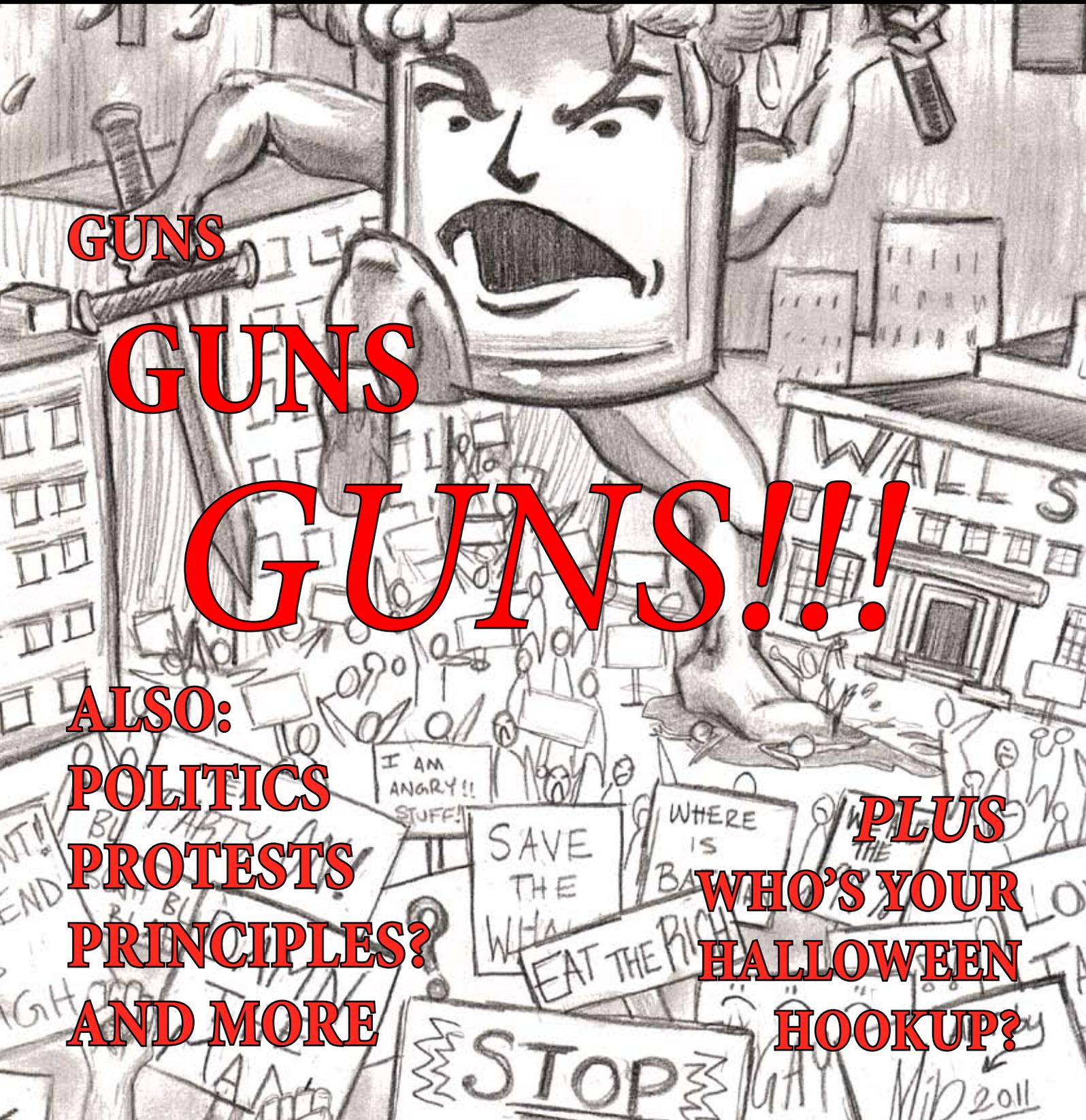


# OREGON COMMENTATOR

October 25th, 2011

Volume XXIX Issue II

A Journal of Opinion



**GUNS**

**GUNS**

**GUNS!!!**

**ALSO:**

**POLITICS**

**PROTESTS**

**PRINCIPLES?**

**AND MORE**

**PLUS**

**WHO'S YOUR**

**HALLOWEEN**

**HOOKUP?**

**STOP**

Mid 2011



Founded Sept. 27th, 1983    Member Collegiate Network

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**Contributors**

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# Mission Statement

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists on September 27, 1983, the Commentator has had a major impact in the “war of ideas” on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its twenty-six year existence, it has enabled University students to hear both sides of issues. Our paper combines reporting with opinion, humor and feature articles. We have won national recognition for our commitment to journalistic excellence.

The Oregon Commentator is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but our main purpose is to show students that a political philosophy of conservatism, free thought and individual liberty is an intelligent way of looking at the world—contrary to what they might hear in classrooms and on campus. In general, editors of the Commentator share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate—instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.

- We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.

- We believe that it is important for the University community to view the world realistically, intelligently, and above all, rationally.

- We believe that any attempt to establish utopia is bound to meet with failure and, more often than not, disaster.

- We believe that while it would be foolish to praise or agree mindlessly with everything our nation does, it is both ungrateful and dishonest not to acknowledge the tremendous blessings and benefits we receive as Americans.

- We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.

- We believe that the University is an important battleground in the “war of ideas” and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today.

- We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.

Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.

As you may (or may not) already know, Ethan Victor Bendau is (or is not) the new publisher of the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** (or Oregon Socialist Rag, who knows?) Ethan came to the **COMMENTATOR** late one night, past the witching hour, wrapped in a burial shroud and smelling of sulfur. He opened his mouth and an unearthly scream rose hence, blood pouring from his lips as he asked “Do you need any sports writers?” We did not, and still do not, but his application was impressive enough that we hired him on the spot. (Debate team captain AND drum line leader??) We started him on an introductory trial as the distribution manager during the first weeks of the school year, but soon it was apparent that he was hungry for more. Ethan displayed palpable initiative in murdering all of the senior ranking staffers above him, effectively eliminating all competition for the coveted publisher position.

At first I thought it was just a series of freak elevator, Port-a-Potty, and tandem bicycle accidents that were claiming the lives of my staff, but when I flipped the light to the office and revealed Ethan severing the head of Publisher Emeritus Ross Coyle, I knew that he had that little something extra that it takes to be at the helm of the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**.

Since becoming publisher Ethan has already introduced several new policies at here in the office, including the low, but constant, chanting from unseen voices and the continuous dripping of blood down the walls of the office. I don't have to tell you that the rest of the staff are loving it!

Now that I am no longer a lone shewolf, I will be delegating many of my responsibilities to him. All inquiries, business, academic, and romantic can be directed to Ethan. He can best be reached through the inhalation of burning sage leaves over a fox bones, after which one will go into a hypnotic trance and be able to communicate directly via astral projection. Any correspondence, packages, gifts, or tithes can be given to Ethan. To do so one must face north in a darkened room and say his name four times, after which he will appear to collect what is owed. All suitors will be subject to a search and trial date with Ethan; if he is unimpressed with the subject's wealth, physical power, or sacrificial livestock, the suitor will be dispatched post haste. Any potential staff members wishing to apply to the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** will have to submit to his Trial of the Rock, during which the applicant will be tied to a rock and have his liver torn from his body, much in the manner of Prometheus.

I know these changes will take some adjusting, but I also know that everyone will be much happier when the final phase of the Rapture is complete and the rivers flow red with the blood of the innocent, which is something Ethan promised to get done before the end of the quarter. I'm super excited for this upcoming quarter, and I hope you are all as pumped as I am! Happy Halloween!

