

HATE THE FRENCH

The good news is that most of them are on the other side of the ocean. The bad news is that they're probably going to be around for awhile. Let the hate begin.



You know how it goes: We give them Thomas Paine; they put him in prison. They give us the Statue of Liberty; we take forever to put it up. We save them from being a wholly owned subsidiary of the Third Reich; they pretend the French Resistance made all the difference. They give us Vietnam; we trip on ourselves trying to figure out what we've gotten into. We give them McDonalds; they throw bricks through the front windows.

That's the short of it. Here's the long of it:

The French hate us, because of this, I submit that everyone follow my lead and (though I am hardly the first to raise this idea) hate the French right back. As Al Bundy of TV's "Married With Children," so incisively asserted, it is good to hate the French.

(Let me depart from the hate for just a moment to clear something up: Whenever one makes a statement as expansive as the one that is this article's title, a few caveats are in order. So let me clarify: I don't hate the French. That is to say, what I'm getting at here is the French national attitude. Not French people per se, but *Frenchness*. So I must concede that any random Gaul you or I might run into may not necessarily be a total jerk — but don't be surprised when that turns out to be the case.)

When perennial French annoyance Jean-Marie Le Pen edged out geriatric Socialist Lionel Jospin last April, seeing the cover of the April 27 *Economist* prompted me to roar with genuine laughs of *schadenfreude*. The cover featured a beaming Jean Le Pen before an audience, with the headline, 'France's Shame.' For a veteran Francophobe like myself, this only underscored my conviction that France today is not what France purports

By
**William
Beutler**

to be (if it ever was), and that for the moment at least, everybody else is similarly aware.

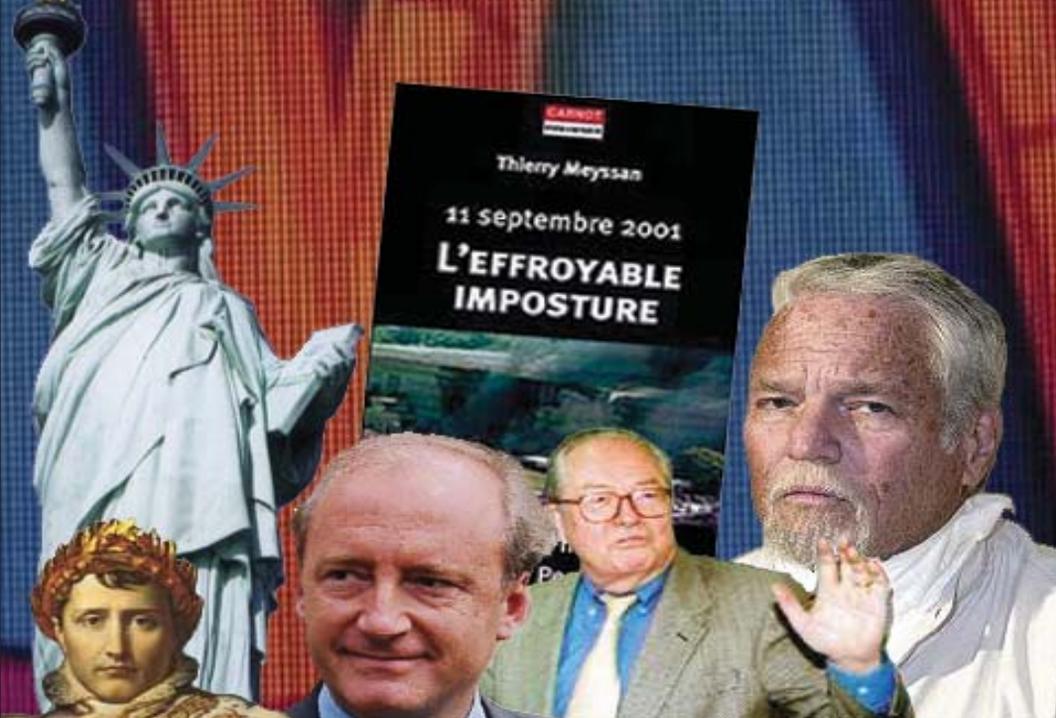
That Le Pen won the first round does not mean that the majority of Frogs are reflexive bigots, but it does show that their electoral system is a travesty. With a ballot-busting sixteen candidates in the primary election — ranging from the nearly-identical to the lunatic fringe — France is a country whose politics are extremely fractured and thoroughly confused.

The Socialist party is the majority center-left party, but it's not much of a majority. Jospin's defeat and early retirement were blows far worse than what happened to the Democrats in 2000. At best, Green Party candidate Ralph Nader trimmed a couple of points off Al Gore's final take. Contrast this with the French election, where the vote share of Jospin's left-wing rivals exceeded his own.

And whereas Le Pen might have a fair American analogue in Pat Buchanan, the American far-left enjoys nothing like the kind of legitimacy France's extreme left can claim. Candidates representing parties with names like Workers' Fight and the Revolutionary Communist League vie for control of local mayoralities, and French voters are often willing to give it to them.

French leftists (and centrists, and rightists) oppose American hegemony and all its attendant symptoms: capitalism, globalization and the English language. Make no mistake about it: In the French mind, neither Saddam Hussein nor Osama bin Laden are credible threats — not in comparison to the awful power wielded by the United States of America. The French love to criticize

The good, the bad and the smelly: Right to left: French-protected murderer Ira Einhorn, National Front leader Jean Le Pen, Foreign Minister Hubert Védrine, Napoleon Bonaparte, Lady Liberty and a conspiracy theory the French eat up.



LES FOLIES DU FRANÇAIS



PEPE LE PEW
Warner Bros. cartoon manifestation of the infamous French national odor problem. Alleged serial rapist.



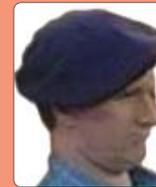
JACQUES DERRIDA
Prominent French intellectual, founder of Deconstruction, contributor of nothing intellectually significant. Adored in university sociology departments.



JOSE BOVE
Anti-globalization fanatic, anti-McDonalds vandal, irate farmer. Typical modern Frenchman.



JEAN BAUDRILLARD
Another postmodern philosopher, author "The Gulf War Did Not Take Place." Like Derrida, might have made a good novelist. Instead, has made his career based entirely on wishful thinking.



