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HATE

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Pete R. Hunt

PUBLISHER
Bret Jacobson

MANAGING EDITOR
Timothy Dreier

BUSINESS MANAGER
Justin Sibley

ART DIRECTOR
Jeremy Jones

COPY CHIEF
Andrew Adams

EDITOR EMERITUS
William Beutler

CONTRIBUTORS

Ben Brown, Philippe Cornet, Tim Coulter, Damnzig,
Greg Diamond, Darren Freeman, Sho Ikeda, Adelle
Lennox, Stacey Lauer, Anthony Moreschi, Georgia
Patera, Chris Sittner, Courtney Sweet, Marla Traweek

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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 Sept. 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 nineteen-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.



All the Hate begins on Page 8. So what are you doing reading the table of contents? Hurry man, get moving...



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VOLUME XIX, ISSUE X & XI

COMMENTATOR

FIRESIDE WITH OREGON COMMENTATOR
Many folks unduly complain about the corporate structure in the US. We need it, trust us. Read this, it's the only thing in this issue besides hate.

By Justin Sibley
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June 1, 2002
Copyright ©2002 Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc.
Was he disorientated before you hit him with the flashlight?

The HATE That HATE Created

There is a great deal of confusion about who the OREGON COMMENTATOR does, or does not, hate as a matter of editorial policy. This editorial briefly summarizes the official stance of this magazine.

WE DO HATE:

You!

Dear Reader,

Fuck you.

Chances are you think you have a solid understanding of what we do at The COMMENTATOR because you get some of our jokes. Well, if that's why you like this magazine, fuck you.

There's more to this magazine than just the funny back page and the spew section. Of course, those are excellent executions of time-tested humor efforts, but they are just departments that offer the most superficial amusement for our staff and our readers. In every issue there is a serious editorial stance the magazine's editorial leaders proffer to the campus community as a means of keeping public discourse at the highest possible level. There is usually at least one, if not more than one, serious commentary about current issues.

However, the vast majority of you inbred, semi-literate TV junkies don't seem to realize that there's a whole world of intellectual inquiry contained in our 50 lb super white book stock print. Throw away your lazy, addle-minded ways and start thinking about more than Shannon Elizabeth's breasts and what kind of Ramen will constitute your meal of the week.

WE HATE CASUAL READERS.

Yeah, you love the COMMENTATOR when it comes out every other month. Every other month? What the hell's wrong with you, hippie? We publish at a rate of about two a month, but you're not there for us when we need you. Our staff skips out on sleep, doses up on speed and puts out a high quality, nationally recognized publication and you — a member of this community — don't give a rat's ass. Our editors start smelling pretty gamey and start resembling characters from Evil Dead, obviously foregoing any chance of meaningful contact with the outside world, and yet you do nothing.

Pick up the magazine more often, freak. Help out a little bit, or else we'll continue to hate your quasi-intellectual ass.

We hate people who knowingly choose not to read us.

We can only assume you're illiterate due to extreme parental neglect.

Perhaps you were raised by a pack of slothful Mongols who were too busy watching Jerry Springer and microwaving their meals to get around to figuring out the good things in life. In common practice it would be appropriate for us to pity you — but make no mistake, dear Non-Reader, we do not pity you, we hate you with the passion of a thousand Springer-esque ho's finding out their man's been sleeping with Chaneese from the next project over. You will forever live in your depraved world of ignorance and hair spray ads.

We hate people who live outside our distribution area.

You sit smugly in your heated, electricity-guzzling apartment in New York or San Francisco, Minneapolis or Milan, basking in the warm glow of knowledge that you do not live in the three block area where the OREGON COMMENTATOR is distributed. If you don't live or work or walk past Rennie's or Taylor's, the EMU or the dorms, you don't get the paper version of the OC - which, due to technical Web problems for an extended period of time, means you didn't get to read the magazine at all. We hope you're pretty damn happy in your ivory tower of Not Eugene, you self-satisfied sack of shit.

WE DON'T HATE:

Mutual Assured Destruction, free market principles, Mallowmars, Long Island Iced Teas, good-natured character assassination, homemade pornography, Golden Grahams, Britney Spears, *The Road to Serfdom*, The Onion, the military industrial complex and girls who bake cookies for us.

Thank you,

The Management

SUDSY THROUGH THE AGES



Sudsy became the official mascot of the OREGON COMMENTATOR in the summer of 2001. Before his tenure here, he was a prophet-for-hire and a bubbly, golden Warrior of Sparta, Commander of the Spanish Armada and a bouncer at Club 1444. Here is the best of Sudsy through the ages.

...So I look this poor bastard from the Midwest right in the eyes and I tell him, "Buddy, throw everything you got into the stock market." And he he did. He landed forty floors down three days later.

—1929

Hey, GI, I'm telling you, bro, look out for the VD from the VC, man. Those broads are as spicy as the food in the DMZ.

—1967

Man, it's just one line of blow. That's nothing. You're Len Bias, you're never going to die!

—1986

If you're humping a good-looking midget, chances are it's just a really hot little kid.

—2002

THE OC ASKS:

Whatch You Talkin' 'Bout, Willis?



Bill O'Reilly

Today's Talking Points Memo is on breakfast cereal. The Factor knows that if you try to pour the milk in the bowl before you put in the cereal, the milk is going to splatter all over the table. Ridiculous!



Damon Stoudamire

I don't know why everyone's so disappointed. You didn't really think I'd blow that many fucking layups if I weren't baked like a potato, did you? White people, so crazy!



Ozzy Osbourne

Fucking Christ Sharon, my ozals ur hanen ona dum fucking iritricit doson tings.



Robocop

No, that's not it at all. I want one quarter pound deluxe double stack, two medium French fries, one five piece chicken nugget, and a medium Dr. Pepper. Jesus. Habla English?



Yoda

Sucked a fat one, Episode II did.



Todd Bridges

What I'm talking about is you owe me an eight ball, Arnold! Oh, you're a little short NOW? Is that supposed to be some sort of joke, you little bastard? I need it bad, I owe Robert Downey Jr. a couple lines.



Tiger Woods

Why are you asking me? Do you think I'm black? Is that why you're asking? I'm not black. I'm cabli-nasian. How's that for diverse? Go bother Mickelson.

The OC would like to go on the record as saying that, contrary to the so-called evidence, we were at home Thursday night watching the Friends finale. So there.



Fireside Chats... *with Justin Sibley*

They say there's no free lunch. That's a load of crap. Not only is there free lunch, but there's free beer. For many on welfare, it is advantageous to do less work and receive a check from the government. In many situations the person receiving aid becomes ineligible, or eligible for less, if they complete a full workweek. And in the case of wily college students, it's advantageous to use their poverty level to claim food stamps and other federal aid.

"The original intent was to help students in need," said a senior who's taken advantage of federal aid for three years, we'll call him Bob. The program, according to Bob, pays up to \$135 per month in food stamps.

People like Bob argue that they are only making the best of a situation in which they play the role of the fiscally challenged college student paying heavy dues. They are generally underpaid and aren't given much from their parents due to lack of ability or inclination. So the only way to keep up socially and make one's way is through the Moorish gray Oregon haze. They say they have found a way to pay for drinking binges.

Critics portray a wholly different picture. These students have found a loophole and callously take money from the mouths of the needy. By claiming federal funds they redirect money from abused women, single mothers, drug addicts and those who are down on their luck. That's not a pretty painting, but that's precisely what opponents of students on welfare allege.

The fact of the matter is that with current tax and societal systems, inequities are fixed and manipulated by complex formulas and numerical evaluations, leaving loopholes for opportunists.