Sophia Lawhead  
Editor-in-Chief



*Ethan Bendau, spring break 2010*

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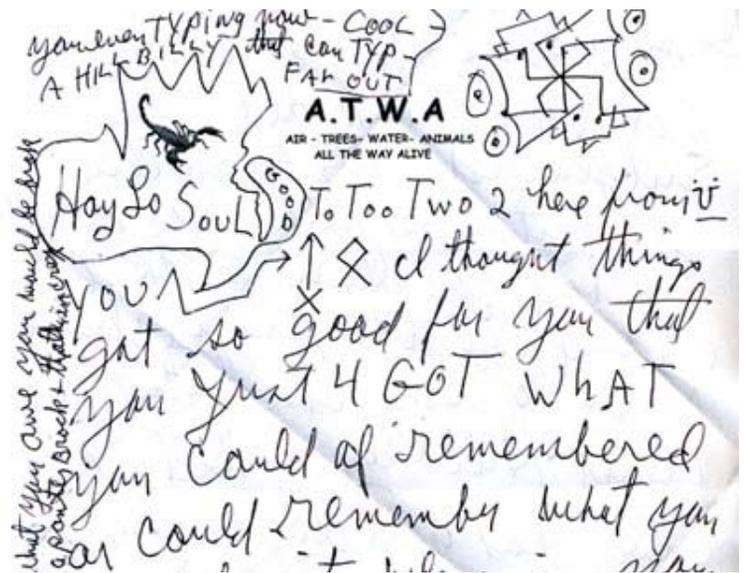
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At the beginning of fall term, the staff of the COMMENTATOR found an anonymous letter slipped under our door, several pages of handwritten text on lined paper with a receipt for postage inexplicably included. In proper fashion, we read the letter with great fascination and then promptly forgot about it for three weeks—blame the whiskey and seemingly perpetual benders. In a brief moment of collective sobriety, we managed to pull together a few choice portions from the several-page-long diatribe for the reading pleasure of all. If you're reading this, Mr. or Mrs. Note-Writer, know that you have bestowed upon us a feeling of bewilderment so strong that we have no choice but to share it with the world. Well played. Or something.



Start

How is the son of God like good pussy? A guy could have a deep abiding love, respect, appreciation, desire for, and knowledge of both- until someone starts rubbing it in his face against his will.

Maybe he's merely one soul in the world wanting to feel less alone, perchance, daresay, be loved.

Is he D.B. Cooper? Hiding out in plain sight, betrayed by a repentant, overcompensating ego serving its own vanity, deceiving itself to maintain sanity. I don't know.

Maybe you out to fly a Buddha sign and see if you get some belly rubbing to pass the time.

And while I have your attention--it's pronounced Fructose corn syrup after Mr. Fruct, not Fructose. It has nothing to do with fruit. But try pointing that out to professional broadcasters wanting to sound smart.

I wonder how much a local gentlemen's club would pay if I dressed up my bike and parked it in the high traffic zone on behalf of naked boobs and a cheap buffet.

I do know a guy who slashed his tires. He was not a punk nor homeless. He was dying. And he was fully fed up with Doug's pseudo-Christian bullshit. Now he's dead. (As far as I know. I haven't seen him for a few years.)

You may now trash this, or print this, or burn it. I promise not to impose upon you its daily exposure.



*Nuff said.*

The Back to the Booze Issue: Corrections

\* It has come to our attention that in our previous issue, the current cost of the I-fee per student was incorrectly stated as \$178. They're actually charging even more, with \$192. Holy shit. The COMMENTATOR regrets the error.



*asks ...*

What spooks you?



Lady Liberty:  
Upskirt shots.

**THE DISTRICT**  
at thirteenth and oak

The District:  
Health inspectors.



Tissues:  
Lonely Saturday  
nights.

Occupy Wall Street:  
Forming coherent  
demands.



Sweatpants:  
NRBs (No Reason  
Boners.)

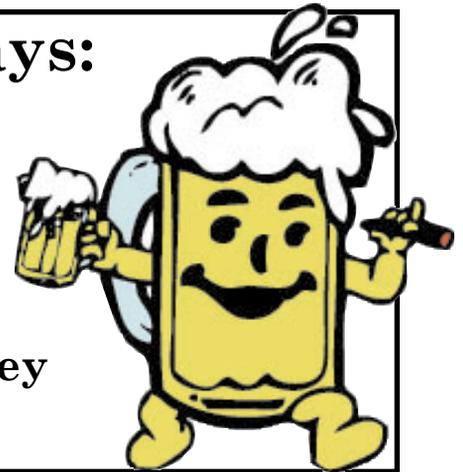
Tootise Pops:  
Grandma's candy  
dish.



Fear:  
Fear itself.

## Sudsy Says:

“Boobs are like cheese, they get better with age... until they don't.”



## BARTENDING SCHOOL

### HOBO MOJITO

Ingredients:

- Two (2) shots of gin
- One (1) shot of Mint Listerine
- One seltzer
- Mint Snus Packets

Directions:

Muddle your Snus packets with the gin and Listerine, top with seltzer and strum your banjo by the river's edge

## Beard of the Month



This issue's winner is David Bradley!

# Words of Wisdom

David Bradley is a man of many great adages. Here are five he lives by:

1. "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference." Bradley calls this the 'serenity prayer.' "That third part is the kicker," he says, laughing.

2. "Trust ... but verify. Ronald Reagan said that . . . I believe anything anyone tells me (nods enthusiastically). That don't mean I'm gonna act on it! Everyone knows you're supposed to put your best foot forward, but where is your back foot? That's what I want to know. Where is your back foot, man?"

3. "Anger is as 'positive' an emotion as love, and a hell of a lot more rational."

4. "Never let a women convince you to cut your beard. That one goes back to biblical times. Just look at Samson and Delilah. She convinced him to cut his beard, and what happened? She fucked him over! That's where all his strength was stored up. Of course."

5. "Never take a job where you are required to wear a suit." Bradley thinks about that one for a moment, then adds, "And don't ever, ever trust a man who loosens his tie instead of removing it. You know the type? You see him at the bar, getting ready to shoot some pool with his buddies (grabs at his neck, loosening an invisible tie). No. No. That motherfucker has got problems."

# OCCUPY MY DICK

BY DANNY MAYES

It is good to see young people motivated to change the world and make it a better place for everyone, or whatever. I enjoy getting pissed off and yelling about how fucked up everything is as much as the next guy. What I do not enjoy is a bunch of neo-hippies yelling through the streets and camping out in the park to spur a social uprising. I speak of course of the Occupy phenomenon.

If you aren't aware of what I'm talking about you have either been deep sea fishing for the last two months or you don't watch TV, listen to the radio or read any news. And don't try to tell me you disapprove of the media conglomerate therefore you choose not to watch CNN. You are just a lazy piece of shit; grab a damn newspaper. Point being, like Ugg Boots and sailor tattoos the "Occupy" movement has been sweeping the nation and catching the eye of every twenty-something who needs a cause. I moseyed my way down to check out what our fine city could produce for the Eugene chapter of Occupy. Packed into the free speech plaza down by Saturday Market were droves of crusty looking twenty-somethings waving signs declaring, "Death to Corporations," "An end to corporate greed," and my favorite, "SOCIALISM, RIGHT FUCKING NOW." One particularly smelly hippie had two signs reading, "I Want an education!" and "Impeach Obama!" Upon asking if the two signs were related, I was met with a blank stare until, eventually, he was kind enough to inform me that I "just didn't get it, man." The person next to him was making a very colorful sign with the standard "Kill the Corporations" lettering, never mind he was doing this with several brand new Sharpies I am pretty certain he picked up at Wal-Mart. These are the same people who were holding change and hope signs three years ago. When that was cool.

Speaking of signs that asked for change, amongst the crowd were travelers and stragglers there to score some quarters and free smokes. I'll be the first to admit I'm no seasoned protester, so maybe I don't get it, man, but I feel like if you go to a "protest" and the first thing someone says to you is, "Wanna buy some weed, man?" you are not at a protest, you are at a party. The party just happens to be outside in the middle of the day.

I wouldn't mind it so much if anyone could give me a straight answer about exactly what they want changed here in Eugene. I wanted to stay longer, but after seeing so many people set down their signs to check their iPhones, I just couldn't kick it anymore. I was left with one quote from an activist in an "Anonymous" mask that I think sums up the movement: "We are the 99%! The people cannot be silenced! Do you have an extra smoke, man?"



# Rootin' for a Shootin'

By Biff Wellington

If you prefer waking up to the smell of pancakes over the sweet invasive scent of gunpowder in the air, I would prefer you didn't - it's un-American. I'm your average patriot: I pull on my freedom-fleece one arm at a time, I regularly over-eat, and I never take down my Christmas lights. But unlike most Americans I stand for revolution and real change in this fuck-cluster we're in.