AL BUNDY
Fictional character, well-known antagonist of the Frogs. Not French, but portrayed here as such. Never seemed to notice next-door-neighbor's last name (D'Arcy) is French. Acted like jerk to them anyway.



GERARD DEPARDIEU
French actor once commonly in American films, now replaced by arguably less-annoying Frenchy Jean Reno.

American unilateralism. That is to say, they oppose just about everything this nation does in its own interest, especially when we send in our GIs. Whether it's liberating Kuwait, Afghanistan or any country but their own, they drag their feet, pontificate on the virtues of peace and pretty much find any way they can to stall the process. French Foreign Minister Hubert Védrine even said "France cannot accept a politically unipolar world, nor a culturally uniform world, nor the unilateralism of a single hyperpower." Védrine is misrepresenting the case here. The United States has an enormous influence around the world, but it's because of our good qualities, not the bad. Powerful as the US is, it is still possible to tell us no, or in this case, non, and get away with it. Moreover, cultural influence is never a one-way street. Other cultures will take from American culture what they find useful, and Americans will do vice versa. If the French don't want to participate, that's fine: they're just assholes.

I suppose I can see where France is coming from. As recently as the last century, they could boast of a strong military, a robust economy, colonial possessions throughout Asia, Africa and South America, a prestigious and widely-used language, and a culture admired on every continent. The United States, by contrast, was politically isolated from the rest of the world and showed little interest of involvement. France's position was safe.

Two devastating world wars and one painful divestiture of an empire later, France found itself staring up at a mighty nation just across the pond, full of cowboys and

industrialists who had no interest in taking orders from a country full of non-contributing malcontents.

Charlemagne and Napoleon had ambition and were absolute monarchs *par excellence*, but that was a long, long time ago. What was once a bold, forward-thinking (if occasionally foolish) center of Enlightenment is now a joke. And who can resist kicking around the French when they deserve it?

Because there is just too much ground to cover, let's start in the summer of last year with the long-delayed extradition of Philadelphia-based 60s icon Ira Einhorn. In 1979 Einhorn murdered girlfriend Holly Maddux, and when he was found out, Einhorn took off for Europe. He was located in France during the mid-90s, but it took a half-decade to dislodge him from the French courts, and for Lionel Jospin to sign the papers delivering him to US custody. Rhetorically, the French government objected to the death penalty, but in practice they it was all about Einhorn's conviction in absentia, something that is against French law. The Pennsylvania General Assembly had to pass a special law promising Einhorn a brand new trial. No doubt the French enjoyed making us bend over backward to see justice through. Meanwhile, Einhorn became a folk hero because he "dared" to badmouth America, reinforcing the extant Ameriphobia that France makes no secret of. Some *liberté*.

After Sept. 11, the French put on a good show of sympathy, but it wasn't to last: recall the big scandal at the Salt Lake City Olympics earlier this year, when the French

JUMP TO PAGE THIRTY-SIX

TWO MINUTES HATE

I HATE JACK DANIELS

Listen, you son-of-a-bitch. I've just about had it with you. Why do you make me do such evil things? I'm getting sick of waking up in weird places with a large sack of stolen bicycle parts in my hand. Haven't I always been good to you? God damn it Jack! Don't you always get the good spot in my freezer to develop that perfect chill? When I make Jack and Coke, don't I make sure that you fill at least 3/4 of the glass so the Coke can't steal the show? So how do you repay all the love that I give? A spinning head, \$3,000 in property damage, lost friends and a criminal record. It all starts so simply, a shot here, a Jack and Coke there, 16 slugs straight from the bottle...and an hour later I am tear-assing through Pioneer Cemetery on a stolen golf cart with you in one hand, and my pants in the other. That's it; I'm through with you ... oh fuck it. I can't stay mad at you. Come on, let's go get a nine-iron, a bucket of fake blood, a stolen toilet seat and crash a frat party!

BUCK NAKED

I HATE GETTING CHIEFED

I hate being punished for my sins, especially when that sin is drinking from the trough of obscene excess. It shouldn't be anyone else's business that I choose to drink 17 shots of Jagermeister and six Henry's Private Reserves, but every once in a while it becomes a matter for the courts of tribal justice.

When that happens, and when I'm passed out in the backyard lawn of some kid I've never met, the shit hits the fan. The last thing I remember is telling a fat girl that God didn't love her but I would, and the first thing I see when waking up is that same girl pointing and laughing uncontrollably. "Shit, I say to myself, I must've shown her Mr. Happy." I thought size didn't matter, but Laura Eats-A-Lot makes vocal her disagreement on that particular point.

I stumble out of the grass, spitting out what I pray to the Almighty is just a dirt clod, and stumble my way to the bathroom downstairs. Everyone is snickering and I can only assume that Mr. Happy did his pogo dance for the entire group. Oh well, an exhibitionist's life is never easy. I get into the room and peer up to the mirror and what to my horrified eyes should appear, but inked-on slurs and a mystery smear?

Covering my body were Magic Markered racial epithets, ethnic slurs, questions about my drinking capacity, comments on my mom's intimate social behavior and my dad's proclivity for male bathhouses.

I hate getting chiefed.

BUCK NAKED

I HATE SASQUATCHES

Recently my friend Josh and I were camping in Coos County getting drunk and smoking weed, just having a good time on a camp site on the bank of the Coquille River. Eventually Josh couldn't hang with my drinking like a lot of people and he retired to his tent. Later that night I saw a big hairy sasquatch enter his tent. The sounds of love making were unmistakable. Josh was treated well with every respect for his needs, it was give and receive. The bigfoot only came after Josh. The musky odors emanating from the tent were surpassingly seductive. I couldn't believe what I was thinking, but I wanted some ... some Sasquatch love that is. But no, the bigfoot left me only wanting more. I hate you sasquatch because you left me wanting more.

LIL' HALF DEAD

I HATE THE FACT THAT APPROXIMATELY THIRTY PERCENT OF THE LIVING ROOM CARPET HAS BECOME OBSCURED BY BEER BOTTLES AND PIZZA BOXES, THE LATTER OF WHICH HAVE RECENTLY BEGUN TO MOVE BACK AND FORTH AND EMIT TERRIBLE SCRATCHING SOUNDS, ALMOST AS IF SOMETHING MIGHT BE... "LIVING" UNDER THEM.

