

PERSPECTIVES

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INDIANA NEWELL AND THE TENEMENTS OF DOOM



A STEREOTYPE REBELS

REBECCA NEWELL

It's happening again. I'm about to face a decision that makes the toughest college student cringe. I'm figuring out my housing arrangement for next year.

As I spent the past weekend trying to figure out what to do next year, I reminisced about the past three years at college and the places that I temporarily called home.

Frosh year, the dorms were the natural place of residence, as my parents weren't about to consider letting an 18-year-old loose with her own apartment. So instead, I moved into the tiny cell that I was supposed to call home for a year.

The dorms are funny places. Freshmen think they're cool because they don't know better, and it's where they first get a taste of parent-less freedom. Late-night chats with hallmates, having dozens of people to borrow clothes from, and a never-ending shortage of potential study buddies is nice.

Of course, that's after you overlook shared showers with slimy tiles (don't forget your flip flops), starched-up food at Carson, people running through the halls screaming at 3 a.m. and those unforget-

table roommates — who make you wonder if the housing department actually attempts to match you up with someone of similar interests or if they have it out for you because you turned in your application late. And don't even think about having overnight guests...

Sophomore year was a time to move a rung up on the ladder of freedom and personal space. I moved into my sorority, ready for a fun-filled year of social activities, great food and a house that you could actually walk around in barefoot. And fun I had, but there were also endless distractions of late-night chats, TV shows and activities to keep me away from my homework, which is pretty necessary for school.

After I turned 20, the seemingly inevitable happened. I wanted my personal space. Two years of quarantine in tight corridors with oodles of other females and 18 years at home under parental supervision was enough. Dreams of my own bedroom, and gasp (do I dare wish for it?), my own bathroom filled my head. The luxury of a fridge filled with my food and a closet that no one could get into!

Fortune fell into my lap. I found "my own place." I was so excited that I didn't even bother to first meet my new roommate, who already lived there. But someone up above must have decided I'd suffered enough, because I got the best roommate I could have asked for; she's also a journalism major,

clean, mature, doesn't have any scary habits or addictions and to top it all off, she's a great cook.

So what is my problem, you may be asking? Well, my roommate is about to graduate. Suddenly, nightmares of brick dorm walls, slimy tile and "borrowed" clothes are again plaguing my sleep. And sleep! Sleep is something I'm getting now in the absence of 3 a.m. parties.

I'm now standing before an abyss — Do I renew my lease? Get a house? Live alone? Should I venture back into the scary task of finding a roommate (only slightly less painful than finding a date on the singles scene)? Though I have lots of friends in the market for roommates, I'm smart enough to know that the best way to turn a friend into an enemy is to share housing.

And if the prospect of potential roommates isn't scary enough, there is the legal aspect of finding housing. Unlike most decisions in college — where there is a highly visible exit option — housing

agreements aren't quite so flexible. Sign up for a class you don't like? Drop it. Working a job you don't like? Quit. Dating someone you don't like? Dump them. But once you sign your name on the dotted line, you belong to your landlord.

Welcome to the land of hidden fees, unanswered work orders for broken appliances, deposits that won't be returned until your own kids are looking for apartments and misleading cheery notices that promise free pizza in exchange for signing up for another year of the same crap.

Unable to come to a decision regarding my future living arrangements, I did what few college kids do: I called my mom for advice. And like always, she provided a suggestion I had never considered.

"Why don't you move in with your aunt and uncle? They have an extra bedroom."

Suddenly that free pizza is starting to sound pretty tasty. Where do I sign?

Rebecca Newell is a columnist for the Oregon Daily Emerald. Her views do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald. She can be reached at rnewell@gladstone.uoregon.edu.



Bryan Dixon Emerald

Letters to the editor

Bailey makes empty promises

I'm writing regarding what should be recognized as dirty politics on the part of ASUO Executive candidates Eric Bailey and Jeff Oliver. Their actions during the campaign have been at best questionable and at worst outright underhanded.

During a visit to the Kappa Delta sorority house — which lost one of its sisters to meningococcal meningitis earlier this year — Bailey pledged, if elected, to immunize all students at the University for this disease. This is a promise his office does not have the jurisdiction to fulfill and was a shameless attempt to gain votes in the wake of a campus tragedy.

Furthermore, Bailey and Oliver filed a trumped-up grievance against fellow ASUO Executive candidates Bret Jacobson and Matt Cook last week, in which Jacobson and Cook were disqualified for simply placing small fliers on the floor outside several dorm rooms. However, Bailey and Oliver are both resident assistants, and their posters and fliers are omnipresent in numerous dorms.

Put simply, Bailey and Oliver recognized they weren't going to make the general election — which would have been the case had they not filed this grievance — and thus picked Jacobson and Cook off like so many clay pigeons.

This is just the sort of behavior that degrades the ASUO and leads to the campus' disdain for the elections process. I urge my fellow students not to vote for Bailey and Oliver in this year's election.

Brian Carlson
 junior
 advertising

A Shining example

I humbly submit this opinion in support of someone I know who is running for the Lane Community College Board. Dennis Shine is the kind of man you want on any board you care about. He is smart, honest and dedicated. Shine works well with others and brings a lifetime of experience that is invaluable.

Shine was a business and economics instructor at Fresno City College from 1968-1993, when he retired. Ha! Retired, the man is busier than some people I know. He is a

part-time instructor at LCC, an appointed member of the Lane County Human Rights Committee (which is where I know him from). Springfield Station Plan Steering Committee and a citizen member of the City of Eugene Police Hiring Committee. I also know he is very active in the fight for human rights with the NAACP.

As LCC grows and changes, we need people like Shine at the helm. Please vote for Dennis Shine by March 13.

June Harris
 program director
 Hillel at the University of Oregon

Brooklyn and Nair focused on issues

Every day last week, I was approached by students encouraging me to vote in the ASUO elections. I have only one thing to say to them: Thank you. Students gave their time to inform me and others about the issues and the candidates.

From the results of the primaries, I was very glad to see that the best candidates, Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair, received the greatest amount of votes for the ASUO Executive.

While some candidates were busy defend-

ing themselves from grievances and other candidates were occupied by filing them, Brooklyn and Nair have focused on the issues. Making the ASUO more accessible to the entire student body would be a large undertaking, though Brooklyn and Nair possess the leadership abilities and experience to see it through.

Having held positions this year such as the ASUO Multicultural Advocate and a University of Oregon Student Ambassador, Brooklyn and Nair have both exhibited their interest in reaching out to students.

I am sure that through the positions of ASUO president and vice president, Brooklyn and Nair will encourage larger portions of the student body to become involved with the ASUO, while also acting as advocates for students on our campus, in the community and on the state level.

Although it was not a large percentage of the student body that took part in the ASUO primaries, for those of you who did exercise your right to vote, thank you. For those students who voted for Brooklyn and Nair — job well done.

E. Joelle McPherson
 freshman
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