NEWSROOM. (541) 346-5511 E-MAIL: ode@oregon.uoregon.edu ON-LINE EDITION: www.uoregon.edu/~ode

PERSPECTIVES

EDITOR IN CHIEF Ryan Frank **EDITORIAL EDITORS** Jonas Allen, Kameron Cole

Partying students deserve to be left alone Authorities should treat parties as celebrations of youth, not self-destruction icture this: A two-story, crumbling timber residence that lies near our jaunty campus finds itself inundated with people on a Friday or Saturday night. About 100 or so happy, attractive guys and beautiful college girls jam the place and seem to be having a pretty classic time as the evening rolls by In the middle of the living-room-turned dance floor, a bevy of sweaty, writhing bodies gyrate with ecstasy as the boisterous music vibrates through their long, strong, supple limbs. tions, cuffs, coercion and A couple of terror.

hilarating dance deck, toward the back of the merry, little hovel, a handful of

feet from the ex-

boys hangs out, smoking cigarettes and sucking down the golden fluid that profuse-

ly oozes from the three kegs in the backyard right next to Opinion the corroding barbecue.

Coming from a hazy room upstairs, a smoking device can barely be heard above the deafening din. And on the front porch, about 10 people hang out, cracking jokes, drinking and smoking and laughing at the incongruities and ironies of life in

Medeiros Eugene.

Vince

All in all, it's a top social gathering. All the revelers having a great time at yet just another classic house party in the surroundings of our beloved University campus in Eugene. Until

Out in the distance, about a mile up the road, the unmistakable spinning blue lights of a patrol car trundle toward the house. Uneasiness overwhelms all partygoers as the unfortunate news spreads like an Ebola orgy in a third-world slum.

Busted

A well-armed cop car pulls up in front of the "law-violating" domicile, and two officers promptly jump out and march toward the house. Underage kids panic and flee through the back door faster than Bambi trying to escape a sanguinary leopard in the African Savannah.

Others, in the imminence of having to submit themselves to a humiliating cavity search, take off like lightning. And the party veterans, who are sick of the same old ridiculous scene, attempt to keep the rage going but leave because no one else seems to be staying around.

Everyone out. Party is over.

Does this look familiar to you, dear read-

ers? The answer is yes, I'd wager.

Dozens of classic parties like the one described above go down every weekend in Eugene. Students merely gather in fun to unwind and enjoy a little bit of their youth before they marry, have children, embrace a boring corporate job and move into one of those tragic new suburbs.

We all know there is nothing vile, criminal or depraved about having a little bit of fun. In fact, the whole world parties on the weekend. And the whole world drinks and smokes and dances and makes a little bit of noise on weekends. It's basically an inherent aspect of human nature.

And we're all human, aren't we?

However, for some sinister, unknown reason, local law enforcers entertain the idea that these gatherings represent a menace to society. Dangerous get-togethers, these are.

But the fact is, they're wrong. Eugene po-

lice should be more tolerant of these students and limit their use of cita-

Let the kids make a bit of noise, suck down great amounts of beer and enjoy their transient lives while they're young. Because, as

most police officers in Eugene probably know, one minute you're fit and ready for a run down the coast or up the slopes anytime

Chris Hutchinson/Emerald

One minute you're surrounded by friends who are always pushing you to try new things and experience every little bit of the recreational side of life. One minute your body rages with adrenalin because you scored a top grade in a 400-level course and your hormones are as alive as a newborn infant, always on the prowl for some new, wild, libidinous action.

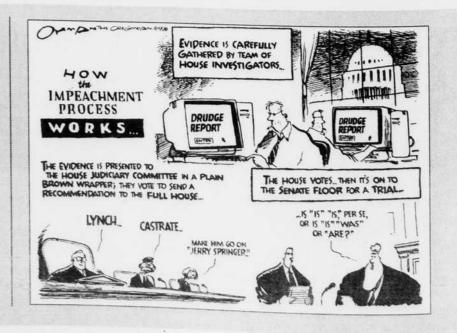
The next minute it's all gone, baby. And life has flashed past your eyes and you didn't even notice.

So let the kids party, sirs. Please, let the kids party.

Vince Medeiros is a columnist for the Emerald. His work appears on alternate Fridays. His views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper.







THE RESERVE AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PROPERTY OF