Actually, this one is pretty much self-explanatory.

ZEUS O'SHAY

I HATE DOUGLAS COUNTY

A quick run down of towns in Douglas County:

Camas Valley: Got meth?

Canyonville: Seven Feather's Hotel and Gaming Center: Keeping up its half of the gambling/ crank monetary cycle that keeps Canyonville afloat.

Days Creek: People in Serbia order their brides from Days Creek.

Elkton: When in Rome, do as the Romans do. When in Elkton, beat your wife with a frying pan.

Glendale: Where hitchhikers go to die.

Myrtle Creek: When the west was won, this is where the losers went.

Riddle: A godless cesspool bathing in syphilis and beef jerky.

Roseburg: As in: Half of all OSU students hail from this Southern Oregon town. (Side note: When Roseburg's football team was winning all those state titles, I was rooting against them every time. F*** the Indians.)

Oakland: Sutherlin's paint sniffing sister.

Sutherlin: A grimy lawless brothel full of drug-addled sailors and scheming gypsies.

Tiller: A store, a school, a post office and a federal building.

Winston: What the world would be like if the Nazis had won the war.

I HATE NATO

Perhaps it may be the case that I harbored KGB agents on the run during the Cold War. It may be true that I helped the Soviets gain insight into the U.S.'s neutron bomb program. And, yes, I may have allowed the U.S.S.R. to place strategic ICBMs on my soil. But really are those any reasons to deny me nation membership in NATO? Those bastards in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are just vindictive. I can give to their organization. I have really good handwriting and I can keep secrets really good. I mean Russia just got in, what has he done that I haven't? Is this about what those Czech punks said about me? That's totally bullshit, I mean I was really drunk and how was I supposed to know those were really CNN reporters and not spies? I mean I gave them a quick death. I hate this NATO bullshit.

LIL' HALF DEAD

REV. FEELGOOD

I HATE SOROSTITUTES

By Georgia Patera

Typical Thoughts:

- Am I, like, talking, or whatever?
- If guys were letters, I'd be on R.
- Candy corn is a vegetable, right?
- Maybe if I can make myself purge just one more time today, people might actually start to like me.
- Must form a helmet with my hair gel so that my brain won't leak out my ear.
- Is anyone listening to me?
- My intelligence is measured by the amount of times I can say 'like' in the same sentence.
- Table dances are a normal part of the UO admission process, right?
- If anorexia was just another term for ritual fast, I'd be the Dalai Lama.

Contents of Purse:

- Slimfast Meal-On-The-Go bar, so she doesn't have to, like, drink on an empty stomach.
- Cell phone so she can, like, call all of her friends every .5 seconds to tell them exactly who was wearing what.
- Daddy's credit card.
- Sorostitutes membership card.
- Kneepads.
- Copy of "Debbie Does Dallas" with the words 'Instruction Manual' scrawled across the cover.
- Glitter, glitter, glitter.
- "Emergency" stash of useful drugs (i.e. Ritalin, the morning after pill...).

On Her To Do List:

- Replace stomach-acid-corroded bathroom fixtures.
- Find and bitch-slap girl who thought it was funny to floss her teeth with my underwear.
- Get festering sores examined.
- Price boob jobs.
- Buy heavier duty pliers to help zip up jeans.
- Try out the new "Somalian" diet.
- Sign up for pilates class.

Contents of Stomach:

- Like, a grande latte — nonfat, of course.
- Diet Coke, to alleviate the empty, gnawing sensation that often accompanies the later stages of anorexia.
- Uncountable chards of partially digested Metabolife Pills.
- Roofie, left over from Saturday night's frat party.
- Slightly less than one gallon of suspicious white, sticky fluid—also from Saturday's frat party.
- Krispy Kreme she secretly gobbled when sorority sisters' backs were turned.
- Grass clippings eaten while grazing with the rest of the sheep



Georgia Patera has run off to join the circus. She used to write for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. We'll miss her cookies.

I HATE THE MAN

by Philippe Cornett

I hate “The Man.” Rather, I hate Eugene’s version of it and the people of Eugene. Don’t worry dear reader, this isn’t some hippie tirade about environmentalism or the war on drugs, this is a concise grievance I have against this town’s liberal police state and the lack of logical thinking that is attracted to such ideologies.

Baffled by constant hacky-sack and didgeridoo presentations by animal rights protestors outside Johnson Hall and the omnipresent eye of authority on campus, I, like most sane people, vacated the dorms in search of a more normal habitat. Attracted by low rent, close proximity to a granary, and a Union Pacific line not more than two blocks away, I settled in West Eugene. Okay, so I knew it was ghetto, but it was cheaper and less dangerous than the worst neighborhoods in Portland. I settled in fast; owning little more than a futon and rotary dial phone, I figured that nobody would even notice my arrival as I had no pawnable goods. Unfortunately, someone did notice my arrival: my neighbor, Bonnie. Bonnie seemed normal at first, although she made excessive direct eye contact and had a wispy-white goatee. I learned quickly that something was even more off about my 63-year-old neighbor than I previously thought, however; she seemed to have frequent Late Night Company—much younger scruffy-looking men. I’m not implying any sexual happenings because indeed I would hear that through the wall...(shudder).

Being the unassuming type, or rather the uncaring type, I dismissed these happenings and continued my self-indulgent sin-filled life. I should note here that during my stay I acquired a large collection of religious pamphlets someone taped to my door, and regular visits from some Mexican dude who visited to have Bible study, in Spanish, at 10 am Sunday, with me, at my apartment. My flight from the noise of the dorms and authority of the university had landed me in the middle of a Christian-induced hell. It wouldn’t be long before my first organic chemistry mid-term that the real trouble began.

Oct. 8, 2001, isn’t a day I’ll soon forget. It was the day EPD came by my apartment to have a little midnight “chat,” which resulted in my being arrested. It seems my good neighbor, the “Reverend” Bonnie, claimed I was peeping through her bathroom window while she pinched a loaf. The officers at the scene treated her with kid gloves and did not question how accurate her observation was. Her alleged notice of me was made through a one-inch crack in a window and lasted less than a few seconds

because I, apparently, ran back into my apartment. The cops also failed to see that the 5-gallon batch of beer I had been making for the last few hours was simmering on the stove; while this is the kind of sleuthing you’d expect in rural Alabama, it obviously is void in metropolis of Eugene. When I brought the facts to one officer’s attention, we’ll call him R. Magana, his reply was, “I don’t know if you’re religious, but she is a reverend.”

