

# OREGON COMMENTATOR

May 20th, 2012

Volume XXIX Issue VIII

*A Journal of Opinion*

## HATERS GONNA HATE





Founded Sept. 27th, 1983    Member Collegiate Network

**Editor-In-Chief**  
Sophia Lawhead

**Publisher**  
Ethan Bendau

**Managing Editor**  
Ashley Reed

**Art Director**  
Maggie Brees

**Copy Editors**  
Ashley Reed, Nicholas Ekblad,  
Ben Schorr

**Editor Emeritus**      **Publisher Emeritus**  
Lyzi Diamond          Ross Coyle

**Distribution Managers**    **Associate Editor**    **Humor Editor**  
Adam Chimeo, Hailey    Rebecca O'Neill    Lauren Greenhall  
Chamberlain

**Contributors**  
Sophia Lawhead, Ashley Reed, Lauren Greenhall, Ben Schorr, Adam Chimeo, Hailey Chamberlain, Rebecca O'Neill, Nicholas Ekblad, Ben Lewis, Brandt Hamilton, Natalie Humphrey, Tyler Millette, Katie Conley, Brandon Lee, Ally Taylor

**Blog Editor**                      **Layout Directors**  
Sophia Lawhead                  Ashley Reed, Ben Schorr

**Board of Directors**  
Ethan Bendau, Chairman  
Ashley Reed, Vice-Chairman  
Sophia Lawhead, Director

**Alumni Advisory Board**  
Charles H. Deister '92, R.S.D. Wederquist '92  
Scott Camp, '94, Ed Carson '94, Mark Hemingway '98,  
William Beutler '02, Tim Dreier '04, Olly Ruff '05, Tyler Graf '05

**Board of Trustees**  
Richard Burr, Dane Claussen, Thomas Mann  
Owen Brennan, Scott Camp

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion. All signed essays and commentaries herein represent the opinions of the writers and not necessarily the opinions of the magazine or its staff. The Commentator is an independent publication and the Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc. is an independent corporation; neither are affiliated with the University of Oregon nor its School of Journalism. And, contrary to popular, paranoid opinion, we are in no way affiliated with either the CIA or the FBI, or the Council on Foreign Relations.

The Oregon Commentator accepts letters to the editor and commentaries from students, faculty and staff at the University of Oregon, or anyone else for that matter. Letters and commentaries may be submitted personally to Room 319 EMU or placed in our mailbox in Suite 4 EMU; phoned in to (541) 346-3721, or e-mailed to [ocomment@uoregon.edu](mailto:ocomment@uoregon.edu).

We reserve the right to edit material we find obscene, libelous, inappropriate or lengthy. We are not obliged to print anything that does not suit us. Unsolicited material will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Submission constitutes testimony as to the accuracy.

E-mails sent to individual authors that are directly related to the Oregon Commentator may be reused by the Commentator as it sees fit.

# 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.

I didn't know how to begin this editorial. First of all, I hate editorials, they're a narcissistic exercise that no one really reads and serve no purpose other than letting the Boss Man (Woman) ramble on for a page about, you know, whatever. But, as this is my last issue serving the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** as Editor and Chief, it is appropriate to say goodbye to a publication that has ruined many lives--including my own, by making me do something I completely hate.

When I accepted the post of EIC, it was not without reluctance. I had few to no qualifications, a tenuous grasp on sanity/AP style, and a publisher who ditched out halfway through the summer to move to Vegas with her boyfriend. (Thanks, Kayla!) But hey, it was either I take on the job or let the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**, a UO institution of almost 30 years, fold. I swallowed my common sense and said yes.

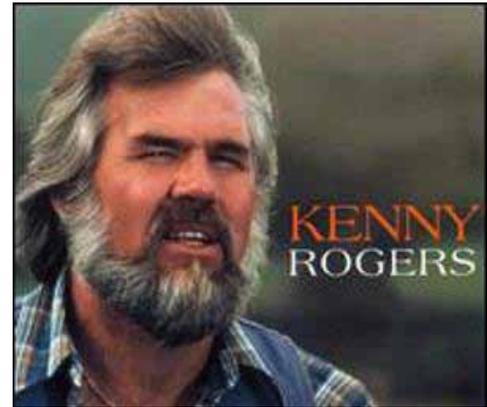
I've gotten a lot of shit this year from OC alumni and campus media wonks for doing too much of this, not enough of that, letting the blog become "a ghost town" (well, Rebecca O'Neill's frequent posts could be construed as haunting), and generally not being up to snuff. I hate politics, I hate all the petty campus media rivalry and ASUO bullshit, but it was my job to follow it obsessively and be a general know-it-all. Needless to say, I failed at this miserably.

But I did accomplish something which was, to me, much more meaningful. From a skeleton crew of less than five writers I (with help from some stellar staffers) recruited and grew the magazine into a family of over 25 contributors and editors, a more diverse (at least sexually diverse) staff than the **COMMENTATOR** has ever seen before, and gently nudged (forced) some brand new writers to spread their wings and tackle some the biggest stories of the year (that's you Schiola and O'Neill) or find their way as new leaders for the next generation (oh, hey Schorr, Bendau, Chamberlain, and why not, Hamilton). They say those that can't do, teach, and while I couldn't cover the news to the satisfaction of my predecessors, I like to think I taught the young'uns a thing or two about real leadership, motivation through personal connections, and perseverance in the face of total incompetence. Oh yeah, and major delegation.

Things have been a little different around the office this year, and as the staff continues to evolve so shall the **COMMENTATOR**. There is an old saying, "change or die," and I know that the **COMMENTATOR** will continue to live on and adapt. Or, who knows, maybe a scandal involving an underage equine erotica ring will cause the magazine to get defunded once and for all. Only time will tell.

Now I leave you in the brilliant and capable hands of Ben Schorr, Nicholas Ekblad, and C.W. Keating, who will be manning the helm for the 2012-2013 school year. May God have mercy on their souls/livers/GPAs.

Smell ya later, fuckers!



*Decided to hold em'. The Gambler has helped me make many life decisions.*



---

## [Departments]

---

Editorial [pg. 3] Nobody [pg. 5] SPEW [pg. 30]

---

## [Hatefilled Features]

Fuck Your Giblets.....	6
A plea for the eradication of cooties	
I Hate Greek Life.....	7
Why Chad Brohington does not approve of your keg stand	
I Hate the Honors College.....	8
Chemical Fusion will make you happy you slacked off in high school	
I Hate Taylor's.....	9
Farrah Thunderbolt sloshes mad elegance	
Bar Sprawl: Other Campus Bars We Hate.....	10
Face down in the gutter ain't all it's cracked up to be	
Fuck Your Dreams.....	11
Childish Mandingo makes a mad scramble for his poetic license	
I Hate the ASUO.....	12
The Insider lets it all out	
When Hate Goes Too Far.....	14
A photo-documentary of hate pushed to the edge	
An Open Letter to My Friends' Boyfriends.....	16
Because the lipstick on his collar wasn't enough	
I Hate the Costco Pharmacy.....	17
Jack Koff brings the pain...meds	
Ode to the ODE.....	18
It's not really an ode; wanna fight about it?	
Fighting Like Cats and Dogs.....	19
Pussies and bitches throw down	
Going Bychotic.....	20
Chemical Fusion is bike-curious	
I Hate Normal People: A Hipster's Perspective.....	21
Noah Boehnke-Cabot gives his alternative view	
To Those Wearing Workout Clothes and/or Sweatpants to Class.....	22
Katherine Chambers III hates you and your joggers	
Fuck Carlos Mencia.....	23
The Six-Million Peco Man says, "Fuck him that fucking fuck."	
Roommate Roomhate.....	24
Ty-Ty and Benji toot their hateful horns	
Two Minute Hates.....	26
HATE.....HATE.....HATE.....HATE.....HATE	



asks ...

# What do you love?



[Inappropriate GTF]  
Spring boobage



[Anarchists]  
Radiohead, apple products



[Colin Keating]  
Crying. Alone.  
In the dark.



[Gender Studies]  
Complaining



[Mitt Romney]  
Relating to poor people



[Barack Obama]  
Whatever will get me the most votes...so gay marriage I guess.

sudsy says  
 “Fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, hate leads to awesome hate sex.”

## BARTENDING SCHOOL

# Bloody Mary

Ingredients:  
 2 parts vodka  
 1 part tomato juice  
 1 part blood from woman named Mary  
 Add Tapatio to taste.

Dash salt, pepper, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Garnish with that bitch’s middle finger.

### THINGS WE DON'T HATE:

Watching girls fall **Degrassi**

Northwest brews

Blowjobs Wasting toner

ADULT SWIM CIRCA 2006

Sitting on roofs

Not using a light bulb to smoke DMT

Cheese

# FUCK YOUR GIBLETS

Vaginas have good days, and vaginas have bad days. Their bad days happen every few weeks, and this turns the women you know and love into raging bitches hell-bent on making your life miserable. Now, I passed out during Family Life in the 6th grade, so it goes without saying that I'm no expert on the female reproductive unit. I cannot tell you exactly why bitches spout blood out of their hoohah, but I can tell you that it's gross and I'm glad guys don't have it happen to their dicks.



In my research for this article, I came up with an idea that I think will totally make the world a better place. So, women, hear me out: stop having periods. It is really inconvenient for me. I know you look forward to Mother Nature's gift every month, but it's time to cut this shit out. Your vagina bleeding means that my penis is not ejaculating. In the Bible, Moses is praised for first talking to a flaming bush, parting the red sea and leading his people into the Promised Land. Like Moses, I too wish to get past a flaming bush (I'm talking about ginger pubes), part the red sea (getting past your bloody vag) and enter your "Promised Land." However, unlike Moses, I do not live in a fairy tale world, and so things are a bit trickier. This requires cooperation. So I take my stand here, and ask--better yet, beg--females to stop having their period. I mean really, ladies, what are the benefits to it anyways?