The important question is whether or not to hold these individuals in contempt or tip the hat of respect in their direction. It makes the most sense to grunt and acknowledge the cynical talents to escape ethical standards while still staying in the bounds of legality.

It's very easy to condemn Bob for his tasteless acts, but I don't see Bob taking advantage of the system any more than most of the "legitimate" users of welfare.

What we need is a system where welfare isn't handed out so easily. We need a system that does a better job of encouraging people to get back on their feet and support themselves. I propose treating welfare as a living wage supplement, giving a certain amount per hour-worked to the recipients. This system would give people more funds only if they actually did the work to earn more. Doing so might enable the government to provide some motivation where little to none exists to actually work hard and earn your own way.

Recently, there has been a lot of talk about "walking the line" between fraud and creative accounting or earnings management. Now especially, due to a market leader being busted for stepping off that line. This incident has caused a major scare, which has led to a slow down in the economy. Investors are doubting the system in which they participate. The problem is that the line companies are walking isn't so clear and in fact isn't clear at all. In the past walking the line was more like walking on a crowded sidewalk. You could do it fairly easily; it's nice and wide. You didn't care if you stepped off into the street to pass someone because if you did, you'd simply step back up and continue on the curb as if nothing happened. You didn't get in trouble; the authorities weren't going to pick you up for jay walking or anything like that. Everyone knew it happened, and it wasn't a big deal.

In a structure like that, almost void of consequences, it becomes increasingly common to step off the curb and even to just keep walking in the street. But that was last year. This year, someone got hit by a bus. A very important person. Now there is a lot of talk about how terrible it is to walk on the sidewalk, that it's too close the street. Now everyone is wondering if they are just supposed to stay out of the street, or if they are even supposed to be on the sidewalk. A lot of

uncertainty has been created.

Now we have a system where firms that are used to walking on the sidewalk are now forced to walk on the edge of a cliff. Walking that edge isn't so easy. It isn't easy because the regulators and lawmakers have been so heavily influenced by politics that companies are walking an edge that isn't stable. Stepping only where someone has stepped before doesn't work either. What is considered legal and adequate for one firm isn't necessarily so for another. Another difference between this cliff and the sidewalk of yesterday is that one step in the wrong spot and the mountain crumbles away and you end up in the bottom of the canyon known as an S.E.C. investigation.

My concern is about the politicians who, all of a sudden, have a concerted interest in accounting procedures. Most Congressmen don't have the accounting or finance knowledge necessary to make decisions on these matters. They are left to consulting experts who can, and usually do, have a biased opinion. My inclination is that they are merely reacting to

Without big business we would have no economy. Look at the countries that are relatively free of corporate oppression, such as Sierre Leone and Ethiopia. These countries are plagued by poverty.

pressure from their constituents who have lost money and that they are looking for a way to appear as though they are concerned about the average investor. These Congressional hearings are a joke. What they should do is stop hanging out companies. Instead, let it be known exactly where the line is and how it will be enforced. The "edge" needs to be defined. You can't pick and choose who has to walk on the edge and who gets a safety net. Business isn't like politics. You can't create loopholes and then nail certain people for using them. Congress needs to take a hands off approach and let people who really know what they are doing make the rules.

Almost every time I pick up a newspaper on this campus I read some editorial or news article about how "Big Business" and corporations are leading our country and the rest of the world to ruin. What especially caught my attention was Ralph Nader giving an anti-corporation speech to a packed crowd underneath a banner stating, "Money is not Democracy." He went on to say that corporations are distorting our democratic priorities. Needless to say I was outraged

upon hearing this. Everyone in the crowd was applauding his words like senior citizens at a tel-evangelist event. What sheep. What they didn't realize, is that these corporations and 1 percent of the wealthiest people are the ones that pay most of the taxes that enable them to sit on the couch and collect their welfare checks. Let's take a minute to think about how things would be if Nader's way was actually realistic (yes, I know that's a bit of a stretch.) There are too many people in this country for everyone to be subsistence farmers. Without big business we would have no economy. Look at the countries that are relatively free of corporate oppression, such as Sierre Leone and Ethiopia. These countries are plagued by poverty. Sure, it's made most people equal, but they are merely surviving one day at a time. Can you imagine how the United States would be without corporations? They provide jobs, a semi-stable economy, they provide most of the revenue the government uses for social services and roads.

Corporations don't distort democratic priorities, they allow us to have democratic priorities. If people are unhappy with what big business is doing to the environment and foreign labor, I would remind them that next to staying within the laws, corporations have a legal obligation to maximize shareholder value. That is exactly what companies like Starbucks and Nike are doing. If you are unhappy with how they do it, you need to exercise your rights as a consumer and stop buying their products. If it turns out that most people don't like what they are doing and thus stop buying the products, corporations will have to change their ways in order to fulfill their legal obligations to shareholders and maximize shareholder value. Imagine that, a structure where individuals pool together to voice their views and change the structure to satisfy the needs of the many over the needs of the few. Wait a minute, that sounds like democracy. It looks like Nader is the one distorting priorities. Democracy doesn't mean special interests controlling the government, it means everyone having their say in order to do what is in the best interest of the whole. Nader, there is a reason why we call it "special" interests, and that's because it is minority opinion.

I remind everyone to take a step back and look around. You'll see what big business and global economy has done for you. I'll revert back to the old cliché; don't bite the hand that feeds you.

That's all for tonight folks. See you next time.



Justin Sibley, who is one hell of a lot better at standing than FDR, likes piña coladas and getting caught in the rain.

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Stacey Lauer strived for excellence by enrolling in the Honors program, but all she found was anti-social oddballs educated well beyond their intelligence.



HATE 2002

I HATE I-5



BY ANDREW ADAMS

One night near the start of fall term of this year, I was doing about 95 mph down Interstate 5 around 3 a.m. I was piss-drunk, the Ducks had beaten one of the Arizona teams earlier that day and I was headed down to see my then-girlfriend who went to school at Chico State University. There wasn't another truck or car on the road and the clear night was filled with a full moon. As I sped through the high desert with Mt. Shasta looming ahead in the moonlight, I was treated to one of the most beautiful sights I have ever been blessed to see. That moment has been the only time I have ever enjoyed driving Interstate 5 in my entire life.

Growing up in California and going to school in Oregon has afforded me hundreds of opportunities to spend hours on that road, and not once before that night this past fall, or anytime afterward, have I enjoyed the monotonous time spent on I-5. My drive on that road is usually spent either dreading what I'll eventually arrive to or wishing I could already be at my destination. Never do I wish that my drive on I-5 could last longer than it has to. I hate that highway. I hate it when I use it to get to Gateway

Mall, and I hated it when I drove to Vancouver, British Columbia. To further illustrate my point, I thought it would only be fitting to offer five of my top reasons why I hate that highway.

1. It could kill me. A few times.

I've found myself rolling down I-5 with the hammer down, blowing the doors off and I'm just a little loopy. This seems to be the case most frequently on the stretch of I-5 connecting Portland and Eugene when I decided to stay at the bars a little too long. Now, in that situation, if I kill myself then it's my own damn fault. But you could be as sober as a nun and that road could still kill you. I've often thought, as I take a tight curve through the mountains near Lake Shasta at 70-80 mph with a loaded timber trunk a foot off my side-view mirror, that one small miscalculation on the part of myself or the truck driver could send me to an early grave. People who know I-5 are also well-acquainted with the Douglas County "widow maker," an abrupt L-shaped turn around a hill just south of Roseburg near mile post 112. An easy drive is not always a given with I-5, and if the unfortunate was ever to happen, what a horribly unimpressive death that would

be. To die on I-5 would be like having a heart attack while sitting on the toilet.