In liberal towns like Eugene it's common to peg the conservative, gun loving American as a nut job. My many liberal neighbors call me gun crazy. I have a different name for it: cautious. How much do I love guns? Let's put it this way - not only have I trained myself to get an erection every time I hear the cock of a gun, nowadays I

can't even climax without popping off a few rounds. Even now, I am writing you from an underground bunker ingeniously hidden beneath the floorboards of one of Springfield's less dignified strip clubs. Although I haven't left the confines of my compound since before the Y2K fiasco, I still would like to think that I'm in touch with the outside world.

For instance, if you were to stumble upon my bunker (which, of course, is impossible) you would notice that I own very few things that I couldn't kill you with. However, among my few non-lethal amenities are my 6-inch VCR/television set and an extensive collection of action films that would make Steven Seagal cum through every pore on his body. Why do I bring this up? Because for every anti-gun argument that arises I can name several

prestigious films that disprove these arguments. War profiteering? Iron man! Airport security threats? Die Hard 2, Air Force One. Gang violence? Uh, I don't know, how about... **FUCKING ROBOCOP!** All of these films promote the idea that the right person with the right gun can stop any injustice.

After a good binge of Fox News



while looking over the latest issue of the Enquirer, I become enraged that my fellow Americans feel that protecting myself with a gun is immoral. Take this new rejection of gun bans on Oregon campuses: these anti-gun radicals are saying that bringing a lethal weapon into a learning environment is dangerous. Dangerous?! Do you really feel safer while DPS "officers" are armed and the general student population is made defenseless and vulnerable? Really? DPS?! (Just to remind you, the amount of training a DPS employee goes through is somewhere between a security guard and a life preserver.)

For me, I consider my gun a tool due to its versatile non-lethal uses: opening locked doors, shooting the walk-button for old ladies crossing the street, blowing out birthday candles when gram gram is out of

breath. I feel this list represents innumerable harmless aspects of guns - need I say more?

Listen up, society; it's not too often you get a straight-shooter like me to shine light on the target that is justice, and I think I have hit the proverbial bulls-eye on this matter. Guns equal peace. I know the concept seems a little daunting, but

that's just what perfect sense feels like. I'm positive that I'm not alone in thinking the worst situation that any American can face is being unarmed at any point during their normal, uneventful day. Just writing that sends shivers up my spine.

Our founding fathers didn't put the second amendment in the constitution so my gun could hibernate like a damn bear. It was made for

the glint in a child's eye the first time he pulls that trigger, the joy of mowing down an unsuspecting fawn with an unnecessary amount of bullets, and the amusing look of terror that crosses a friend's face as you point an unloaded gun at him. This is what's at risk, people! They're trying to take this away from us, and I won't stand for it.

You know I'll be armed.

Your move, America.



*Biff Wellington is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and welcomes all to his room beneath the Silver Dollar.*

# Dorm Dreams, Dorm Dicks

By Ben Schorr

Many of the dorm rooms at the University of Oregon are so small that with one hand you could touch one side of the room, and with the other you could fucking shoot yourself in the face. About a month ago 4,000 students, including me, moved into these dorms—some more fortunate than others. Dorms range in physical quality from mediocre hotel rooms to prison cells to kennels.

Some people say that the close quarters unite your hall and lead to a better social experience. However, I'm happy to be in Barnhart, the complex with the largest rooms, each with a bathroom and hired maintenance that leave the floors so clean you could practically eat off of them (believe me, I've done it. I'm a big David Hasselhoff fan). The only drawback is they are five blocks from campus, but I figure that'll help me fight the freshman 15.

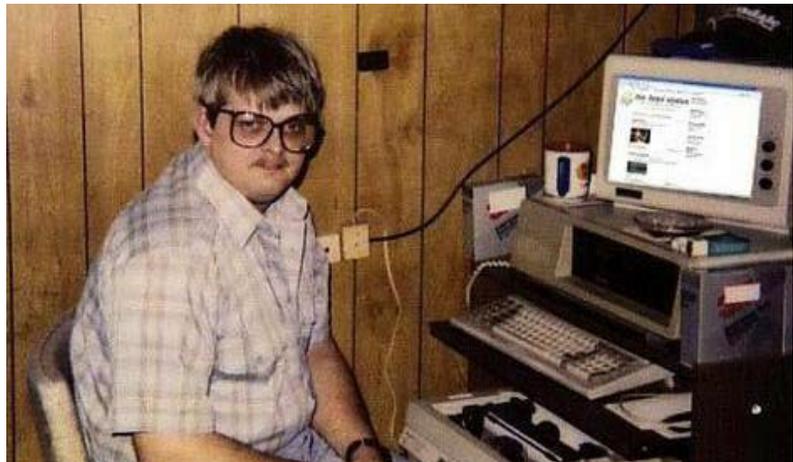
Speaking of the freshman 15, I only recently found out that it refers to the amount of weight that freshmen commonly gain over the year. I thought it was supposed to be the number of times you get alcohol poisoning. Either way, I'm going to nail it.

Many upperclassmen find it necessary to give drinking advice to freshmen, especially when they are far too drunk to be giving advice, or speaking in general. The most valuable piece seems to be the glorified alcoholic's proverb, "liquor before beer, you're in the clear. Beer before liquor, uh, shut up and drink, pussy." It's easy to remember because it rhymes so well. But UO has its own set of drinking advice given in the form of a mandatory AlcoholEdu course online. It was surprisingly well done, and actually presented some cool information. I learned that you pee more when you're drunk not because you're simply drinking more, but because of a chemical imbalance in your brain. I couldn't come up with a witty remark for this; it's just a fun fact.

If you want to play an amusing prank on some of your freshman pals because



*Your Dream.*



*Your Reality.*

you can't make friends your own age, go to their dorm some night when you know they're drinking. Slide a key into the lock - it could be any key, just make sure you make noise. The freshmen inside will immediately think that their RA is keying in and panic will ensue. You'll hear such cries as "OH MY GOD, HIDE IT!" or "THIS WAS ALL YOUR IDEA!" or the classic, "I'm not going back to jail, man," followed by a gunshot.

Meeting new people has been the best part of living in the dorms. Seeing the significant yet subtle differences in culture is fascinating. Californians use crazy slang I've never heard of, like "burn sesh" or

"hella kickback" or "getting tan." You can learn as much from the people around you as you can from your professors, or at least that's my excuse for skipping classes to play Xbox in my neighbor's room.



*Ben Schorr is a contributor to the OR-EGON COMMENTATOR and still uses AOL.*

# Out the Ass

By Ashley Reed

It is no great secret that, for many, college is seen as a beacon of hope and opportunity. For decades, university attendance has functioned as the key to fulfillment, the means to financial and personal freedom eons beyond what our parents and grandparents could achieve. In these trying financial times, thousands young and old are turning to the warm embrace of higher education, finding comfort and hope in the notion that, with hard work, such an institution will launch them to new heights of achievement and happiness.

Meanwhile, in their great wisdom, the universities of America have discovered that they can take those dreams and turn them into a handsome profit. Over the last twenty years, colleges within the U.S. have nearly doubled their tuition costs with very few improvements to their educational offerings, proving themselves to be shrewd business organizations. Considering the fact that, in many industries, a bachelor's degree has become a minimum requirement for meaningful employment (the local Trader Joe's has a copy of my roommate's Art History degree on file), it seems that both fortune and the haphazard whims of capitalism favor their endeavors. Now, these schools are able to raise their attendance costs by 40% while the average middle class income rises 4%, making them a model for fiscal achievement that even Enron would admire.

This situation, however, does present a few problems for the average consumer—or, as most prefer to be called, *student*. Such profit increases for universities come directly out of the pockets of already financially undercut student population, who only have so much beer money to relinquish. In addition, given that the availability of grants and scholarships has shrunk quicker than Michele Bachmann's credibility, many are watching their dreams crumble with the swift emptying of their bank accounts. However, all is not lost: though the two minimum wage

jobs and three 25% interest loans might not be enough to help you through, a plethora of less conventional options are available to any student driven enough to take advantage of them.