*Dickmund Fraud is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and is single.*

Dicks--also know as penises, donges, wee-wees or Montana tubesteaks--are totally awful and annoying. Being a French-Canadian prostitute and ex-ASUO correspondent for the **OREGON COMMENTATOR**, I have a lot of experience with dicks (also, just generally being a staff member of the **OREGON COMMENTATOR** contributes to this knowledge.) First, they are completely needy, filling with blood and poking you at in the back at the crack of dawn (and oftentimes in *your crack*) like a crying Pomeranian that insists on being let out to do his morning duty. When they aren't demandingly engorged they're being scratched, tapped, jiggled, and whooped around like helicopters by men everywhere, like a world-wide kalidoscope of beef bayonets. Daily, I am forced to watch as some asshole in sweats jangles his johnson in the Safeway express lane. "You could look away," one might say, but being a red blooded French-Canadian prostitute, I am powerless but to stare as he reveals to me his Jewish heritage through the thin fabric of his jogging shorts. Even if I wasn't who I am, I would still be assaulted with the sight of these phallic forms everywhere I turn. From the Washington monument to the hotdogs in my freezer, there's dicks EVERYWHERE. Enough is enough--get over yourselves already!



*Angelique Arthur is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and misses her time in French-Canada...*



When we enter the collegiate world, we ask ourselves who we want to be. Will I be the kid that sits in the LLC study rooms just to show other kids that I am able to study in an intrusive atmosphere? What about the first person to run for ASUO government and come out a felon? These things may have crossed your thoughts once or twice in history class, but what about the stuff that matters?

Then there is the sticky, somewhat unfulfilling world of Greek Life. It's not the house that matters, it's the... who are we kidding, if you're not in the right house you may as well live in a dumpster. The best use of your time in a sorority is making friends with someone who can afford to take themselves and seven other loose girls to Shasta with their parent's money. Then you better pray to god you have a life savings built up for the insatiable amount of bro tanks you will be asked to purchase. And don't forget the the quirky, yet sophisticated sentence fragments spread across people's chests and backs. I remember the first time I heard a combination of small one-syllable words that accumulated to make a quirky sentence of life ambitions and goals, which my great aunt Linda used to describe her nephew Craig: "Eat, Shit, Sleep." That's all a baby does, anyway, and really, that's about all Greek Life does. Today you may see the sweatshirts that say, "Peace. Love.

Frat," and to my amazement there has been no large bonfire organized to rid the world of these wretched half hazard crew necks. To watch these knitted catastrophes burn would be the hottest thing to come out of most sororities (and they wouldn't even go out when you pour liquor on them).

The rec center is perhaps one of the most sure-fire places to come in contact with the sorority and fraternity cults. They are a carefully bred group of individuals unlike any other, a gaggle quick to flock to the gym for a 25-minute session of treadmill while watching "Say Yes To The Dress" and "Dance Moms." The sorority tanks and frat tankinis are only the beginning of this fascinating lifestyle. The neon fanny packs and highlighter-bright wayfarers are another large part of the evening uniform. If you're not wearing some sort of article of clothing that supports a philanthropic project you've never heard of, you might as well be dawning the Mexican flag in Arizona. Then, for the rest of Chi Omega Chi Kappa, there's the back weight room and the swimming pool, which no one goes in because the chlorine levels haven't been checked since Pre crossed the finish line. That way, you're sure to never be relieved of their preening presence.

Of course, let us not forget the flood of sorority girls screaming at passing cars while stone-cold sober, the well-dressed frat dudes who drunk-

enly try to push people off their bikes, and seeing only a slew of incomprehensible ancient letters before you take an inattentive elbow to the face at Taylor's. That is Greek Life, in a nutshell: unwelcome, drunken insanity, with an extra hint of douche.

There are many of you reading this article that may be offended by the language and tone, but one day you may look back and ask yourself, "I wonder if there really was a fourth floor to the Knight Library?" Because if you're in a fraternity or a sorority, chances are you're too busy being drunk and self-congratulatory to ever figure that out. That will be your college years: a barely-remembered slew stumble from party to party, pretending to care about whatever charity your sponsoring, and maybe going to class somewhere in there if you're not too hungover.

And some day very far from now when you think about the nasty article you read about your friends and your life style, you might wonder who wrote it--who would dare challenge your delicately balanced lifestyle of drinking, smoking, sniffing, gagging, and eating shit on every curb. Well, let's face it: I am probably your boss.



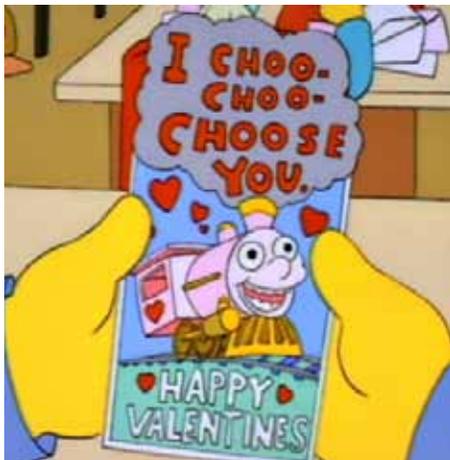
*Chad Brohington is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and says there will be no Christmas bonuses this year.*

# I HATE THE HONORS COLLEGE

DEAR READER,

I have only one request of you if you are reading this article, and that would be that you please don't rat me out to any of my honors-college cronies for the blasphemy that I'm about to spill. They would probably break my kneecaps or something.

I hate the Honors College. Sad but true, good ol' Chapman Hall, a place where I hoped to find like-minded individuals whom I hoped to forge lifelong friendships with, while discussing the perils of our country and the wonders of the universe, has been one big letdown. Fall term last year I went into my very first class, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, excited for the surely wonderful people I would meet. Unfortunately, I was met with a lot of "What dorm do you live in? You don't live in the dorms, ohhhhh..." and sideways glances at the cowboy boots I was proudly rockin'. Friendships were definitely forged, just not



*Should've gone with the old stand-by.*

with me. Honors College: 1, Hailey: 0.

Winter term was better; I utilized my feminine wiles to make friends with some cute, smart boys. I thought things were going smooth, one of the boys always walked with me after class (which means love, obv) so on Valentines Day I bought him a card from the print sale that had some different fonts on the cover and said "You're just my type" on the inside. Clever, cute, and to the point, I thought it was perfect. I was not met with a positive response, and our after-



*Sleep? What are you, a commoner?  
Taha, taha, taha*

class walks promptly came to an end, sadly. Honors College: 2, Hailey: 0.

Spring term was definitely the worst though. I made the mistake of signing up for an 8:30 am Focus on Virginia Woolf class. I can admit that I am not the most punctual, and when I have a class at 8:30 in the morning, I'm almost guaranteed to be a sweaty mess from frantically biking there, trying to be on time, only to show up ten min-

utes late anyway. Surprise, this term wasn't any different. I would regularly trip into the class 5-10 minutes late, red in the face mumbling apologies. I naively assumed that everyone else would be in the same boat as me, but I was so, so wrong--every MWF morning, I was met with the blank stares and muffled whispers of my peers, the assholes. I swear, I never got so much as a smile in that class, and consequently that was the class that almost broke me. Honors College: 3, Fusion: 0.

If you're still reading this sob story, you might be wondering why I stayed in such a corrupt learning environment where I was shamed for my differences. There are two reasons, the first being that I get discounted printing in the honors college. The second being that, as much as I hate the kids from my classes, and the type of person the typical Honors College Student is, I truly love my professors. I told my history professor that I wanted to drop out because I hated the kids so much, and she told me that if I dropped out, I would just be contributing to the stereotype, as a part of the honors college, I was the honors college, and I couldn't let myself feel excluded because I was different from the other students. Honors College: Suck it, Fusion: Wins.

Also, one of my teachers was super-hot and I had a huge crush on him (Professor Augustine, come back from Scotland, I love you...)

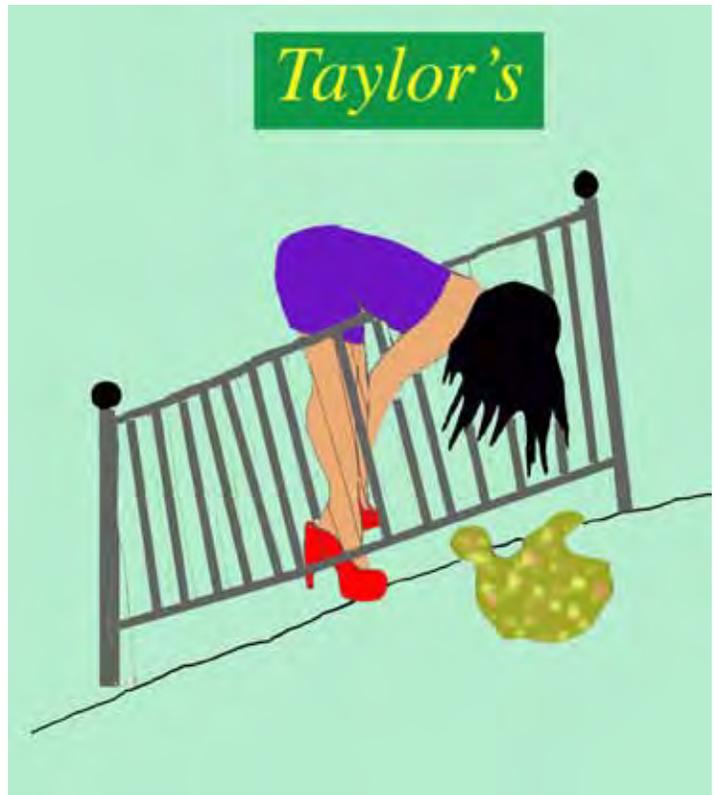


*Chemical Fusion is a distribution manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR and might as well have written her thesis on Charmin Ultra.*

