

Wednesday, December 3, 2003

EDITORIAL

'Deadly' week has its rules, brings stress

Wednesday of Dead Week.

Blurry eyes, sleep deprivation and caffeine seizures. Sound familiar?

For the overachievers at the University (we won't venture to estimate how many of those are left), Dead Week has already mushroomed to hellish proportions. All the big projects are due, exams need studying for, the pizza guy knows you by nickname, and you haven't seen the sky outside the library in days.

For the slackers (you know who you are), it's probably almost time to start working on something.

And finally, for professors, it's open season. And student is lookin' mighty tasty this year. Well, maybe not. But it's still important in this time of insane stress that students know their official rights regarding Dead Week and Finals Week.

Any student who cares about Dead Week has probably heard the rumors about exactly how much work can be assigned or be due during the 5-day cram session, but the most extreme gossip — namely that NOTHING can be asked of the average student at all during this week — is untrue.

In fact, four rules apply to Dead Week according to an administrative letter sent out Nov. 17 to all faculty and graduate teaching fellows.

Firstly, and perhaps most importantly, "No examination worth more than 20 percent of the final grade will be given with the exception of makeup examinations."

Secondly, "No final examinations will be given under any guise."

Thirdly, "No projects will be due unless they have been clearly specified on the syllabus within the first two weeks of the term."

Lastly, "Take-home examinations will be due no earlier than the day of the formally assigned final examination for the class in question."

Also, it's important to note that if a student must take more than three final exams in a single day during Finals Week, all exams after the third can be rescheduled for later in the week as makeup tests. The first four rules were drafted into faculty legislation by the University Assembly in 1982, and the last is a statement on multiple exams by the Faculty Advisory Council.

So if it seems like a professor is unfairly loading you up with excess work during the dreaded Dead Week, well, it's completely within their academic rights to do so. But don't freak out — this is what the college experience is all about, especially for the slackers who only work under extreme pressure.

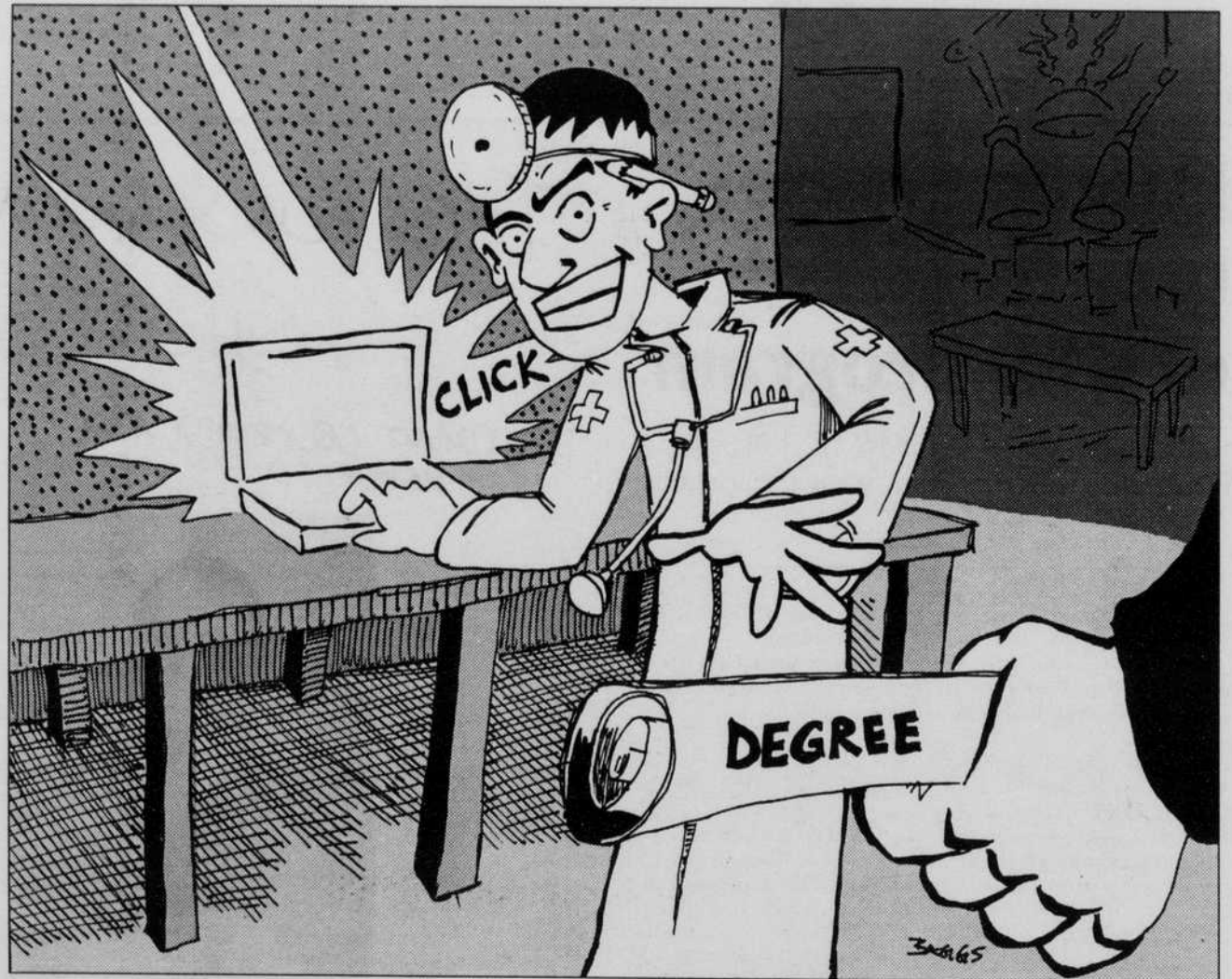
But beyond these mandatory end-of-term guidelines, which we hope all faculty will honor, we also urge professors and GTFs to remember what it's like to be a student and to keep open minds. Dead Week is easily the worst part of the term, especially for those students who must do projects instead of final exams, and this year is no exception. Things just seem a bit darker and a bit more depressing. So if a student seems at his or her wit's end, maybe that extension might be OK this time.