2. It delayed my sexual gratification.

As I mentioned before, my girlfriend lived in Chico, California where she attended Chico State University. (Yes, all those crazy stories you have heard about Chico are true; it is one of the most alcoholic-friendly places I've ever been. Do yourself a favor and get drunk there one night, you won't soon forget it.) She's my ex-girlfriend now, but before we broke up spending a night with her entailed a 6-hour drive on I-5. You may think it's hard waiting for that roofie to kick in before getting laid, but imagine being horny and having to endure 6 hours down ol' I-5. It ain't fun, pal, and then after finally being with my girlfriend it was another 6 hours back up to Eugene, where I knew I'd be by myself for at least a week before seeing her again. Long distance relationships suck; ones separated by I-5 suck even more.

3. People do not understand how to drive.

Now, this one can sometimes be a cause for entertainment. One thing I love to do is box in the a-hole with the BMW who wants to do 100 mph. You get just in front of the Mormon in the '84 Celica doing 60 with the BMW right behind you, and then slow down to the Celica's speed. On a two-lane stretch of highway that will leave the BMW right on your tail but he can't pass to the right because the Celica's there. It's great because soon after, you can watch the guy in the BMW have an epileptic fit in your rear-view mirror. Other fun stuff is getting into a race with folks; I once got into a race with four other cars all doing 90-100 mph through California's Central Valley.

Aside from the fun and games, most of the time I find myself being the one having a fit. I don't understand how anyone in a car or light truck can drive on I-5 at anything less than 70 mph. I pity the poor people who I pass who can't seem to go with the flow of traffic. They either have the lost look of someone who just had their head used for some batting practice, or a look of indignant determination to not speed, as if their going 55 mph is some sort of moral display.

4. It is turning towns into the same.

Nowadays it don't matter where you stop on I-5, because you can expect pretty much the same thing everywhere. America is turning into fast food restaurants and gas stations. We wonder why this nation is getting a fat ass, but the answer stares us right in the face after we take any exit off I-5. McDonalds, Wendy's, AM/PM, and Krispy Kreme Kraprolls — they are all the same in any town and they all sell the same greasy, salty filth. The horrendous monotony of I-5 is only exacerbated by the fact that wherever you stop it all seems the same. You have to wander deep into towns now to find buildings and shops that may actually be different from the dozens of I-5 stops. You may be thinking, "Exactly why would I want to wander into Grants Pass?" but I think that whenever someone travels he or she has to find and see new things. If a person doesn't, then the whole concept of traveling is wasted. Driving down I-5 is no longer really traveling, it's like watching network TV: bland, mind numbing and full of crappy mass-produced pop culture.

5. I have to drive it.

I may bitch, moan, whine and complain about I-5 and the thought of driving it may make my heart fill with hatred and frustration, but I will drive it again. Things may change — I'm hoping we'll get those flying cars of the 21st century any day now — but before that I'll probably be making the I-5 run a few more times. There are options, though. There are always options like highways 395, 97 and 101 to name a few, but when President Eisenhower envisioned the Interstate system as a rapid means to mobilize the military in the event of a Soviet attack, he also created a rather efficient way to drive across the nation. Even though I hate that highway, I'll still take it over the smaller routes because I-5 just takes less time.

In a few weeks when I get to don the cap and gown and blow this hippie farm, I'm going to have to drive I-5 back home. And when I drive it, my knuckles will turn white as I squeeze down hard on the wheel and I'll say softly to myself, "I hate you, I-5."

We've had a lot of fun today talking about I-5, but in all seriousness I really hate that road. Once, when I was making the haul down to California for Spring Break, the fuel pump and a couple sensors in my Bronco crapped out and I was busted for the night in the town of Corning, CA. That town is known for many things, such as olives and... well, that's it. So after getting my rig towed to the auto place and checking in at a hotel, I decided to head out to the local taverns. There was one, the Miner's Inn, and I don't think the toughest bars in Springfield had anything on that place. It was me, the bartender, two drunk Indians (I'm not kidding) and a couple of regulars I'll call Salty Joe and Bar Wench. I had been drinking boilermakers that evening and enjoying some small talk with the bartender when Salty Joe and Bar Wench's conversation grabbed my interest. Apparently Salty Joe had sold Bar Wench some chickens and an egg incubator system.

The two had been bitching at each other for some time, but the argument seemed to be coming to a head over whether or not Salty Joe's incubator actually was any good. Bar Wench argued the incubator was a "piece of crap" that wasn't "worth shit," and Salty Joe countered that Bar Wench was a "dumbass." I looked carefully at both sides of the argument and entered the conversation trying to bring some moderation by suggesting that raising chickens may be a tough thing to do and could anyone really place blame. Salty Joe and Bar Wench seemed to appreciate my train of thought, but were committed to their initial positions in the eggs and incubator debate. Staring at my drink, I soon remembered that I was in Corning, California having an argument over an incubator with people who probably couldn't grow weeds. I paid my respects to Salty Joe and Bar Wench and got the hell out of there. It was just one more example of how I-5 made me spend time doing something I really didn't want to do in a place I didn't really want to be.



Andrew Adams called a fews hous ago wanting to know if we wanted to go The Old Pad. It was 1:30am. We said no.



I HATE MY EXTREMELY LARGE PENIS

Hi, my name is PETE HUNT. I'm here to say that I absolutely despise my EXTREMELY LARGE PENIS. My EXTREMELY LARGE PENIS has brought me nothing but trouble since puberty, when it seemed to go from No 2 pencil to Kielbasa Sausage overnight. Imagine what it was like for an 11-year-old kid to stand in front of a giggling class room and give a speech on Abraham Lincoln with a full on wood protruding through his shorts. "Four score and seven years ago," I tried to begin. "Our foreskin...er...forefathers...err..." I stumbled, tears rolling down my face. After that, I convinced my parents to put me in a different school district so I wouldn't have to hear my classmates' endless parade of cruel taunts. "Hey, there's that kid with the EXTREMELY LARGE PENIS. BIG DICK, BIG DICK, PETE HAS A BIG DICK!" It hurts me as much now as it did then. I guess I — PETE HUNT — will just have to go living in spite of my EXTREMELY LARGE PENIS.

REV. FEELGOOD

I HATE WHEN YOU SAY NO

You don't have a fucking headache, so let's not go there again tonight. I've had a tough day at work, at school and at this damn rag I publish. It's time for poppa to get some sugar, sweet stuff.

Oh, you have an early morning? You used that yesterday when you were fending off my romantic intentions, even though I promised to wait for you to go (for real, this time).

And don't even bring up that shit about me and your sister. It was an easy mistake and she and I both felt horrible. All three times. It was an easy mistake. You know I love you.

You know nobody else has ever loved you before I came and found you. You were overweight, battling an eating disorder and had a cripplingly low self-esteem, but I had a heart of gold and I make you worth something.

So don't say no again, please. I hate when you say no.

HAIRY CONDIT

I HATE JOEY HARRINGTON

I know what you must be thinking. Here's some poor, jaded girl who got blown off by Eugene's Golden Boy at Taylor's last Friday. Actually, I'm the jaded girl who got her drink butchered by the Prince of Greatness while he "played" bartender at Rennie's...but that's beside the point. No, my problem with Joey runs much deeper than that. Most people admire the way that he has handled his burgeoning fame: playing a little piano here, "aw shucks"-ing his way across campus there. But not me. If he ever wants to make it in the NFL he needs to stop posing. Seriously. That Joe College, boy-next-door act will only get him so far, and that's to the back door of Ford Stadium and on his way to a job as assistant offensive coordinator at Brownville-Biloxi Junior College in Rockledge, Alabama. It's a sad but true fact that there aren't a whole lot of opportunities in the sports world for a nice guy like Harrington. The University should have saved its hype (and \$250,000 Manhattan poster) for someone who could handle it. And by the way, Joey: the recipe for a gin and tonic is, surprise, GIN and TONIC. I bet Luke Ridnour would have known that...