First is an option that, sadly, is not available to all immediately, but can become so with a little effort: personal tragedy. As anyone who has ever glanced at a scholarship application knows, academic achievement is of little interest to those who shell out free money. Rightly so, of course; how interesting is it to sit and read about Martha's 4.5 GPA or Robert's fifteen consecutive wins at robotics tournaments? Not nearly as interesting as, say, a brutal recollection of familial loss and suffering. *That* is what holds the attention of your average scholarship committee, a fact made clear by countless essay prompts asking for an account of physical and emotional recovery in one-hundred words or less. However, because not all of us have had the luxury of experiencing a soul-shattering hardship, one must take the initiative and create one. Start a fight in the local Wendy's that leads to the critical injury of a beloved family member. Knock your osteoporosis-ridden grandmother down a flight of stairs. *Accidentally* run over your sibling with the family combine. Any means one has for creating a heart-breaking catastrophe is acceptable, and the more tragic, the better. Do this task properly, and soon enough, your local scholarship associates will be wiping away tears with one hand and signing your check with the other. If you are taking such a method into consideration, it is best to begin early, before the end of high school if possible. As a personal example, it was only near the end of my high school career that I realized my days spent studying were in fact an excessive waste of time. Rather, I should have utilized the party scene,



becoming intoxicated enough to leap off a balcony that would ultimately result in a tear-jerking (and profitable) account of my rehabilitation.

The second method of financial improvement involves an interaction with the community that few utilize to its full potential, and that is theft. In a college environment, a social stew of wide-eyed innocence and drunken inattention, negligence provides a fertile financial field for the ambitious student worker. Suddenly, that freshman's misplaced wallet stuffed with daddy's credit cards becomes a book fund, those bill payments out of the neighbor's mailbox a new backpack, and that laboriously obtained set of bike wheels food money for the next month. Meanwhile, this immediate financial betterment is coupled with personal enrichment, honing useful skills for the future. The student becomes more organized, subtle and attentive through employment in this particular career path, knowing what to look for in order to obtain crucial funds. I, for example, have personally found it beneficial to frequent cafes on Saturday nights and watch for the unguarded purses of drunken sorority girls. In addition, by avoiding the detection of peers and authorities, students prepare

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*Continued on page 12*

# Gunnin' for It

By Ethan Bendau

If you are a 21-year-old legal resident of the country, you haven't had a misdemeanor in four years, you aren't addicted to crack, you don't rape too many people or molest a lot of children and you've passed an NRA-approved handgun safety course, then you might be eligible to pay a \$65 license fee for hiding a gun down your pants. Anyone who goes to that length to carry a deadly weapon next to such vital machinery is clearly serious about what he does. And as a result of a recent ruling by the State Court of Appeals, it has been determined that the Oregon University System does not have the authority to prohibit anyone from doing so.

Despite being a win for keeping institutions accountable and within their legal limits, the decision has left the university population less than delighted. Furthermore, the State Board of Higher Education has approved the conversion of the Department of Public Safety to a full police force. With that addition, gun rights and campus safety are two of the most contentious issues on campus today.

Common anti-gun arguments are generated by fear of weapons as well as skepticism about why one carries in the first place. The opponents of armed campus police are fueled largely by an unsurprising sense of distrust towards cops in a college town. In my experience, I find that people afraid of guns often have a distorted understanding of them and the people who carry them.

Let's be straightforward: a gun is designed for the sole purpose of inflicting harm. It is meant to destroy and it will never be seen in another light. It's natural to be uneasy around them, and that is why it is still prohibited to brandish a weapon on campus. It is the lack of respect, however, that makes a weapon dangerous, more so than any inherent power to cause harm.

That idea isn't limited to weapons: few of us fear our cars or the hundreds of cars that pass us each day. We might be wary of the occasional clueless driver,

but no one is disturbed to find out that his neighbor owns a large car and uses it daily. We rarely consider the threat we pose to other drivers, pedestrians or ourselves when we start our vehicle.

Yet, more people die yearly from car accidents than from guns, by a huge margin. Not counting intentional self-harm, the CDC National Vital Statistics Reports details that 2009 saw just under 12,000 firearms deaths, 588 of which resulted from accidental discharge. In the same year, 36,200 lives were taken in motor vehicle accidents.

We drive drunk and high, we talk on the phone, and we listen to music, all things that distract us from the few feet separating us from another three-ton steel bullet. Jesus Christ, we put our children in these things. As with guns, it is not as much the killing power that makes a car deadly (and believe me, a car is MUCH more deadly) as it is disregard for the responsibility you have to fellow drivers, pedestrians, and cyclists when you get behind the wheel.

Conversely, when you hold a gun, you are perpetually aware of its capacity to annihilate whatever comes into the sight of its crosshairs. You'll likely never become so comfortable with that fact that you start to neglect it, as we often do while driving. Unfortunately, there are inevitably those who will reject common-sense gun safety, and when they do, survival of the fittest will be there.

I don't want us to all fear our cars, just as I'm not trying to make us all love and support guns. But an informed fear is infinitely preferable to an irrational one. Informed fear is conducive to responsible, sensible regulation. Irrational fear risks our liberty to placate an ungrounded concern.

There is no reason why anyone should be worried about safety when walking through campus. In the same vein, it seems absurd that we should have a sworn police force on campus that doesn't carry weapons. That makes them about as effective as they are now at protecting us. With

guns on their hips, we must then hope, and demand, that the policemen guarding our campus will get out of their cars and dutifully patrol through the darkest corners of campus, knowing they have the authority and unmatched capacity to defend students from any threat.

It is still forbidden to wield a gun on campus, so whether or not you are in the presence of a gun, you'll hopefully never know. We need to consider the reality of our situation: No one can stop a weapon from being brought on campus by an irresponsible citizen, laws or no laws. If I want to bring a handgun to class in my backpack, it wouldn't be difficult. Save for metal detectors at every single campus entrance, that won't ever change. Yet the anti-gun laws are likely to deter the responsible gun carriers from bringing their guns, because they know to respect the law. So we have two scenarios: Guns brought on campus by someone who doesn't have to worry about any pedestrians having their own protection (particularly given that the Board of Education has yet to specifically approve firearms for the police force), or those lawless individuals being put in check by the uncertainty of who around them might be carrying, albeit legally and with greater skill. We can deter such dangerous people by arming our police force and leaving a measure of uncertainty for the gunman about who he might have to defend himself against.

We should never be so comfortable with guns that we neglect their inherent danger, nor should we trust a gun to win our fights for us. A gun is not a substitute for verbal diffusion or often even physical violence. Holding a gun means you have the responsibility to do everything in your power to leave it in its holster, including succumbing to a bully and walking out. Responsibility is the crucial idea. If you can't handle the responsibility of a gun, you likely don't and shouldn't own one. But there are people out there who need the comfort of knowing that if the worst

were to happen, they would be fully capable of defending themselves and those around them, and we would owe them thanks.



*Ethan Bendau is the OREGON COMMENTATOR's publisher and once drunk dialed the Make-aWish Foundation asking to meet The Rock.*

*Continued from "Out the Ass" on page 10*

themselves for the professional world, where underhanded treachery is a valuable resource for advancement. Even better, in choosing this method of financial gain, a student creates a mutually beneficial relationship between herself and those whose property is liberated: while the student thief adds a comfortable amount of girth to their wallet, the "injured" party is enlightened to the workings of reality, trust in her peers shattered, allowing that person to step into the world with a healthy level of bitterness. There is no replacement for such useful real-world experience.

The third means to be discussed here, drug-trafficking, is undoubtedly the trickiest to properly execute; however, it also unquestionably the most profitable. While the return for many commodities and services has decreased inverse-proportionally to cost of living over the last decade, the value of narcotics has remained consistent. In fact, it has come to a point where entire towns have comfortably staked their survival on the sale of marijuana, and cocaine traffickers have ten times the income of your average investment banker. Such work gives students valuable hands-on experience that time in the classroom simply can't replicate. Covering a variety of professional pursuits, such as marketing (one must find which street corner attracts a more affluent clientele) to sales (calling it a 'quarter-bag' can easily satisfy a customer seeking value) to interpersonal relations (taking John's roommate's stereo as collateral is, after all, not so different from the workings

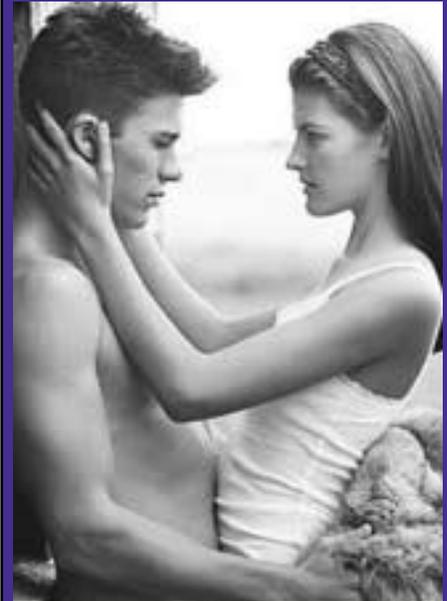
of Bank of America's accounts receivable department), work in this field promises a bright and shining future for any dedicated student. With hard work, such a student may even find themselves rubbing elbows with the country's most influential elite: many a political slip of the tongue, celeb-reality program, and nightly news report has attested to the star power which patronizes the narcotics industry. While this line of work does come with increased risks—a drug conviction can be used as grounds for expulsion and a repeal of a student's financial aid, which leads one to believe that the members of our national legislature were either exceptionally crafty or light on their feet in their college days—it comes with similarly substantial rewards. As they say, a good education is priceless.