# I Hate Taylor's

Taylor's Bar & Grill. Synonymous with dark, blurry memories. If ever there existed a bar to get the title of "dive-iest dive bar in Eugene," this sticky-floored fortress would win month after month. There are many reasons, but let me tell you the many reasons why I hate this god-awful bar. To beginners, walking in to Taylor's on a Saturday night can be overwhelming. Everybody is eyeing each other and/or grinding like it was a high school dance, the line at the bar is a mile long, and drinks are getting spilled left and right. However, once you get drunk (and thus comfortable, or as comfortable as you can get in this shithole) it becomes more manageable; especially if you employ a little system some of my sorority pals call "the walk-around." You get to Taylor's and check out the bar. How's the line? What bartenders are working? Do they look pissed? If that checks out, proceed to see if there is anyone dancing or just fat girls and creeps. If, by some miracle, you STILL haven't seen enough to deter you, continue walking around back to see if there are any hotties lurking in dark corners waiting to be hit on and get some free drinks. At this point, you really have to want to get completely shit-faced to stay, so belly up to the bar and get a watered-down vodka red-bull and say goodbye to your memory. Talking about drinking too much is usually what happens when you talk about Taylor's. When trying to decide at which bars to imbibe on a given night, one of my friends will usually half-jokingly suggest good ol' Tay's, and the rest of us will say "I'm not drunk enough." Or, if it's that kind of

night, we'll say, "I'm too drunk. Let's go dance." And then there you are, under a spotlight, surrounded by sweaty co-eds, shaking your ass to Flo-Rida. If you are a girl and want to dance at Taylor's, I suggest dancing on the stage. In my experience, that's where the couples get it on so there is much less chance that some dude will get up in your grill on throw off your groove. But if that's what you want, throw yourself into the crowd and prepare to be a magnet for horny drunk dudes. One time I found myself in this position – a few too many drinks, trying to dance it off – when this guy comes up to me and asks for a dance. I obliged and he grabbed my hips and started swaying back and forth. I did my best to stay on beat, but I was barely on the dance floor for one minute before this dude bee-lined to me – not nearly enough time to get my shit together. So I didn't feel that bad when he laughed and said, "You're all over the place!" to which I replied, "Yeah? I'm hammered." Thankfully this guy knows that the cure for too much alcohol is more alcohol, so he offered to buy me a shot. I was quite parched, and



said yes. While we waited in the massive line, we tried to talk, but between the music and alcohol ringing in my ears, it was a lost effort. My thoughts were swimming (and spinning), so I decided to be a responsible drunk and get the fuck outta there. Sorry guy, you will not get this chick drunk enough to go home with you tonight. My advice? Go spend your time at a bar that doesn't come with a feeling of shame in every drink. There are lots of wells around that do not have such a high risk of black out, embarrassing behavior, and questionable ethics. 

*Farrah Thunderbolt is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and eats roofies for breakfast.*

# BAR SPRAWL

THE OTHER  
CAMPUS BARS  
WE HATE



## Max's

First off, when it takes about ten minutes to squeeze your way from the front door to the closest end of the bar, dodging glasses and shoving your way through a sardine can of drunks, the bar's too crowded. I've been accidentally intimate with more people in one night at Max's than during all of Sasquatch, that's how packed that shit is. I want to get in as much as the next person, but when I see how stuffed it is I usually go somewhere else where it doesn't feel like we're trying to break the world record for phone booth stuffing. If you can manage to squeeze your way to a seat, the drinks are good, but good luck holding onto your white Russian while trying to fight the crush.

Also, as an aside, I entirely blame Max's for the slew of drunk frat boys wandering down Ferry on Saturday nights screaming Sweet Caroline. I don't remember hearing Neil Diamond vomiting in the bushes in the middle of the track, is all I'm sayin'.



## The Webfoot

Disclaimer: I have never been inside the Webfoot, Eugene's newest version of a "bar" (or, "Taylor's Version Beta"). My deep-seated hatred comes from hearsay, rumors, and this tidy little story:

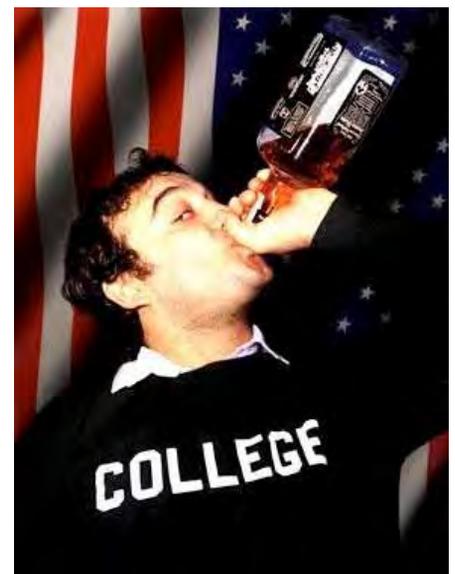
One night, as I dragged my broke ass down 13th, I noticed a group of dudes smoking outside the Webfoot. Being the thieving moocher I am, I asked one if I could bum a cigarette. "You can't bum a cigarette," he retorted, "but you can buy one if you want." I dug into my pocket and produced a quarter. "Naw, that's not gonna buy you a cigarette," he said, smirking as he took another heavenly drag. I looked him square in the face and said "And that's why you go to the Webfoot" before walking off amidst cries of "Come back here, faggot!"

My point being: Webfoot, you shelter cheap assholes. Take your festive barrel tables and symbiotically mold back into Taylor's where you belong.



## Rennie's

...You know what? No. Nobody with half a brain left to kill with liquor hates Rennie's. It's perfect. Go there.



*Rennie's on a Tuesday.*

# FUCK YOUR DREAMS

When people try to tell me about that “awesome dream” they had it makes me want to... how do I put this lightly? Fucking kill myself. I’m not talking about dreams as in future goals, though those probably suck too, I’m talking about the poorly scripted and confusing stories that convene in our brains every night.

Why is it socially acceptable to ramble about a ludicrous series of events that never actually happened and doesn’t directly affect anyone? People tell the details in such excitement, as if I would find what happened in a dream to be spectacular or mind boggling. It’s a fucking dream; literally nothing is within the realm of possibility; why would they try to impress me with meaningless information



*Valid counter-argument, Inception*

Despite what middle school philosophers will tell you, dreams are mostly nothing more than your brain shitting out ideas. Sure, sometimes there’s a symbolic message, but this would happen by coincidence. People

have 6-7 dreams a night, all consisting of random sensations and images. At some point one of those dreams is bound to relate to something in real life. For every dream where you meet an ancestor who gives relevant life advice, there’s another dream consisting of the pope farting on your dentist. You only remember the ones that leave an impression on you, so it’s easy to forget that more often than not dreams are stupid.

Here’s an example, “I was in this barn, except it was on top of a lake, and I was walking around and I saw a giant toad. It was like a toad, but then it turned into a monster and I had to fight it but all of a sudden we became friends and started hopping around together but then I tried to fight it again and I killed it and felt bad. And all the townspeople came after me for killing the toad but I told them that my friend Robert did it; he was there by the way, so they all went after him. So I had to protect him and then we were on top of this big glacier and he thanked me and gave me a rock, but he had somehow turned into my English professor. And it wasn’t a normal rock; it was all silver and magical. And then I woke up.”

To which I reply, “SHUT THE FUCK UP. I HATE YOU SO MUCH. I DON’T CARE, I DON’T CARE, I DON’T CARE, WHY THE FUCK DO YOU THINK I WOULD EVEN BE REMOTELY INTERESTED IN HEARING THIS!?” Or at least that’s what I wish I could say. Dreaming is



*No, Martin, not you, yours was great.*

such a personal subject that it’s easy to offend someone by not showing interest, or strangling them. The personal nature of dreams is another reason people should keep these stories to themselves. There’s no way someone can describe a dream well enough to make me care as much as they do. Every dream is a “you had to be there” story.

What I don’t get is, do the people who constantly share their dreams actually enjoy hearing other people’s? Or do they just want to talk about their own because theirs are the only ones that are “so freaking crazy, dude”?

Good night everyone.



*Childish Mandingo is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and will give any dream-sharers the ol’ left, right, goodnight! If ya know what I mean.*

# I HATE THE

ASU  
STUDENT GOVERNMENT



It's an honor, an obligation, and a privilege to keep OREGON COMMENTATOR tradition by expressing my fervent hatred for the ASUO here in our 2012 Hate Issue. I, who clearly practice rigid self-loathing and asceticism, am the publication's ASUO Correspondent. Every little murmur, whinny, whimper, or hiccup that organization makes—I have to write about it. Why? Because the Commentator was founded in 1983 by students who were concerned with the way the ASUO spent the I-Fee. Twenty-nine years later, we're no longer concerned; we're fucking nauseated.

If the ASUO were simply ineffectual, that would be okay—because I expect that. We're all expecting that. Unfortunately, the ASUO isn't "simply ineffectual." It's actually quite adept at an array of things, especially at functioning in flagrant disregard of its fundamental purpose. Let's take, for example, the way in which the ASUO is absolutely unsurpassed in maintaining both an imagined entitlement to students' money and an insatiable thirst to pursue their own selfish conception of saving the world. This said "entitlement" and "thirst" manifests

itself as a filthy, year-long process in which a handful of "student leaders" roll and flounder over themselves for a pinch of the biggest student government budget in the nation—a budget that's taken from the pockets of every UO student and thrown into the scummy ASUO pond year after year in the form of the ever-increasing I-Fee. The whole thing reminds me of feeding koi fish. It's disgusting. And I fucking hate koi. But what's really quite endearing, and really quite annoying as shit, is that amidst their floundering, this "association of students" continues to convince itself that it's a troupe of martyrs actively working towards poetic, compelling ambiguities like "affordable tuition," "sustainability," "diversity," and "inclusion." I do hate them for this, but it should be known that they cannot be blamed for their confusion. You see, the ASUO plagues its active members with these dreadful egos—egos that swell and balloon to a point where they cause their victims complete and utter disorientation. Because of this ego-complex, active members of the ASUO aren't capable of acknowledging their humble roles in a humble assembly

of students, that functions under the supervision of a public university, that functions under the supervision of a statewide university system, that functions under a state government. It's a wretched thing, that ASUO ego. We keep them in our thoughts and prayers here at the Commentator. We hope that someday they'll find a cure.