CLEARLY CAMBODIAN

I HATE THE GUY WHO RIDES A 6-FOOT UNICYCLE TO CLASS

If that balancing act is not a desperate cry for attention, then I'm not an embittered drunk. Why don't you just tie yourself naked to a bicycle and a parachute and para-sail down the middle of 13th street? How about aiming a cannon at your next class, and shoot yourself through the window? I wonder if that guy realizes that every single person that sees him wonders what his face would look like if they wedged a stick in his spokes, forcing him into a instant high-speed make-out session with the pavement.

BUCK NAKED

I HATE EMAIL

Back in about 1995, I think we all thought this was a swell idea: Send messages to anyone over the internet, for free, anytime you want. Then after the first year of college, it sort of hits home. This just isn't fun anymore.

Like staying up late and drinking a whole bottle of Robitussin: it was a lot of fun once there was nobody around to stop you, but sooner or later the natural limits set in, and then you get sick.

Those first few messages, if you can recall, were the best you ever wrote or sent. They were 600 word masterpieces, heralding the fact of your entrance to cyberspace. You forwarded lists of funny things that men (or women) always say, and you wondered if that nice-seeming Mr. Patel really could help you earn 50K a month from home. Alas, all of that is no more. Now it's all two-minute hack jobs in all lowercase (or all uppercase), sans punctuation or even a second-read through. Your filter takes care of all the direct mail solicitations, and when was the last time you got a forward? Yet this still takes several hours a day.

Email is more hateable than the web, because there are trillions of web pages, and yet only a few dozen emails in my inbox, most of which I've already read. It's a good deal more hateable than IM, if only because it's clunkier. And it is far more hateable than Napster or its coattails, mostly on account of there being no free music involved.

I hate you, email. I wish you had never come into my life. I wish I could wrap my hands around your skinny little abstract concept neck and squeeze the theoretical blood from your intangible body.

CHAIRMAN NASTY

I HATE MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX

I know what you're thinking, and no...I am not gay, and I am not still a virgin (despite what you have heard). I just think that girls are stupid. They can't even get the simplest of ideas. When I say "Honey, fetch me a beer," they think that I mean in like five minutes or tomorrow...no...I mean now. It's just that simple. Also, they are incapable of understanding cool things like my newest gadget. Whenever I show a girl the newest feature on my cell phone, she looks at it like I just showed her a proof of Fermat's Last Theorem. No, it cannot curl your hair and no, it does not clog your pores...it allows me to multiple text message my friends without exiting to the main menu again...is that not fucking cool?! Why can't girls understand computers as well? It's not too hard to get. Whenever I'm trying to advance to the next mission in Alien vs. Predator 2 it called "a waste of time." But when she just has to check her e-mail every two minutes because her sister got in that car wreck and might not make it, all of a sudden it's "important." Girls are stupid.

JONAH BALLBAG

I HATE YOU
TOO, WHITEY.

I HATE Jesse Jackson

BY TIMOTHY DREIER

An extra-marital affair, paying the mistress to run, hide and shut-up, acting like a child during the 2000 election, and bilking the populace into supporting him for years are just a few of the many reasons I hate Jesse Jackson.



There is no argument with the principle of equal protection for all citizens under the law. Likewise there is no argument against equal pay for equal work, hiring based upon qualification, not commonly cited externalities, nor with any such similar “Civil Rights” policy. The rights protected by the Constitution of the United States are there for all citizens of the country, not any one specific group. This means that no group, whether touted to be historically downtrodden or not, should receive treatment different from the treatment of any other group under the law. The Constitution is one of the most important documents ever written, and the Constitution is why I hate Jesse Jackson.

Two names immediately jump to mind when speaking of Civil Rights in today’s world: Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton. Note that I have stripped them of their respective titles. I have done this because Jesse Jackson is a fraud and, in the words of Chris Rock, “Al Sharpton is a Reverend like Colonel Sanders is a war hero.” These two men, while claiming to be helping the under-privileged citizens of the United States, have done nothing but set poor examples and throw blame in the wrong places.

For my purposes I’m going to concentrate on Jesse “hypocrite” Jackson. Without Jackson to admire, Al Sharpton would just be another angry man without a cause or a follower. We all heard about the scandal a few years back, Jackson’s illegitimate love child and refusal to pay child support for such. Of course, this sort of thing is not new to American politics, but the real problem is Jackson’s attempt to position himself as a moral authority despite his inability to keep his dick in his pants. Say what you will about Bill Clinton, I am certainly not defending his infidelity, but at least he did not try to make himself a moral leader for a large sub-set of the American populace. Contrary to popular belief, there is such a thing as moral clarity ... Jackson apparently has no understanding of that concept. Dear Mr. Jackson, you do not get to have a child in an extra-marital affair and still claim to be a moral authority for the Black community.

Aside from his failing as a husband and Reverend, there are other reasons I hate Jesse Jackson. Not too long ago, we had an election in this country. I’m sure you all remember it, but do you remember what Jesse Jackson was doing? Not surprisingly, Jackson was hard at work for the Democratic ticket. In and of

itself, there’s nothing wrong with that. But Jackson’s behavior during and after the election is inexcusable. Kweisi Mfume of the NAACP, a long-time cohort of Jackson’s, ran ads depicting George W. Bush driving a pick-up truck and dragging a black man in chains along a dirt road. Jackson went right along with that race-baiting during the 2000 election. He’s a bloody Reverend, for Pete’s sake. Whether or not you’re a supporter of Bush, that NAACP advertisement is disgusting and wrong. It’s that sort of racial politics that continue to cause grief in this country, and a man of the cloth should know better than that.

Jackson’s behavior only got worse after the election. He was in Florida ranting and raving about Nazi Hitler Republicans. Sorry, pal, but not wanting to support junkies or societal slackers with our hard earned money doesn’t make us Nazis. He also tried to persuade the Black community that the election had been stolen from them.

Worst of all, though, Jackson continued his crusade long after the election had been decided in the courts. Even after loyal Democrats ruled in favor of Bush at every turn, and even after the Florida Supreme Court, including a Black Democrat Justice, ruled in Bush’s favor, Jackson continued to call the election illegitimate. Tim Russert of Meet The Press made Jackson look incredibly foolish by reminding the Poor Reverend of those facts when Jackson said that the Bush presidency might be legal, but was illegitimate. Jackson’s continued call for recounts, counting of votes with “hanging chads” and all sorts of things was plain silly after the courts had decided the whole election debacle. If a recount should be done, then a full-scale investigation of the entire election, including possible ghost voters in precincts with 100 percent turnout for Gore, should be undertaken. Our Republican Attorney General might find that last bit appealing.

His election tomfoolery might have been bad, but what’s worse is Jackson’s creation of issues where there are none. Mountains out of molehills, if you will. Enter the “Digital Divide.” A couple of years back this was the major issue for left-wing politicians in Washington. Jackson called this supposed gap between Internet access for some American demographics, “classic apartheid.” Mfume of the NAACP called it “technological segregation.” Even President Clinton jumped on the bandwagon and urged a “national crusade.” What’s the problem, then?

