

COMMENTARY

Fool in Chief:
 Michael J. Kleckner
Managing Fool:
 Jessica Richelderfer
Foolish Page Assistant:
 Salena De La Cruz

Tuesday, April 1, 2003

Fool-ish idolatry on campus

Silly Editorial

Editor's note: Today is April Fool's Day, and in the past, the Emerald has published a special issue full of fake news and tomfoolery. However, given that America is at war, we did not think fake news was appropriate. Instead, we are using the editorial page today to offer a bit of April Fool's fun.

What follows is a completely fictional representation of some well-known campus figures. The jokes contained herein are terribly broad, as is the nature of April Fool's Day, but we assure you, we intend them not as angry mocking, but in the spirit of humorous tribute.

Without further ado, then...

We interrupt this news program to bring you the latest in reality shows: "Campus Idol!" Watch the cream of the crop of campus personalities as they perform for our hand-picked judges — journalism Dean Tim Gleason, Vice President and Dean of Students Anne Leavitt and campus gadfly Bruce Miller — for the right to call themselves the University's "Campus Idol!"

The first act of the night is basketball duo extraordinaire Luke Ridnour and Luke Jackson. The curly-haired fellows walk onstage in full basketball regalia, their skin glistening under the stage lights.

"We have a song for you that's near to our hearts," Ridnour says — or maybe it's Jackson. Hard to tell. As the strains of Sonny and Cher's most famous song begin, he shakes his ringlets and sings:

Ridnour: "They say we're young and we're not pro, we won't get paid until-I-I we grow..."

Jackson: "Well I don't know if that's all true, but until the draft, Luke, I've got you..."

Both: "Luke, I got you Luke, I got you Luke..."

Ridnour: "They say our team ain't all that deep, without a Luke, the Ducks aren't hard to beat..."

Jackson: "That's just not so, we've proved 'em wrong, when I bled, you made the shots from long..."

Both: "Luke, I got you Luke, I got you Luke..."

The crowd jumps to its feet, and Bruce Miller is the first judge to speak.

"Boys, that was really swell. Now, I'd like to invite Paul Risser here to Oregon again for a three-hour discussion on the importance of open government — and maybe a little bit about your singing."

"That was very nice, Luke and Luke," Anne Leavitt says. "This is the sort of public face we should be presenting to the outside world. Athletes, scholars and singers."

Suddenly, sociology Professor Chuck Hunt barrels onto the stage.

"I came dressed for the occasion," he says, modeling Viet Cong-style black pajamas and a Mao Tse Tung cap with a red star. He stands up to the microphone and in a sonorous voice, begins to read the Communist Manifesto.

Three hours later:

"The French socialist and communist literature was thus completely emasculated, and since it ceased —"

"I'm sorry, Chuck," Anne Leavitt speaks up, rubbing sleep from her eyes. "I think that your reading was really great, but we were looking for a song, and —"

Bruce Miller interrupts. "I think we should have Mayor Torrey here on the University campus with every ASUO official and all the students so we can really discuss the issues."

Chuck Hunt is outraged. "You soulless bourgeoisie would like to have a voice for the proletariat to just dance around for you and your..."

Three hours later, Tim Gleason awakens the audience with an incredibly loud throat-clearing. "Let's have the next contestant!" he bellows.