A majority of UO students don't know what the ASUO is because the ASUO doesn't represent them like it's supposed to. What's that called again? Oh yeah, democracy. I don't mean to generalize, but let's be real here, the needs and concerns of this majority aren't a fucking mystery. Here's a wild guess at what would accommodate them: more student football tickets—a feasible request, which of course, the ASUO was not able to fulfill this year. Don't worry I know all about their staunch negotiations with the Athletic Department, and all about how they saved students \$48,000 or whatever. I applaud them for that. I'll even break Commentator tradition in admitting that I truly, madly, deeply, appreciate what some students in the ASUO do sometimes. There's no way around the fact that the ASUO is a

group of enthusiastic, generally articulate peers who spend a lot of time doing things that most students will not—and probably cannot—do themselves. The ASUO is also exceptional at advocating for groups and causes that are “underrepresented.” But the merit of their stubborn devotion to the “marginalized” and “underprivileged” diminishes among the basic truth that serving this demographic isn’t even half of their job. Look, I love oligarchy as much as the next gal, but all that the ASUO provides to students by championing these groups and causes is an ultimatum—to join their obnoxious, activist sub-culture, or to remain alienated, patronized and indifferent.

And here it comes again, the concern and the nausea which compels the **COMMENTATOR**—and necessitates the Ol’ Dirty Emerald—to carry out the soul-extinguishing task of relaying all of this bullshit to the masses. No, the ASUO has not been our prolific muse all year for their demonstration of aptitude or virtue or altruism or goodness. They don’t inspire us and we don’t want to write about them. The reason why we cover the ASUO is because somebody’s got to tell students about the demoralizing sleaze they are funding. As we were reminded this year, they aren’t the most transparent or scrupulous bunch around. Which reminds me: the ASUO comes to us when they want something reported, and we oblige them. Other times, when we report something out of our own volition that they may not want to hear, suddenly its “sensationalism” and “bad journalism,” and they’re vocalizing their fervent scorn and resent. To me, this translates into, “Being a group of students who wield the considerable responsibility of allocating over \$13 million student dollars as we please, we disapprove of our fellow students’ ability to monitor and evaluate our allocation and proceedings, and abhor the media outlets

through which they can convey their observations to the student body—because it reveals to students, and to us, our true nature as heartless swine.”

And if for anything at all, I hate the ASUO for that—for their hatred of self-accountability, for their shameless hypocrisy, for their moral deficiency, and for their childish audacity. And that’s just what comes to mind when I think about their interactions with the press! On those interactions alone, I called them heartless swine and I’ll stand by that statement. But finally, let’s take a minute and reflect upon the perpetual and demoralizing “commotion” that has taken place within the ASUO this year. All the 2012 ASUO fuss is beyond loathsome and beyond ample, and as a writer it gives me a lot to draw from. I really could sit here and prove that heartless swine facet all day long, citing the violations of viewpoint neutrality, the laundered money, the campaign infiltrating, the fake websites, the password phishing, the removals due to non-fulfillment, the student body president’s near-removal, and a certain, secret, conflict-of-interest matrimony. But I’m not going to sit here and do that, because that would be too easy. And that’s why I hate the ASUO, because they’re too easy. Because they’re everything I thought they were and worse.



*The Insider is a contributor to **OREGON COMMENTATOR** and is in favor of the death penalty.*

**Are you a baller?**

***Prove it.***

**Join the Oregon Commentator**

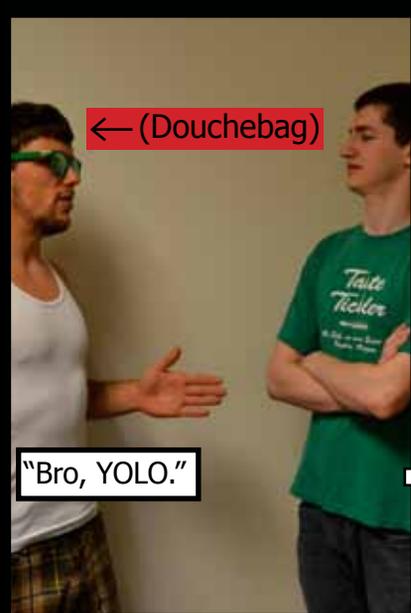


**Looking for artists,  
writers,  
editors, bloggers**

[www.oregoncommentator.com](http://www.oregoncommentator.com)  
[editor@oregoncommentator.com](mailto:editor@oregoncommentator.com)

EMU Suite 319

# 2 second HATES





# An Open Letter to My Friends' Boyfriends

You all suck. Each and every last one of you. I fucking hate you. You suck time, energy, and humor out of my normally vibrant gal-pals. Seemingly “rational” people tend to think that I am overreacting about my level of disdain for my amigos’ significant others, but I must disagree. I fully support pursuing relationships with people you find special enough to do so. I am the first to admit that having romantic relationships in college is a necessary and fulfilling experience as a young adult. However, this type of situation is only beneficial when both partners in the relationship make a conscious effort to not be pseudo-blasé morons (i.e., passive-aggressive little pussies). But don’t get me wrong – I’m quite fond of the boyfriends as individuals; my ladies have done a fine job of choosing kind, caring, supportive young men. But as boyfriends, especially to an outside spectator, you make vomiting sound like an enjoyable pastime. I want to find some dirty gym socks and shove them in your mouths. I admit this is

a very selfish attitude – but the reason for my animosity for these dudes doesn’t really have anything to do with their personalities. We could be great friends one day, but then once you start bangin’ my bestie you turn into a controlling/needy/annoying/uptight prick. I think the shift occurs when men start to think of themselves as a “boyfriend” rather than a peer or mutual friend. I’ve seen it too many times

Let me first say how honored I am that your girlfriends trust me (and anyone around us within earshot) with the mysterious secrets of your bedroom habits and intimate requests. Really. I almost always leave girl talk with more knowledge of porn-worthy tricks (don’t ignore the balls), how to avoid sexual disasters (don’t get blackout drunk), and how to get past that troublesome whiskey dick (go home and rub one out). However, even though my friends’ stories of sexcapades (good and bad) keep me entertained long enough to tolerate you, I still think you are wasting everyone’s time. When you first started

dating my friend, we were all infatuated with you. We were happy because she was happy, and every time you got to a new base it felt like we were there sharing that boner with you, too. It warms my heart to hear stories about how enamored with you my nearest and dearest are, because those fine bitches deserve the best.

So what the fuck are you still doing here? You, with your shitty music, your square frame glasses with no lenses and stanky attitude. I thought for sure you’d be gone after she got tired of sleeping with you after a month, let alone after that time you asked her to propose a threesome with her obese room mate. What kind of hypnosis/voodoo/roofie ritual did you perform to keep her interested in you? I am absolutely perplexed, to say the least. I like to give people the benefit of the doubt, so when you started showing up at all of our parties I thought you might just be getting to know some mutual friends. But my hyper aware 6th sense detects creepy stalkers, and I’m afraid boyfriends trip the radar far too often. When I first started hearing about you, I figured you must have some friends who like to spend time with you so you probably won’t be following us around on a Friday night looking like Gretchen Wieners. You sounded like you mostly had your shit together, so I decided I would give you



*“Sure, sure, you two do the two for \$20 deal, that’s cool . . .”*

a fair chance before judging you too harshly; I assumed you were an “average” University of Oregon student and enjoyed drinking to point of total inhibition when the weekend rolls around. I was partly right: you do have some friends, but they fucking suck more than you do because they don’t have girlfriends to keep them in check. I think you subconsciously realize this, because you start leaving your friends at home more and more, and cling to MY friend tighter and tighter. I don’t blame you, because the chicks in my circle are the finest. However, you seem to forget that I was here first. Yes, you may have a wonderful wiener (which I have heard ALL about), but I have more power, finesse, and status than your silly wiener, which means that you should make some effort to impress me (“me” meaning her circle of friends). You can do this just by being respectful of the fact that, yes, she is an awesome lady, and an attractive one at that, so she has lots of men and women showering her with attention. Don’t talk shit. Don’t keep her to yourself. Don’t get jealous. Deal with them graciously and be proud of the fact that the woman on your arm is a very wanted one.

I hope you don’t take what I say too personally. Before you were “the boyfriend,” I thought very highly of you. You have a lot (or at least a few) good things going for you. I support your artistic endeavors, your highest aspirations, your dreamiest goals. As long as you’re not a racist, homophobe, or woman-hater, I’ll be rooting for you.

Just stay the fuck away from my friends.



*Farrah Thunderbolt is a contributor for the OREGON COMMENTATOR, and don't need no man!*

# I Hate the **COSTCO** Pharmacy

Fuck the Costco pharmacy. Tis the season for allergies, so my lovely Doctor wrote me a prescription for some allergy medication so I could function as a regular human instead of a dripping bag of snot. He called it in to Costco on a Monday. I went in on Tuesday to pick it up, and to do a little grocery shopping. I check in at the pharmacy, and the lady can’t find my prescription. She has no record of it, but after about ten minutes of searching, she finds it. She mumbles something unintelligible about why it isn’t filled, and said it would be done in less than thirty minutes. I finish up my shopping, and go back to the pharmacy thirty-five minutes later. Those bitches don’t have my prescription done! I’m a little pissed, but calm myself. They say no more than fifteen more min-



*I need my meds! Or I get...sneezy.*



*“Your hand is staining my window.”*

utes, and I’m already there so I decide I’ll wait for it. I pack up my car and go back about twenty minutes later. I’m pissed, but ready to be out of Costco, so calm my tits and go back to the pharmacy. That skanky bitch whore they call a pharmacy tech tells me it’s going to be about fifteen more minutes. ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?! How fucking long can it take to put pills in a goddamn bottle? I get pissed, but I realize it isn’t that dumb bitch’s fault that Costco Pharmacy sucks dick. I immediately leave without even saying anything, and I have to fucking drive all the way back out the next day to pick up. Those fuckers in the Costco pharmacy can suck a fat one.