Many complain that the state of higher education in America has presented families and students with an impossible conundrum, wherein crippling debt, a lack of aid, and incompatibility with the current job market create a system of failure against which the country's youth has little recourse. However, such sentiments come only from a bitter and lazy crowd that has forgotten America's founding principles: hard work and perseverance. This is not a time for this nation's educated youth to sulk behind school accounts frozen for non-payment, or to cry bitter tears over soon-to-be bounced checks. The students of this great country are now charged with following in the footsteps of their forefathers. As Washington slashed the throats of his enemies to protect our soil, so must the students of this country do whatever it takes to achieve the American Dream—if that means whacking a couple of grannies and pawning a few dime bags in the process, so be it. A crossroads stands before us, a challenge set for us to face. It is now our task to pull ourselves up by our boot(leg) straps, and respond.



*Ashley Reed is managing editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and would never pay from there!*

## DTF?



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# Online Petitions

By Emily Schiola



*Some dreams are meant to die.*

Have you ever found yourself needing the instant gratification of creating a petition for a super important cause but hate leaving your house or talking to people? The White House has finally answered your feeble prayers by creating “We the People” online.

This is a website where anyone over 13 years of age can create a petition, gather signatures and send it along to be reviewed by the Obama Administration. The great part is, since it is all online, a person never has to talk to anyone face to face in order to acquire the necessary number of signatures. The site encourages every plucky activist to use Facebook and Twitter to spread the word about whatever is plaguing our society. This totally online format allows any hipster to fight for his cause without ever setting down his iPad.

Don’t believe in the Internet? Well obviously your Luddite issues aren’t important and won’t be reviewed with the same care as Kim Kardashian’s latest status updates. The White House is clearly

reaching its target demographic because out of the top six most popular petitions, two of them are weed or hemp related. If this isn’t democracy in action I don’t know what is!

If only Thomas Jefferson could see us now. He would be overjoyed with the fact that anyone and everyone can fight to “promote legislation to prevent public schools from starting earlier than 8 a.m.” Thank god this gem wasn’t silenced by all that pesky clipboard holding and human interaction.

This site is awarding the American people with something they have always had, the power to petition the government. However the bright colors and video tutorials make giving a shit about something as hip as ever.

Although “We the People” appears flawless, there are a few slight modifications that should be made. Firstly, instead of a robot test, every person should have to take an IQ and/or sobriety test. Just because some random girl and her Four

Loko think monkeys look adorable in blue doesn’t mean she should petition the government to create only monkey-run post offices.

The next modification should be some sort of spell checker. It is pretty impossible to take someone’s opinion seriously when her appeal looks like a teenage girl’s text message to her best friend. Also, it is painfully clear that most of these people are working with broken computers that don’t allow them to capitalize anything or use punctuation properly. It seems to be something of an epidemic.

It has never been easier or more fun to fight for something you and a bunch of people you’ve never met minimally care about. Technology strikes again. Thank you, whitehouse.gov, for freeing the American people.



*Emily Schiola is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and knows that monkeys look best in red.*

# POINT/COUNTERPOINT

## Spiderman: Lover or Loser?

Ok, let's be serious, you really think Spiderman would make a good boyfriend? Because if you do, you either need to believe you can do better (I mean it, girl, we're all beautiful in our own way) or else maybe you have daddy issues or a weird face, because this guy sucks. Lets begin with the fact he lives with old people, and has since lord knows when. You say you don't want no scrubs? Because Peter wears a full spandex body suit several times a week which means two things: one, he has bacne like you wouldn't believe. Two, he probably listens to Nickelback. Yes, Nickelback. You know who else listens to Nickelback? That's right, and speaking of your ex-boyfriend, Spidey has the same obsession with "Mary Jane" that made you hate that dick.

So what is it? Maybe you think he is sensitive just because he likes photography and lives with a widowed "aunt" who is old enough to be his grandmother? Pete Parker is as narcissistic as they get, and I'm not just talking about his sham "freelance photographer" gig A.K.A. "photographing himself in colorful spandex fighting crime," okay? I'm talking about, 'how many of your own lunchboxes and action figures do you really need?' Also, I know it's hard to take on the moral obligations that come with acquiring superpowers while you're still in high school, but the tortured vigilante act only goes so far when you cry at the end of Sex and the City.

Maybe you think his "spidey sense" would translate to the bedroom? Trust me, it won't. First of all, you probably don't want to get too close to the guy--I think he only has one spider suit and he relies on senile old Aunt May to do his laundry. Do I need to spell it out for you? Secondly, look at what happened to Kirsten Dunst's career after she let ol' Spidey put her in the upside-down liplock. Need a refresher? It goes Spiderman I, Spiderman II, Marie Antoinette, nip-slip, probably Celebrity Rehab, then done. For real, any dude can mess with a girl's emotions, it takes a real super hero to derail the career of a girl who played the lead role in Bring it On, am I right? I realize you're probably turned on by the superhero act, but he's not. He's just a nerd, you know. Always has been, always will be, so its not like he's gonna tie you down with his web shooters and do some secret superhero sex move that he learned from Stan Lee. The freakiest his roleplay gets is probably something along the lines of "Let's do the one where I'm a gas station attendant again." You deserve better.



Heaven Boner is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and 8===D

As women of the 21st century, the dating world has left us with a glass half empty, and half filled with ugly people. There are so many bad men out there, they are starting to think that their scrub behavior is okay! You know these types: The man who thinks nobody notices his love handles, his post nasal drip, his grey pubic hair; the man who insists on enunciating the letter "t" in the word 'often'; the man whose idea of intimacy is pressing his morning boner into the small of your back. This is not acceptable behavior for any W.O.M.A.N. We need real men, men who don't claim their favorite food is Chicken Caesar Salad! We need a balla shot calla, and there is no better catch out there than your friendly neighborhood Spiderman. I could give you a list of reasons like, "he's sensitive, he's thoughtful, he is Spiderman for fuck's sake," but that would be ignoring the real perks of being in a relationship with this guy.

I Saved these puppies from a burning building... AND still had time to buy you flowers and cook you dinner.



1. He is always wearing Spandex, so his body (ass) will always be tight and nice and spankable, unlike Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. Those two really let themselves go.

2. He lives with his aunt or grandma (or whoever that old hag is), so you can stock up on all the shit old people like: candy bowls, oddly shaped bath beads, and not being able to hear their nephew having rough sex.

3. Being on Spiderman's Top 8 on MySpace will increase your popularity.

4. When you are feeling the urge to cheat, you can cheat on Spiderman with Peter Parker and Peter Parker with Spiderman. You can be sleeping with two people who are the same person!

5. You can fulfill your fantasy of sleeping with a schizophrenic.

6. Heaven Boner is just Mary Catherine Gallagher Jane. She wants him for herself!!!!

I could give you more reasons, but I feel they are all self-explanatory. He fights crime, he has great hair, he can beat all your ex-boyfriends at Dance Dance Revolution.

Spiderman, Spiderman, does whatever a spider does... but with a penis.



Lauren Greenhall is the Humor Editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and only fucks superheroes (except for that one time...)

# Facing Reality

By Ashley Reed

**Y**ou are never getting your bike back.

There. I have just graced you with the very modicum of truth that you desperately need as you duct tape ‘stolen bike’ posters to every available light post, lamentations of lost transportation printed alongside pictures of your factory-replicated Schwinn. It seems nobody has made you aware of this harsh but irrefutable truth, and you have been left to waste your time chasing a dream of recovered property that can never be. Yes, the reality of the situation sucks like a Hoover at a whorehouse, but if you’re ever going to recover and one day find another special somebike to call your own, you’re going to have to accept it. So, like the drill sergeant from *Maury*, I will scream this harsh truth down your ear-holes (or, I suppose, eye-holes) until you get it: you are never getting your bike back. You are never getting your bike back. **YOU ARE NEVER GETTING YOUR BIKE BACK.**

And I’ll tell you why.