On the other hand, we also urge all students to take heed of academic honesty policies here at the University and not be tempted, no matter what the stress level, to take the easy way out. This week's series on cheating can provide a breadth of information on just what that means, as well as the consequences of academic dishonesty.

All in all, the Emerald Editorial Board wishes all students a successful Dead Week and many good times afterward at the local bar when celebration ensues, provided that you are of legal drinking age, of course.

EDITORIAL POLICY

This editorial represents the opinion of the Emerald editorial board. 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. Authors are limited to one submission per calendar month. Submission must include phone number and address for verification. The Emerald reserves the right to edit for space, grammar and style.



Steve Baggs Illustration

Saying goodbye

Well, it's over. I'm outta here. It's time for the good doctor to close up shop and move on to bigger things. You won't have Joe Bechard to kick around anymore. It's kind of sad — for me anyway. This is my last chance — for a while, at least — to make an ass of myself for more than 10,000 people at the same time.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not throwing in the stethoscope. I'm not begging for mercy and waving a silly white hospital gown over my head. I haven't cracked yet. I'm not quite to the point of setting myself up with an IV, a slow morphine drip and a small arsenal in the east wing of the sick institute that is my own overworked mind. I've still got all my marbles together and neatly organized by size and color.

In this moment of extreme mental lucidity, I can clearly see that the baby is on the way. The contractions are close. I think I see a head.

Just give a little push ... that's nice ... we shouldn't need to perform a cesarean.

I started this dopey practice a year ago with the eloquent words of the fine poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti fresh in mind. Like him, I find myself "awaiting a re-birth of wonder."

If something doesn't give soon, we're going to lose this one too. We've had a lot of stillborns these days. But now is hardly the time for hysterics. There's no reason to lose my cool. I, too, can wait this bugged out.

I will await patiently the day we stop taking pills to make the world a better place. I will still long for a time when women have more than one way to feel beautiful, and when men have more than one way to feel masculine. I will hold out



Joseph Bechard
 Cultural obstetrician

for the day that "cool" isn't a marketing gimmick. I will continue to nurture the fine fetus of a culture wherein kids aren't taught that curiosity killed the cat, subsequently locking themselves inside lonely houses and pining for the ultimate computer simulation of reality.

I excitedly await the beautiful day when the suffering of one man becomes the suffering of all men; when people give a damn and feel inspired to make the world a better place, not only for themselves but for everyone. I will be around for the era when success isn't measured by the possessions of a few but by the well-being of the many. And I longingly anticipate the morning that billions of little Siddarthas awake from dream-swept slumbers, finally to be moved to do something positive for a world so full of suffering.

It's a crazy time in this wacky country. It's fin de siecle all over again. And as we sail headlong into the fast, brave new world of the 21st century, we grow ever more divided in directing the course of this twisted experiment-in-progress-gone-terribly-awry.

The struggle for a truly democratic and forbearing society is not that of the ultra-liberal

or the clinically insane — it is a struggle for everyone who hopes to see our culture live up to all the hype we put in to it. It is for those who can't stand to see the lofty ideals of democracy defamed by doublespeak, empty talk and outright lies.

So, as I move hopefully onward toward a career in torturing the selfish greedheads of the planet, I will leave this silly school full of both utter joy and complete despair. While I haven't let it get me down, I haven't been able to completely subdue the horrible urges to vomit brought about by the loathsome path our culture has taken. The world's Alex P. Keatons chase after their Nixon-like idols making an indecipherable, cacophonous racket of hatred; hippies destroy any chance of legitimate protest with their stupid "No war for oil" signs; and the sensible masses feel trapped, voiceless, jaded, embarrassed and sapped of their energy.

We understand our world as it is presented through our cultural outlets. If we are ever to reclaim our humanity back from those who want to mechanize and isolate from emotion every last thing we do, we must look to the way in which we portray values through cultural expression. For those ten of you who think like me and refuse to be ridiculed into silence, I invite you into the next field of battle: The civil war of the culture worlds.

Goodbye, I love you, and don't forget your annual checkup.

Contact the columnist at joebechard@dailyemerald.com. His opinions do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

It's Mizusawa, not Miss Uzawa

Attention sports announcers! There is no one on the Oregon women's basketball team named Miss Uzawa. The exciting player from California, assisting the Ducks to a 5-0 record

in a big way, is Corrie Mizusawa. Please take a moment to observe placement of consonants before attempting to pronounce.

To quickly and effectively address this embarrassingly frequent mispronunciation, let's practice using a third language. In whale, all together now: MeeEEEE ZOOOOOooo SaaAAAAA WAAAAAAaaaa!

Good.

And best of luck to Corrie and the Ducks!

Brian Bogart
 graduate student
 anthropology, peace studies, history