*Jack Koff is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and wants to be Claritin-clear.*

# Ode to the ODE

Every morning, before I make my daily mad dash for the Emx to School, I grab a copy of the Oregon Daily Emerald. I find that the mindless dribble of the Emerald serves as a fantastic punching bag for my early morning cynicism. Page 1: Some story I don't care about. Page 2: What's on the internet? Pages 3-9: Sports. Then, the most therapeutic part of all, I get to crumble the whole thing up and throw it in the recycle bin.



*Isn't it beautiful?*

The front page of the Emerald is a crapshoot. Sometimes you'll get a legitimate piece of investigative journalism (like the recent ASUO scandal,) but, more often than not, you'll get an article about Facebook memes, or Disney princesses, or even an article about a more successful article that was published in an actually interesting paper. The bad articles are my favorite! So, I guess I'm fortunate that they publish so many.

Unfortunately, the Emerald no longer produces their satirical section of the paper, the Shallot (a not so clever pun referring to the Onion.) This was probably the worst good decision they've ever made. I personally found the Shallot to be a guaranteed

source of vicious pleasure. It was like some asshole trying to tell you a very dull joke in a very dry way. And I'm sure that if anyone has ever laughed whilst reading the Shallot it was at the article itself, not with it.

One painfully obvious fault (football) that the Daily Emerald suffers from (football) is the disproportionate amount of attention that one particular sport receives (football, football, football!) Yes, football certainly seems to be on the mind of the Ole dirty, and little else. Don't get me wrong, I'm the same as the rest of you brain dead football fans. I watch every game through an alcohol induced haze, and every time we score I jump up and celebrate as if I had anything to do with it. As hopeless as I am, even I don't find it necessary to read three articles about the same fucking game, or practice, or drug charge.



*No, Ralphie, just eat it.*

Occasionally, the Emerald has the ability to screw people's lives through a single photo. For example, on March 7, 2012, the Ol' Dirty published a story covering an intramural basketball scuffle. The story was printed on the front page and accompanied by a photo

of one of the players, Amin Tufa, being dragged away by three DPS officers. What made matters worse is that the picture was placed right beside an article about three convicted criminals in the west Eugene area.

After a brief encounter with Amin Tufa, it became clear that the Daily Emerald had blown the whole thing out of proportion. The truth is that the scuffle was due to a hard foul and was quickly resolved between the players. Then, just as both teams had begun to disperse, in came the DPS along with a most opportunistic photographer by the name of Michael Ciaglo. The resulting snapshot was taken during a brief moment of confrontation.

Both the legality of the DPS officers' actions and the ethics of the Oregon Daily Emerald have come under fire. It would be one thing if this were just another case of lazy reporting, but the suggestive juxtaposition of Tufa's photo and Eugene's most hardened criminals exhibits the golden rule of the Ol' Dirty- when you don't have a story, make one up.

And thus concludes my ode to the ODE; the only paper that provides you with news that isn't news, criminals who aren't criminals, and a feeling of having read nothing after having read something.

Crumble, crumble, toss.



*The Six-Million Peco Man is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR, and is ready to make awkward eye contact with the Emerald distributors.*



If there is one thing all my friends can vouch for, it's that I hate pussies, and will never get one. Cats are the most overrated things on the Internet since the "Chocolate Rain" guy (Yeah I fucking said it). I don't get what's so special about these fuckers! I can do anything a cat can do 3000 times better. I'll make keyboard cat look like Michael J. Fox on the piano. You think "Cat Plays With Ball Of Yarn" is entertaining? Wait till you see the shit I can do with a ball of yarn. The only thing a cat can do that I can't is get on the cover of Cat Fancy Magazine, and while this may haunt my every dream, I will still find peace in knowing that no cat will ever get into college as anything more than a dissectible corpse. Cats get hit by cars all the time, I avoid them with ease. My Johnson (and by Johnson I mean private part) is at least an inch bigger than the average cat's. There is simply no comparison, I am better than a cat, yet recent studies show that people Google "Hairless Pussy" way more than they Google "Brandt Hamilton"! This is a fucking outrage. A hairless cat is by far the worst kind, yet it gets Googled exponentially more than I do! Furthermore, fuck the whole cat person vs. dog person debate. I'd rather be dead as a dog than alive as a stupid fucking cat. I can play fetch with a dog, hunt with a dog, and piss on fire hydrants with a dog. What can I do with a cat! If I wanted to be around something that ignored me, constantly spits, and shits in a box, I'd still be with my ex girlfriend. Fuck cats, right in their stupid fucking dumb cat mouth. Which is all cute with it's whiskers... HAHA how funny is it when they purr? Cats are so silly. Wait on second thought they're cool with me. Yeah cats are alright.



*Puddin' Taint is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and likes his pussy like he likes his coffee: wet and hairless.*

I am fully ready for the ostracization that will occur as a result of this article, but I don't give two shits because I stand behind what I'm about to say 100 percent. I hate dogs. I hate everything about dogs, and I know that a lot of people are thinking, "oh she wouldn't hate my dog," or "maybe she just hasn't met the right dog yet." You're wrong. I would hate your dog, and I've met too many dogs, definitely enough to say that I hate every dog, and there is no right dog. From the very first second spent with a dog, when they come bounding up to you, only to fixate on smelling your vagina (what? What do you think is up there? Drugs?), to them biting the shit out of your arm just to try and get some of your pudding cup (true story, don't want to talk about it), to the pleasant surprises you still find after the dog is gone, like shit everywhere, dog hair all over your clothes, and the stench of saliva and fur, dogs are awful in every single aspect.

I know a lot of people love dogs because of the companionship aspect, and how loyal and loving they are. Without addressing how perverse that is, let me just say that if you find your perfect companion in a dog, you might have bigger, unresolved issues to work on. Why would you need a dog? To cuddle at night? That's what body pillows and electric blankets are for. To attract potential lovers? Who wants a relationship based on a dog anyway? Because they're good friends? Go on chat roulette for fucks sake. There is nothing a dog can do for you that you can't do for yourself, case closed.



*Rufus McBitch is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and gives a shout out to all non-canine bipedal bitches everywhere.*



# going bychotic

## WHY I HATE HATERS OF CYCLISTS

I live in Eugene and, being the fantastically ironic, post-modern, underground, unavoidable, self-denied, hipster, I love my bike. I love the shit out of my bike; I would cuddle it in my bed every night if I wasn't afraid of the talons on it's fenders and if I wasn't too lazy to hike it up my narrow staircase into my boudoir.

Because of the intimate relationship my bike and I share, I get very upset when people try to meddle in my bike's life. Like an overprotective (but cute, right?) boyfriend, I want to punch every mother-fucker in the face who gets in the way of my glorious bicycle. You might say "This bitch is cray," or "This bitch isn't talking to me," or "What, people ride bikes in Eugene? I didn't see them past my stupid sunglasses while I was driving my stupid car." I only have one response to

### 1. The people who walk in the bike lane.

What the fucking hell is going through your head, when you can see a perfectly good sidewalk NOT ONE FOOT AWAY but choose to walk in the part of the road that is specifically designated for bikers? Were you dropped on your head? Do you have a death wish? Is this a desperate cry for help? Because if it is, you are severely misguided, and I'm going to run your ass over and not even care.

### 2. People who walk in front of bikers.

This one is to almost everyone who has walked on 13th through campus, ever. What gives you the fucking right to think that just because you have legs you can walk them across the god damn street whenever you want?? I am being so serious right now; the amount

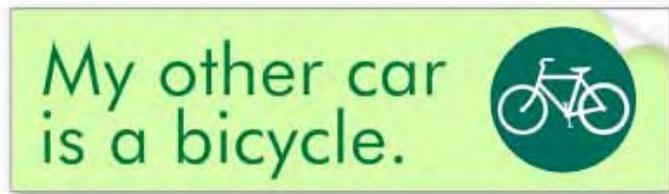
of people who have walked right in front of me when I am just trying to get to class and there is a mother fucking sidewalk for mother fucking pedestrians

right there is insane. And all of you assholes think that if you don't make eye contact with me it doesn't matter? How about I try that tactic? How about if I don't make eye contact with you, then it doesn't matter if I hit you? How's that for logic? Tell you what, since all of you damn pedestrians love walking in the middle of the road, I'll

make a deal. Us bikers will take the sidewalks, and you can have the road. That makes sense, right? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

### 3. People who park in the bike lane.

This is a real thing. This really happens. The other day I was biking down 13th for Christ's sake, and I encountered THREE CARS PARKED IN THE BIKE LANE. The first was a load of large ladies pulled over into the bike lane to let one of their comrades out of the car. Because of their massive girth, and perhaps because they are assholes in general, it was taking a rather long time. I decided that instead of giving in to the man and biking around them, I would do a stare down with the driver until they moved, and I was blissfully successful, but understandably peeved. I didn't make it ten feet, when I reached another car parked all askew in the bike lane waiting to get into one of those whack parking spots on 13th. This one I can write off as not their fault, and nbd because they moved pretty fast. It was the third car parked in the bike lane that really pissed me off. This car was fully parked, right in front of Starbucks, just sitting there. The driver was in the car, so I tried my previous stare-down tactic, which yielded unsuccessful. I decided to hope for their pity, as to risk biking through a million cars coming the other way would almost surely end in death, or even worse, a dent in my bike. But alas, nada. If the gentleman in the drivers seat wasn't Asian, I prob-



*It doesn't have to make sense, I'm on my fucking bike.*

that, and that would be that I am talking to you, I'm talking to every single one of you. From the amount of near-disastrous and potentially-fatal-to-my-bike incidents I've witnessed this year, I can only assume that every single resident in Eugene is a huge douche. Let me break this up into some subcategories of hate for ya'll.

ably would've tried to fight him, but I didn't for fear of appearing racist or getting into a fatal Kung Fu fight.

