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PERSPECTIVES

Summer in Eugene rewards students with boredom

It's summer. And for some reason, a large majority of students find themselves in Eugene. Instead of taking the opportunity to break away from the city of neo-flower children and street fairs, we have chosen to enlighten our lives with cram courses of organic-multicultural-socio-economic 347 classes or, for instance, the exciting world of house painting.

Now, this is not to say the choice of staying in Eugene was a bad one. In the long run, we'll be thanking ourselves when graduation rolls around and we have enough credits to march our over-stuffed brains down the aisle. But summertime in Eugene is so uneventful that mosquitoes have chosen to migrate elsewhere. We have limited opportunity to buy "The Funniest Joke Books the World Has Ever Known" until fall because even Frog doesn't seem to be around as much.

Out of pure boredom, my friend decided to get her nose pierced. When asked why she did it, her response was plain and simple. "I was bored," she said.

Not to say the bands that come through Eugene and play at local bars and clubs don't fulfill our endless nights, but if I see one more fluorescent flyer for a band with a name like "Chocolate Milk Balls," I'll scream. And how many times can you go to Saturday Market before people start asking you where your booth is?

For a while, the beautiful Oregon coast was a prospect, but for anyone who has ever left sunny Eugene and ended up sitting under the overhang of Driftwood Shores watching the water while torrents of rain come crashing down will understand how the sandy beach slowly loses its appeal.

So that leaves us sitting around in the hot sun, trying to figure out something to do, while our friend — who we really don't want to hang out with, but there's no one else around — stares at an empty refrigerator and proposes the idea of barbecuing the baked ziti left over from last week.

You find it's actually not bad charbroiled

with barbecue sauce.

But, on the upside of pure boredom, you find yourself hanging out with people you really weren't friends with during the year and you do your homework because it passes time. Summer in Eugene allows you to discover you actually like the taste of beer at 9 a.m. on a camping trip, and going to bed before 3 in the morning gives you more energy the next day. You may find out the girl's name down the street is Jenna and not "the weird chick with funny hair."

Summertime parties don't compare with school year 200-plus capacity shin-digs. However, you go because you secretly hope something exciting might happen. Or, maybe that cute guy in your lab will venture away from his volumizer experiment. OK, so his shorts are half an inch too short and he wears white athletic socks with sandals, but you end up holding his drink while he plays darts with your buddies.

The Blockbuster employees know our names, and not because we have fines. Eugene summers present you with a great opportunity to rent "Spice World." Boredom has led a handful of us to watching the Eugene Emeralds minor league baseball games. My friend commented it reminded him of games at Wrigley Field.

Right. Pure boredom has driven us to find out that the "My So Called Life" marathon I have taped doesn't include the Halloween episode and that the Glenwood closes early in the summer.

We have observed breathtaking sunsets from atop Spencer Butte, driven aimlessly around town and spent countless hours people-watching from our front porches.

Spending a summer in Eugene allows us to grow, to appreciate the simple things in life and to learn how to spell the word "ornery." So, maybe our job leaves us covered in primer and we spend our days staring at chalkboards, but we took the risk of staying in our home away from home.

And we're bored.

Amy Goldhammer is a reporter for the Emerald and will be a columnist in the fall. Her views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper.



AMY GOLDHAMMER/Emerald

LETTERS POLICY

The Oregon Daily Emerald will attempt to print all letters containing comments on topics of interest to the University community. Letters must be limited to 250 words or less. The Emerald reserves the right to edit letters for length, clarity, grammar and style. Letters can be e-mailed to ode@oregon.uoregon.edu.

CORRECTION

The Aug. 4 story "Kent seeks to avoid sophomore slump" in the Oregon Daily Emerald should have said that men's basketball recruit Frederick Jones graduated from Barlow High School in Gresham. The Emerald regrets the error.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KWVA not at fault

On Aug. 1, the WOW Hall hosted a concert by Seattle-based band ¡Tchkung! After the show, band members held an impromptu drum circle that blocked the intersection at 8th Avenue and Charnelton Street. Following the drum circle, remnants of the crowd that had gathered committed acts of vandalism.

News stories in The Register-Guard and an editorial in the Oregon Daily Emerald (Aug. 4) identified University of Oregon campus radio station KWVA as sponsor of the concert. KWVA welcomes many shows to the WOW Hall. What this entails is the station does radio announcements about the shows. They do this for free — out of the goodness of their hearts and an interest in promoting new music. However, KWVA has no role in

determining which acts perform. That is our responsibility alone. ¡Tchkung!, which is well known for political and environmental activism, had performed several times previously without incident.

The Board of Directors and staff of the Community Center for the Performing Arts, which operates the WOW Hall, condemn the acts of vandalism and misconduct. It is our policy that all performances occur inside the building with suitable sound dampening and volunteer security. We are especially saddened that these actions have hurt our neighbors.

Legitimate concerns over the loss of urban trees and national forests are ill-served by acts of destruction.

Bob Fennessy
 Community Center for the Performing Arts

Autzen event harmful

The year is 2048. A pall of despair blankets an impoverished nation that — because of its dismal human rights record — has been barred by the major powers from participation in a robust global economy. The stars that once spangled Old Glory's blue field have been replaced by a single white cross, and a banner of sectarian oppression now waves o'er the land of the vanquished and the home of the slave.

The old U.S. Constitution and its Bill of Rights have been declared blasphemous and void. The supreme law of the land is a fundamentalist scripture titled "The 700 Club Version."

The government's official daily electropaper is called The Register-God. The Christian Broadcasting Network's Family

Channel offers the only approved television programming.

All unauthorized communications are subject to laser zapping by federal jammers known as Talibaners. Twice each day, every vassal of the theocracy must face the holy city of Virginia Beach and genuflect in homage to a deified evangelical clergy.

As heavily armed soldiers force a ragtag crowd to kneel in prayer, you awaken and experience a rush of relief. The whole thing was a nightmarish reverie!

Over coffee, you peruse a 1998 diurnal. For the third time in less than a week, the front page of Eugene's anti-secularist daily newspaper heralds a male supremacy rally staged by a Christian Reconstructionist cadre of born-again homophobes called the Promise Keepers. The University of Ore-

gon made its dormitories and football stadium available for the theatrical production that was produced and directed by the recruiting arm of the religious right.

The only justification offered for all of the extraordinary hype and accommodation extended to "Coach" Bill McCartney's fanatical army is the notion that any event which pumps dollars into the community is worthy of beatification.

When you've finished reading The Register-Guard's latest Promise Keepers promo, your eyes fall on a nearby bookshelf where you observe paperback editions of "1984" and "Fahrenheit 451." You begin to wonder if George Orwell and Ray Bradbury didn't get it right after all.

Ron Black
 Junction City

Oregon Daily Emerald

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