popped collar
Owning at online beer pong
I hate econ class.*

*Brand new jock corral
While the J-school rots away
What's up, uncle Phil?*

*Bothered by smokers?
Don't take a different route
Go to your Senate!*

*Wake up, hung over.
Time for the hair of the dog
Who drank all the beer?*

*OSPIRG canvassers
Getting paid per signature
Eat a big fat dick.*



THE STUDENT INSURGENT

By The Spy

I love student media. UO is fairly exceptional in its student media climate, where a comparatively large number of publications are able to flourish. Unlike many campuses which maintain a student media department to command and control various outlets, UO student publications are run under the auspices of the student government (with the exception of the Oregon Daily Emerald, which is produced by an independent company under contract). Each of these publications produces high quality content and contributes an aspect to the campus climate... except one.

With its irrational political viewpoints, irresponsible publishing scheduling, and general lack of overall talent, taste, or class, the Student Insurgent is a blight on the UO campus.

In its few issues this year, the Insurgent has been an abject insult to the student body. When former Insurgent co-editor Ashley Young gave her pronouncement of the definition of journalism, particularly that journalists had to be academically trained, representing a publication, and "have a cause," every actual journalist I knew was insulted. Young used her platform as "co-editor" to propagate a self-serving screed that specifically sculpted the definition of journalism to fit her own circumstances, casting aside the vast majority of journalists, student and otherwise. I may work for a biased publication, but my first and foremost commitment is to the truth. I have no cause other than fairness and accuracy, and every journalist, from news reporters to opinion columnists to TV anchors and everyone in between should behave the same way. Young's classification of journalism, particularly coming from an editor of a publication that practices nothing of the sort, is positively disgusting.

The Oscar Grant issue gave one page to the individual in question, who no one knew and, after reading, no one cares about. Most of the latter half of that issue was dominated by grainy, pixilated photographs of I don't know what. Have some fucking pride, people! What the hell were you thinking? It's not art, it's just crappy.

As a whole, the only issue of the Insurgent which has been visually anything other than garbage was their most recent one, which included a piece by noted campus advocate Cims Gillespie, who has referred to the staff of this publication as "apologists for fascists" because we stood up for free speech. He recently ran for ASUO President on a platform of abolishing the University's administration because "tuition is too damn high," an obvious play on an internet meme from long ago (in e-terms).

Gillespie insisted on not being classified as a joke campaign, but every aspect of his behavior was a joke. I'm not attempting to portray his behavior as an indictment against the Insurgent in and of itself, just saying that this is what passes for a staffer (and former editor) there.

True we at the OC have our share of insanity, but none of our joke candidates take themselves too seriously, and our lack of seriousness is counterbalanced by actual, sensible journalism and opinion content. Gillespie and his cohort's brand of disconnection from reality defines the Insurgent.

Oh, I almost forgot the part where the Insurgent used to use your student fee funds to send mass quantities of their publication to prisons. The Programs Finance Committee told it to fundraise and use its own funds for that purpose, which led to rampant crying and complaining.

I'm not suggesting that the Insurgent be defunded. That's just as much of an infringement of freedom of speech as what they attempted to perpetrate on the Pacifica Forum, a group equally as insane. What I'm saying is that the Insurgent is a really shitty publication. Gillespie, Young and the whole lot should be ashamed of what they produce. It's really garbage. I'd like there to be a legitimate left-wing magazine on this campus, and the Insurgent just doesn't deliver. So I can't really say I hate the Insurgent, when really I just have no respect for it whatsoever.



The Spy is a contributor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is really a state legislator in a bizarre alternate universe



AMELIE ROUSSEAU

By Stephen Murphy

If for whatever reason you don't know who Amélie Rousseau is, she is the current ASUO president. She will be through most of May, and she has done a pretty good job of making the ASUO executive a total joke during her tenure. Last year during the election she mentioned she knew about diversity because she is French-American. Yes, seriously. Nobody batted an eye. After the riot earlier this year (which our beginning of the year issue revealed was essentially the freshmen's fault) she stood up at convocation, attempted to steal the stage from University President Richard "Tricky Dick" Lariviere, and talked about how the police treatment of students was unacceptable and generally just ran her mouth about how horrible it was that the police, like, did their fucking job.

Oh, and then there's the smoking ban. She is so petty that when about a dozen students organized a protest of the ban she gathered double to triple that many people to counter-protest. She seriously cannot handle even a few people calling her ideas stupid without throwing a fit like a kid at the supermarket when her mom won't buy her a candy bar. God forbid you take away Amélie's Snickers.

And don't even think of hurting her baby, OSPIRG. She loves the PIRG so goddamn much I'm surprised there aren't any grainy, night-vision sex tapes of her and Charles Denson (Ed. Note: we are so sorry). A considerable chunk of students and her own ASUO Senate decided against funding OSPIRG, but she loves it so much that she used her power to effectively ignore them and fund it anyway.

When the rest of the ASUO agreed on a budget for next year, Amélie just vetoed their decisions until she was allowed to design the budget herself. She took the opportunity to cut funding from athletics and sexual assault services to fund OSPIRG, reducing the number of student tickets and, well, sexual assault services available for next year. Then she had the audacity to claim she was providing more resources for students. So yeah, if you like going to sports games and not being raped, she just fucked you. It's only a matter of time before someone snaps photos of her wearing nothing but an "I love my PIRG" shirt rolling around in a pile of dollar bills.

This is literally (Ed. Note: figuratively) all that Rousseau has done during her term as ASUO president. She gets \$550 a month to be the president and she spends her time bitching about stupid bullshit until anyone who disagrees with her slinks away out of embarrassment — for her, not themselves — and abusing her power as president to make sure she gets her way. One of the ASUO senators said that Amélie's veto of the budget for her selfish reasons showed how little respect she has for anybody but herself.

I don't usually make a habit of objectifying women, but in this case it's warranted; even for girls devoid of any common sense there is still the option of contributing to society by being good to look at, and yet Amélie even screws that up. Her bro-hawk hairdo is the opposite of flattering, and when she isn't dressing up to disguise herself as a dude she looks like she just got done shoplifting from the old lady section of Goodwill. If she were to borrow booty shorts and low-cut shirts from some sorority girls — you know, show off her best assets — I might consider spending time around her, but she can't even do that to make herself likable. Until the day she works at the ASUO office wearing only a bikini, it will be safe to say she has never done anything good for the University of Oregon.



It's not easy being French.



Stephen Murphy is a sophomoric embarrassment to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and really wants to sleep with Ms. Rousseau, if that isn't obvious.



ACTIVISTS

By The Waif

I picked up the Emerald the other day (in its natural habitat, an LTD bus seat) and saw an ad for “Sexual Violence Awareness Week”. It featured a photo of a “Take Back The Night!” demonstration, showing a bunch of smiling, happy activists, one of which was holding one of the most asinine protest signs ever penned (“Hey rapists stop raping”) and all I could think was: “How the hell is this going to do anything but put a bunch of smug, proactive grins on students faces?”

It sure as hell isn't going to reach the mythical back-alley trench coat rapist, and it damn sure isn't going to persuade some bro after his second Four Loko to not make out with some girl longer than she wants to. The only possible way it could achieve any less would be if it were a Facebook group — I'm pretty sure those exist solely to convince people that they're making a difference in the world by clicking a few buttons, like that oh-so-adorable protest against child abuse where people changed their profile pictures to cartoon characters. Yeah, it's really going to stay the hand of

some drunk coal miner who just got laid off from taking it out on his kids when he remembers that somewhere out there some girl's duckface photo is going to be Johnny Bravo for a few days.

It's not like these activists are battling any sort of actual coordinated Goliath of an enemy. The Women's Center isn't protesting in the face of some billion-dollar multinational corporation that makes rape in factories, and really any “progressive” protest you might see students doing on campus has no counterpoint. Can you imagine if people across the street from they were actually advocating sexual assault with THEIR signs? It would blow their fucking minds.

It's not like 1970s, when our students were killed in the Kent State Shootings, either. These protesters have nothing to fear

whatsoever because what they're advocating really isn't in the least bit radical, least of all in Eugene. In 1981 a hunger strike in an Irish prison ended because ten of the strikers starved themselves to death. These kids wish they were that fucking hardcore. Instead, we get a bunch of hugbox panel discussions where people just reiterate the same, obvious points. Yes, rape is bad. We get it.

That's not to say that some student activists aren't making attempts at legitimate social transformation in America. I'm just

saying that I can't stand the ones in Eugene because they're getting big fat stiffies over what amounts to hanging out with a bunch of people you know for an afternoon and then high-fiving over how much you accomplished. You can stop patting yourselves on the back for waving the banner of risk-free activism and be glad you're not protesting something actually radical in a dangerous setting, like the 300+ protesters killed in Syria in the last five weeks.

I guess the good news is that after this

Awareness Week, there wont be any more sexual assault in Eugene, so we can use the money we spend on Safety Shuttles on ponies for everybody. Yay!



The Waif is an artist to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and he actually does make rape in factories. All the rest of us are scared of him.



SNOOKI

By Ms. Hefeweizen

Jersey Shore has finally graced the airwaves in Italy, where the cast will be shooting its fourth season. It was received not with open arms, but with jeers and boos. Media outlets across Italy and Spain were abuzz about the show's poor reflection of Italian heritage. One columnist from Rome said of the cast, "(They) embody the worst stereotypes of Italians, multiplied by thousands and Americanized," while UNICO, a national Italian-American organization, gave this peeved response: "People used to go to the circus to see the freak show — that is what this will be... It will not only hurt Italians but all Americans ... their outrageous, reprehensible behavior will make us look like buffoons and bimbos." Yet, despite the show's backlash from here and abroad, its popularity continues to rise.