Wouldn't equal access to technology seem like a worthy cause to undertake? Why bash Jackson for complaining about this "digital divide?" The problem is that the "digital divide" doesn't exist. At least not according to a recent report by the Department of Commerce. *A Nation Online* (<http://www.ntia.doc.gov/ntia-home/dn/index.html>) was released by the DOC in February of this year and indicates that there is no difference between the expanded use of computers and the Internet across demographics. According to the study, Internet usage increased by 25 percent per year among the nation's lowest income households between December 1998 and September 2001. During that same time-period Internet use increased only 11 percent per year in the highest income households. The starting level was higher in high-income households, but the study demonstrates that those in low-income areas are not having a significant problem getting connected to the Internet if they so desire. Furthermore, Jupiter Media Metrix (www.jmm.com) recently reported that the average age of online purchasers is climbing as the average income level falls. The online world is starting to look more like the real one. The digital divide is not real; Jackson and purported rights leaders should devote their time to issues that exist.

Making issues out of non-issues, acting like a petulant child during the elections and failing as a Reverend are only the beginning of Jackson's shortcomings as a leader. The next major problem is his guilt for the crime of extortion and his use of his non-profit group, the Rainbow/PUSH coalition, for personal gain. A recent change of accounting policy for that group is a small demonstration of that problem. In February, Jackson's International Trade Bureau (Part of Rainbow/PUSH) changed from fiscal year to calendar year accounting. This may not seem like such an issue, but that means that members had to pay their yearly dues (\$500-\$2500) twice within a period of three months. The fiscal year ends in September and the calendar year ends in December, the change made the annual membership dues due twice in three months. That sort of shakedown doesn't seem appropriate for a group whose mission statement includes "Getting minority businesses access to corporate America." That same fund-raising letter states that supporting his cause will help Jackson arrange "meetings with CEOs of major corpora-

tions and bring to the table contracting opportunities for our Trade Bureau members." So, if you're a minority business owner and you pay Jackson \$500-\$2500 per year, he might be able to arrange a meeting with a CEO whose company may or may not help you land a big contract. That's about as good a deal as paying the Mafia for "protection."

So, Jackson extorts the same folks he claims to be helping, but what else does his extortion racket do? Namely, it shakes down big corporations for money by making threats. Last year, Jackson deemed an advertisement for Toyota cars "offensive to minorities" and threatened Toyota with a boycott unless Toyota devoted, get this, \$700 million per year to minority contractors as part of its "21st Century Diversity Strategy." First of all, how the hell can a car ad be offensive? I mean, if Jackson had that many objections to 0.9 percent APR financing, a boycott was a bit excessive. Aside from the seemingly strange issue to take offense over, Jackson's actions amount to extortion. If I were to walk into a local business and say, "Give me \$200 every month or I break your kneecaps," I would be arrested. Jackson's actions are analogous in a corporate setting. Threatening a boycott, the

fiscal equivalent (if it works) of breaking kneecaps, unless a demand is met is extortion. Now, you may be thinking, "What about the bus boycotts in the 1960s?" Newsflash: the bus boycotts actually served a greater purpose to gain equal protection under the law for all citizens; Jackson's threats over a car commercial do not serve that purpose, they serve to gain him power.

Jackson has, for the past five years, shaken down Wall Street. His Wall Street Project is a fund-raising event hosted on the floor of the NYSE and completely paid for by the stock exchange. The NYSE covers everything from entertainment to drink-tabs. This continues even though Jackson has irked many on Wall Street with his comments. Jackson attacked the bombing campaign on the Taliban and called Attorney General John Ashcroft a terrorist "suspect because he threatens democracy." I guess Jackson didn't get the memo about the Taliban being one of the most oppressive and bigoted governments on the planet. Comments like that one have made many on Wall Street very angry but they continue to support Jackson's Wall Street Project for fear of being called racists. It seems that Jackson is the little boy who cried "racism" and unfortunately everyone still comes running.



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I HATE BICYCLISTS



By *Jeremy Jones*

When driving a car around any city, especially Eugene, you will be faced with a very big choice. Sooner or later some bicyclist with the intelligence of a house plant will run right in front of your quarter-ton hunk of steel. Then you will have to make a choice: Slam on the brakes, spill your beer all over your lap and avoid man-slaughter charges, or drive through the son-of-a-bitch and enjoy the satisfying sounds of a loud thump, screams of pain and the scraping sound as you drag twisted metal that was a bicycle with a battered corpse still attached to it.

Motorists have the right to be inconsiderate maniacs. They are surrounded by a steel frame and have made a deal with a company that will pay for their drunken carnage. What do most bicyclists have? Nothing; not a damned thing to keep their bodies from being propelled 30 feet in the air by an oncoming Chevy. So how do these self-important twits get the balls to pull some of the shit they do - especially with that seat that jams the testicles into the pelvis like a skateboarder after a failed mishap with a handrail? Well, here are the possible theories.

The "Pact With God" Theory: The first possibility is that these dickless lunatics are so full of self-righteousness that they think God (or whatever "higher order" they have cooked up or hallucinated in their drugged up little minds) will protect them from harm threatened by the evil, planet destroying motorists. Well, so far God did nothing to save the 57 squirrels, 14 raccoons, 7 dogs or even that guy handing out free Bibles from my car in the past month. Although, it could be that God hates all of those people as much as I do. But if that is true, why would he give a holy fuck about some underwear stain riding a bicycle and saving 1/10 of a gallon of gas?

The "I Art More Environmental Than Thou" Theory: Some of these people are so self-satisfied, they think that by saving gasoline for others to use and pollute the air with, the rest of the world holds them in highest regard. Therefore, a car should not kill a bicyclist because they are trying to save the environment. In fact, if the motorist has any soul whatsoever he would swerve

the car into a brick wall rather than harm the Earth-loving secular saint.

The "They'll Stop" Theory: This is really simple. If we kill them, we are arrested and spend the next few years being sodomized by 12 men in a shower. On the other hand, how do they know the guy moving at Mach 5 down Franklin did not just get fired from his job, took a shot from a 3-iron square in the nuts, and came home to his wife anally violating the mailman with a strap-on? Chances are he won't even stop to keep from crashing into a logging truck, much less a pansy riding 10 pounds of steel across the street.

The "Innocent Victim" Theory: At the University, everyone is an innocent victim that has been abused by the rich and powerful. The world power oppresses the small undeveloped countries, the upper economic class oppresses the lower class, the majority oppresses the minority and the big oppress the small. The prevailing opinion around here is that the oppressed should have more rights to everything than the oppressors, because they are oppressed ... and stuff. Therefore, the bike being small, slow and defenseless should have all rights to the road, but they are oppressed by the big, fast, potentially lethal weapons that are cars. How are they going to get these rights? By peddling full speed into something 10 times their size. Doesn't make much sense? Well, neither does protesting a war in Afghanistan-in Eugene-but that hasn't stopped them either.

Aside from being the jailbait of the roads, they are a hazard to pedestrians. It is entirely possible that the reason these bicycle assholes do not drive is that no rational person would let these incoherent jackoffs drive the bumper cars, much less a ton of moving steel with a steering column. Still, I am getting really tired of having to dive into the bushes to avoid having my spine broken by Spanky going 50 mph down the path between the EMU and the dorms, driving with his feet while he reads Barely Legal magazine. For as much as these god-damned hippies complain about motorists being dangerous to bicyclists, you would think they

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I Hate Panhandlers

By Adelle Lennox

In America we believe that every man is a free man, every woman is a free woman and no one can infringe on this basic right to personal freedom. If personal freedom is indeed a truth in our society, then no one has the responsibility to take care of anyone else at the expense of his or her own livelihood and freedom. No one has the right to demand that someone work with his mind, body and soul to support another who does nothing to support himself. To make such a request upon another is an atrocity to the value of personal freedom. Panhandlers probably don't consider themselves to be breaching the moral code of America by asking for spare change. But that's just what they are doing; with each person they ask, they are committing a crime against what America stands for: capitalism and self-fulfillment.

