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■ In my opinion

Free to wear fur

Two years ago I bought a fur coat. I got it at the Goodwill on Coburg Road and it cost \$30. I had absolutely no reason to get it. This isn't normally a hindrance in my purchasing, but with the fur coat it was different. I didn't even know why I wanted it. But I did. I wanted it so bad. I bought it and wrapped it up in a plastic bag to protect it from the rain and took it home. The impracticality of the coat was immediately made obvious when I had to protect it from the elements.

But I loved it all the same. Maybe even a little more, knowing that the coat needed me like I needed it. We, the Goodwill sales girl and me, decided it was rabbit. It is brown and black and red and blonde all stitched together. I thought about taking the coat to a salon, draping it dramatically over the swivel chair and stating, "Make my hair look like that."

I would put the coat on all the time. Sometimes I would just look in the mirror admiring how beautiful it was. When I got cold I would don my fur rather than turn up the thermostat. In the book "Sex and the City," Carrie first moves to New York with nothing but a fur coat which she sleeps under. I knew that I could move anywhere with just the coat and survive. The coat was warm and beautiful and a little crazy, and I loved how it made me feel the same way. The only thing I could never do with the coat was go out in public with it.

This is Eugene. It rains all the time, sure, but my biggest fear was that the coat would suffer at the hands of the citizens. I was so scared the coat would get spray painted. Then I realized that was kind of a stupid fear. But what if someone splashed nasty gutter rain water all over me and the coat? That was more plausible. Or what if some animal rights activist berated me for supporting an industry that raises and slaughters



ARMY FETH
RHETORIC CHECK

animals for fashion? It was too scary.

I took the coat home with me to Phoenix for the summer. I knew I could never wear it there because it would never get cold enough, but I wanted to have it when I moved to Washington, DC. So I schlepped the coat across the country, carefully wrapped and stuffed into my already overpacked suitcase. I had wonderful dreams of wearing the coat to some old-money political ball or something. The coat would be accepted there. It would be around other fur coats. But alas, I was never invited to any soirees. The coat hung in the closet of my dorm room at American University for three months. I did sleep under it once, when my fleece blanket couldn't keep me warm, but that was it. I was also a little scared the coat might get damaged at a bar. And the possibility of running into a spray paint wielding PETA operative was much stronger in a big East Coast city.

But the coat stuck with me. I knew I would have to wear it one day. The coat was patient, and this week, its time finally came. I was invited to a party where a mask and semi-formal attire was required. So I wore a little black dress, a mask adorned with caramel, black beads and feathers — and the fur coat. My hair was straightened, and I looked so different that if I got any guff about the coat, I figured I could just say I was someone else.

As it turned out, all my fears about anti-fur Eugene were completely

unfounded. I got nothing but compliments from beautiful people dressed to the nines. The coat was described as "gorgeous" and "beautiful" and "awesome" and all the things I had thought about it for years. Not one person called me a murderer or fashion slave. Everyone seemed to appreciate the coat for what it was: a unique, luxurious and wonderful garment.

One girl confessed that she too had hid her fur in her closet for years, scared to wear it for the same reasons I was. She said when she finally wore it she felt liberated and independent. Most of all, she was proud of the fact that she was a self-described "dreadlocked, fur-wearing vegan." I wondered what her fur coat might look like.

I also wondered why I had been so scared for so long. The Dali Lama says you should only seek your own happiness, and that problems start when you start worrying about the happiness of others. Once again, he is absolutely right. I realized that it didn't matter how or whether other people would judge me for wearing it. I love the coat. It makes me happy. It is the absolute warmest jacket I own, and winter is almost here.

I have no problem with PETA and other animal rights activists who speak out against fur. They don't believe it is right to kill an animal for fur, and that is their opinion. They even have a really cool fur donation program where they give old fur coats to homeless people. They have even given them to women and children in Afghanistan and Iraq. What a wonderful way to preserve the function of what they call an unethical practice.

Fashion is subjective. I love my gaudy rabbit's fur coat. I think I look pretty hot in it. Never again will I be scared to wear something because of what other people may think.

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■ Editorial

Too drunk to stand up for football game etiquette?

We're in the midst of another big season for Duck football, but players haven't been the only focus for spectators during recent games at Autzen Stadium. It seems student government officials and administrators, including University President Dave Frohnmayer, have been thinking about fans. Drunk, loud, obnoxious fans, to be specific.