#### 4. Drivers who treat bikers like lesser beings.

Obviously, I'm a big fan of talking about myself, so let me tell you about yet another injustice my sweet bike and I have faced. Today I was biking through downtown, the land of the stop signs. I understand, as a person who recently acquired a driver's license (!) that road signs are there for a reason, and that reason to be obeyed. I can respect that, especially since I am but a vulnerable lady on a bike, unprotected by sheets of metal. Today, I stopped at a stop sign, waited for the car that was before me to go, waited some more, and then went at what was MY TURN. But a Prius, full of yuppie-hippie-grown up-scum decided that I was invisible (because I was on a bike?) and it was their turn, WHICH ALMOST RESULTED IN MY DEATH. This one got me really fired up, so I yelled "Fuuuuuuuuckk yoooouuuuuu!" and almost went after them, but I was sweating a lot and just wanted to go home and cry about how unfair life was for me and my bike. But, man in that Prius, if I ever see you again and I am less sweaty, you better believe that I will be trying to thrown down.

Clearly, this covers a lot of people, so just to be safe, if I'm riding my bike you can assume that I hate you.



Alright, it's time to get something straight. I am not a hipster. I simply don't buy into the status quo. I dress the way I dress to be different. I'd say my style reflects my rebellious nature. No, these jeans aren't acid-washed. Yes, they are covered with band patches. Yes, you've never heard of them, bitches.

You, the complacent masses out there talking shit are the "hipsters." You are the ones who are "hip" going to big corporations for your clothing and styles. Fuck you, you mainstream bitches. You all look the same with your fully intact jeans and UO hoodies. I understand that not everybody has ample time after they've had their toaster waffles and fair trade coffee in the morning to make sure that their hair is elegantly disheveled, their socks don't match and their tops and bottoms fit their bodies disproportionately.

And yet you all act like you're so fucking great. I don't care so much about how uncool and homogeneously you dress. It's more about the fucking attitude. You think you're so hot with your nonrestrictive pants. And some of you are such assholes about it, walking around with your chest out and your chin up-- I would have good posture too if I had bought some supportive new shoes with the money I spent on these smelly moccasins, but then I would look just like your sorry asses. What's the point of wearing a t-shirt with little to nothing on it? White socks, no stripes? You might as well throw your money away. If I am going to spend money on a piece of clothing, it had better put me at the center of attention in any social situation.

It doesn't surprise me much, I suppose. I'm sorry that you simply don't have the knack for matching contrasting colors, and that would piss me off too. However, I don't understand your failure to acknowledge the enchanting irony of non-prescription glasses (despite the obvious acceptability of the new millennium; frames need not be 15 years old anymore! Just pop the lenses out!).

And what's the deal with chicks not digging the mustache? I just like to trim it with scissors instead of using wasteful razors. I keep it long enough for it to be visible, but short enough to only tickle a little and not get Carl's Jr. ketchup stuck in it. It's also very convenient in mopping up spilled PBR, and who hasn't been in that boat?

Wait, you haven't?

Jesus fucking Christ.



*Chemical Fusion is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and if charged with vehicular homicide, don't mention this article.*



*Noah Boehnke-Cabot is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR but only to be ironic.*

*To Those Wearing Workout Clothes and/or Sweatpants to Class:*

## YOU LOOK LIKE TRASH AND I AM GOING TO TAKE A DUMP ON YOUR FUCKING FACE

A Cry for Human Decency  
by Katherine Chalmers III

You remember the '50s? I don't either, but dammit, people were sophisticated as fuck back then. You got your hats, your nice long trench coats, and loafers! Fucking loafers, for fuck's sake!



*Girl rolled out of bed looking like that.*

Today it seems like it's all that girl in your writing class can do to pull on a Northface jacket, sweatpants with "DUCKS GOOOO DUCK-KKSSSSSSSSSS" written on them, and some worn-out Ugg (Ugh! Get it? Wordplay!) boots. What I'm saying is, if I see anyone wear sweatpants out of the house ever again, I will murder them.

I'm all for being comfortable, don't get me wrong. The minute I get out of classes and I'm back in the comfort of my own home, the ol' belt comes off, the slippers come on, and you'd be hard-pressed to get me back into anything that isn't a robe covered in food stains. Yet, dear readers, this is in the confines of my own home. No one sees me as the true mess that I am, with chip crumbs slowly collecting in my sports bra, and grease stains that look like lil' burrito angel kisses dotting my comically large nightshirt.

And as God is my witness, no one ever will see me like that! Except my boyfriend. And my parents. And my roommate. And most of my close friends. Look, the point is, I'm classy as fuck when I go to class. I have androgynous chic down to a T: shoes so masculine my brother once thought that I had stolen them from Joe's while I was helping him pick out hiking boots, sweaters from Goodwill that were most certainly owned by men for decades, and of course men's high socks, because, fuck you, my feet get cold.

What I'm saying is, I'm beautiful and stylish and everyone should love me. When I'm sitting in class looking so damn good, how could anyone else even think about wearing sweatpants or workout clothes? I mean, I'm suuuuuure you're going to the rec center later to work out. Definitely. That's definitely happening. Especially when you wear workout clothes every day. You must be so motivated. Jealous!!!

But seriously, what the fuck you guys?! I can guarantee that these workout clothes are for show. Nobody works out every single day. Nobody. I mean, unless you're like, concerned about your appearance or something, which is so 16-year-old me. What a bitch, right?! Anyway, the only logical conclusion is that these workout clothes are all a big, sweaty façade. These people are getting up in the morning and putting on workout clothes with no intention to actually work out later. I know that I'm covered in chip crumbs right now so I can't really talk, but that's fucking sad. Is this a status symbol? A signal to potential mates that sometimes you go to the gym, or at least have the proper clothes to do so?



*Those clothes are made of polyester and lies.*

I don't understand it. And like most things I don't understand, I automatically hate and fear it.

People of Eugene, you don't have to look like a lazy asshole who just rolled out of bed, or yeah yeah yeah if you're super fit and WHATEVER, you don't have to look like you just robbed a Nike store mannequin! And then promptly fell in love with her because she became Kim Cattrall and you're starring opposite her in the film Mannequin! You can wear clothes! Real clothes! Things like jeans, and sweatshirts, and god, shoes that aren't meant for running! You know how fucking stupid you look in those shoes, right? Because seriously, I just...I can't even explain it. If I've offended anyone's fashion sensibilities, well, I'm NOT sorry and lick my dick, because if you wear sweatpants outside the house you're probably a fucking moron.

In conclusion, I hate all of you.



*Katherine Chambers III is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and don't tell me to calm down! I am calm, fuck you!*

# FUCK CARLOS MENCIA

Carlos Mencia. The mere utterance of the name makes my Mexican parts shutter. About a month and a half ago, Mencia performed at the McDonald Theater in front of what I assume to be an illiterate and tasteless crowd of the moron trade.

In March 2005, Comedy Central decided to raise the bar of stupidity that had been established by the Blue Collar Comedy Tour. After the abrupt and tragic departure of Dave Chappelle, the suits at Comedy Central decided to give little known comedian Carlos Mencia a chance at regaining some of that Minority viewership. His opening joke even consisted of two mariachis singing his theme song, a parody of Chappelle's famous opener with the two blues singers. Then, Mencia hit the ground running, and kept running until he smacked face first into a wall. In 2008, his terrible show was cancelled.

Although Mencia's show was only briefly on the air, the 'comedian' was able to accumulate a number of accusations involving plagiarism from many different comedian. However, it's not the plagiarism that bothers me, but the re-hashed, unimaginative ethnic jokes that he uses as a crutch. Here's the formula that becomes painfully obvious after hearing only a few of his jokes.

Other Comedian's Joke + Horrific Mexican Accent +	Border Crossing Burritos Tequila Being Poor Mowing Lawns Or "Dee-da-dee"	= 15 minutes of fame
---	---	----------------------

Mencia frequently defends his racial humor by claiming that his comedy makes fun of everybody, and therefore is justifiable. There have been many successful comedy writers that believe in this general theory of comedic universality. Trey Parker and Matt Stone, Seth MacFarlane, and Dave Chappelle are but a few of these comedians. However, unlike Carlos Mencia, these comedians use intelligence alongside humor to shed light on some larger social criticism.

I guess my biggest problem with Carlos Mencia is not that he is making racists more racist, but that he is making stupid people more stupid. In the end, I'm not sure if I am truly able to express how much I despise this fat sack of shit, so I will conclude with a phrase created by a truly great comedian.

"Fuck (Carlos Mencia)! Fuck him in the ass with a big rubber dick! Then break it off and beat him with it!"

- George Carlin.



*The Six-Million Peco Man is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and can't you tell he's loco?*



When I was mailed my roommates contact information, I immediately Facebook stalked him, as our generation has a tendency to do (You all probably did the exact same thing). He seemed chill, didn't have a ton of stuff on there, but he did have a pretty cool picture of himself. In all his pictures, this dude looked huge, with a crazy man-beard. MINDFUCK! My roommate ended up being a scrawny little hairy man. And by hairy, I mean "dude, take that sweater off" kind of hairy. Being hairy is totally fine with me, but cover it up. My roommate didn't wear a shirt about ninety percent of the time. And let me tell you, I got tired of seeing them nasty little man nips.