Rating higher than any other original cable television show, *Jersey Shore* is even stacking up next to big networks, CBS, ABC and NBC, with ratings soaring. With such great success, it is hard for me to criticize the show's business model. My only contention is that through the show, its staff and cast perpetuate stereotypes while endorsing reality television's knack for producing asinine drivel.

The reason I hate *Jersey Shore* (as does Italy) is not for its showcase of drunken idiocy, poor fashion, or misguided views of cultural heritage. I hate it for all the money it makes — cast members will receive \$100,000 per episode each for the current season.

Right now is the time of *JS*, but even with the fame it has now, inevitably Snooki and company will be replaced by successors just as willing to sacrifice their personal pride — along with any sort of privacy — for fame, booze and a paycheck.

In hating *JS*, I also hate myself, for I, like the cast, am human. Being human allows for flaws and successes; instinctive, inherited or learned — sharing emotions, needs, desires — we are given a choice (as Americans) to live our lives the way we see fit.

If a reality show was made about me I am sure people would think I am just as stupid as they are. We all have a lens through which we view the world, having beliefs and morals that are unique and right to the individuals themselves who create them. Whether or not your world is seen through rose colored glasses, beer goggles or camera lenses, remember it places only a dot on the mosaic of the human race. It is because of our differences, idiosyncrasies and flaws that humans are interesting, we all have our parts and roles in life that we play. Which part is yours?



Ms. Hefeweizen is operations manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR; a reality show about her life, "So Many Cats," will be airing opposite "Jersey Shore" on VH1 this fall.



MYSELF

By JJ the Allin

The dictionary definition of a narcissist is such: a self-absorbed wanker who cannot get over him/herself. And word on the street is that you loooooove yourself. Get a fucking room. Your parents called you “champ,” “princess,” “pimp,” “tiger,” “number one” and “a certified pussy-ologist.” Your teachers gave you a star because they thought it would damage your “self-esteem” if they actually told you that you suck at everything — which you do. Honestly, you are the worst person. Just fucking awful. And now, after all these years of stroking your engorged self-image, you’re in college and everyone thinks you are a total doucher. But you are too busy gawking at the mirror to notice this.

But this article isn’t about you — you self-indulgent fuck — it’s about ME. And have you MET me? Holy shit, I’m amazing; I’m great at everything I do, I’m pretty as fuck, and Barack Obama once called me “a really stellar guy.” And I have the decency to hate myself, despite my overwhelming life resume of dick-kicking and ass-punching. And that takes courage.

I hate myself. And you should hate yourself too. Let’s get into the benefits of self-loathing:

1. When you start hating yourself, you will realize that all your friends hate you too. That will give you something in common to talk about.
2. You now have an excuse to weasel your sorry self out of any obligation. Let’s say you are charged with the responsibility of resuscitating a baby deer found on the road. The narcissist will believe he or she “totally has this” and then shame his or her ego by means of (well intentioned) necro-pedophilic bestiality. You, the anti-narcissist can say without pride, “Fuck deer. I don’t have it in me.” When you are called a coward, you say, “Yeah, I knooooow. Doesn’t that suck?”
3. You will have a newfound appreciation for Woody Allen films.

4. You will finally “get” Lou Reed’s “Perfect Day.”

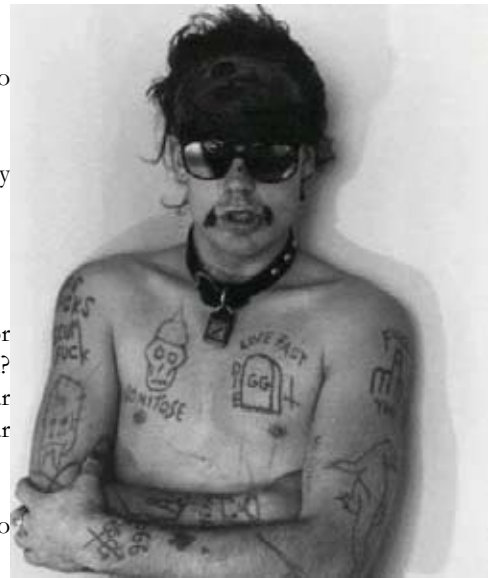
5. Heroin will appear more affordable.

6. You can get away with doing anything. When your roommate tells you, “RICKI, GODDAMMIT YOU DRANK ALL MY BEER,” you can respond with, “Yeah, I know. I HATE MYSELF!” Although, seriously, Ricki. You should scale back your habit a bit.

7. You won’t have to try as hard fishing for compliments. Like when you are at the library checking out books, you say, “I guess I’ll check out these books. Too bad I’m so fucking stupid, I probably won’t understand them any good.” And then that librarian will say, “Naw, man. You’re probably GREAT at books!” The trick here is to not really believe any of the compliments you receive, lest you get a big head.



8. Jesus, now that you mention it, your head is fucking huge and shaped funny.
9. When the object of your hatred is yourself, you never get bored. And you are never too busy to hate yourself—what have you got going on? NOTHING.
10. Not a talker? Ninety percent each of your future conversations can be taken up by grief-laden sighs.
11. Humbleness is a virtue. Self-hatred is metal.
12. The autophobic make great scapegoats and scapegoats are popular. Your neighbor can't sleep because your roommate has been blasting NOW Volume 34 until 3:00 AM? That's when you chime in saying your neighbor couldn't sleep because God cursed your house to punish your frequent masturbation. If you were worthy of accepting love, your roommate would totally love you.
13. A whole new world of self-deprecating "that's what she said jokes" is now open to you. "Wow that was quick." "That's what she said." Because she DID.
14. When shrouded in your own pity, you won't even notice how tedious your company is to other people. And I've got to say, motherfucker, your company is TEDIOUS.
15. You know how people make racist jokes and then justify it by saying, "It's OK, my best friend is [insert demographic here]?" You can now do that with anything. "Holy shit, Stephanie that was quite the off-color remark towards the people of Guernesey." "It's OK; I honestly hold no regard for the concept of self. I probably deserve the low opinion you now have of me."



Artist's rendition of JJ the Allin in 2.5 years.

Or like, whatever. This is all probably stupid advice. I'm really sorry, guys. God, I'm so dumb. DAMMIT, NICK! YOU ALWAYS DO THIS!



JJ the Allin is art director for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is a total drag to be around.

I HATE FACEBOOK "ACTIVITIES"

By Mary Magdalene





THE TEA PARTY

By Smashley Olsen

I hate the Tea Party. Dear God do I hate the Tea Party. I have such an intense loathing for this movement that it's difficult to express without an enthusiastic bout of chair-throwing. However, I'm going to be a bigger person and use my words. My angry, angry words. Here are the reasons why I hate the Tea Party, in proper, rage-filled form.

1. The Tea Party is a bait-and-switch scheme.

This group didn't always used to be so stupid; once-upon-a-time, it was about holding the government responsible for its fiscal decisions. Unfortunately, it has since devolved into the pinnacle of bullshit-ery. Though Tea Party candidates washed into power on a wave of discontent, promising a focus on job growth and fiscal responsibility, we've seen exactly none of that. The most important thing on, say, Governor Walker's mind is obliterating the bargaining rights of public employees, which give teachers, prison guards, road workers—people who are just a little bit important to societal well-being—the ability to not get screwed by their employer, the state. Huh. Doesn't it almost seem like—

2. The Tea Party hates the little guy.

Remember how Tea Party representatives in Congress were willing to let the government shut down over Planned Parenthood? No paychecks for military personnel or public servants, because the Tea Party couldn't give the shaft (pun very much intended) to an organization that funds reproductive care for all. Lets also not forget how they spearheaded \$42 billion in tax cuts for the wealthiest 10%, canceling out the \$44 billion they saved by cutting job

training, WIC, community health centers, et cetera. Looking at those numbers, one can see how the Tea Party doesn't appear to give two shits.

Of course, why would they care about anyone else? After all—

3. The Tea Party has a victim complex.

I could tell you how the Tea Party seems to think they're massively put upon by the government. I could tell you how they claim that that the media is purposefully misrepresenting their cause in order to demonize them, inciting claims of racism and extremism that simply aren't there.

There's more layers to this victim complex than a goddamn Droste illusion. The rhetorical dissonance only gets better, because—



4. The Tea Party wants to disenfranchise you.

New Hampshire House Speaker and Tea Party member William O'Brien has gone on the record claiming that because students “vote with their feelings”, they should not be allowed to vote at all. The same is being suggested for renters: Judson Phillips, president of Tea Party Nation, claims that, “The Founding Fathers[...]put certain restrictions on who gets the right to vote[...]one of those was you had to be a property owner. And that makes a lot of sense...” By that logic, get ready to see women lose the right to vote, minorities count as 3/5 of a person, and indentured servitude come back into style.

Frankly, it's transparent. O'Brien himself claimed that “[college students are] foolish. Voting as a liberal. That's what kids do.” It's about targeting groups that tend not to vote in their favor. Don't turn people to your side with reasoned debate and good policies, just take away their voting rights. They don't deserve them the way you do.

Which leads me to say—

5. The Tea Party is bullshit.

Taxation without Representation is Tyranny. I cannot even begin to express how infuriating it is that a movement could take one of the founding tenets of this country and twist it into a soundbite for people who clearly don't get it. Newsflash, jackasses: you are not powerless victims of your government. You have the power to vote, start a movement, get elected to office. So you don't always get your way—that hardly makes you disenfranchised and discounted the way the American colonists were in the 1770's. Or, you know, the way you're trying to make other people right now.