Though each bike theft is its own special snowflake of eccentricities (did they steal it off your porch, or out of your garage? Did they cut your lock, or pull it off the top of the bikes where your asshole dorms mates chucked it?), there are three common categories of bike theft: theft by peers, theft by meth heads, and theft by professionals. The first category, where a student steals a bike from the campus lock-ups/a neighbor steals a bike from under your nose, is the only one most methods of recovery are able to deal with; predictably, this type of theft is the least common. When you register your bike with DPS, that helps them keep track of your bike while it’s on campus and . . . that’s it. Once your bike leaves the university area, DPS can’t do shit to get it back. So, in the event of an off-campus theft, or an on-campus theft where the bike makes its way past Kincaid, you’re pretty much screwed. The only way

you’re ever going to see that bike again is if the impromptu thief happens to ride it past your porch, and you have the stones to tackle that bitch to the ground like a coked-up linebacker.

Also, even if it does stay on campus, not much can be done about it unless the thief is acting suspiciously, and/or the bike is impounded. Barring that, there are literally hundreds of bikes with UO registration numbers slapped on them; how, exactly, is DPS going to pull yours out of thin air with no clues as to its whereabouts? Essentially, the thief has to be stupid enough to keep the bike near where they stole it from, and act thoroughly suspicious. Any thief that is dumb enough to do either of those things is too stupid to live. These are the sorts of people that, quite frankly, you want stealing your bike, and like hell you’ll ever get that lucky.

The second possibility, theft by meth head, is something of a wild card: this situation can end several different ways, but basically none of them will be to your benefit. Best case scenario, said ballsy meth head will ride your pedal-driven recreational vehicle into the sunset like a twitching, smelly desperado, never to be seen again. Alternatively, they can jaunt merrily around town on your beloved ride, looking mighty suspicious to passing policemen but, since that alone isn’t a crime, still maintaining ownership of your property. Even if they ride right past one of your makeshift wanted posters, unless your bike happens to have some sort of bizarre modification that make it impossible to not recognize, there’s little chance that it could be properly identified. Despite the emotional, psychological, and financial connections you might have to your own special velocipede (and that little flower you carved into the head tube with your keys), to everyone else it’s just going to look like every other bike that they’ve seen in this city. Thus, the

likelihood that they’ll notice that your property is improperly situated beneath the posterior of a wandering vagrant is pretty much nonexistent.

That is, of course, as long as the bike remains in one piece: how long do you really think it will be before Pete the junkie gets the sort of itch only a well-filled pipe can scratch, and sells your beloved bike off piece by piece for spare cash?

That brings us to the most organized, most sinister, and of course, most common group of thieves: professionals. Following in the footsteps of Al Capone and Mexican drug cartels, professional bike thieves have made an industry out of their work, and thrive in areas where prevalent bike ownership and poor methods of theft prevention intersect. Believe it or not, locking a bike outside with a crappy string-lock is not a flawless security system; a plethora of similarly “secured” bikes in one place is like smearing honey all over your sleeping bag in the middle of Yellowstone. The only difference is that, instead of dealing with hungry grizzly bears, you’re going to be dealing with a Dodge Ram—or, more likely, some rusty 80’s Toyota with no tape deck and hand-crank windows—driving away from Hamilton with a heap of bikes in the bed. Even when properly locked up, many bikes are still susceptible to having their seats stolen, their wheels pulled off, or everything but the frame being jacked (and God help you if you only put your lock through the front wheel, you idiot). Oh, and did I mention that many of these guys have all the right tools to cut through lower end locks? Therefore, if you didn’t pay more for the lock than you did for the bike, chances are you won’t be holding onto either of them for long.

The easy part done, these American mafiosos haul their catch back to the homestead, where they take them apart and sell the pieces to less-than-reputable establishments. Alternatively, they

can just repaint the thing and sell it on eBay, or, you know, do that without even bothering to alter it. I mean, shit, what're you gonna do about it? Nothing, and as much as it hurts, as much as you gnash your teeth and pound your angry little fists, that is the bitter truth. Just pray you don't end up re-buying your old fender and pedals when you pick yourself up a cheap replacement, and don't let them see you cry.

In this lovely, thieving-hippie-ville of ours, having a bike stolen is like a rite of passage. By surviving the injustice of having your single mode of transportation, your last Christmas present, your old friend nabbed right out from underneath you, you join a legion of students and Eugenians who have been similarly afflicted. Over time, as you share your tale of woe with other, like-fated souls, the pain will begin to ebb. One day, you'll find another bike, one you love just as much, and even though things will never be the same you'll always remember to never buy a cheap lock or lean your pride and joy against the wall at a bus station and expect to get it back. And, sure, maybe if you register your ride, file a report with DPS, or put out a poster here or there, you'll be the one lucky son of a bitch that has their sweet-ass ride returned to their waiting arms. But, as the DPS officer told me when I sat in his office, filling out paperwork to report the theft of my beautiful Smoothie two-wheeler (which was a gift, you fucking monsters), don't get your hopes up. In the end, denial will only hurt you. Accepting the reality, that bike theft is almost always a permanent affliction, is the only way you'll be able to move on.

Oh, and if you do happen to find the responsible party, kindly sock them in the mouth. For all of us.



*Ashley Reed is managing editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is not going to be a slutty nun for Halloween.*

# Text Education

By Brandon Lee



Three times a year students march out of the Duck Store, their wallets about \$350 lighter each time. This seems like an absurd sum of money to buy books that in all honesty they probably don't want to read. According to the UO Office of Financial Aid, students are forking out \$1,050 annually for the privilege to study for their classes, which is mindboggling considering the mountain of other fees they're already forced to pay.

If you ask Henry L. Roediger, III, a Professor of Psychology at Washington University in St. Louis, it's because you damn kids are buying used textbooks. "The issue here is similar to that in the movie and recording industries for pirated products that are sold very cheaply, denying the companies and the artists their profits," says Roediger.

You thieving bastards. Why don't you go out and steal a car while you're at it? I can't believe you would dare steal from Professor Roediger, whose Research Methods in Psychology's list price is \$202.95. Better republish that bitch to weed out those ingrates. (Holy Shit! A new preface!)

While Professor Roediger seems to have a pretty good understanding of where his bread is buttered, many professors aren't aware of the extra price tag they attach to their classes. In a 2006 survey conducted among faculty in the state of Connecticut, only 58 percent could tell you how much the books they assigned cost. This creates a unique situation where the actual consumer of the product has no choice in the product they purchase. Rather a third party, who may or may not care about the cost, makes the decision for them (and in some cases profits from the decision). This allows publishers to get away with higher and higher prices, explaining why the cost of textbooks has increased at double the rate of inflation in the last 20 years.

The university has become a middleman in an industry that pulls in \$6 billion annually, pushing a product that you need, much like cocaine. While there are alternatives to purchasing a textbook, most students give in and fork out the dough. Professors need to start making more responsible decisions about the texts they assign. Some opt to place readings on Blackboard, or have readings printed and sold at a lower cost. Electronic sources, and textbook rental websites are good options. E-books are usually about 50 percent cheaper than their print counterparts. Some can even be accessed free of charge (the publishers make money by placing ads at the start of each chapter).

With the university hiking up the cost of admission this year, it's a more than reasonable expectation that they cut us some slack on course materials. The school needs to get serious about exploring low-cost alternatives, and at least pretend they give a damn about the cost to the students.



*Brandon Lee is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is pretty reckless.*

# OSPIRG: Gold Diggers?

By Sophia Lawhead

**O**SPIRG. If you ever decide to get involved in student government or activism on campus, you will hear this word, and like most people in student government and activism, have little understand of what it really means. OSPIRG stands for the Oregon Student Public Interest Research Group. This is not to be confused with OSPIRG, the Oregon State Public Interest Research Group, which is an entirely separate entity but equal in ability to annoy.