What Magana and his colleague, and later the city prosecutor, failed to do is follow up on her background story. Nobody ever questioned the fact that a single woman on federal disability insurance is not working as anything or she would not get the government dole. Bonnie constantly told people about her “street ministry” and her work at the Eugene Mission. After a few quick phone call to the Eugene Mission and a complete background check by my PI, we found that indeed she never worked or volunteered at the Eugene Mission and her ministry was little more than talking in tongues with the neighbors, which I later heard through the wall.

Moving out in the middle of a term was out of the question for me, because at the time I was taking both molecular genetics and organic chemistry and could not foresee losing a weekend or more with the hassles of moving. The constant snubbing by the neighbors and the harassment by the police started to take toll on me, mentally and academically. I could no longer relax while at home, that dumb bitch transferred her pathos to me. I started burning anything I received through the mail that could be used to identify my trash from anyone else’s: student credit card offers, computer software boxes, old homework and tests, I didn’t want any kook to read anything in to the contents of my trash. My concentration was dedicated from then on towards beating this thing. There was the cost of moving and the lawyers, which topped out around \$5,000. So, I believe I have a reason to hate the MAN, who, when presented with nothing more than the ramblings of a mentally unstable individual, sought to make some charge stick by way of a plea agreement. It was only by my refusal to deal, which was against my lawyer’s advice, that the city prosecutor’s office finally dropped charges after 7 months of threats.



Philippe Cornet, still required to stay 50 feet away from Bruce Miller, is a writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



I HATE THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

BY BRET JACOBSON

The grimy brass doorknob is broken, so I have to shove the slime-filmed door open. Sunlight floods over my eyes, highlighting the luxuriously thick smoke escaping around me. I've seen enough for now of Sgt. Peckers, the newest champion in my friend Darren's stable of legendary cockfighting marvels. I like Peckers; He's got the kind of gumption and killer instinct I look for, although he got so aggressive with the razor in the last match it looked like O.J. reliving the Murder at Brentwood.

I walk down the cobbled walkway and swing the rusted gate out of my way. I begin the long walk back to campus, each step sending a tremor through my body that acts as Karmic punishment for the vodka tonics I've been downing since early last night. There's a hint of something unpleasant in the air — but that's just Eugene, I grumble in disappointingly unsophisticated inner monologue.

This spring day will be rife with consequential events as I head to school. The sun means there will be plenty of attractive female flesh showing. I heard from a drinking buddy that the fat cats at school hire the hot girls to come in the first few weeks of fall and the last few weeks of spring to beautify the campus a bit. God knows the girls aren't there the rest of the year. It got so bad in winter I wound up intertwined with some fluffy bitch that had more chin hair than me. That's one thing I hate about the University. All the good-looking girls hide in the winter months, and even in the spring the cute ones have to burn off the winter insulation they've conscientiously built as a protective layer.

It's my fourth year at the University and I know my way around town. Despite what some would call an earth-shattering hangover — I prefer to call it Thursday, thank you kindly — I have to be in class to take notes on just how “badly” America behaves in its foreign policy efforts. No, I'm pretty sure there's

some stench in the air. It's irritating my nose.

My steps take me past the Eugene Police Department. I search deep down in the bottom of my soul for something vulgar and I cough out some diseased mucous in front of the building. God, I hate that place. I hate the way EPD systematically screws students for minor violations just because they can get away with it. I let fly another mucous missile in an effort to recapture some dignity The Man has stripped from me over these trying years. EPD acts as the local tax revenue collector half of the time and the power-hungry yokle sheriff the other half. But what pisses me off most is that if the University administration cared an ounce about the real concerns of most students — not those of the ego-driven, socially inept and intellectually bankrupt ass-kissers in student leadership positions — the problem would be solved in short order.

But the University doesn't care at all, and that's one of the reasons I would rather have stayed for the Neato Bandito/Tommy Two Talons bout in Darren's Happy Hour Super Matchup today. While I could be sipping piña coladas and smoking Cools with Vivian, the deceptively young latina goddess that will do anything for Jell-O pudding pops, I am heading to a place where the administration sells out its students, professors and its own major donors; where student leaders only represent ultra-leftist causes; and where hippies not only get a free pass, they get a free ride as politically-driven professors. Nowhere in there does that leave room for the average student trying to prepare for the real world.

I try to shake off the spreading stain on my mood, but I can't get rid of the smell. I know I'm not having a stroke since I'm not smelling burnt toast, but the odd smell is nonetheless a point of nervousness. After all, you ever tell someone you smell something funny? Either they retort that you, in fact, “dealt it” or they look at you like you're hearing voices.

My meandering takes me past a 7-Eleven. This headache won't stop, so I have to. I slide past my beloved Slurpee machine and forego my Don Diego burritos. I'm on a mission for headache remedy. So I plunk my wadded bills and change on the counter before the clerk smirks and says, "Brass Monkey, huh? Tough afternoon?" In no mood for small talk, I grumble in the affirmative. Behind me two pothead Hippies are arguing over whether or not they indeed have sufficient funds for both Cheetohs and Kool-Aid. Good God. This time I can swear beyond a shadow of a doubt the smell was real. A fruity mix of week-old Patchouli and an earthy, effervescent smell of unwashed human cloak these two miscreants like a patchwork quilt of sloth.

I hate the University because it accepts hippies as a natural process of nature, when they are most definitely a perversion of God's intent for man to be ambitious, predatory, wasteful and clean. But no, hippies reign over several majors at the University. Not only are they to be seen quoting Marx in political science classes, Chompsky in sociology and Lenin in economics, but they are to be seen teaching them! Yes, the hippies have wormed their way into the very structure of academia here and are rotting the University to its very core.