The Tea Party can go fuck itself. There are some good people still entrenched in this mire of a group, who just want a more responsible government, but they're sadly the minority; those that guide the direction of the Tea Party are a much worse breed. They think that, as long as they tape Lipton teabags to their hats and pretend to know anything about an event they haven't put any thought into since history class (and probably not even then) that makes them patriots. No. Hell no.

Repeat after me: "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny."
"Give me your tired, your poor/Your huddled masses yearning to

breathe free..." "Of the People, by the People, for the People." Those are the words of real patriots, Tea Party. Please, familiarize yourselves with them before you put them on a bumper sticker.



Smashley Olsen is copy chief for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and always pulls the bait-and-switch.

In Memorial...





U N I V I T E D P A R T Y G U E S T S

By Phineas Vagbottom

It's a familiar scenario: you're at a classy dinner party, hob-knobbing with the best and the brightest. Everything is going great. That minx on your arm is giving you bedroom eyes and your pristinely pressed Armani suit is tight in just the right places. You have witty exchanges with the other dinner guests, enjoying the pleasures of this classy dinner party, right down to the adorable salt and pepper shakers shaped like chess pieces on the dining room table. All of a sudden there's a rap on the door. The doors swing open. A lone figure stands in a pool of light. "Hi guys! I hope you don't mind that I brought some friends along. Let's eat!"

They are the dreaded uninvited party guests. And they're going to eat all of your delicious shit.

I can't count how many times I've witnessed this scenario. Being especially prevalent in college towns, where the rules of southern gentility and politeness have never seemed to grace the brains of university simpletons, these people proceed to insinuate themselves into a party they 1) hadn't even heard of until two hours ago and 2) don't care enough about to ask for an invitation. Raping and pillaging every fondue platter they find, these ruthless beasts ruin every party with their overeating and general impoliteness.

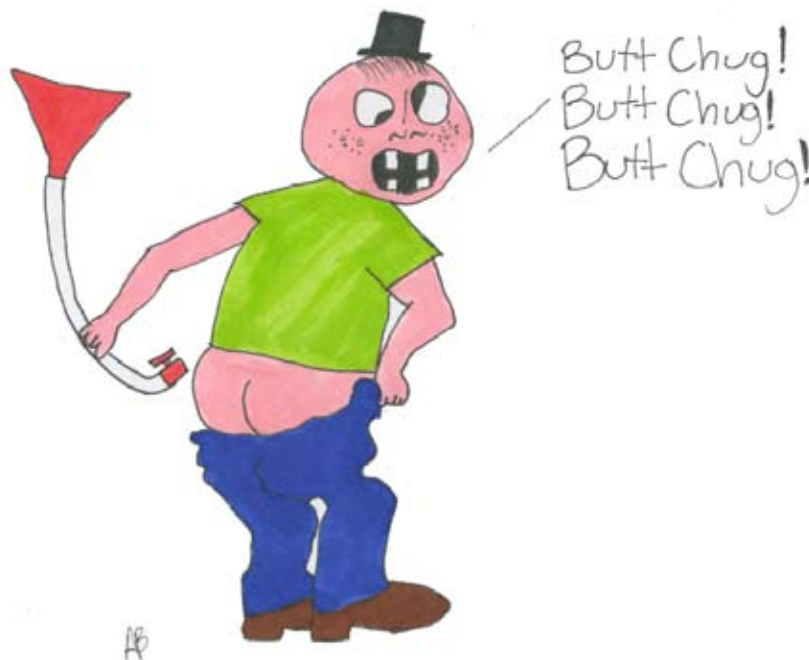
But before I bring the fire and the brimstone, let's first establish the rules of a classy dinner party. Just so you all know. First, invitations are sent out in physical and/or electronic (read: Facebook) form and guests RSVP depending on how free their schedule is on that particular day. Here's the cincher: They've been invited. That's the whole point of invitations, you peasant. If I wanted to invite any Tom Dick and Harry who'll drop acid and steal other people's food, I would throw an Oregon Voice party.

Second, the guests are supposed to show up to the party dressed as the invitation indicates. For example, if the invitation says dress classy, wear a suit or a formal dress. If the invitation says, "Dress like you were just smoked out at a reggae concert," you should wear what you usually wear, hippie. If I wanted ripped jeans, flannel shirts and beer breath I would hang around lesbian bars and have those lovely people come to my classy-ass party. But that is not what I want. No, I want guests to be clean and neat, just like my classy fuckin' party.

Third and most importantly: only eat what I serve you. Refined party-goers take only what is offered to them via a butler's platter or the tray of the little-used yet totally awesome dog-waiter. They don't bolt to the hors d'oeuvres and scarf them down like hyenas at an oasis. Indeed, at one such party I witnessed an uninvited party guest literally tilt his plate to better get at some delicious shrimp tails. That night I prayed for salmonella.

Some of you naysayers may be shocked by my tone. "My God, Sir Keating!" you might exclaim, dabbing a bit of caviar off your lip. "Why do you deny such gentle people a place at your table?" Well, sit down and listen to my tale.

Once upon a midnight dreary, my house threw a bitchin' party. The occasion was to celebrate the rite of passage from summer to fall – what you commoners refer to as "school starting." Anyway, I was having a jolly good time attending to my various lady friends and one very frisky Frenchman when two gypsy girls popped up from nowhere. "Who are you?" I asked. "Oh, my name's Clara and she's... well,



she's..." This gypsy girl looked paranoid. I smelled jazz cigarettes on her breath. "My name's Earth, man," the other gypsy said before promptly sitting down and breaking my couch.

I informed my roommates of these vagabonds and inquired whether they knew them. No one did. Before dismissing everyone from the house, I noticed that those two had stolen some food from our cupboard. Their other devious actions were lost in the flurry and excitement of my classy fuckin' dinner party, so I will never know exactly what they took.

So take this lesson to heart, uninvited party guests: Stop coming to our classy dinner parties, dammit. Just because someone who was invited decided to bring along the dregs of humanity that is your sorry ass does not mean you get to come. No, those pretzels are not for you. No, you may not have some of my whiskey. No, that is not your purple dildo, put it back. Absolutely nothing at my classy

fuckin' dinner party is yours, so please, piss off and don't come back unless you're wearing a top hat.

And for God's sakes, don't wear cuff links. You look like a ponce.



Phineas Vagbottom is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and damned if the rest of us haven't had enough of that purple dildo.



FOOTBALL

By Dick Hateblad

I'm going to say something a lot of people won't agree with: I fucking hate football. I don't give a fuck how good our Ducks are. You meatheads and aficionados out there are about to get schooled. I'll tell you why football is the stupidest, most annoying sport there is.

It is one of most popular sports in the United States without sensible reason. Is this where we want to be when Jesus comes back, America? Watching steroid pumped ogres throwing themselves at each other?

My least favorite thing about football is how popular it is. First of all, it's not even that cool of a game. I can name numerous sports that involve an exponentially greater amount of skill and ability than football: Basketball, soccer, lacrosse, hockey. . . If you gave me a lineup of players from across the sporting world, I guarantee I could pick out the football players. I might ask, "Which one of you is the poly sci major?" or "Who farted?" or "Raise your hand if your big-titted bimbo girlfriend tied your shoes today." If all remained silent, I might have to resort to slapping each on the ass in order to watch the winner run full sprint for the endzone.

The dynamics of North American football bewilder me. Despite the fact that our country's values would suggest a push toward sports that encourage freedom and teamwork, football season proves to be one of the most popular and highly anticipated sport seasons in the United States. I would argue that football is in essence detrimental to the free spirit of Americans. The coach is a dictator, using his pawns in a war. If a kid tears his ACL, it's all worth it if they win the game.

When I look at football players, I don't see a team; I see a fucking toolbox. Why not? We've got mindless wrenches, hammers, bolts and nuts. I understand football has many complicated plays that the players take time to memorize "options" and all this garbage. Fuck that shit. Monkeys know how to remember things too, but we don't dole out millions of dollars to them, nor do we give them scholarships to attend our universities, let alone full rides.

And the whole aspect of watching football? It's so fucking boring and moves so fucking slowly. Play by play . . . what the fuck is this? A soccer ball is in play constantly! Soccer players are real athletes. In soccer, just as in basketball, the ball is finessed to the net in quick and preferably fluid action by talented team players.

If you aren't too smart or coordinated and think yourself unfit to play this worthless sport, don't worry. Just gain 200 pounds and you're in! Dumbass jocks have it easy: all they have to do is make or pass a few touchdowns and they've got a scholarship for an education they won't take seriously anyway, or a contract about which they will piss and moan because they don't have enough Escalades.



Dick Hateblad is distribution manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and had a pretty bad experience with Chip Kelly's balls.

2 MINUTE HATES

BECAUSE ITS THE LITTLE HATES IN LIFE THAT MATTER...