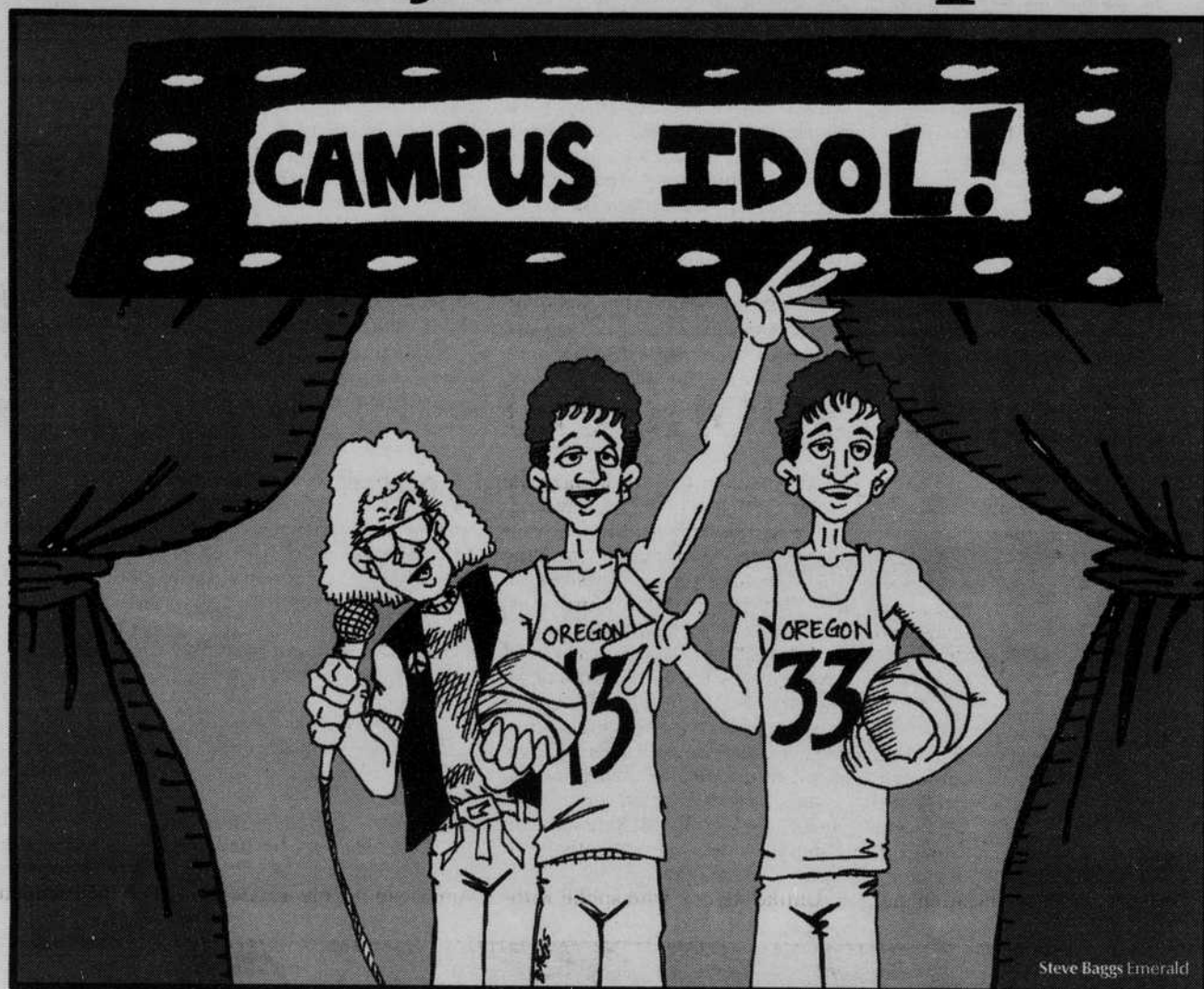
Appearing frazzled, political science Associate Professor Irene Diamond pedals her classic cruiser onto the stage, her enormous straw hat flopping with every rotation, revealing wild and frizzy hair and a "deer-in-the-headlights" facial expression.

Instead of singing, she pulls out some crystals. "Excuse me, gentlebeings," she says, "but I need a moment to adjust my chakras and channel the magick energy of this place into my aura."

For five minutes, she channels, adjusts and fidgets with her aura.

Finally, she pulls out an old acoustic guitar and begins a rendition of "Kumbaya" that only William Shatner could appreciate.

As the strains of Sonny and Cher's most famous song begin to play, the curly-haired Luke Ridnour shakes his ringlets and sings.



Steve Baggs Emerald

Tim Gleason frowns and impatiently switches from one pair of glasses to another. "I can't say that I've ever been so appalled," he says, "at such a poor showing at the art of singing in my entire life." Pause for breath. "This will never make it as a serious act on this show, and I'm regretful that we didn't have a gong to stop you with."

Anne Leavitt looks blankly and blinks rapidly, while Bruce Miller mumbles something about the governor.