By and large the hippie professors treat young conservatives like dirt. (I've only come across one exception, my favorite English professor, Paul Dresman.) In the main, they have spent years reading theory of oppression and have an uncanny inability to see the world through the prism of the harsh reality. Liberals and hippies are blind to the fact that their revolution is now irrelevant because racism, sexism and homophobia have given way to something far more fantastic and frightening: meritocracy. They do not admit that America is a meritocracy because that would mean that their shortcomings could no longer be tolerated by claiming prejudice.

This rage has carried my thoughts off until I suddenly find my bedraggled self on the doorstep of campus. I peer around to all of these buildings with whom I have shared the best and worst of times: Rennie's, where I've never fallen in love but have fallen down drunk; Taylor's, where I almost got into fistacuffs with some guy pretending to be the owner of the bar; the bookstore, where they've screwed me on prices for some of the worst reading known to humanity. Regardless, I proceed. The smell is overpowering now. It smells like a putrid pile of rotting grass and the assault on my senses has only ever been rivaled by walking in on a transvestite shaving in his/her legs in the men's room. I want to vomit as badly as the girl walking next to me wants me not to.

I look up at PLC, the tallest building on campus. English Department has its home there, and I imagine having the rigor and follow-through to go find Professor James Earl's office. I hate James Earl and I hate the University for allowing him so much power. As former University Senate President. Earl, supposing himself a progressive, is little more than a radical idealist

who refused to see the practical lay of the land for the University and its future. He fought to get the University enrolled in the radical Worker Rights Consortium and against the University's investment in athletics as a means to improving the overall institution. If there's anything about the University worth truly hating, it has to be the myopic vision of the self-righteous here.

I swear, some people don't appreciate all the preparation and dedication needed to excel in one's chosen field. Our athletes sweat blood for this school and the intellectual snobs don't care. Football coaches spend as many hours breaking down film as cockfighters do. (Far be it for me to get off subject here, but I know dedication. I must've watched the Macho Baracho "Artery Incident" a hundred and fifty times to find out how that little shit was kicking Hairy Hector with one foot while cutting him with the razor on the other. Damndest thing I've ever seen. The point

is, athletic coaches and players care a lot.) (Also, not to get off subject again, but at least football and basketball, the sports to which the overwhelming amount of athletic department money is dedicated, are civilized sports. Not like those hacks over the dogfighting arenas. It's not even a sport to make mutts kill... now, you want a good challenge, you get some kittens in there with barbed wire on their mittens and shaved glass on their ears.)

I can barely breathe right now. The anger has choked off my throat and the rancid smell is preventing any attempts

at deep breathing. My ears start ringing and my vision narrows down to nothing as I panic, then crash to the floor unconscious.

Passed out, visions of clarity bless my brow. First, a gentle calm comes over me as I see the secrets of the universe. First, I see my beloved Peckers strutting around the ring like the king he is. Like Jesus was the son of David, so too Peckers is historic royalty.

But then, as my gaze fades from Peckers, it settles upon the University. But it is not a peaceful place of intellectual honesty and the pursuit of knowledge. It is something quite different, quite sinister.

The University of Oregon is a giant, distorted mirror that rapes reality and contorts it into a bastardized reflection of the Devil's own world order. In this cracked view, success and intelligence are derided while the dull hum of sloth and moral relativism are music for to which hippies and their sympathizers sway.

So I raise my chalice to better days for us, one and all. And upon the final day of judgment, those who have kept the faith will sit at the seat of power. We will eat, drink and be merry as we watch Peckers take his place amongst cockfighting royalty. God bless us, everyone.



Bret Jacobson, betting 10-1 on Peckers over Little Jerry Seinfeld, is the Publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON IS A GIANT, DISTORTED MIRROR THAT RAPES REALITY AND CONTORTS IT INTO A BASTARDIZED REFLECTION OF THE DEVIL'S OWN WORLD ORDER.



I HATE THE USA

I HATE ENGLAND



By Olly Ruff and Zach Evenson

By now all of you should be familiar with Olly Ruff, whom we have had the pleasure of featuring as Another Perspective columnist during this past year. But the year draws to a close, and soon it will come time for Mr. Ruff to pass the baton along to another generation. Last year, we introduced Ruff in a feature article for that Hate issue. With this year's Hate issue, we set up a friendly little tête-à-tête between him and our pick to be next year's AP man, Zach Evenson. Because Evenson is studying abroad this year in England, and because Ruff hails from Great Britain himself, we thought we'd give them the opportunity to debate the relative merits and demerits of each nation.

—Ed.

Olly Ruff:

To prepare for this article, I have spent much of the past five years travelling the highways and byways of this fair land on a Greyhound bus, three seats behind an obese man who noisily channels the spirits of the dead in his sleep. I have eaten scrambled eggs the consistency of Goodyear tires in the world's largest truck stop. I have spent more time than anyone could reasonably be expected to in Martinsville, Indiana. What I have to report may disturb effete, latte-sipping cognoscenti such as yourself, Zach, but that's precisely why my task is so important. I have seen the distended left ventricle of the heartland, and I have lived to tell the tale.

Zach Evenson:

To prepare for this article, I did absolutely nothing. For seven months I have immersed myself in British culture. I have seen good times, and I have seen bad times. And yet most times, I just wish I could remember them. My "preparation" did not take the ever-so-clichéd form of visiting historic monuments, nor seeing the beauty of the English countryside. I got drunk. I can

assure you that a good super-size dose of British culture can be found on a night out. Getting the eventual 86 from an English nightclub because you're fighting with a Smint machine in the bathroom (yes my friend, your time is nearing) isn't one the top things to do listed in the Lonely Planet's Guide to Britain, but the fragmented memories will last a lifetime...or at least until next Saturday.

There's a sort of Zen experience standing in line for an hour and a half in the freezing cold waiting to get into an overpriced nightclub swarming with makeup-wearing Brit-Trash pretty boys donning their French Connection gear. French Connection is England's answer to the ubiquitous Abercrombie and Fitch, which is standard issue for all the frat boy (or frat boy wannabe) automatons who are swarming around the campuses of America's state universities.