THE PORTLAND TRAILBLAZERS

DO ME A FAVOR AND SHUT UP ABOUT THE PORTLAND TRAILBLAZERS. I'M NOT A NATIVE OREGONIAN AND I DON'T LIKE BASKETBALL, SO MAYBE I'M AN OUTLIER ON THIS ONE, BUT YOU LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT STUMBLING AROUND IN YOUR WHITE-AND-RED SLEEVELESS JERSEY ON A 40-DEGREE NIGHT YELLING ABOUT SOME MEDIOCRE HOOPS TEAM. THE PERSPECTIVE ON THEIR LATEST EXCUSE FOR A GAME EXPRESSED IN YOUR FACEBOOK STATUS IS WORTH READING ONLY INSOFAR AS IT FINDS NEW WAYS TO MANGLE SENSE, GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION. SAVE ANY JOKES ESOTERIC TO FANS OF YOUR TEAM FOR THE ROSE GARDEN OR WHATEVER SAD FORUM YOU FREQUENT, AND DON'T GET INTO DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BRANDON ROY'S LIGAMENTS IN MIXED COMPANY PLEASE. EVERY BREATH YOU EXPEND ON THE PORTLAND TRAILBLAZERS CONSTITUTES A WASTE OF OXYGEN I COULD BE BREATHING.

-EL TORO

PEOPLE

I FUCKING HATE PEOPLE. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, ALL THE TIME. GIVE IT A REST ALREADY.

-KELLIE BRAMSTONE

THE OL' DIRTY

I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL, OREGON DAILY EMERALD. I WAS YOUNG, FRESH-FACED, AND AMBITIOUS, AND YOU SHOWED ME THE WAY WITH ALL THE LOVE AND COMPASSION A YOUNG GIRL COULD ASK FOR. SURE, I WORKED FOR FREE, GOT STUCK WITH TERRIBLE STORIES, AND DEALT WITH A FEW PICK-UP LINES AND GROPE UNDER THE TABLE, BUT IT WAS ALL STILL A LABOR OF LOVE. THEN YOU STOPPED CALLING ME. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DIFFERENT, ODE. YOU BROKE MY HEART.

-SMASHLEY OLSEN

SERVICE

I HATE USELESS COMPUTER ATTENDANTS AT KNIGHT LIBRARY: OH, THE PRINTER ISN'T WORKING? I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TEN MINUTES? OH, YOU KNOW I HAVE CLASS IN FIVE MINUTES? YOU WON'T FIX IT? YOU WON'T CALL AN ATTENDANT? YOU SAY I SHOULD JUST DEAL WITH IT? WELL THANK GOD MY TAXES ARE HELPING PAY FOR YOUR WORK-STUDY JOB, LADY.

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

VON KLEIN PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

COME ON, GUYS. I GET THAT YOUR BUSINESS MODEL IS BASED ON SCREWING OVER STUDENTS AT EVERY POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITY, BUT DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO BLATANT ABOUT IT? THAT'S JUST LAZY.

-SMASHLEY OLSEN

SOBRIETY

I HATE SOBRIETY. OR RATHER, I HATE THE MOMENTS BETWEEN WHISKEY.

-DREYCE CREEM

THE QUIET ONES

YOU'RE PAYING CLOSE TO \$60 TO SIT IN CLASS AND TEXT. GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER AND COME TO CLASS PREPARED TO ENGAGE IN IDEAS. IF ALL YOU WANTED TO DO WAS GET DRUNK AND CHASE WOMEN YOU SHOULD MOVE TO ARIZONA (UNLESS YOU'RE LATINO).

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

INACCURACIES

DEAR SOPHOMORE YEAR POLITICAL SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR: I DO NOT BELIEVE YOUR LAMENTS ON THE STATE OF DENNIS DIXON'S KNEE LIGAMENTS WERE IN THE FUKUYAMA READING. EVEN IF FUKUYAMA DID WRITE ABOUT THE THEN-UO QUARTERBACK'S CONNECTIVE TISSUE IN THE "END OF MAN," I DON'T THINK IT FORMED AN IMPORTANT PART OF HIS ARGUMENT, CERTAINLY NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE 75 PERCENT OF YOUR LECTURE. CERTAINLY, IF YOU FELT DISCUSSING THIS SUBJECT WOULD HAVE GIVEN ANY OF US A SENSE OF CLOSURE REGARDING THE SAD FATE OF OUR STAR MAN, YOU WERE WELL MISTAKEN, COMPARATIVE POLITICS, NOT SPORTS PUNDITRY, BEING YOUR AREA OF EXPERTISE. IF THIS IS ON THE MIDTERM, I CAN RECALL THINKING, I WILL NOT BE SURPRISED.

-RUMPSHAKER

CASPIAN PORCH SITTERS

I USED TO SIT ON THE PORCH AT CASPIAN MEDITERRANEAN GRILL BECAUSE I LIKE SUNSHINE AND BURGERS AND WATCHING THE DRAMA OF EVERYDAY LIFE ALONG EAST 13TH AVENUE. I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHEN THE CREW THAT SEEMS TO BELIEVE THAT ITS VINTAGE OVERALLS AND MALCOLM X HORN-RIMS GIVE IT ACCESS TO A HIGHER TRUTH THAN YOU COULD EVER EXPERIENCE DECIDED TO TAKE RESIDENCE, BUT I'M NOT A FAN. I DON'T REALLY CARE WHO I'M ASSOCIATED WITH; BEING SEEN THERE ISN'T A PROBLEM. I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE IN THEIR PHYSICAL PROXIMITY, MOSTLY.

-JUICY WING

2 MINUTE HATES

FAUX HAWKS

I HATE AMELIE ROUSSEAU'S HAIR. HAVE YOU LOOKED AT IT? I MEAN, REALLY LOOKED AT IT? IT LOOKS LIKE A SKI JUMP COLLIDED WITH A LOOSE PACK OF ROOSTERS. I BELIEVE CRISCO HOLDS IT UP, OR MAYBE THAT'S JUST PURE BITCH SLIME. IT MOCKS ME EVERY TIME I PASS THE ASUO. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN I CUT THAT RETARDED PEACOCK FROM HER HEAD AND RAISE IT HIGH ABOVE EUGENE, SCREAMING "THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE COWLICK!" SHE LOOKED BETTER WITH LONG HAIR ANYWAY.

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

FACEBOOK

I HATE WHEN PEOPLE ARE AGAINST FACEBOOK. IF YOU ARE A STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, USE THE INTERNET AND DIFFERENT FORMS OF GLOBAL COMMUNICATION ON A DAILY BASIS, AND ARE CONSISTENTLY TYPING AWAY ON YOUR FUCKING IPHONE, YOU ARE NOT BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE BECAUSE YOU DENY FACEBOOK. OH, YOU'RE FUCKING CULTURED AND ABOVE AMERICA HUH? YOU THINK YOU'RE DOWN TO EARTH! YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME! IT'S NOT A POLITICAL STATEMENT TO NOT USE FACEBOOK, IT JUST MEANS YOU TAKE YOURSELF WAY TOO SERIOUSLY AND HAVE DADDY ISSUES.

-JUICY WING

BUS TALKERS

NO, I DON'T WANT TO PET YOUR CAT. NO, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR HOW TALL YOUR SON HAS GOTTEN. NO, I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS HOW "THE JEWS DID IT." NOW GO AWAY, I'M TRYING TO LISTEN TO THIS OLD WOMAN'S STORY ABOUT PEEING HERSELF.

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

ICE CREAM & COOKIES

I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE TELL ME I'M CRAZY FOR NOT LIKING ICE CREAM AND COOKIES. THESE ARE JUST FOODS; IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL IF I DON'T LIKE THEM. I'LL ENJOY THEM EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT GENERALLY THE AFTERTASTE THAT COMES WITH SUGAR HANGING OUT IN MY MOUTH IS TOO UNPLEASANT FOR ME TO CONSIDER IT. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TOO IT. I DON'T THINK IT'S SUCH A BIG DEAL.

-RUMPSHAKER

PUSSIES

GUYS □ STOP BEING PUSSIES. I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HOLDING YOU AFTER YOU PREMATURELY EJACULATE. SERIOUSLY, CUT IT OUT.

-TRISH MCNIPZ

CROTCH BALLIN'

I HATE WHEN PEOPLE WHO ARRIVE TO CLASS EARLY DECIDE TO SIT ON THE VERY END OF A ROW OF SEATS. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT SHIT? YOU WANT EVERYONE WHO HAS TO SIT IN THAT ROW TO GIVE YOU A NICE OL' EYEBALL OF THEIR CROTCH AND/OR ASS ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR SEAT? WHAT KIND OF SICK PERVERT ARE YOU? ALSO, QUIT GIVING ME THE BITCH GLARE WHEN I MEEKLY SCOOT BY YOU AND YOUR GIANT FEET. IT WAS YOUR CHOICE TO SIT IN THE MOST INCONVIENTENT SPOT IN THE ROOM, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE CONSEQUENCES. CUNT.

-KELLIE BRAMSTONE

QUESTIONS

I HATE WHEN YOU START OUT A CLASS BY DEFINING ONE OF THE WORDS IN THE COURSE TITLE. "WELL CLASS, WHAT IS A NOVEL? WHAT IS HISTORY? WHAT IS POLITICS?" THE LIST GOES ON FOREVER. AND THIS QUESTION WHICH LEADS A WORTHLESS DISCUSSION WHERE A BUNCH OF KIDS JERK EACHOTHER OFF LEADS TO THE SECOND WORST CONVERSATION THAT OCCURS IN CLASSES: "WELL, DOESN'T EVERYTHING HAVE A BIAS?" WE ALL KNOW THE FUCKING ANSWER. IT DOES. CASE CLOSED. BOOM NOODLE.

-JUICY WING

PHILOSOPHY MAJORS

IF I EVER HEAR ANYBODY EVEN MENTION NIETZSCHE I WILL END THEIR EXISTENCE. DEAL WITH THAT ABYSS, BITCH.