OSPIRG's purpose is to advocate for issues they deem important, which means presenting research to Oregon state politicians on said issues. They cannot actually lobby for bills because they are registered as a 501(c)(3) non-profit. This is where the Oregon State PIRG comes in. The State PIRG is allowed to lobby for bills, and coincidentally they have the same director as the Student PIRG. In fact, many of the same employees who work for the State PIRG also work for the Student PIRG. Are State PIRG workers who lobby for bills clocking out of their State PIRG jobs and then clocking in to Student PIRG jobs to conduct their research? It is, as of yet, unclear, and that isn't a good conclusion when it comes to how your student fees are being spent.

So this is what, in a tiny nutshell, the Student PIRG does: take student fees, that means money you or your parents paid, and use it to pay the salaries of Student PIRG employees who advocate for whatever issues they see fit. Now, these issues

could be things that you and pretty much everyone else agrees with, like saving baby animals from cruel death.

These could also be very controversial issues that very few people agree on, like public smoking, legalizing marijuana, or assisted suicide. The point is, the stu-

you then go ahead, sign the petition, vote for the OSPIRG supported candidates this Spring in the ASUO election, and sleep easily knowing that your money is being thrown at some kind of injustice, possibly. Or, if this seems like total bullshit, do as we do, and get pissed. Email your ASUO President Ben Eckstein ([asuopres@uoregon.edu](mailto:asuopres@uoregon.edu)) or ASUO Vice President Katie Taylor ([asuovp@uoregon.edu](mailto:asuovp@uoregon.edu)) and let them know that you find this to be utter trash. Come to ASUO Senate Meetings (every Wednesday, 7pm, in the Walnut Room of the EMU,) and show them the complete look of disappointment on your face. Or you can just join the Commentator and spew your rage through the subtle beauty of the written word. Whatever your medium, don't let yourself stew alone in your rage. Let it out. All that suppression will just lead to stress acne and severe substance abuse. Trust us.



dents who pay for this advocacy have absolutely no control over how their money is being spent, and there are little to no tangible benefits for students, faculty, or campus itself. And students who don't even want to be advocated for in the first place? Too bad, the fee is mandatory.

Currently, the ASUO supports OSPIRG's presence on campus, funding them at a cost of \$86,268 to you and your fellow students. You may be wondering why the ASUO shells out so much precious I-fee money to something that does not help UO students. They do this because they are smart and understand that if they support OSPIRG while in school, there is a good chance that a job with OSPIRG will be waiting for them after graduation. That's it.

So, how you feel about OSPIRG is up to you. If this seems like a good deal to



*Sophia Lawhead is the editor-in-chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR and knows a thing or two about gold diggers.*

# GOP Candidates: Too Much Jun

By Benji Lewis

## Mitt Romney

Mitt Romney is currently the GOP front-runner in the polls with over 30%, but is being closely trailed by Herman Cain. A Michigan native, Romney entered politics with a bang by defeating incumbent Ted Kennedy for a senate seat in Massachusetts's in 1994. In 2002, he became 70th Governor of Massachusetts. His name may ring a bell in your alcohol damaged memory because he was a candidate in the 2008 presidential campaign, winning a few primaries but ultimately losing to John McCain.

Romney is has an excellent record with money and health care. When running for Governor of the liberal state Massachusetts, Romney actually supported gay rights. During this presidential campaign, however, Romney has remained quiet about how he feels about this issue, and avoids his heinous record of altruism. Other than that, he is your average GOP candidate ideologically speaking, but has considerable experience to back up what he says. From how it looks now, if Romney does not make a significant blunder, he will beat Herman Cain and go on to duke it out with Obama.

Romney is a Mormon, and spent 30 weeks in France serving on a mission. According to Rick Perry, Romney knowingly hired illegals to work on his house.



## Newt "I Still Exist" Gingrich

I know what you're thinking - I thought he was dead too. Gingrich was a Republican Congressman in Georgia from 1979-'99, as well as the Speaker of the House in the late 90's. In 1995, he ended the Democrats' forty-year majority in the House, an act that saw him deemed "Man of the Year" by Time Magazine. Since the year 2000, however, he has been celibate in the lusty world of politics.

Unlike most politicians, Gingrich is an intellectual. He has written twenty-three books, and was a college professor. Like most politicians, he has a less than perfect past. He has had three marriages (the first of which with of his high school teachers) and countless affairs, but hey, who are we to judge? Among other things, he is an animal fanatic and enjoys reading spy and history novels.

Some wonder if Gingrich is the product of a drunken orgy involving the Pillsbury Dough Boy, Bobby Hill, and the Devil.

## Rick "I required a vaccine that protects your daughter's cherry"

### Perry

We got ourselves another good old Texan running for President: Rick Perry. Taken seriously at the beginning, Perry's numbers have since plummeted (most polls have him below 10%). He is in the same situation as Bachmann: neither have a shot at the presidency this time 'round, but we very well could see them as Vice President or running again in 2016. Considering what Texas has contributed to national politics, I would be fine them becoming their own country - as long as they keep playing King of the Hill on TV.

On the political spectrum, he is about average for a GOP candidate. He is an advocate of anti-sodomy laws. He is for the deregulation of the energy industry, and doesn't believe that there is a link between humans and climate change. As is tradition in Texas, Perry holds the record for most executed inmates. When asked if he ever worried that one of them was innocent, he said, "No, I've never struggled with at all."

Being a governor of a border state for 10 years, Perry has hands-on experience with immigration issues. In the last debate, Perry attempted to discredit Romney's immigration policy, alleging that he had hired illegals to work in his own home. Romney gave an articulate response, and then followed up by saying he understands if Perry is a bit testy, because the last couple debates had been tough for him.



*Put 'er there, partner.*

# Book in the Trunk



## Michele Bachmann

This small town honky is the epitome of tea-baggin' conservative ideals. In the past, Bachmann spent her time protesting abortion clinics and attempting to eliminate the minimum wage. Raised a Democrat, she volunteered on Jimmy Carter's campaign in 1976, and, after doubting her liberal street cred, she went on to work on Reagan's in 1980. She grew up on nothing, and worked hard and eventually got a law degree. Essentially Bachmann lived what is called the "American Dream", for those with seriously diminished attention spans.

In 2000, Bachmann was elected to the Minnesota Senate, defeating an eighteen-year incumbent, and in 2006 she became the first woman from Minnesota to be elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. In the past decade, she has founded the Tea Party Caucus, tried and failed to legally ban gay marriage, and voiced her belief that global warming is a hoax, because, as she told the House floor, "there isn't even one study that can be produced that shows that carbon dioxide is a harmful gas."

Politically speaking, Bachmann stands like a Beaver roaming drunkenly about Autzen stadium trying to bum a cigarette. Her actions from here on out, however, could have considerable sway not only within the Republican party, but on the outcome of this presidential election, and, most importantly, on herself in probable future presidential campaigns. Maybe next time her Midwestern charm will make up for her tendency to say ignorant shit that you just can't afford to say when you are in the national spotlight.



## Herman Cain

Herman Cain is an unforeseen candidate who has been slowly creeping his way up in the polls. Currently, Cain and Romney are neck and neck with slightly over 30% each, and a plummeting Perry in third. He was the winner of both the Nevada and Florida straw polls. Cain is a hard working man who has a unique resume and does in fact believe that OJ did it.

Compared to the usual presidential candidate, Cain has a huge gaping hole in his resume: lack of experience in a government office. The closest job he has had was chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of (...drum roll...) Kansas City. This is not to say that he does not have plenty of experience being in charge - he was CEO of Godfather's Pizza for 10 years. When he was appointed, the company was bankrupt, but he downsized and turned the pizza chain into a profitable venture. Other than that, he was a mathematician in the ballistics unit of the Navy, a computer systems analyst for Pillsbury, and is a cancer survivor. I guess all of that could give him more street cred than being a community organizer.

Cain is an associate minister at Antioch Baptist Church North, and has very Christian conservative values. In true conservative fashion, he does not support abortion under any circumstances - even if someone was raped by a family member resulting in a pregnancy that would kill the mother if not terminated. He also stated in a debate that he would like to build an electric fence across the U.S.'s southern border, so as to stem Mitt Romney's supply of gardeners and housekeepers. To sum him up, Cain would be very strong domestically but questionable with foreign affairs, thus making him less likely to beat Obama than Romney.

In his closing remark for one of the Republican debates, Cain quoted a line from Pokemon: The Movie 2000. Maybe he is trying to reach a younger crowd?