OR:

True, and we all laughed so hard at those clever, clever "FCUK" ads. British nightlife is centered on a definition of "binge drinking" that would horrify the Oregon University System. First of all, closing time is 11 PM. This forces the casual pub-goer to squeeze all their drinking into a much shorter space of time, and then have a fight on the way to get a kebab. Also, you can legally drink at 18, and the culture is much more tolerant of underage drinking, meaning that if you're 15 and sufficiently tall, you're basically fine. The US still takes a slightly queasy view of recreational alcohol abuse among the young, which results in three years of limbo before your 21st birthday and then a succession of pointless, masochistic endurance tests involving keg stands and Jaeger shots. And — it is my contention — the wearing of Abercrombie and Fitch products.

In this part of the country we are spoiled for choice, beer-



Zach Evenson, a self-described “fat, lazy American,” enjoys Ruffles, Pepsi and the novels of John Grisham.



Olly Ruff, seen here fleeing Communist Cuba, feels that the film version of “A Time to Kill” was a faithful adaptation of the book.

wise, and I won’t say a word against West Coast microbrew. But a quick trip to the Midwest will reveal that most of the country still lives off hideous yellow beer concocted from piss and Nutrasweet. I may be speaking unfairly here, but I despair of America ever learning the beauty of real ale: a density comparable to that of lead, brewed by snaggle-toothed yokels and used like brass knuckles to give an unfair advantage in a bar fight where hitting someone with an empty pint glass just wouldn’t do enough damage.

ZE:

Speaking of which: I am by no means healthy. I often fall asleep with a bag of potato chips resting comfortably on my chest. One time I even ate a chocolate sundae for breakfast. And if I’m drunk, the whole lot gets deep-fried. Those facts standing, I do not believe that I am capable of effectively commenting on the nutritional aspects of some culture’s cuisine. I do, however, consider myself a proficient and well-experienced consumer of mass quantities. It is for that reason that I feel I have a duty to inform not only my American brothers, but also fellow fat fucks from every corner of the globe about the British palate.

“Excuse me, ma’am? Could you please give me that delicious-looking turkey sandwich over there? Yes, that’s the one. But first, could you halve the amount of meat in it, drench it in mayonnaise, put it on a baguette smothered in butter, and saran-wrap it? Thanks. No, no, I don’t want it now, obviously that would make it taste way too good and satisfy my hunger too much. No, could you please leave it in the fridge for about three days and then sell it to me? Thanks. I appreciate it. Oh yes, I do want to pay out the ass for it as well.”

OR:

Given the things that your countrymen are capable of doing to innocent breakfast-related comestibles — in buildings misleadingly signposted as “DINER”, too — I’m surprised that

you’re giving me this one. American ingenuity, yes, fine, good. But does every foodstuff have to have industrial applications? It is certainly possible to grill sausage so that it can be wrung out over an engine to make it run better, but I’m not convinced that it’s the way to get this country back on its feet.

ZE:

I have only this to say to you: “Deep-fried Mars bar.” I think that just about settles it. Oh, wait. “Seventeen and a half percent sales tax.”

In just about every e-mail I receive from back home, someone just has to ask me, “So Zach, how are the English hotties over there? I hear European women are fine, especially with that accent.” Let’s clear a few things up. First of all, England is not Europe. Just to clear that up. Second of all, the concept of “good-looking” is in the eye of the beholder, and in this case the beholder is now on his third double whisky and is beginning to ogle the yellow-toothed barmaid. Most American guys, like American girls, go apeshit over a foreign accent. When we hear a French girl speak, we are disregarding the clots of underarm hair poking out of her tube top, and are concentrating more on the image of her spanking us whilst counting out “Une! Deux! Trois!” A foreign accent is a good turn-on, but it doesn’t help too much when it’s tied to a harpy with a harsh Liverpool dialect who is necking pints of Guinness while going through cigarettes like an Oregon State sorority girl.

Not to say that English girls are anything but charming and certainly not annoying by any means, but I’ve seen enough spotty faces and frumpy white asses here to make even the most logical of Trekkies dismantle the Enterprise model and go out for football practice. It is true that America is a nation of mostly, well...fat people. But at least we’ve had the forward-thinking insight to instill into our young ladies that 120 pounds is way too fat and no



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one will ever like you. So go hit the toilets, fatty, because that Dorito you nabbed in between cigarette breaks is going to go straight to your hips.

OR:

Anyway, although we could debate the problematic issues of diet, complexion, and enormous fat asses all the way from now until closing time, I'd like to elevate the tone of the discussion somewhat. Call me pathologically high-minded if you will, make fun of me in the manner of that "Oooh, I read the Economist!" piece from the Onion, but I feel that there's a vital, central trope that we must uncover if we are to make any headway in transatlantic relations. I am referring, of course, to the widely known fact that all Americans are homely mullet-sporting rednecks, who enjoy sitting back to watch NASCAR while whooping.

It must be easy to bury your head in the sand and disregard the vast number of eleven-toed hill-dwelling mutants with whom you share citizenship. I can certainly understand why you might wish to do so. But lest you think me gratuitously unkind, I can point you in the direction of actual documentaries that make the Ned Beatty ass-reaming scene in "Deliverance" look like graduation day at Miss Manners' Academy for Young Ladies.

ZE:

With just about every good rip on British culture I come across, someone invariably has to bring up the image of some Arkansas, backwater opossum-boy with a rifle in one hand and his sister's panties in the other. While not all of our inbreds are nightmares out of "Deliverance," some of them do exhibit that not-so-rare, mutated, odd number of toes quality. The English don't like to admit it, but they have their share of inbreds as well. It's just that their inbreds are most likely to be found riding horses, instead of eating them. They also are quite likely to carry some sort of title (i.e. Duke, Prince, Queen). But who's to say that we aren't all that different? Some of our inbreds carry a title as well. (i.e. Grand Dragon, Pastor).

OR:

To be fair, the curse of "Deliverance" cuts both ways. There is surely some significance to the fact that Sam Peckinpah chose to set Straw Dogs in Cornwall. No genetic mishaps going on over there in the South. None at all. No sir.

However, I was wondering how long it would take before we got onto the Royals.

ZE:

No hate piece on England would be complete without a good rip on the monarchy. The Royal Family embodies the deep history, glamour, and allure that the British nation has offered since the late 11th century. They've also been the root of more scandals and secret love trysts than an episode of Melrose Place.