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

RECIPROCITY

I HATE IT WHEN HE WON'T PUT IT IN MY ASS. I'M LYING THERE ON THE BED AND I'M LIKE "DO IT!" AND THEN HE'S LIKE, "BUT I'M YOUR HOUSECAT AND I'M VERY FRIGHTENED BY THE SITUATION YOU'RE PUTTING ME IN." [HE SAYS THIS WITH HIS EYES. NEWS FLASH KITTY ARAFAT: YOU KNOW WHO BUYS YOUR WHISKAS, FLU SHOTS, PUTS A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD? I EXPECT A LITTLE IN RETURN. THE PROVERB IS WRONG: WHEN THE HAND REQUESTS IT, ANALLY PENETRATE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU.

-JUICY WING

FREE CONDOMS

LET THEM FEND FOR THEMSELVES.

-PHINEAS VAGBOTTOM

THE SHALLOT

THE SHALLOT IS NEVER FUNNY. I THOUGHT THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE POINT OF "SATIRE," RIGHT? I REALIZE THIS IS THE OREGON COMMENTATOR, SO I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD TALK, BUT THE COMMENTATOR IS OCCASIONALLY FUNNY. SHALLOT? NEVER.

-EL TORO



THE GREEK SYSTEM

By C.W. Keating

Okay, I get it. Hating Greek Life isn't exactly a new and exciting idea. If the mumbles and grumbles of my friends are any indication, there are a great number of people who are somehow unable to get behind Incidental-Fee funded groups that promote exclusion, class hierarchy and social ostracism. Whatever.

But I don't hate Greek Life because of any visible difference. Ugg boots and sweat pants don't faze me. The constant braggadocio of frat guys doesn't raise my eyebrows. The misogynistic and homophobic culture inherent to fraternities (and to an extent sororities) is no surprise. It's the invisible differences we don't even know about that get my blood pumping.

A few months ago my friend told me about an incident that occurred outside of a Greek fraternity. Her friends, both gay men, were smoking cigarettes on the corner when a bro confronted them. "What are you faggots doing? Fuckin' faggots!" After appropriately flipping off this insensitive douche bag, both men were beaten and kicked into the street before fleeing the scene. The crowd apparently cheered him on.

A similar incident happened about two weeks ago. Three friends of mine were walking down 13th and Alder and noticed a group of four guys tending to their sick friend. "Is your friend okay?" they asked. "Yeah, he's fine," they said. As they walked away they heard a drunken "Wanna fight about it?" Suffice to say these four young men proceeded to beat my friends within an inch of their lives before fleeing.

There's an obvious problem that no one on campus wants to admit: the highly socialized practices of fraternities and sororities are responsible for more harm than good.

In a survey conducted on the University of Oregon, Amy E.L. Barlow asked Greek and non-Greek freshmen what their attitudes were about Greek Life. "Virtually no respondents believed that Greeks drink alcohol less than non-Greeks," Barlow reports. "Forty percent of pledges reported that Greeks drink more than non-Greeks." Coupled with my own personal experiences fending off drunks on Alder Street, I can safely say that binge drinking – especially within Greek life – has been responsible for many injuries, fights, date rapes and general anarchy.

What's staggering to me is that students are paying for this bullshit. 24,000 dollars is taken from the ASUO's Incidental Fee budget – that's about a dollar for every student on campus. Add in the costs of fraternity and sorority fees and we're looking at 85,000 dollars wasted on future alcoholics and car dealership owners.

And what exactly is this precious ASUO funding going

towards? According to the "Fraternity and Sorority Life 2009 Annual Report," 19,400 goes to "Leadership Development" (whatever that is), 24,000 pays for Greek Life salaries and 8,168 goes to marketing. That's 51,568 dollars of university money that pays for events like dessert get-togethers, formal dances and giant foam parties that end with guys named Chet passed out on the HEDCO lawn.

It shouldn't surprise anyone that Greeks are usually of a higher caste than non-Greeks. According to their official website, the 2010-2011 average costs for new sorority members is 637 dollars pre-initiation per term. Live-in members pay roughly 2,300 dollars a term while Greeks who have escaped the madness squeak by paying around \$450.

So what we have here is a group of over privileged binge drinkers who use this insane system to garner more "friends" and "connections." Not only is Greek life responsible for this malarkey, fraternities seem to actively encourage it – the expensive cars outside Taylor's bar, the ski jump haircuts, the North Face clothing and general lunk-headed nature of these people all speak to that standard.

Let me back up. I'm not saying all Greek life members are dumb. But according to their own data, they aren't particularly smart either. According to the "Fraternity and Sorority Life Winter 2011 Grade Ranking Report," the combined GPAs of every Greek house is equal to the average GPA of UO students: 3.13 for women and 2.94 for men. If these young people aren't pulling their weight enough to rise above a B-minus average, what use is the Greek system to the University?

Oh, and let's not forget all the wonderful misogyny! You see, it isn't enough that Greeks use their houses to systematically break down pledges into new people through hazing (I know the UO has a "no hazing" policy but that's about as effective as the "no weed" policy in freshmen dorms). No, they have to keep the patriarchal and heteronormative culture of machismo going in a friendly, philanthropic guise.

This is obvious from the data. There's a higher incidence of date rape occurring when alcohol is involved and a rightful perception that many women simply aren't safe at frat parties. Barlow reports as much when she writes "Sixty-two percent of respondents considered women to be at greater risk of sexual assault at fraternity parties than at other campus parties."

These groups are responsible for my friends bruised faces. They're responsible for the class differences that separate normal students from "VIP" students. They're responsible for taking your

money, spending it on stupid parties and then claiming it's okay because of their philanthropic and academic work. It's a big mountain of bullshit that no one wants to climb.

This is why I hate Greek Life. And this is why you should too.



C.W. Keating is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and loves to get his blood pumping.

STUDENT LOANS

By Marasect



Graduating from college is supposed to be one of the biggest days in one's life. It's the end of an era, and a new beginning; a day in which you boldly step into the future, armed with the invaluable experience and lifelong friendships you've earned along the way. Or at least I think that's why they said I was paying so much money all those years ago in my transfer seminar.

But instead, it's stressful and rather scary. Why? I have student loan payments. A lot. About \$30,000 worth. No loafing around, floating in a pool or taking life-changing world tours for me. Suddenly I've got to come up with more money per month than I currently have for groceries and bills combined. Fuck me.

It seems like only yesterday I was a new transfer student, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, wondering how different this whole "university" thing would be. Now, a couple years later, I have my answer: not very. It's just more expensive.

Actually it is tens of thousands of dollars more expensive. And now they want their money.

Talking with friends who are recent and future graduates, we all seem to remember being told at some point that our loan payments would be miniscule — definitely less than \$100 — compared to the amount of money we'd be guaranteed to make upon graduating into the job market.

The real kicker is that if I had put off school until I was 24, Uncle Sam would have paid about three times as much of my schooling for me. But instead they decided to reward me for knowing what I wanted to do, going after it tooth and nail, by telling me that it didn't matter if I had been financially independent for years in the eyes of God and the Internal Revenue Service. They were still going to count my parents' income against me.

So I had to work, and take out loan on top of loan. And when Uncle Sam decided he wouldn't give me enough money to survive, I had to go to private loans from a certain unnamed predatory bank in order to keep a roof over my head while I wasn't in class. But it would be worth it, right? When I graduate, I'll be stepping into a verdant field of job opportunities.

Except that I studied journalism, and at a time when the ad-funded model is quite possibly collapsing before our very eyes, while highly trained, yet less-than-experienced journalists are taking the brunt of it.

But just like those told that they could totally afford that \$500,000 house because the market was too big to fail, I have some consolation in the fact that at least I'm not alone. There are thousands of others out there who are in the same position, if not worse, especially if they went to school out of state. Maybe soon we'll start a political party.

So to those staring down the barrel of a five-figure debt gun by the time they graduate, just remember: A) Working in school sucks, but one day you'll be happy for every penny you saved. B) Avoid private lenders like the plague (selling your body on West 11th Avenue is always an option, and only slightly more self-esteem-crushing than the kind of experiences you're likely to have with big banks). And C) Student loan payments are too damn high.



Marasect is contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is a crustacean with fungi growing from his back.



THE ASUO

By Locutus of Oregon

An article called “I Hate the ASUO” runs in the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** every year, and every year it’s written from the perspective of the poor, sad, eventually-broken-down individual who was charged with covering the ASUO’s sordid and ill-advised activities for that particular fiscal cycle. The articles talk about the ASUO’s mismanagement of money, misconceptions about the world and the lack of concept of a dollar.

This one’s a little different. I, like Jean-Luc Picard of “Star Trek: The Next Generation,” was once assimilated into the Borg-like collective of the ASUO, with its hive mind attempting to dictate my every move. Think MEChA shouldn’t get an extra \$500 for food for a retreat? You’re a racist. “That’s just not how we think here,” their looks seemed to indicate. A lower incidental fee? Blasphemy! That’s not what student government is for.

The ASUO is a body that is supposed to represent students. As this publication has claimed multiple times this year, it is failing in its goal. It is failing because ASUO programs only serve a small portion of the population. It is failing because it does not understand the difference between \$5 and \$5,000. It is failing because it doesn’t seek to learn what the majority of UO students want.

Mostly, though, it is failing because it is run by a small group of students who think they know what’s best for everyone else, when really they know what’s best for them. Their decisions are not based on a widespread student interest. Their goals are not based on “enhancing the physical and cultural development of students” (as the ASUO’s governing documents dictate). They do what’s best for them, their eventual ascendance into the throne of the ASUO

presidency and the great wide world of state and national student organizations that will hire them for advancing those interests.