# Facebook Goes to Washington

By Natalie Humphrey

Last month, Facebook announced that it is creating an official presence in Washington by forming FBPAC, a political action committee. A Facebook spokesman described it as a tool to give employees a way to make their voices heard by donating a bunch of money to their favored political candidates. The move is intended to formalize Facebook's lobbying efforts and to financially back politicians who side with the company in policy issues.

Political action committees are formed to influence elections and legislation. Committee members donate money to candidates to advance their campaign or to influence the outcome of a policy decision. Facebook is taking after other tech giants such as Google, Microsoft, and AT&T, who have all established a presence in Washington to donate millions of dollars to lobby for their interests, such as self-regulation.

The PAC is just the next step in Zuckerberg's plan to grow Facebook's presence in Washington, which is already significant. They have employed several White House officials to oversee tricky policy maneuvers. Since 2008, the networking site has been getting very friendly with political candidates, who in turn have worked with Facebook on privacy issues stemming from its data-free-for-all business model. Recently the company came under heat because a "bug" in the system allowed users' online activity to be tracked even after the user logged out. Zuckerberg has said that his ultimate goal in his political involvement is to promote "open information sharing." Right.

So what does Facebook in Washington mean for you? It means that it isn't enough for Marky Mark to harvest data from Facebook users that market researchers would pay thousands for. He has to take his ass to Washington to tell lawmakers what's what with your photos, links, and comments in hand. Facebook has already begun backing politicians who are willing to elimi-

nate those annoying privacy regulations keeping it from reaching its full all-seeing potential.

It also means that Facebook will be a major factor in the 2012 Presidential campaign. The company's lobbying expenses have more than doubled since Obama's social networking put him on the map, both through online efforts and town hall meetings hosted by Facebook. Republicans are starting to spread their online reach as well, including several GOP congressmen who have participated in Q&A town hall meetings similar to those hosted for Obama. Some political strategists have speculated that in the 2012 race, candidates' success will largely depend on the scope of their online presence.

Candidates are drumming up support and media attention by creating polls, sending friend requests, and promoting links to interviews and appearances. Ron Paul, who has not gotten much attention from the media, has a large online following. Obama and former candidate Tim Pawlenty created Facebook apps which gave users a way to show their support for their favored politician and to recommend their friends do the same - but first gave the politicians access to the name, picture, location, networks, friends, and interests of the user. This allows specific demographic targeting, so your men and women in office can find you and get you to vote on issues critical to their agenda. Social media and politics are all about voter targeting to accomplish specific goals, so watch what you are sending into cyberspace, or else Mark Zuckerberg might sell it.



MAYBE IT'S TIME  
FOR YOU TO  
GET OUT OF  
THE HOUSE,  
HMM?

JOIN THE  
**OREGON  
COMMENTATOR**

E-MAIL:  
EDITOR@UOREGON.EDU



*Natalie Humphrey is the humor editor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and loves hayrides.*

# Who Did You Fuck this Halloween?

By Kellie Bramstone

The last thing you remember is:

- A) Screaming "Hootenany! Hoedown!"
- B) Trying to remember if Charizard is a boy Pokemon or a girl Pokemon
- C) Praying
- D) Being so excited to text that you drop your phone in the gutter
- E) 15 shots of Jaeger
- F) Hiding from her boyfriend in the closet

Your mouth tastes like:

- A) Velveeta
- B) Sugar, spice, and puppy dog tails
- C) The blood of Christ (Carlo Rossi Sangria)
- D) Xanax
- E) Pepo-Bismol
- F) Low self-esteem

You see them again:

- A) Behind the counter at Skateworld
- B) Coming out of the "family" restroom
- C) Watching you enter Planned Parenthood as they stand across the street, picketing
- D) On TV, evading the cops in a high speed chase through downtown LA
- E) In your acid-induced day terrors
- F) On "The Dirty"

Your bed is covered in:

- A) Hay and empty chew tins
- B) Panties... and the lingering scent of aftershave
- C) Copies of *The Watchtower*
- D) Autographed headshots
- E) Burnt Laffy Taffy wrappers
- F) Glitter and shame

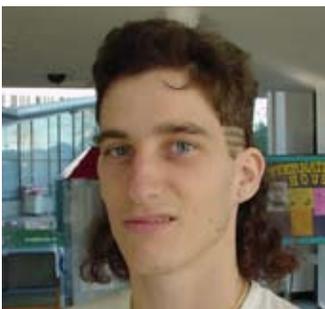
Your phone has a new contact:

- A) "Zeke Jr."
- B) "Taylor"
- C) The Salvation Hotline
- D) Carrot Top's vacation house number
- E) "\*)" with half the digits missing
- F) "<3<3GoddessKaeleeDG4EVS<3<3"

Missing from your bathroom is/are:

- A) Nine rolls of toilet paper
- B) A scrunchie and a beard trimmer
- C) A large amount of filth, almost as if someone cleaned...
- D) Your room mate's Adderall
- E) The plunger
- F) Nothing, but someone wrote KAELEEKINS<3 on the mirror in eye-liner

*Mostly A's:  
You'd better hope he's ironic!*



*Mostly D's:  
Your childhood hero!*



*Mostly B's:  
Sexually Ambiguous!*



*Mostly E's:  
Banana!*



*Mostly C's:  
Deviant Mormon!*



*Mostly F's:  
Total slut!*



*Kellie Bramstone is a indentured servant for OREGON COMMENTATOR and is tired of hoeing in the fields all day long.*

# SPEW...

## ON TRYING TOO HARD

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"Alando Ballantyne is a scene reporter at the Emerald. A double-major in journalism and romance languages (French and Spanish), he hopes to graduate by 2032. In his spare time, he enjoys washing spoons, wearing different-sized socks and checking out the trading prices of foreign fabric softener."

*-Text of the Emerald reporter's personal biography on the newspaper website.*



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## ON BANALITY

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"Brooks got the name Sammitch from a good friend who called sandwiches 'sammitches' instead."

*-Scintillating detail from a Daily Emerald article ("University alumnus serves up sammitches at new food cart" ODE Oct. 16, 2011).*

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## ON 1+1

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"...Ending the modern gilded age is our one demand...Ending political corruption is our one demand...Ending poverty is our one demand...Ending health-profiteering is our one demand...Ending American imperialism is our one demand."

"That's more than one demand."

*-Commenter Silver Sword Fish, making the most apt point ever expressed on the Student Insurgent blog ("Occupy Wall St. Releases its one demand", Sept. 26)*



## ON HAVING A SENSE OF PORPORTION

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"Twitter was experiencing one of its dreaded meltdowns. No lie, I panicked a little. ... My lifeline to knowledge had been severed, and I felt totally lost."

*-Emerald columnist McKenna Brown reveals much about the level of knowledge at the Ol Dirty newsroom.*

"This is like if Led Zeppelin brought its drummer, Bonzo, back from the dead and started touring again. Or if a hidden vault of unreleased Shakespeare plays was suddenly discovered in Stratford-upon-Avon."

*-Brown on the return of TV show Arrested Development, over-stating her case just a little bit.*

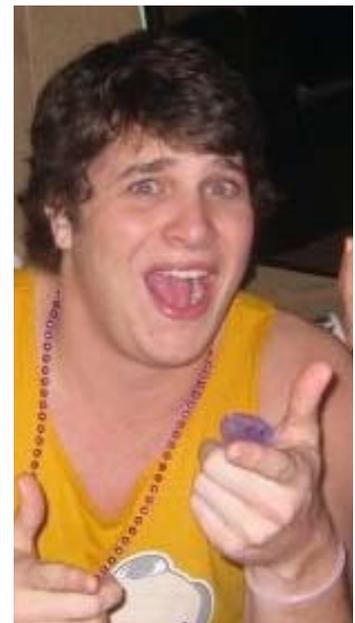


## ON TRYING TO FUCK A CELEBRITY

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"University senior Kevin Franks is one student who will be using (a website promotion) in an attempt to help Brown (get a hot beverage). 'Why not? I think Jenn's gorgeous,' Franks said. 'Why not bring her a tea and go from there?'"

*-From an Ol' Dirty article ("University students vie for opportunity to meet ESPN's Jenn Brown")*



*Bro, you've totally got a shot.*

Sophay Lawhead  
RAPED THE  
insane clown posse.