Last week, Frohnmayer expressed concerns about "unclassy fan behavior" at an Associated Students Presidential Advisory Council meeting. Also last week, members of the ASUO Student Senate brainstormed ways to combat a perceived rise in unsportsmanlike fan behavior.

From our experiences attending and reporting on football games, we can't verify the assertion that "unclassy" behavior has become more flagrant or widespread. We can, however, attest that fan behavior is problematic.

We can point out the prevalence of rampant drinking at games, the use of obscene language and gestures and exhibitions of violent behavior. It's common to see water bottles and other objects thrown toward the field or at other fans. Being pushed by drunken neighbors or having marijuana smoke blown in one's face are typical in the packed student section.

Granted, a little unruly and spirited behavior is to be expected at any college sporting event. But widespread drinking and drug use within the stadium is a clear violation of University rules, and it represents a serious hazard.

It is impossible and unnecessary for the police, private security personnel or University employees to prevent fans from coming to games wasted. But lax security at the gates and within the student section allows people to easily smuggle in booze and drink excessively during games. Searching everyone who enters the stadium would be impractical, but employing more security personnel to patrol the stands could discourage prohibited actions.

We commend members of the Senate for taking responsibility to look into this issue, but we urge them to be cautious in how they address it. Using peer pressure and urging the administration to increase security may help the situation. Yet revoking unruly students' football ticket privileges, and thus their right to access incidental fees, might open a dangerous can of worms. If the Senate makes any move to restrict student access to sports games, it needs to concurrently create an appeals process.

Some fans will always be rude, but students choosing to moderate their drinking at games could significantly reduce violence and other inappropriate behavior. As students who share the same football stadium, it is up to the fans to take steps to ensure that they are coherent enough to behave respectfully.

Ultimately, students should be able to enjoy football games, respect their neighbors and respect the opposing team's fans and players without outside intervention. So when California visits, stay classy, sports fans.

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■ In my opinion

Cartoon depicts daily campus life, not Emerald or University values

There has been a great level of discontent concerning the comics I have created as the illustrator for the Emerald. It is my wish to articulate a few points concerning my topics of choice and role at the paper.

Every time my cartoon comes out there is a giant word slapped across the page it is printed on. That word is Commentary. The word "commentary" implies a personal narrative or interpretation of a particular happening. That interpretation is my own, and in no way reflects the opinions of the Emerald, or the opinion of any fellow Emerald employees. I am not a columnist. I am not a sports editor. I am not a photographer. As an agent of satire, my job is to draw comics.

I took a vow of sorts when I began my job at the Emerald to stay away from the broad political schemes on which the previous cartoonist focused. In my opinion, those cartoons were repetitive, cryptic and had virtually no relevance to campus life and the everyday activities of the majority of Emerald readers. I have chosen to deal with the very campus that readers inhabit. I am speaking to my audience.

I would like to address two comics in particular that have overflowed the editor's inbox with disdain.

In my comic about Frog, I was attempting to illustrate the sensation many people feel when they are repeatedly asked to buy his joke books as they walk to class. Frog has willingly elevated himself as a celebrity figure on campus and thus in my eyes is up for grabs as a satire piece, as celebrities generally are. I would not deny that there are many students who find Frog amusing and enjoy his company, but I believe it is also fair to say that there is an equally large group who feel annoyed, cornered and generally irritated that they have to deal with a sales pitch on a regular basis as they try to get to class on time.

Secondly, my cartoon about the College Republicans seemed to have been taken far too literally. The aim of my comic was not to characterize all College Republicans as alcoholics and definitely not to attack the Republican Party as a whole. It had been articulated to me by a close friend, who happens to be a member of the College Republicans, that many feel that because

they are such a minority on campus they have to do whatever it takes to attract media attention. This was especially prominent last year when Teresa Heinz Kerry's speech was interrupted by a College Republican yelling; distasteful signs were waved at the entrance to John Edwards' campus address; people dressed up like giant flip flops, etc. My comparison of a boozed-up football fan yelling passionate obscenities throughout the game was thus a comparison between these similar methodologies, not a reflection of the Republican ideology.

So remember, patrons of the Oregon Daily Emerald, that I rarely have the luxury of such a lengthy explanation, and 13 inches of illustration is hardly enough space to tip-toe around a point with the articulation of a columnist. Feelings will be hurt, and generalizations will be made, but I will do my best to do so impartially and hopefully win you over in the end. After all, it worked for South Park didn't it?

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