This is to say, the ASUO does not give a fuck about you. Not one flying fuck.

Every once in a while, someone will come in with altruistic intentions, with the goal of really helping students. This person will question the rampant spending; he or she will try to argue for funding for smaller programs and events that will benefit the whole campus community. These people subsequently don’t last long in the ASUO, where if you’re not into funding multicultural student unions or environmental organizations, you’re not worth your weight in shit. Indeed, you’re a racist and you hate the environment.

But beyond the funding of programs and events, the ASUO has much deeper issues. See, these people, elected by less than 15 percent of the student body, they speak for you. If the student body president, say, doesn’t like the fact that people smoke cigarettes on campus, bam. Campus-wide smoking ban. That’s right, kids, it’s happening. Starting fall of 2012, there will be no more smoking on campus. Any regard for the safety of students with a 24-hour library? Any idea on how it’ll be enforced? Any regard to the fact that we breathe in car exhaust day in and day out? Nope. It’s good for the ASUO president’s resume, so it becomes good for students.

And how about the displacement of six student groups to make way for a brand new sustainability center? Yeah, that happened too. The *Oregon Voice*, the College Republicans and a few other fee-funded groups were moved into makeshift offices in The Break — largely without their consent or input — in order to make room for a

group that hasn’t been vetted, is brand new, and is taking tens of thousands of student money — your student money.

Think that’s unfair? To top it all off, the ASUO is about to approve a plan to renovate the EMU and the Student Recreation Center. This wouldn’t be a big deal, except current students are going to help pay for it — students who will no longer be students when the new buildings are done. They’re charging you for the benefit of future students. This is

not the most egregious of decisions, but when you consider the fact that we’re still paying off the last EMU renovation, which happened in 1997, it kind of shows a pattern.

See what I’m getting at, here? The decisions being made in that office have nothing to do with you. They don’t care about your individual struggle, because their struggle carries way more weight. They don’t care about your interests, because that’s not what’s going to get them ahead.

The main takeaway from my experience in the far-too-cube-like ASUO office, with its temperature rising rapidly to 39.1 degrees centigrade and humidity approaching 93 percent, is that resistance is futile. You can go in with altruistic intentions, try to change it from the inside, but they will always find a way to assimilate you or push you out.

Or, we can set the auto-destruct sequence, bust some plasma towers and watch that organic material melt away. To watch Suite 4 burn down, all those papers and budgetbooks and OSPIRG paraphernalia blast into oblivion?

What a beautiful sight.



Locutus of Oregon is the Editor Emeritus of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and would never advocate for terrorism.



ICLICKERS

By Haskin N' Robbins

The concept was simple: a remote control with gray buttons labeled A – E. Students use this to “click” in their answers to various questions during class. They can be used to spark discussions, to track attendance or to answer quiz questions. While the iClicker is unique in its design, it is not by any means the first remote control clicker. Just as a dentist has a selection of tools he can use to complete the same procedure, there are many clickers, all designed to do the same thing: fill in the gap of inefficient and ineffective teaching.

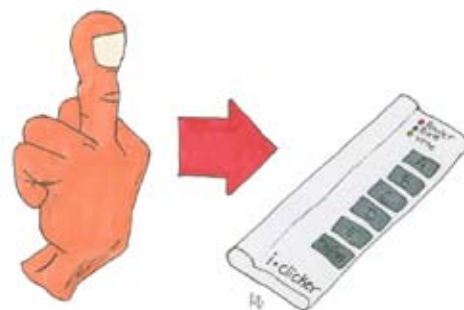
The ultimate goal of a clicker apparatus is to get students to interact, but why exactly students need to spend \$30 so that they can interact in class is beyond me. What happened to discussions and calling on students? What happened to asking questions and not continuing on with the lecture until someone answers correctly? Why is it that professors have to rely on technology instead of their own teaching abilities?

Often clickers are used as a tool to force students to come to class by making some part of their grades contingent on the clickers. College is supposed to prepare students for “the real world.” In the real world, when someone doesn’t show up to their job, they get fired. It doesn’t affect their performance review; they don’t have one because they’re fired. Forcing students to come to class by tying part of their grades to an iClicker doesn’t teach them the personal responsibility necessary to succeed in the real world.

Instead, the effective thing to do is to teach a class so that if you don’t show up, you fail. Screw PowerPoints — use the whiteboard, cater each class period to that specific group of students, use examples relevant to them, and then make the tests comparable to what you taught in class. Encourage discussion and teach at a decent pace so students won’t be able to get away with skipping class. If a student can pass a class without showing up, then all the professor is doing by forcing students to come to class is fueling their own ego (I don’t want to ruin the Easter bunny for you or anything, but in case you didn’t noticed, the real purpose of college is to make professors feel good about themselves).

The stupidity doesn’t end there. Some professors don’t just use clickers in the attendance or participation portion of their grading curricula; they base it on whether or not the questions were answered correctly. This means that a student can show up to class, put in all the effort and, then still get marked down. And we’re not just talking about on occasion. There are professors that take attendance every day off the accuracy of student’s clicker responses (such as the Stat 351 class at OSU, at least as of 2009). What’s the incentive to go to class if you can still be marked as absent?

Here’s the other problem though; if a professor doesn’t tie some portion of a student’s grade to clicker use, what’s the student’s incentive to buy or use a clicker? Is there even a reason for



them to worry about answering the questions correctly? No. So using them doesn’t add any value to the class. The students that were going to show up and participate without clickers are going to be the same ones that show up and participate with clickers.

What other uses do iClickers have? In the New York Times article, “More Professors Give Out Hand-Held Devices to Monitor Students and Engage Them” one professor said students “can be very reluctant to speak when they think they’re in the minority. Once they see they’re not the only ones, they speak up more.” Apparently, college isn’t about teaching independent, creative thinking but rather teaching conformity. Instead of teaching students to research properly and then stand firmly behind their arguments, we should be teaching them to rely on the opinions of others. That’s really going to help students in the real world. Yep. Good plan, guys.

Why do I hate iClickers? I hate iClickers because they are the tangible face of failed remote tracking systems. I hate iClickers because the money I spent on an iClicker is money that I could have spent on booze (because I do work for the Commentator after all—booze is always the bigger issue).

Also, Captain Hook, Darth Vader, the abominable snowman, Voldemort and Charles Denson support the use of iClickers in the classroom. Oh and Britney Spears too. Need I say more?



Haskin N' Robbins is a copy editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and believes that dunce caps would be an effective pedagogical tool.



VEGANS

By Mary Magdalene



My issue with vegans started in high school with a friend of mine, Liz. Liz was a vegan by choice — her parents were neither vegan nor vegetarian, and the reason she was a vegan, I believe, was because she wanted to live

it is for many vegans. Vegans account only a tiny fraction of Americans — less than 1 percent, according to CNN (2002) and National Zogby Poll (2000), although that number may rise as more and more college students become “hip” and “more into progression, man.” You will likely meet the most vegans you will ever know during college when people experiment with lifestyles.

But, as most people don’t realize, becoming a vegan isn’t as easy as a transition as vegetarianism. You’d be surprised how many everyday things we eat contain meat, fish, eggs, milk products, etc., and veganism means cutting out all of those things. Most people, being idiots and hipsters, don’t do a lot of research in how to transition into the vegan lifestyle. It takes work, a lot of planning, and being organized enough to get the vitamins and nutrients you need everyday.

Human beings evolved as omnivores — we’re meant to eat the products of animals as well as plants. Duh. Anyone who tells you otherwise is trying to sell you something. So it’s a bitch to take all that yummy cheese and chicken out of your diet. The result is that many people who quickly transition into veganism don’t know how to live that lifestyle in a healthy and productive way, and end up looking pale and slightly sickly because they don’t have enough vitamins, or too many of one kind.

My last issue with veganism is the improbable hope they seem to have that if only everyone became vegan, the world would be better. This, just like any lifestyle that will supposedly “save humanity” is ridiculous. Avoiding animal products is hard work, for one, and secondly, it’s obnoxious to get around.

Surprising as it is, veganism isn’t very popular worldwide. Go to pretty much any country without a heavy Western-culture influence and tell people you’re vegan. They’ll look at you like you’re another crazy American, which you are. You can’t keep the world alive off of just veganism because we simply don’t have the resources to keep everyone alive that way. The only way you’re going to help save the environment is to help America cut back on meat, dairy, and egg intake.

If you learn anything today, know this: You can save the world and not be an obnoxious hipster. P.S. Only Gandhi is okay to be a vegan.



a healthier lifestyle. Which is fine, except that it contributed to a developing irk of mine.

Liz would come over and there would apparently be nothing in my house that she could eat. She would pore over the ingredients lists of product upon product in my parents’ cabinets. There were only a few things she could eat, because the majority had some connection to milk, eggs, meat, or other animal products. Eventually she brought her own food (nutty, oat stuff that smelled like a plant), and often carried around her nutritional vegany mush.

Like I said, healthy diets and lifestyles are great. Having the responsibility to take care of your body can be a time-consuming and difficult process and I commend those willing to try a non-conventional diet (i.e. not eating burgers every week). However, vegans have one of the most obnoxious diets, and they are very in-your-face about it, especially in this sweetly progressive city, Eugene. It seems like every restaurant has at least one or two vegan options. Google Maps says so.