This is a glorious country, where a man can be anything if he puts his mind to it, setting forth with knowledge, skill and desire. Even the mentally disabled have proven themselves worthy of a place in this great capitalistic society.

If teenagers with severe handicaps can manage to hold a job and earn money, why can't a guy on the corner of Centennial and Coburg do it? He holds a sign that says he "needs" a cold beer and a good wife. Well he may want those things, but they are certainly not actual needs. What he needs to do is find a social service area that will give him a shower and some clean clothes and then he needs to head over to the job-placement service and begin giving back to the society that has been supporting his existence for who-knows-how-long.

I sympathize with people who've had hard lives and who find themselves on the street. But my sympathy ends the day that they ask for my money and the money of my peers without making any effort to be self-sustaining. That's my real complaint — that panhandlers expect and demand charity even though they haven't worked for anything. I know the guys that panhandle on Coburg Road are making enough money to get by — or else they would've moved to a different location or they'd be dead from starvation.

I am very supportive of programs that provide services for homeless people and others who find themselves requiring assistance. But people who panhandle don't take advantage of the available programs or they aren't actually in enough need to utilize them. And if they aren't truly in need, then they certainly don't deserve one cent of my hard-earned money or anyone else's.

People who give money to panhandlers are not helping the situation either. They're only making things worse by encouraging the panhandlers to continue their ways. People continue panhandling because they find success in it. If absolutely no one gave away his money to street beggars, then they would have to move to a new area or wise up and seek a productive living. People driving the streets of Eugene who see the same faces day in and day out must realize as I do, that panhandling in Eugene is quite profitable — at least enough to get by on.

Recently I've seen a new woman on the corner of Centennial and Coburg. The clothes she's wearing certainly don't convey the dress of someone who is destitute. The cynical me surmises that she's probably making extra money on the weekend.

Sometimes when I pass these people, I want to hold up my own cardboard sign that says, "You lazy jerk. Take your week's money, get a business suit and go get a fucking job." Or maybe one that says, "I worked for my money and there's no way I'm giving it to you." Maybe I am just a cruel heartless person with no sensitivity for the nation's poor, but I don't think so. There are very few people in America that truly cannot support themselves in any way. I don't believe that any of Eugene's panhandlers fit this description.

And for all of those reasons, I hate panhandlers.



Adelle Lennox, who could use any change you got, is Webmistress for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



I HATE EUGENE

by Pete R.
Hunt

I'm just so happy nobody was hurt," said the voice on the other end of the line. Nobody was hurt? What the hell was she talking about? Didn't her son just take the blunt end of a Mag Light over the head? Were the walls not covered in his blood? Was there not glass all over the floor?

"Ughh.. yeah, yeah, we're all fine," said my roommate Dave.

"And you know, they checked him out, and there were no drugs in his system. Just alcohol," said the voice.

A pause. Just alcohol? Impossible. This woman was delusional.

"Oh yeah, that's good to hear," said Dave.

So went our conversation with Neil's mom. She was calling us from Fruitland, Idaho. Idaho, the international waters of the Rockies, a lawless frontier land of criminals, derelicts and Mark Fuhrman. Not to mention the highly decorated war veterans who live in backwoods bunkers. There are only forty-seven states in our great union that recognize the sovereign power of our government. Idaho is not one of them.

Neil is probably drugged up on painkillers in the hospital right now. He had lost a lot of blood. Most of it was puddled up on my front lawn, where the paramedics treated him. Christ, what the hell happened? How did things get like this? The house looked surreal. Though we'd been cleaning for over an hour, there was still glass everywhere, and some of the blood on the walls wouldn't come off. In the morning, we'd go at it again.

I went to bed. Laying there, staring at the ceiling, the events of the last few hours played like an endless loop in my head. It was a complicated story, lots of facets. And yet it was so painfully simple. You could draw a straight line from A to B and understand everything that happened along the way. The police cars, the ambulance, the fire truck, the neighbors peeping out of their windows, the local media looking for a lead off quote, the crazy guy on my lawn.

It all made sense if you looked at it the right way. We'd been playing the odds all along, and our luck had come to an abrupt

end. I've lived in Eugene for two years now. South Eugene, to be specific, far removed from the traditional student neighborhoods. This was a peaceful neighborhood. There was an elementary school half-a-block away. But when you live in Eugene, it's just a matter of time before things go awry. Halloween riots, unruly mobs, vigilante justice, the law of the land firmly in the grasp of the people. Buy the ticket; take the ride. For two years I'd rode a crest of instability. And the wave had broken.

It was 1 in the morning. Or maybe it was 12:45. Or 12:50. The time wasn't important. I was plastered against the futon, watching Conan. Dave was in bed. It was just me, Triumph the Insult Dog and a cold beer.

"Ding-Dong" went the doorbell.

A visitor? At 1 in the morning? Odd, but certainly not unheard of. My friend Eric would often drive up here at 3 in the morning. When the door was locked, he'd just sleep in his car until we woke up. Our house was something of a Mecca for displaced Douglas County kids.

I got up and went to the door. Who the hell was this guy? He didn't look like anybody I knew. But he certainly looked like somebody I could know. So I opened the door.

"Can I help you?" I said politely.

"Yeah, this is where a guy told me I'm supposed to be," said the visitor. Twenty-something, baggy pants, nice shirt, Nike shoes, lopy hair. He looked like a typical college kid. But his eyes ... his eyes betrayed his insobriety. Was it alcohol? Or was it something else?

"Are you sure about that," I ask?

"Yeah, Eighth street."

"This is forty-first street," I say, correcting him.

"No it's not."

He hands me a piece of paper.

*Cody, 541-346-*****

This isn't an address, this is a phone number. I decide it's best to keep this little tidbit to myself.

"This is the place," he emphasized.

I looked at him. What the hell was going on it this kid's head?

"I don't think this is the place you're looking for. This is forty-first and Donald. Eighth street is all the way across town."

He didn't seem convinced.

"What the fuck are you talking about man, this is the place."

We argued about my house's location for another thirty seconds. Then we debated who I am. Am I — as I tried to argue — Pete, or am I — and this is his argument — Todd? Or Cody? Or Phil? Or his brother? I began to wonder myself. Maybe I was in the wrong. This fellow certainly seemed sure of himself. Odd the way his words didn't form full sentences though. Or the way his eyes kind of wandered to and fro, never really focusing on anything.

I tell him that there's a Safeway down the street, he can make a phone call from there. That really sets him off. He lets loose a string of profanity. Apparently, this is the place. Who can argue with that?

Slowly it dawns on me that I'm no longer dealing with a man, I'm dealing with a drug. And a very potent drug at that. I know a bad trip when I see one, and this guy was flying coach to Phoenix through a rough patch of turbulence. Best to get him inside, somewhere away from the neighbors. I didn't want this kid making a scene on my front porch. Let's get him inside; see what's making him tick. LSD? Shrooms? Cheap strips of acid? Who knows, but sending him away didn't seem like the thing to do.

I still had Cody's phone number in my hands. Maybe he could help us straighten this whole thing up. Or if not Cody, the police!

"Look buddy, let's make a phone call here and see if we can get you on your way."

"A phone call," he said, not bothering to finish the thought. He walked in the door and plops down on the futon where I'd been sitting a minute before.