He also had a tendency to go out and have "fun", coming back in a state of severe inebriation. Multiple times he would come home, usually around 3 AM, turn on the lights, wake me up and start playing that damn guitar. As if I didn't hate his obnoxious Grateful Dead riffs enough in the daylight. I would get up, take his guitar and make him go to bed. It was usually a pretty big ordeal, so eventually I took to hiding his guitar while he was out, so he couldn't be a dick when he got home. Even without the guitar, he would usu-

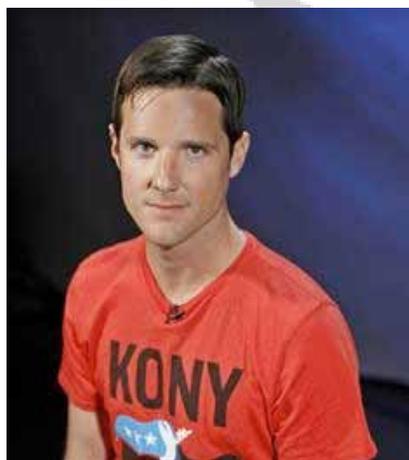
## ROOMMATE

ally come in, turn on the lights and make a general ruckus. I remember one specific time, I had to be awake at the ungodly hour of 3:30 in the morning. He came in around 2, and woke me up, saying he wanted to chat. I was grumpy, obviously, and told him to shut it and go to sleep. When I got up that morning, I decided to repay the favor and slapped my lovely roommate on the chest. Much to my dismay, he hardly stirred. My roommate didn't give one shit about anyone else who happened to be present around his measly existence.

I broke my leg, and couldn't walk for two months. Any decent human being would not consider it a huge deal to help an injured person, but not my roommate. He always acted like I was such a burden. Some late nights, my hands got really dry so I needed my lotion off of my desk, which I couldn't reach without getting up. So I asked my roomie to grab it for me. He ignored me, plugged in his headphones and started blasting his Grateful

Dead. I tried to not be a huge burden, but I did expect him to be more helpful than he was. He was just a huge dick about the whole situation. Sorry my temporary handicap was so inconvenient, asshole! Another thing I really hate about my roommate is this annoying ass noise he would do. It actually sounded like he was raping a monkey. And he would dance all around like he was king of the goddamn gorillas. I mean, he was hairy as one, and had about equal social skills. Maybe he's a few steps closer to our monkey ancestors than the rest of us.

He would ask me questions non-stop. It was like he was a kindergartner on his first day of school and I was his mother. "What classes fulfill the Arts and Letters requirement? When do we register? How many points do I have left? How do I mail a letter?" JESUS CHRIST, LEARN SOME COMMON SENSE! Overall I got screwed in the roommate department. I hate that son of a bitch.



Yes, lotion. For my, "hands."



*Ty-Ty Christian is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and actually kind of misses those nasty little man nips.*

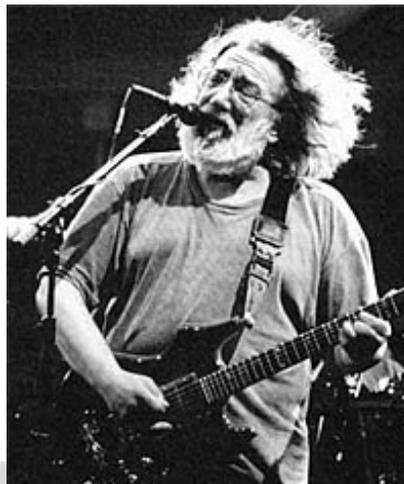
# ROOMHATE

When I scavenged the Facebook of my roommate in the Summer before freshman year, I thought, well, this guy looks 'bout like your average white male with long hair from southern Oregon. Sure maybe he has a odd amount of senior pictures up for a guy, but who cares- we all know Facebook shows who someone wants to be, not who they actually are. He'll probably be great, I ponder to myself as I watch the Mariners lose yet another game, who would also probably be great soon. I soon discovered that the chances of this guy being a great roommate were about as good as a female winning the Republican presidential nomination.

My initial hatred for my compartment companion began with a common annoyance-Skyping a long distant significant other. I'm pretty easy going, but who could but become annoyed at conversations about how big or weird your bowel productions have been recently. Get a fucking room right- Oh wait... This was just the tip of the shitty roommate iceberg.

Anyone can talk shit about their roommates- it's not hard to pick out annoying habits of someone when you live with them- but at least those roommates were functional bipeds. My roommate broke his leg by running across a row of porta-potties, winning a five dollar bet (still haven't decided if I hate or love that). Regardless, having a crippled roommate is like carrying around a backpack with 30 pounds of rock in it all day. Everything just becomes worse. Even worse, it is physically impossible for the crippled to en-

joy their "special time" quietly. "Hey man-ssht hey bro could you grab me that lotion? Can't quite reach it." The unjust friction of plaster rustling amongst linen commences. "I'll give you a raging clue (points to the left)- never mind bro, [clink clink clink] I got it" I turn my headphones up to the longest beguiling Grateful Dead



*I bet Jerry would be a great roommate.*

jam known to man, aiming to take my mind into some swanky dimension far, far away. Even Jerry's electric fingers and celestial improvisations could not save me from that long strange night. He later assures me his hands were just a bit dry.

I don't mind if someone is better than me at something, but I hate it when someone always tries to be better. During any polite conversation, my roommate always had to taint it with his stain of pompousness. Everyone asks questions they know the answer to to create conversation, but only a true dick responds to them seriously. I'd mutter to him fairly ordinary



questions, about Gen Ed requirements, our mailing system, or other stupid little shit I didn't feel like keeping track of (all of which seemed to be ingrained in his D.N.A.), he would respond in a really pissy, arrogant fashion, if at all.

When he slept, seldom did I not debate with myself about slicing off his golden long hair with my pair of rusty scissors. The reaction would have been epic, but the retaliation could have been pretty bad. He would have had an absolute conniption, but it would have been detrimental in the long run. (Note to current roommates: do not seek revenge in visible ways, they have 100% access to your shit). Instead, as justice, I spackled my pubes over his pillow every day for 3 weeks. I don't think he ever found out, but I don't feel bad, he probably did worse shit to me. Essentially my roommate was, as they say- a classic case of a smart man shitting in his own nest- but that nest also happened to be my nest, which is why I have a big ol' heart full of hate for that fucker. And he snored like an obese pig.



*Benji Lewis is a contributor to the OREGON COMMENTATOR and still hasn't figured out what the goddamn Gen Ed requirements are.*

## 2 Minute ~~to~~

### TIME AFTER TIME

People who state the word "time" after stating a measure of time are pompous douches. "He finished the race in 18 minutes 22 seconds time." Oh really? 18 minutes 22 seconds time? I thought you meant fucking cupcakes!



### BAD WALKERS

I hate people who go against the rightful order and flow of pedestrian traffic. 72% of people live in countries that carry traffic on the right side. Psst, let me tell you a secret: America is fucking included! This is not a big deal when there are little to no people on the sidewalk, but when things get busy out there, order must reign. I nearly go insane when someone walks around a corner on the University of Oregon campus, assuming they are the only fucking person there. Then, they act surprised and inconvenienced when obligated to take that extra, formerly procrastinated step. Yeah, first-world problems, you fucking douche, step the fuck over. What I hate the most is people walking in twos or threes with complete disregard for fellow pedestrians. There's no problem with walking alongside your friend, but don't make others dodge your oblivious ass. It's unacceptable and I hate it. What I don't hate is having to shoulder-check someone to teach them a lesson.

### MY PENIS

My grandmother once told me that 'When a man unzips his pants, his brains fall out.' That statement remains as true now as it was then. My dick has brought me nothing but trouble. From raging boners at all hours during Middle School, to friction burn in High School, to a urethral swabs in College. My penis and I are in an abusive relationship. No matter how much it treats me like shit, I keep crawling back for more.

### METH HEADS

Thanks to you fuckbrains, now when I wake up feeling like a leprechaun has crawled inside my ear and is frantically trying to claw its way out through my forehead, I can't just stagger down to Safeway and snag me a box of sweet, sweet Sudafed. No, because you fuckers refuse to smoke weed like the rest of us and ruined a bunch of perfectly good basements, I now have to drop trou and slap down my copay to get a perscription for my much-needed pain relief. If this shit weren't so precious I'd jam it down your fast-decomposing throat, you piece of human garbage.

## UNIVERSITY PAYROLL

I've put up with your guys' bullshit for too long. I didn't complain when I found out I couldn't get paid for a month after submitting my timesheet. I didn't complain when you guys lost my timesheet because someone quit and couldn't be bothered to pass off her work. I didn't even bat an eye when I had to return an \$800 paycheck after I was grossly overpaid (you'd think you have the balls to tell me you can't pay me what I was owed because if the overpayment happened in December and all my profits have been given to Uncle Sam and you can't be bothered to take care of it yourself? Thanks for the letter to send to the IRS you lazy fuckin eye pricks!

## SICKNESS DOUBLE-TAPS

Are you fucking kidding me?  
I just fucking HAD a cold and  
now I have the fucking flu?  
Son of a bitch!

## FIRE ESCAPES

Fire Escapes are a treacherous consequence of pre-emptively providing a safe route out of a real hypothetical fire. Fire escapes tend to be more of an entrance for danger rather than an exit from trouble. How many opening scenes on Law and Order S.V.U. are a dramatic screen-shot slowly moving away from a blurry D.N.A. stained fire escape then focus in some combination of crusted blood, urine, discharge, hair and semen? More than I would hope. These metal drapings on buildings are both physically ugly and encouraging of sinful shit. Many more rapists and robbers have entered them then fire victims exited through them (still looking for research on that...).

Fire escapes provide a convenient means of outside-ness which overall encourages smoking. Smokers are pretty damn lazy usually. Smoking causes cancer and thus fire escapes increase cancer.

Fuck a fire escape.

## ANARCHISTS

You. Yes, you in the skinny jeans and Hot Topic jacket, spraypainting the anarchy A on the side of a house and circle-jerking with your buddies about how rebellious you are.

You will be the first course when Road Warrior apocalyptic anarchy breaks out. Enjoy that.

## STRAIGHT-EDGE KIDS

These pretentious assholes don't drink, do drugs, smoke, or have promiscuous sex... and they want to make sure everyone knows it. In essence, they're a cross between mormon's and emo kids. Stop acting like you're better than everyone else because you draw a fucking X on your hand. No one ever got hurt from a few drugs, I think.

## LINE-CUTTERS

I have been standing in this line for four god-damn hours to get this shitty Xeroxed picture autographed. If you put one dumbass heeled toe in line ahead of me I swear to God I'm going to pop your head off like it's a champagne cork. Fight me and the seething mob behind me, bitch.