Even beyond the fact that for some reason I can’t feed goddamn vegans whenever they happen to visit, and beyond the supposed health “benefits,” veganism seems a pretty ineffective way to help the environment, if that’s your prerogative — which

Maggie Brees is an artist of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and likes her steak rare, like her men.



SO-CAL WOMEN

By Pvt. TMI

I don't know what to call the surge in blond, Uggs- and leggings-clad nitwits on the UO campus. It seems that you can't look anywhere today without seeing this particularly infuriating combination that is so completely foreign to living in the Northwest. There's only one possible explanation for this idiocy: these women are from Southern California.

Southern California girls at the UO represent everything that I hate about the Los Angeles basin. It wouldn't be so difficult if they could just stay home. Unfortunately, our outstanding football team has drawn enough attention to warrant increased attendance, and that naturally means more of these horrible hags on campus.

Attitude: entitlement, laziness, and self-obsession.

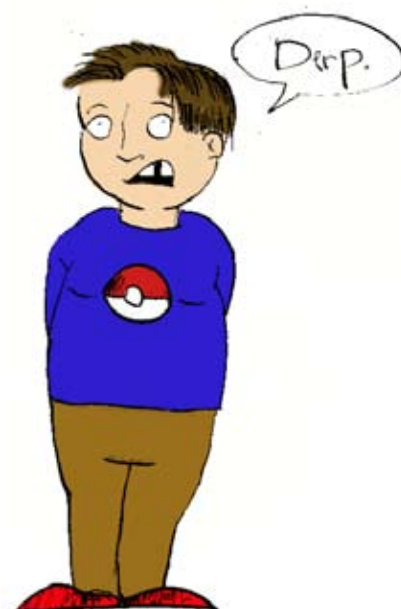
The key marker of a girl from SoCal is that she dresses unlike anyone else at the school. Ugg boots, spandex leggings, and a Greek Life sweater are the typical signs. But don't think that's all-inclusive. Other signs of these harpies include bleached-blond, straightened hair, hideous over-application of makeup, and an artificial skin tone that recalls charred, rather than tanned, skin.

These fashions are infuriating not so much because they reflect disgusting consumerism. It's more because they're worn in an area that is completely non-conductive to lightweight, non-resistant clothing. It sticks out like a sore thumb and screams "I have no idea what Oregon is like and I'm utterly unwilling to change."

The worst offenders of the textile train wrecks are the Ugg Boots, leggings, and bright name-brand clothes. None of these articles are suited for Oregon weather. The boots are neither water-proof, nor weather-resistant and are worn as a half-assed attempt to look rugged. Sweatpants are another violator of the rule. Cotton sweatpants have no place in Oregon winters. They are not to be worn in the rain. In fact don't wear them anywhere. Burn them. The horrible bright fashions and sorority sweatshirts they wear complete the devil's ensemble.

Not only are they horrible dressers; they have hideous attitudes. So-Cal girls are utterly inconsiderate of others. They will never call you to a party, but they will try their damndest to get to yours. Not because they want to hang out or see you, but because they want to drink your booze. After they're good and drunk, they'll become the shrieking, cackling harpies that every college student dreads. Once is unfortunate, but routine over drinking and obnoxious party-wrecking behavior isn't an accident; they just don't care about anyone else enough to have any self control or discipline. And on the subject of self-centeredness, these are the same women that clog up East 13th Avenue each day during passing times. They walk, sometimes five-abreast, down the middle of the road. Utterly oblivious to the idea that anyone else may need to move quickly along an open stretch of ground.

If you meet these criteria, you are undoubtedly a girl from Southern California, and I hate you.



What SoCal women see when they look at you.



Pvt. TMI is the publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and does not wish they all could be California girls.



Interview

By Alex

Tomchak Scott

Photos

By Ross Coyle

The War on Toner is not about hate, it is about freedom. Just thought you should know.

OC: And, when the *Williamette Week* interviewed you last May, you could only count five face-to-face meetings with Phil Knight, and you itemize them, and list them off, and you said that you had “four or five phone conversations.” And Mr. Knight told the *Oregonian*, in that December interview I mentioned earlier, “I talk to him on a regular basis. I spoke to him a couple of days ago.” And he said the two of you spoke about academic matters.

It seems like there’s a disparity between his interpretation and yours. Can you explain it?

RL: What’s the disparity?
OC: The disparity is that you seem to be ... You’ve been University president for a year at that point and you’d spoken to him at a rate of, like, less than one conversation per month, but he said the two of you talk on a regular basis. He seemed to suggest that the two of you talked frequently. If one was —

RL: No. He said “a regular basis.”
JB: Alex, we probably have time for one more question.
OC: Throughout the year your comments about the ORI development have suggested that you were decided, that it was settled. What happened to make you change that?

RL: I don’t think that I’ve ever said that the issue is settled.
OC: But there was the meeting that you had with the University Senate where you said that the questions had already been answered regarding the development.
RL: What questions?
OC: The questions presented by the University Senate.

RL: I think many of those questions were already answered. They had been settled by appeals processes and the board of land use board or whatever. There was a process in place. And it was still underway, and it’s still underway. It’s still not settled.
JB: As I recall, those questions to the Senate had to do with the conditional use permit, and that was specifically ... settled.

year after you graduate. And that can be an insurmountable cost. That is to say you never really recover it, especially if you go into professional school afterwards. Because, if you end up taking five years to get your degree and then get your MBA or your law degree, or whatever, you start with a \$65-, or \$75-, or \$100,000-a-year job, you've lost \$100,000 by not being able to take that job a year earlier. See what I'm saying?

And that's the calculus that almost nobody ever makes. I try to talk to parents about this at IntroDUCtions and such and you see an audience full of wide-open eyes, because they suddenly realize that that is part of the cost. And if you're rich enough, it doesn't matter. I mean, it's no big deal. If you're middle class or poor, it matters a lot. And I think the unpredictability contributes to people's bad decisions around loans and borrowing money, and one of the things I'd love to do is be able to say to that incoming freshman, "Not only is this what your cost is, but here's your EAFSA. This is what we expect you and your family to pay. This is your work study. This is what your scholarship money is going to be. And you're going to have to borrow \$2,225 every year that you're here. At the end of your term, you will owe 9,000 bucks at this interest rate. And that means that, at your first job, you've got to have set aside \$143.81 every month to pay that off in five years, or six years, or whatever.

That kind of financial counseling, I'm convinced, would really diminish the kind of crushing debt mistakes that students make. We can't have those conversations now, because I won't know until maybe July what our tuition's going to be next year. Maybe not even then. And in the bargain, we won't know how much money we're going to get from the state, which is the other source of funding for undergraduate education. We won't know that (until) who-knows-when. We might not know that until February, but we've got to set our course offerings, our class admittance, the dormitory prices. It's just a goofy way to run the railroad. Short answer to your question. Let's see you reduce that to a three-sentence paragraph.

OC: The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education has labeled the UO a red-light institution. What steps has the UO taken to shed that designation?

RL: I ... What organization?

OC: The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education? It's a nonprofit group that monitors the level of restrictions on free speech in colleges.

RL: Well, I don't know anything about it.

OC: ... I see ... (pause) Well, the label of red-light institution indicates, according to their description on their website, that a policy at the university that carries that label ... clearly and substantially restricts the freedom of speech of its students. Any idea what that might be?

RL: Naw.

UO spokesperson Julie Brown: What did they base it on?

OC: Their criteria is that any policy, such as speech codes or something like that, anything that restricts the environments in which a student can express his or her opinion, or if there's anything like any kind of restriction on access to the school's policies, access just to reading the school's policies on speech codes or the like ...

RL: Access to reading the speech codes?

OC: Like, you have to use your password or student I.D. to see what the policy itself is.

RL: Is that the case here?

OC: I don't believe so.

OC photographer Ross Coyle, who has also been in the room the entire time: If I may chime in, I believe it has to do with speech codes on campus that are kind of tolerance speech codes, that enforce a degree to which you can and can't ... things that would suggest intolerance, but that could also be taken as just a way to repress someone saying, "This is just the way that it appears to me."

RL: I don't know anything about the organization.

OC: Well, then there's not much more to be gained from that, I suppose. How involved were you in the decision to house UO freshmen in the Courtside Apartments?

RL: Not at all. That was a decision that housing made because of demand, by my understanding.

OC: So you didn't have any approval or say in the decision?

RL: No.

OC: What was your reaction when you discovered that the Kilkenney family had a financial stake in that property?

RL: I didn't know that until, I think, I read about it in some newspaper or other. You know, I mean, it's a free country. People can invest in whatever they want. It strikes me as probably a pretty smart investment. I don't know if they're making any money or not, but it's certainly a great location and we need ... we're strapped for housing in this immediate environment here. I'm very unhappy when we have to send students to apartment complexes that are so distant that it diminishes their ability to partake in the whole after-hours life on campus. Et cetera.

But I have no idea. Is it full? Is it a good place to live? Is it a bad place to live? I have no idea.

OC: Does it bother you that the University's housing decisions, on where to house its students, financially benefit its donors, or a donor?

RL: Well, as long as there's no ... violation of any codes of ethics, or whatever, I'm perfectly comfortable with that.

OC: Do you know if there has been?

RL: Not that I know of. I'm sure that there hasn't been, because I'm confident in Robin Holmes.

JB: Alex, if you want more information on that, Mike Eyster in student affairs can talk to you.

OC: And, in the interview I mentioned, that he did before with the Oregonian, Phil Knight said that the UO is, "Basically, it's a private university that's hamstringed by public policy." Do you agree with that statement?