By now my roommate Dave is out of bed, awakened by the noise.

"What up man, this is..."

"Neil," said Neil.

"This is Neil."

"Do we know Neil?"

"I don't think so," I said, happy to finally reach some sort of consensus. I was Pete, my roommate was Dave, and the guy sitting in front of us strumming Dave's guitar was Neil.

"This is where I'm supposed to be," said Neil.



Far left: A fireman breaking the rest of the glass out of our living room window. Above left: Bloody finger prints in front of the house. Luckily, the Taurus was all right. Above. Blood on the floor. This is where Dave hit Neil with the Maglight. Right: The first window Neil punched out.



"Are you sure?" asked Dave.

"Oh, he's sure all right," I add in. "This is definitely the place."

"This is the place," said Neil.

Then...

"Who are you guys?"

"We live here," said Dave. "This is our house, you're sitting in our house. This isn't the place you're looking for. I think you're going to have to leave."

"What the FUCK are you talking about man? You and your brother ... what the fuck's going on here?"

"Look man," I said, trying to diffuse the situation. "This is our house, we don't know who you are. I think you're lost, is there someone we can call?"

"What the fuck? Fuck you guys. This is fucking bullshit! What do you guys know about the plan?"

"We've got a new plan for you," said Dave, "and that's to get out of our fucking house."

Neil seemed none to pleased about that. We prod him along, forcing him through our front door, hoping that maybe he'll just wander off.

"Get your fucking hands off me," he screams. "I'll kick your fucking asses. You motherfuckers!"

The potential for violence had suddenly erupted. Neil's a big kid. Not huge, but big. There were two of us. We could take him, sure, but who knows how this guy is going to react to physical contact

"You're out of here man," said Dave as he pushed him through the door. We slam the door in his face. I reach down and turn the lock. Jesus Christ, what was his next move going to be?

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TWO MINUTES HATE

I HATE THE DAMN DOGS DOWNSTAIRS

The fucking things bark all day and their owners fuck loudly all night long. I mean, I'm all for fucking, but do you need to keep the neighbors awake? I think not. I don't schedule classes before ten because I need my damned sleep, so of course the dogs start barking at seven. It's high time I resort to drastic measures, like a 9 mm round to their domes or cyanide. For the dogs, maybe I'll feed them oil from a deep fryer. That should give them a sufficient case of the shits. One way or another, those dogs are as good as Vietnamese food.

T3PIM

I HATE COURT-ORDERED COUNSELING

What a crazy world! Who knew you couldn't scream obscenities, slurs and vague physical threats to a pregnant woman in a Wal-Mart parking lot after it was she that offended unspoken parking lot behavioral norms? Well, the answer to that question is, not me. That wench told the cops I tried to kick her in the gut to abort her kid when clearly I had stated that the world would be better off if there were an unfortunate accident that deprived humanity of this impending Damien. Next thing you know, cops are involved and they're mentioning my "priors." Well, boy, you knew they were out to get me at that point.

So now I spend my afternoons, from 3:30 to 5 pm sharp at the professional offices of Dr. Elizabeth Wallace, Ph.D. I mostly tell her lies about my uncle making snuff films in my bedroom when I was seven and my mom killing my pet rabbit because I got caught stealing huffable hair spray from the local Payless. Elizabeth's words say: "Please stop walking in my direction, I have a husband and a child and I'll call security" but her sexy, calf-high 1970's rayon skirt says so much more. God, I hate court-ordered counseling, but you find true love in the weirdest places.

HAIRY CONDIT

I HATE ZACH VISHNOFF

The self-proclaimed "Moss Street Defender" can kiss my upper-class white ass. Sure, preserve old homes if they have historical value, but those damned tenements over on Moss Street are crack dens, not monuments. Besides, the University owns the fucking property and it can do what it damn well pleases with it. Why not get pissed at the folks who sold the University their shitty old houses? Vishnoff is also behind the protest of a new cellular tower near campus and the Coburg power plant. This hip-pie needs to shut his fool mouth. I'm sorry, jackass, but people need cellular service and power. Do you want to live in a dark cave without heat or GE light bulbs? I thought not, so shut the fuck up. I saw Vishnoff wearing a "Stop Enron" shirt around campus the other week. The shirt was obviously old, implying that he's still pissed about Enron acquiring PGE 10 fucking years ago. Jesus, man, get over it. In addition, I'll wager that the guy has no clue what a 401k is much less how one works, so if he is pissed about that he should do some reading before having an opinion. One of our grandfathers was on the board of Enron for 20 years. I'll give you a hint, it wasn't Vishnoff's. So, Zachary, shut up and go away. Cell towers emit less "radiation" than the sun, you fuck. Enron bought PGE and nothing changed. The "radiation panels" on PLC are more likely to fall down and kill you than give you cancer. A power plant in Coburg will allow us to have power at a much cheaper rate. And, lastly, a 401k is an investment portfolio that is your own damned responsibility. Fuck you, Zach.

T3PIM

I HATE BINARY CODE

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REV. FEELGOOD

I HATE THE SIMPSONS

One more half hour, then I'll sit down and take care of what needs to be done. But what's this, is it The Simpsons? Is there a radioactive monkey in Flanders' house, does Homer have a crayon in the brain, is that Duff Man? Yes, oh shit yes. And that means one more, no two more, bong hits to take and hell, I'll finish that case of Hamms. Life is sweet. This is the episode where Homer starts the Be Sharps, oh wait, no when Homer makes it in the dictionary. Let's just sit here, get wasted and watch The Simpsons. There's a midterm today? Doh!

LIL' HALF DEAD

I HATE DIVERSITY

That's right, I hate your piddly little whining about things needing to be more "diverse." That damned word doesn't even mean anything anymore. I'd offer a definition, but it would just get over-looked in a tidal wave of politically correct backlash.

How about this: Instead of everybody going on about more minority this and more diversity that, you stop bitching about how "the man" needs to treat you with special care because you're "different" and be happy with being treated the same as everyone else. You don't need special privileges; you don't need your own unions and advocates. The same services that are good enough for me are good enough for you. Maybe you got fired because you suck at your job, ever consider that? Maybe there isn't a more "diverse" faculty because the department just hired the most qualified applicant who happened to be a white guy. And maybe, just maybe, you are just the same as everyone else and are trying to get sympathy for things that happened in the past and aren't the fault of the folks alive today. Equality means just that, equal. That doesn't mean you get special treatment for being "diverse." Deal with it.

T3PIM

JUMP FROM 19

“YOU FUCKERS! I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!”

He reaches back, then slams his fist through one of the door windows. Holy Shit. “I’m calling the cops,” yelled Dave, running for the phone.

BOOM! Neil takes out another window. This was going from bad to worse quick. But what else could he do?

SLAM! Holy fuck! Neil had just punched through the 8.5x4 foot living room window. That was an amazing feat. It was a huge window, made of thick glass. You’d have to throw a brick at it to crack it. And Neil had just shattered the thing with his own fist. Wow! I was just amazed that someone could punch out a window like that. But then I realized that Neil could leap through the window at any second. Son-of-a-bitch. I won’t lie to you: I was scared. But my adrenaline was pumping. That motherfucker, that crazy bitch, what the fuck was he going to do now?

Dave was already on the phone with 911.

“We’ve got a crazy guy at our house,” said Dave. “He just punched through three windows. I don’t know what he’s doing now.”

I was already in action. First things first, I had to hide my

I prayed to God that Neil was not outside taking revenge on our vehicles. Or if he was, I hoped it was Dave’s car.

weed bag. It was sitting by the fireplace. If the cops were to bust through the door, I wanted my weed bag out of sight, out of mind. I ran downstairs and put it in the washing machine. That seemed like a good place for it.