"You-you all are blinded by the patriarchal hegemony," Diamond shouts. "You need to cleanse yourselves, ground yourselves, tune into the Earth and —"

"Irene, you need to calm down," Leavitt says, but she's drowned out by Diamond's chakra chanting.

After Diamond is pulled from the stage, ASUO President Rachel Pilliod steps confidently forward, wearing her famous sheer purple shirt with black tank top underneath. By this time, the expressions on the judges' faces reveal little hope of hearing a coherent tune. Pilliod, though, seems unfazed, her face beaming with energy and pride.

"Good afternoon, esteemed members of the judging panel," she says, with such poise and charm that it doesn't even sound like politicking. "I'd now like to present you with a song that has helped me through these troubled times. I'd like to note that I am here representing the students of the University and am in no way acting as chair of the Oregon Students Association — and I have cleared with them my participation in this non-partisan event."

With that, Pilliod reaches deep down and belts out a brilliant rendition of "All By Myself." The judges are visibly awed by Pilliod's soulful voice.

"My-my god," Gleason says, again switching glasses. "I'm speechless. However, I've never actually been at a loss for words, so I'll make some comments at this time. You can run an office single-handedly, survive grievances and scandals and now we find out you can sing? Welcome to Hollywood!"

Remarkably, Bruce Miller is quiet. "I can't concentrate," he says. "I am distracted by the purple shirt. It's so... lovely."

Anne Leavitt shoots Miller an icy stare. "Wonderful, Rachel, really wonderful. But let's bring out the last contestant, campus activist Don Goldman."

Goldman, in green athletic sweatpants, gray T-shirt and denim jacket, strides onto the stage, a portable microphone and speaker with him.

Tim Gleason looks askance. "We have taken all of the necessary steps to produce a quality television program, sir — we have sound equipment for you."

Goldman sneers. "I wouldn't trust your mics," he says. "For all I know, you've got them wired right into the FBI."

"Don, I can assure you that they're not," Leavitt says, trying to mollify him.

Don looks upset. "Oh yeah? Well, fuck you! Fuck you assholes and your 'sound equipment'! Can't you see what's happening here? Go ahead and sit on your fat fucking asses and run this campus into the ground!"

After quickly singing a loud, marginally on-key rendition of "Blowin' in the Wind," Goldman stomps off the stage, cursing loudly.

Bruce Miller chases after him. "Wait, Don, we should join forces! Then we could really get these apathetic students to take notice!"

Smoothing her skirt, Anne Leavitt stands before the audience and smiles in a very motherly fashion. "I think that performance speaks for itself. But now, folks, we need to vote. And I'll remind you Rachel's performance was very good, and she is our student body president and a fine —"

Tim Gleason interrupts. "No, I think we need to replay a clip of the Lukes."

Anne Leavitt is perplexed. "This is highly unusual, Tim."

"You'll see that they deserve to win!" Gleason exclaims.

As the tape rolls, the golden images of Luke and Luke loom over the audience.

Ridnour: "And when I'm bad, you pass the ball, and if I'm scared, I see you're just so tall..."

Jackson: "Don't let them say your hair's too long, 'cause I don't care, with you I can't go wrong..."

Both: "Luke, I got you Luke, I got you Luke!"

The audience goes wild, and the vote is overwhelming: 82 percent for the Lukes, 9 percent for Rachel Pilliod, 5 percent for Don Goldman, 2 percent for Chuck Hunt and 2 percent for Irene Diamond.

Suddenly, Don Goldman storms back onto the stage. "This is fucking ridiculous! You're all insane! Athletics always takes priority at this college, and you're all ignorant because of it! Fuck you!"

The audience, transfixed by the Lukes, doesn't seem to care. *Happy April Fool's Day!*

Editorial policy

This editorial represents the joking opinion of the Emerald editorial board and must not be taken seriously. No, really — we mean it. It's a prank, for Pete's sake. Here's a quarter; go buy a sense of humor. You're still peeved? Fine. Responses can be sent to letters@dailyemerald.com. Letters to the editor and guest commentaries are encouraged. Letters are limited to 250 words and guest commentaries to 550 words. The Emerald reserves the right to edit for space, grammar and style.