The general success of my recently coined euphemism for sexual intercourse — "burying the Queen Mum" — led me to quickly discover that the Royal Family are just as much a joke to the English people as they are to the rest of the world. In fact, most English people I've met tend to regard the members of the royal family as somewhat of a drain on Britain's economy, much like my alcoholic uncle who has been unemployed for the last two years. Some weekends I like to visit him in Buckingham Palace where he sits on his throne. This is a perfect simile if you take Buckingham Palace to be his trailer off of Rural Route 9 and his throne to be that dog urine and beer soaked La-Z-Boy he scored off of my aunt in the divorce. And much like the monarchy, he likes to think that he wields actual power. Why, there isn't a month that goes by when he doesn't violently force some federal employee off of his land or try to start up his own government with his cache of old Vietnam-era rifles and a handful of beer-can grenades.

OR:

And good luck to him, I say. It's hard to deny that the British monarchy is a ludicrous, parasitic anachronism. Which is part of why it's so depressing to see American supermarket tabloids take such an interest in their doings. I sometimes wonder whether the continued interest of the National Enquirer is the only thing keeping the curmudgeonly old freeloaders afloat. By the same token, the thirst of the British for all that is evil in American culture knows seemingly no bounds. (Take Limp Bizkit. Please.) There's a case to be made that these are two countries that admire altogether the wrong things about each other. Present company excepted, naturally.

ZE:

In closing, Olly, I do have to admit that while both American and English cultures do have their fair share of disappointments and embarrassments, we can both take a step back, look into the mirror and be proud that we're not Canadians. Canadians...they're not quite American and not quite French, yet they've managed to adopt what is despised about both cultures. "A-boot"...ha ha ha.

OR:

Zach, that's the kind of plea for unity that I can really relate to. Incidentally, Martinsville, Indiana proclaims itself, perhaps rashly, to be the "City of Mineral Water." This statement is made via a big sign on top of the town's tallest building. (Two stories.) While it's a bold claim, I can't help wondering whether it's an ironic reference to the movie Heathers. Anyway, Canadians. Certainly. And it's your round, by the way.



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Join the party

I Hate Responsibility

by Greg Diamond

After being jolted out of my video-game induced haze by a request from my editor for something, anything, that would fill a page, it took me the better part of three hours just to figure out what to do. My girlfriend suggested a rant against obnoxious roommates, but that just didn't engender the kind of inner, fiery rage that this kind of undertaking requires. No, I hate something more basic and all encompassing. I hate the test I'm going to have to take tomorrow. I hate the presentation I'm going to have to give next week. I hate the bills I'm going to have to pay next month. I hate the job I'm going to have this summer. Shit, I hate what I'm doing right now.

I hate doing most things, in fact, and I hate them because I'm both lazy and drunk. I enjoy being lazy and drunk, and I think more people should try it. Animal House's Dean Wormer said, "Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, son," but I think that's horseshit. Fat, drunk and stupid is the only way to go. If more people in this world were fat, drunk and stupid, then I think it would be a better place.

There's nothing terribly pleasant about being overweight, but if the alternative entails getting up off your ass, then would you really have it any other way? I know that personally, I'd rather be parked in front of my GameCube on any given evening than sweating at the gym. My saving grace is that I'm often too lazy to actually cook dinner; otherwise my physique really would resemble that of a character from Dilbert. Following that logic, I'd also rather be at home on my ass than off working somewhere, which is why I hate bills so much. Fuck, my electric bill was something like \$90 last month, and I wasn't even home most of the time (oops, looks like I accidentally got a roommate dig in there anyway).

And what about being stupid? It's the natural state (the "resting" state, if you will) of most of us, and most grown human beings seem to enjoy it just fine. Hell, a solid half of our elected officials are certifiable morons, and it doesn't seem like it's been any kind of handicap to their professional lives. Knowledge isn't all it's cracked up to be, and it therefore follows that school really isn't either. I hate school largely because I know I've got better things to do than get up for my 10am class most mornings, to say nothing of actually doing the assigned homework. Those better things usually include sleeping until 3 in the afternoon or so, but occasionally they entail getting drunk before noon, which moves me onto my next subject.

I've altered the order of adjectives from Dean Wormer's quotation because drunkenness really is the glue that holds everything else together. Also, I'm drunk right now. It's a sad fact of life that beer, a necessary component of any drunken lifestyle, contains a lot of calories. Making matters worse, after putting away a half rack, it's hard for most of us to walk straight, let



Above: Greg Diamond tries to decide what his plan of attack for the day should be. To leave the living room or not? Hmm... alone run it off, so those calories tend to just sit around, hence the connection to being fat. Being drunk doesn't have to mean being inherently stupid, but in a college setting, as I alluded to before, it can make it hard to attend class regularly and complete assigned readings. Now even with all that being said, the fact that being drunk is preferable to the alternative goes without saying for most of us here in the office. Different people find happiness in different places, and I find mine at the bottom of a bottle.

Now why would the world be a better place if more people were like this, you ask? For starters, there wouldn't be as many of us. Jello Biafra wasn't kidding when he sang "Too Drunk To Fuck," and if whiskey dick would rear its ugly head more often and prevent some of us from breeding, then I'll drink to that. Those of us still around would have shorter, happier lives. Heart attacks and cancer would cease to be the leading killers in America, and liver failure would regain its rightful place as the supreme killer of men.

Ah, but what the fuck do I know? I'm just going to go back to playing Luigi's Mansion and crack open another can of Pabst.



Greg Diamond on loan to the OC from the LCC Torch, is Editor-in-Chief of LOWRIDER magazine.