What now? A weapon! If Neil made a return appearance, I wanted to be armed. I ran upstairs looking for a bat. Or my golf clubs. Or something. I didn’t know at that point, anything would work. What if he was outside beating on my car? My Taurus! My baby! It’s not easy to love a Taurus. It’s a big car, and it’s a bitch to park. But if Neil was out there kicking through a window... well, something would have to be done. I prayed to God that Neil was not outside taking revenge on our vehicles. Or if he was, I hoped it was Dave’s car.

Jesus, what if he came back in through the back door? I ran to the garage. The door was partially open. Fear. I froze. What if he’s behind me, waiting to pounce? I spun. Nobody. I locked the door.

Suddenly I heard a sound.

“You motherfuckers!”

“All right, he’s coming back inside the house,” I heard Dave say over the phone.

“I’m going to kick your ass, man!” yelled Neil.

Neil had unlocked the front door by reaching through the window, which he had conveniently broken. Though looped out of his head, Neil had a solid game plan going.

He threw something at Dave, who was standing on top of a small staircase. Then Neil charged at him.

WHAM!

Dave brought a Mag-lite down on top of his head. By the time I made it into the living room, Neil was wobbling around looking disoriented.

“Who are you guys? What am I doing here?”

“I just hit him with a flashlight. Why? Because he attacked me,” said Dave to the 911 operator.

“You’re in our house,” I said, hoping to clarify the situation.

“What am I doing here?” he wanted to know.

“I don’t know man, but I think you should come outside,” I added.

Dave left through the front door. Apparently the cops would be here any minute.

“You’re really bleeding man,” I said, pointing out the obvious. Neil’s hands were covered in blood and bits of glass. And his head was gushing blood. He’d taken a hell of a blow.

I led him out to the front lawn and told him to sit down.

“You’ll be safe here man,” I said.

“Why is my dad so mean to my mom?” he said.

Huh?

“Why does he have to yell at her,” he said, suddenly getting emotional.

“I don’t know, you’ll be safe here.”

“Where am I?”

“You’re on my lawn. You’ll be safe. Do you want some water?”

“Yeah.”

I ran inside and got him a cup. I made sure it was a plastic cup. I didn’t want Neil anywhere near a glass.

“Here you go,” I said, handing it to him.

He jumps back. “Why are trying to poison me. Don’t hurt me. Don’t hit me again.”

Wow. This kid is a wreck.

The cops are here now. There are four police cars. Then an ambulance. Then a fire truck. I don’t know why they brought a fire truck.

We were questioned by the police for about half-an-hour. They took Neil off in the ambulance. They told us it would be useless to press charges. The kid was so whacked out his head; he’d get off easy. And we didn’t care anyway. We just wanted to get our windows replaced. Our landlord was going to be pissed.

For some reason, the good people at the EPD thought it would be a good idea to give our name and number to Neil’s mom. That’s why we got an apologetic phone call a few hours later. She said Neil was terribly sorry, and he wanted to apologize himself. He’d come to Eugene with a friend, and they got separated. Or so said the mom. Who knows what really happened, or how Neil ended up knocking on our door.

The moral of the story is don’t ever let an acidhead inside your house. And don’t trust Eugene. Don’t ever trust Eugene. It’ll get you someday. It’s just a matter of time.



Pete R. Hunt, who now sleeps with a teddy bear and a baseball bat, is the Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



I HATE CHEAP BEER

By Ben Brown

It goes by a name like Keystone, Busch or Miller, Mickey's, Pabst or Old English. It comes in cans, bottles and the inevitable 40. But no matter what you call it or how you package it, it's still the same fermented yellow goat piss slapped with a label and alcohol content and served up, still steaming, to you, the consumer.

I hate cheap beer. I hate the way it tastes like something siphoned out of the grates on a slaughterhouse floor. I hate the way it smells like the stale sour beer farts of that overweight frat dick who crashed your party and threw up in your bathroom. But mostly, I hate the way that you can't drink it without feeling that you've been righteously fucked out of both your time and money.

In my two year tenure at the University, I have been witness to a number of these beer atrocities, going to house parties where the idea of an expensive wild night is to buy three 40s of Pabst instead of two. The issue certainly isn't access. Even the 7-11 a block from campus stocks a wide selection from some of Oregon's finest microbreweries, including Full Sail, Rouge River, Deschutes, and Widmer Brothers.

On another campus in another state, maybe somewhere out in butt-fuck Idaho or Montana, I would be able to understand this proclivity towards the cheapest of the cheap — sometimes you have to take what you can get. But come on people, this is Oregon, a state so riddled with microbreweries it's a wonder Carson doesn't brew its own. And yet every weekend night the biggest sellers are 40s of Pabst and Old English, often for less than a dollar apiece.

I suppose cost could be an issue — after all, good beer does cost more — but if you honestly can't spare the extra couple of bucks then maybe you should be spending that money on food, rent or other essentials. Or maybe you're one of those pathetic individuals forced to drink constantly in order to deal with the constant nagging of your over-sexed, under-intelligent PR-major girlfriend and the flaming downward spiral that your college career has become. If this is the case, then please do us all a favor and switch to drinking ethanol. It has a higher alcohol content, which means that you can get drunk faster, and there is always the added excitement that you could die and rid the world of your presence before you fail out of college, crank out a couple of delinquent children and move into a trailer park where you will be nothing but a burden on taxpayers whose only compensation will be your weekly appearance on Cops, which will hopefully involve horrific acts of police brutality.

As you might have already guessed, I am a beer snob. I cherish good beer the way many people cherish good wine and the only thing I hate more than cheap beer are the inbred assholes who choose to drink it. I know I can't stop people from drinking the swill that sullies the good name of such noble brews as Guinness, Dead Guy, Hefewiezen, Hopjack, Wassail, Winternacht and Arrogant Bastard by calling itself beer. I have no intention of girding myself in ninja attire and gliding silently through the streets of Eugene, leaping from the shadows to beat sense into dorm rats and frat boys with empty Arrogant Bastard bottles. I also have no intention of assassinating the President and CEO of the Pabst Brewing Company, Brian Kovalchuck, although that is mainly because he is a demon summoned from the ninth circle of hell who survives by drinking the blood of virgins and cannot be killed by any mortal weapon.

A note about Arrogant Bastard before I continue: Arrogant Bastard is in fact the finest beer ever brewed by the hand of man. I was introduced to it early this year by a good friend of mine, and my survival of the experience was only made possible by the time I spent in beer boot camp drinking especially powerful stouts and lagers. On several occasions, I have seen yellow-beer drinking pussies, such as many of you reading this article, explode, go mad or burst into flames upon their first taste. This is the way in which Arrogant Bastard judges the unworthy.

Since I cannot stop people from drinking fizzy yellow beer, I have instead decided to make a simple rule for my own home. No cheap beer will be allowed to cross the threshold and enter my house. All who attempt to bring such products in will be turned away at the door and I am the sole dictator of what does and does not constitute cheap beer. Any further attempt to enter my home with your piss water will be met with a sharp blow to the head. When you awaken you will find yourself in my secret chamber far below the surface of the earth stretched out on my homemade rack. When you awaken I will immediately razor off your eyelids and slash your eyeballs, and no matter what else I do to you, from time to time I will pour whatever pathetic yellow brew you have brought with you into your eyes so that you won't pass out from the intolerable pain. Be warned, to bring cheap beer into my house is to descend into a nightmare world from which there is no escape.



Ben Brown, who actually does like cheap women, writes for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.