RL: No. This is a public university that's being privatized by the policies of the state. And the state, next year, after they've finished their budget cuts that are projected, et cetera, probably will contribute less than 5 percent of the operating budget of the university.

OC: In an article in the Oregon Quarterly from fall of last year, Bret Waltz wrote, "Lativiere recalls having dinner with two major UO supporters who were then trying to convince (you) to accept the University presidency." And then it goes on to say, "At one point one of the donors turned to the other and asked, 'Should we tell him about the freedom movement?'" Who were those two supporters?

RL: Well, it was breakfast at the Heathman, it wasn't dinner. And that was John von Schlegel, who was the chair of the search committee and ... Tim Boyle.

with every incoming freshman class that this is what four years will cost you. Not 'til you finish your degree, because if you don't finish in four years, we'll have to have a different conversation.

But if you can finish in four years, this is what it will cost. That's the deal.

And you can make those adjustments. In an environment like we've been in for the last several years, the adjustments would be pretty minor. But if you get into a situation where there's dramatic fluctuations in the economy, big interest swings or whatever, you may have to make significant adjustments.

But my experience is that the predictability is worth a lot to middle-class families particularly, because they know what their target is. And that's the goal. The goal is to get away from the 7-and-a-half percent slope, get it down to something more manageable. Four-and-a-half or 5 would be ideal, if you could lower it at that rate.

And the reason that this is important is that tuition increases are rapidly outstripping our ability to raise money for scholarships. So what we're doing is we're shifting from a middle-class-and-below focus for the public mission of a place like this to the private-sector model that just says you admit however many full-paying students you need to make the budget work. And then just adjust as you can based on that to whatever amount of scholarship money you have to bring in less-wealthy students. And if you look at the pattern in public higher education, there's this gradual but relentless move up the socioeconomic food chain, and that's the failure of our public mission, it seems to me.

OC: Don't you acknowledge that there will be some need to have an initial increase in tuition? In an interview he did with the Oregonian in December, Phil Knight said that part of the need for the New Partnership is that there's a political dimension to how much tuition you can charge students from Oregon. Will there need to be an increase — a sharp increase — in the tuition for Oregonians?

RT: No. The point is not to have those sharp increase rates. Tuition's going to go up. You can quote me on that. You heard it here first. Tuition's going to go up. Great. Thank you.

The question is, "How do we get it under control?" You know that, for the last 38 years, tuition's gone up an average of 7-and-a-half percent per year. Did you know that? That's an astonishing rate. But it's not been a flat slope, I mean a steady slope. It's been spikes of 20 percent, 25 percent one year, sometimes, in the middle of the academic year, and for wealthy people? (Larriere shrugs) ... But for middle-class families that are budgeting to the dollar, to increase in the middle of the year, a couple of hundred bucks per term, is crushing.

And the uncertainty about what it's going to cost next year is, in my view, a significant contributor to all kinds of problems we face in higher education, including the four-year completion rate. Because a lot of kids, when they're suddenly confronted with an increase in their costs, say "well I'm going to drop out and take a second part-time job, save a little money, get my feet back on the ground." And that one term turns into two terms. And that one job turns into two jobs. And you're out for a year.

Now, the cost of that is that you have to pay an extra year's tuition, maybe. Maybe you don't pay tuition for a year. But the tuition is the smallest piece of that delay, of the cost of that delay. The real cost is your foregone income of your first year, of the first

will need to undergo.

RT: Well, right now we train DPS officers pretty highly, but we pay for all of it because they're not sworn officers, so there's no state subsidy as there is for state officers. We're not eligible for federal grants available for police forces. Et cetera.

So the argument is that those officers will compensate for the additional personnel cost. And it's not going to be an on-off switch. If we do this, it's not that all the police we've got now, or patrol officers, are suddenly going to be officers. It will probably be a gradual process. (DPS chief) Doug Tipp has told me that it will be six years before we're fully staffed at the level we want to be with sworn officers. Not everybody will be a sworn officer, they'll just have a targeted number of sworn officers.

And I'm not sure there's any additional administrative staff. That's the first time I've heard ... Your assertion is the first time I've heard that there will be more administrative staff. Where did that come from?

OC: Maybe I'm misinformed.

RT: Well, you might be right. I just don't know. That's the first I've heard.

OC: How much do you see tuition going up during the first year of the New Partnership proposal?

RT: We don't know when that first year will be, so my goal is — Both pieces of the New Partnership are going to have to come into play in order for this to happen — both the governor's and the bonding proposal. Have you read the ... White Paper?

OC: Yeah.

RT: Good. My goal is that, if we've got both those in place, that instead of a tuition-and-fee conversation, that we get everybody who contributes to the cost of the university around the table — housing, ASUO, because they assess \$12 or 13 million worth of fees every year; the people responsible for setting tuition and fees — everybody around the table and we say, "Now that we have a predictable revenue stream from this endowment, and we're no longer in the environment where we're anticipating cuts or fearing cuts, or trying to raise tuition in an environment where we have no idea what the state subsidy's going to be, let's sit around this table and say exactly what you predict your costs are going to be for the next three years out, and what will be the rate of increase in your costs, and what do you project they'll be?"

It's tough, but it's ... that disciplines a really good one. And we can predict pretty accurately how much money we're going to have from this endowment in this timeframe. If we could do that, we could actually add all those numbers up and say to incoming freshmen, "This is what it will cost you to get your four-year degree. This is what housing will cost. This is what your tuition and fees will be. This is what your student fees will be. This is what it will cost to get a degree."

We'd have that conversation for every upcoming freshman class, so ... universities in the past have tried to freeze tuition or fix tuition. You run into the unpredictability of the economy; and if you have no room to make any adjustments, no matter how big or small they might have to be, then you just have to abandon the plan altogether. That's why fixed-tuition was a good idea one time and almost nobody does it anymore. But if you do it on an annual basis and for a limited number of students, you just make a pact

INTERVIEW A... PRESIDENT

Volume XXVIII, Issue 12

The COMMENTATOR originally asked Richard Lartviere for an interview in January, in the run-up to its Interview Issue. The University president refused, citing objections to our magazine's content. In a later appearance before a UO journalism class, he called the COMMENTATOR "sophomoric" and "embarrassing." Four months later, Lartviere changed his mind and sat down in his office with the COMMENTATOR's Alex Tomchak Scott. It was a beautiful day out, outside Lartviere's office window; two young men in shorts sat in the grass across the street from Johnson Hall and passed a joint back and forth. Lartviere and Tomchak Scott sat at one end of a long meeting-room table. UO spokesperson Julie Brown sat at the other. OC photographer Ross Coyte buzzed around snapping shots. Here it is.

OC: The relationship between you and the ASUO president seems to have been pretty tense this year. Why do you think she's so resistant to you?

RL: Well, I don't know that she's resistant to me. I mean, that's ... I've not had any sense that there's any(thing) personal with Amelie. We've certainly disagreed on some things.

OC: Well, there's the appearance of tension. Is that just down to your disagreements?

RL: What's the appearance that you're talking about? Quite honestly, it's not so much the appearance as what I've heard from people within the ASUO, that it is tense.

OC: I don't feel tension. There's been disagreement, and a certain frustration on the part of members of the Senate and faculty committees who've tried to communicate with ASUO, not very successfully. That may be where some of this is coming from.

OC: Actually, I should correct that. It's not ASUO. It's Amelie that that frustration has been expressed to me about.

OC: Is that part of the reason for decisions like the changes that the Administration submitted to the Clark Document?

RL: No. Not ... When I get the Clark Document, it's pretty much just a formality. It's all been discussed and hashed out and so on. I had almost no input into the outcome there.

OC: I don't think it's ever been gone over adequately in print, that I've seen. Can you explain exactly how turning the Department of Public Safety into a sworn police force will actually save the UO money.

RL: Well, I'm not sure that the driver here is actually saving money or not saving money. The ... my understanding of this budgetary issue, and I think nobody's got a real handle on it, is that it's not going to cost much money one way or the other.

Whether we change or not is not going to have a material effect on the budget. My motive in thinking on this has been really influenced by the Tasing of the Chinese student, I guess about a year ago now, or maybe even a little more than that.

OC: — year and a half, yeah —

RL: You know the incident, where the kid was here to study English, couldn't speak English, rented an apartment? Landlord didn't hear from the rental agent, so didn't know that there was a rental, and somebody told him there was a light on, he called the police because he heard there was a break-in. The police talked to the kid and he couldn't understand them and they ended up Tasing him. We had almost no involvement in that until afterwards. I mean, we talked to the kid, we tried to help him out, but that was a Eugene Police Department issue. We couldn't insist on discipline, training, apologies, explanations. It was just out of our hands. And I began to realize that there's a lot of interaction between the sworn police officers and this community that we really have no influence over.

And I'd be a lot more comfortable, particularly after talking to R.A.s in the dorms and staffers who deal with miscreants of various sorts that just come onto the campus. It's often the case that they'll call the police, they'll call DPS, DPS will show up and they'll need the police for the disposition of the matter, and they have to wait a long time for the police to show up. They've apprehended the person. They've stopped the threat, but to follow through on the thing requires a sworn police officer.

OC: But in terms of the budget, how can it be that it won't cost that much more money, with the additional administrative staff that will need to be hired (Editor's note: they won't. This was an error), the pensions that'll likely come of it, and the training that DPS officers





*The UO President
talks about his plans,
his worries and
frustrations with Amelie
Rousseau*

Richard Larriviere Interview Special



COMMENTATOR

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