## ARROGANT DRUGGIES

The inverse of the straight-edged kids, and just as fucking bad. No, I've never snorted coke out of the asscrack of an Algerian hooker while a Filipino boy-servant poured absinthe down my throat and Hee-Haw played in the background. Quite frankly, the fact that you have speaks to why you're an unemployed bum living in a basement trying to block out the sun cuz of your sick hangover, brah. How about you do me a favor: you don't snicker at me about how I've never done ten hits of molly at once, and I won't laugh about the fact that you haven't paid rent in five months and have no future. Ass.

## HATING ON THE BIEBS

We get it, you don't like Justin Bieber. Neither do I, so I don't listen to his music, and he doesn't bother me that much. Sometimes my friends will say, "Aw dude, he's so gay, just listen to this song he put out!" To which I reply, "No. Can we just like talk about something else?" I don't see why so many people get worked up over this 16 year old kid. He's obviously not being marketed towards your demographic, he sucks, so why pay attention? Why would you let him bother you? LEAVE JUSTIN BIEBER ALONE!!!

## FUCKING CONSTELLATIONS

No, I don't see a fucking tiger, or a warrior, or a whatever in the billions of dots in the sky. I can see the big dipper sometimes, that's about it. And I hate how sometimes people will try to point you to certain stars, not realizing that it's not helpful AT ALL. Fuck the sky n' shit.

## PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS WALK WITH EARBUDS

If you're constantly plugged in to your ipod it does not make you somehow a more musical or cultured person. It makes you less aware when you're walking around, less inclined to say hello if someone you know waves at you, and more likely to get hit by a car, which wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. Unplug yourself, listen to your fucking surroundings. Whatever shit Drake's talking about nowadays can wait.

## CALLING ATTENTION TO MY ALCOHOLISM

Sometimes when I'm drunk people will say, "Oh my gosh, you're so drunk!" And then I'm brought back to reality, realizing that I'm not naturally like this (fun and happy). It's something that doesn't need to be said, because either 1) I know I'm really drunk or 2) I've forgotten I'm really drunk and just think things in my life are going really well. Does that make me sound like an alcoholic? Fuck it, I don't care, I'm drunk.

## SELF OBJECTIFICATION

I hate cell phone mirror-portraits and "duck lips." To women and girls of all ages: if you dislike being objectified, cease pursing your lips and sticking out your tits in 90% of the photos on your publicly available Facebook profile. It's things like this that perpetuate the use of the term "Dumb bitch."

## MOVIE BULLSHIT

When I point out a discrepancy in a movie and some genius says, "Dude, it's a movie." YES I KNOW THAT. I KNOW THAT IT IS A MOVIE. Just because I've complained that something inaccurate has happened doesn't mean I forgot what we are fucking doing, I still know that it's a movie, I've just noticed something wrong so I'm voicing my observation. Gahd.

## PACKAGING

I hate when I spend a buck or two on a bag of chips and it's only a third full of chips. Why am I paying for a product that's pretty close to being a fucking bag of air? Or when the meal on the box looks delicious, but when you finally get it home it turns out to be a plethora of dog turds. Or when you order a drink and it comes with more ice than anything else. Fuck you, world.

## THE VOLCANOLOGY BUILDING

Seriously who gives a fuck about volcanoes? Can anyone remember a time where we needed to know something about volcanoes? I can't. But there's an entire building dedicated to learning about oversized flaming assholes (shout out to Andy Dick). Not only is this building pointless-it's misleading. Upon first glance, one would believe that the building was used for the study of the Vulcan (Spock's alien heritage). If you're a volcanology major and are offended by this, go fuck yourself. Bitch.

## Horses

We have cars now, faggots. Horses are the most outdated pieces of shit there are. Really though, pieces of shit. They smell. The only thing horses are good for now is fucking the brains out of questionably aged women. And man do they do it well. I would like to take this time to acknowledge our latest sponsor "bigblackstallions.com" They give the term sea biscuit a whole new meaning.

## SURPRISE JEFFERIES

A Jeffery is a blunt that contains marijuana, and any combination of cocaine, angel dust, meth, codeine, or any other illicit substance. If you smoke a blunt and wonder why your heart is bruising the inside of your ribcage, you may have just smoked one. Don't panic, take deep breaths, and remain calm. Look to the person who passed you that shit without informing you what was in it. Most likely he is a frat boy piece of shit. Beat him the fuck up. Warning: In the event that the person who passed it to you is a member of a bike gang, do not attempt to fight. Rather, question why you took drugs from him in the first place.

PEOPLE WHO DON'T HATE THINGS  
I hate people who don't hate things.

## SELF-IMPORTANT ASSHOLES

Yeah, okay, sure. You are infinitely better at the task I'm trying to accomplish than I am, and you want everyone, your grandmother and God to know that. Good for you. But you know, you hanging over my shoulder, telling me how YOU would do X or how I'm doing Y all wrong or how God, everything would be so much better if you were doing Z (also my face killed Santa Claus, and I'm adopted) really isn't getting across the message of grandeur you think it is. All it makes me want to do it punch you in your giant flapping gob. Nevermind the fact that you couldn't do the goddamn job if you were actually asked to, and everything you do is shit-no, NOW you're the messiah of task Q and woe upon me if I do anything differently. The thing you don't seem to get is I DON'T GIVE HALF A SHIT. If anybody, ANYBODY gave a shit about your opinion, we would've asked you for it. Since nobody did, would you kindly fuck off and take your unjustified self-importance with you? You're getting it all over the carpet.

## Fire Fighters

Okay hear me out, firefighters are very useful. They save a lot of innocent people. However, they are a little too helpful for my taste, as they save a lot of really stupid people. They're getting in the way of natural selection. We don't need no water, let the motherfucker burn!

## WHINERS

There's nothing worse than a bunch of pretentious assholes complaining about remedial things in life. Oh you don't like the Volcanology building? Fuck you, don't go in it then. People that bitch about the little things in life are bitches. Wait...

# SPEW...

## ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS

"The only tangible conclusion to draw from this outcome is that students at this university have an unbreakable affinity towards brightly colored t-shirts emblazoned with simple statements in bold sans-serif..."

*Parker Mullins of the Oregon Voice ("Dear Ginger Beard," May 2012), late to the party--as in, after the the cops have been called, the lights are out, and everyone still around is passed out in a puddle of PBR. (He also apparently showed up high; there's a little too much molly in your system if you think this concept is "tangible.")*



## ON LIVING LA VIDA LOCA



"Shout out to all the people rockin' sombreros to parties tonight, making a mockery of the day you believe is "Mexican Independence Day." Your cultural appropriation and insensitivity will be rewarded with lots of tequila."

*Tyree Harris (Facebook, 4/4/12) on the colors of Cinco de Mayo. We blame Carlos Mencia.*

## ON HIERARCHY

"One would not order a society based on inequality, because one may enter that society from a disadvantageous position. The notion of hierarchy itself should elicit a strong distaste from any person who does not want to be disadvantaged in life."

*Cims Gillespie in the Student Insurgent, speaking in defense of nature, firmly establishing that the terms "food chain" and "pecking order" mean nothing to him ("Do You Know What You're Losing?" Apr. 2012).*



## ON MONEY

“How the hell did We Are Oregon win the elections?...I can see it in the future: giant fucking O’s on everything, more student incidental fees for the Oregon Commentator and before you know it the duck store will start selling their lame PEACE LOVE FRAT shirts.”

*“Horrified Co-oper” in a letter to Ginger Beard of Oregon Voice (May 2012). In the wise, paraphrased words of Lil Wayne, “Bitch I’m paid, that’s all I gotta say, can’t see you little haters cause the money’s in the way.”*



“The NCAA cartel and a variety of other factors lead to an environment where students are consistently exploited. The difference in cost suggests that we do not prioritize the student-athletes and participants who are the core of our athletic and academic success.”

*Ben Eckstein from the same article, on how students were exploited in regard to the Rose Bowl trip, after he and Katie Taylor returned from the exact same trip, all expenses paid.*

## ON ENVY

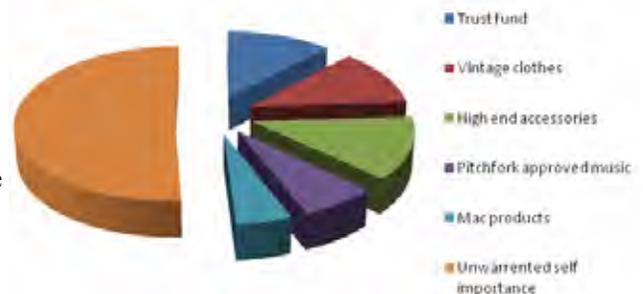
“If envy is the central fact of American life, then envy is also central to animosity toward hipsters...Hipsters are cooler than you, at least that’s what people who don’t like hipsters seem to think hipsters think.”

*Columnist Jacob O’Gara (“Hipsters: zombies or culture shapers?” ODE, May 17, 2012), explaining that we’re all secretly jealous of hipsters. No thanks, I like men who don’t steal my skinny jeans.*

“Jacob O’Gara is a columnist for the Oregon Daily Emerald...he spends most of his time wearing bow-ties (one at a time, obviously), convincing himself it’s okay to like Ke\$ha, and perfecting his Nicolas Cage impression.”

*O’Gara’s byline, revealing his true identity as a hipster. We had him pegged when he tried to make it sound like metaphor was totally underground.*

### Breakdown of Hipster Persona



The internet is a scary place.  
Stay safe.

**Read the Oregon  
Commentator blog.**

***oregoncommentator.com***

*Daily updates on all the shit  
you don't care about.*



Writing for the Oregon Commentator has been scientifically proven to make you happier, smarter, and a better lover!\*



\*This is all false.

Pick up an application from the office, EMU Rm. 319, or fill one out online!

We are looking for writers, artists, layout designers and all around rabble-rousers to come work with us. For information contact us at [editor@oregoncommentator.com](mailto:editor@oregoncommentator.com) or through Facebook.