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Aside from political shadiness, race-baiting and extortion, the real reason that I hate Jesse Jackson is the poor example he sets for and poor message he sends to the people he claims to want to help. Jackson has spent his entire career saying that “the man” will keep the black people down. That black people are owed, and that they must make “the man” give them everything to which they are entitled. That feeling of entitlement is the major problem; because with it comes the implicit message that black people cannot help themselves. As a libertarian I find the very idea that a citizen of this country is incapable of helping him or herself to be grievously malignant. Even as simply a human being, I cannot accept that people are not capable of doing things themselves. It just isn’t right to tell people who are having a rough go that they cannot possibly solve the problem for themselves. For all his talk of “empowerment” Jesse Jackson is only empowering himself. If he were to say things like, “No matter what you do, some people will not like you and will try to keep you down. But, you’re smart enough and capable enough to solve those problems and to make your way for yourself in this world like everyone else.” I would have no problem with him. However, telling people that they are owed and that they cannot get out of their station without help from “the man” does nothing to motivate those who desperately need motivation. Is it difficult to get out of a crack-den? Hell yes it is, but it can be done. Poor people in the ghetto are every bit as capable of finding ways to take care of themselves as everyone else is. Jackson and his ilk should spend their time fighting real problems like drug addiction and school dropouts instead of wasting their time howling racism at the moon. Equality means that nobody is treated any differently from anybody else. It means that personal responsibility is assumed, because we are all capable human beings. Equality is not making “the man” give you things and it certainly isn’t being called a racist because you refuse to support a man like Jesse Jackson when he desires nothing but personal wealth and power in the guise of Christian leadership.



Timothy Dreier, who hates Al Sharpton even more, is Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

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bike like a normal person and not like a kamikaze pilot who just got a Dear John letter.

Look, I know you’re pissed off because you can’t afford a car, but that’s no reason to careen down 13th avenue like a Tour de France participant that accidentally rode drunk into Pamplona. You’re not fooling anyone by trying to move as fast as a car, you’re still a loser peddling down the street. Perhaps if some of these decomposing shit-for-brains assholes would slow down a notch I could cross 13th street without having to worry about some deviant wrapping his bike chain around my face. Shit, it’s less hazardous to blindfold myself, imbibe a fifth of Jack and stumble my way across a six lane freeway.

I call to arms the noisy, polluting maniacs that are motorists. We have tried to be nice to you bicycle riding assholes. We have given you your own lanes, your own paths, we have even sectioned off an entire street here at the University. For too long the motorists of Eugene have been content to swerve into a ditch to save someone who should be sodomized with a spiked mace. It’s time they learned that the child’s toy they are riding won’t protect them from having the front of their skulls smashed into the shape of a car grill.

For the pedestrians, a stick jammed through the front tires of a bike will make most of these inconsiderate maniacs a little more respectful .or at least it will cause enough brain damage to keep them in bed for the rest of their lives being fed through tubes and not out endangering the lives of others. Or for the more creative and/or violent, a chain across the larynx works just as well. This whole problem, like many others, could be solved in a drunken rage of chucking an empty whiskey bottle at the forehead.

I guarantee one thing: You start disemboweling some of these inconsiderate fuckers with the front of a Ford, or causing a sudden stop that puts their head into the top of a fire hydrant, and we will have a whole lot fewer problems with these bastards.



Jeremy Jones, bane of all things Hippie, is some sort of staffer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

CUT THIS COUPON OUT

And see if any local businesses will accept it.
They probably won’t, but it’s worth a shot.
Tell them somebody else sent you.

I HATE UNIONS

Before I begin my rant let me sadly make my pro-union statement. During the Industrial Revolution, unions were a necessary, corrupt organization that helped workers combat the necessary, corrupt businesses. However unions have long outlived their usefulness and have become a handicap for the working-class proletariat. The specialized positions and necessary American/immigrated-American workforce has been replaced in this Computer Age we live in. In a time when human beings can be replaced by cheaper and more efficient computers and machines, a union member demanding the outrageous is not going to be heard. The only reason companies had to accept their demands in the past was the lack of options. In the 1920's the cost of having a machine batting a cow unconscious was much higher than having a human do the same job. Now a machine can be built that gases the cows to unconsciousness.

If the society in America really wants to end the era of 'sweatshops' it will have to let go of its cherished unions. America has minimum wage, Medicare, and other programs that the union forces on an employer.

THE GUY FROM IPANEMA

I HATE THE MODEL UN

Every spring term the EMU faces a terrible infestation. For a week, hundreds of high school students file in like rats fleeing a sinking ship. They're here for the Model UN, which, sadly, is just about as significant as the real UN. High school may seem like a life time ago, but after one week with these kids in the building you'll quickly recall why it was such a horrible experience in the first place. They stretch the Subway line back to the ticket office. And if you choose to wait in line, you have to listen to their meaningless banter back and forth. And don't bother looking for a quiet place to sit down and read the paper. They've sprawled out on every available piece of furniture like Sea Lions bathing in the sun. And they trash the bathrooms. Why must they trash the bathrooms. Why do they leave their trash all over the floor? Why do they clog up the toilets with paper towels? Are they standing back three feet when they use a urinal, or can they just not get it in? Is this what we should come to expect from our future world leaders?

REV. FEELGOOD

I HATE THE WILLAMETTE FOLK FESTIVAL

Why does this University allow a weekend for every hippie smelling of mold to gather on the EMU lawn and listen to really bad music? It's not bad enough that I have to attend the same college as these annoying, cannabis huffing fuckers, but now I have to wade through them, trying not to breathe in lest I be knocked unconscious by the horrible stench. If that's not bad enough, they bring their ragged dogs. If this University really cares so much about my future, then why does it gather all these people in one place, right underneath a tall building that would be a perfect vantage for a sniper rifle?

BUCK NAKED

I HATE FATHER O'BRIAN

You're supposed to love me like a father, not an uncle, Father. Real dads don't make me say my prayers while lathered up in an off-putting mix of Canola oil and kiddie sparkle. And a real dad wouldn't make me emphasize how dirty my thoughts are while he's playing Hide the Gopher in the Smallest Burrow. I suppose it was just asking for trouble to make me wear a dress while working at the altar and kneeling, mouth wide open like a coked up porn star, taking communion like I'll later take "Lucifer the One-Eyed Demon." All I know anymore is that I don't like church very much cause I bleed more than a hemophiliac in a needle shop and I don't know how much more I can take of sweat pouring down the back of my neck while hearing the good father explain why it's not a sin if he absolves me.

HAIRY CONDIT

TWO MINUTES HATE KEY

- Buck Naked:** Jeremy Jones
- Chairman Nasty:** William Beutler
- Clearly Cambodian:** Marla Traweek
- Hairy Condit:** Bret Jacobson
- Jonah Ballbags:** Zach Evevson
- Lil' Half Dead:** Andrew Adams
- The Guy From Ipanema:** Chris Sitner
- T3PIM:** Tim Dreier
- Rev. Feelgood:** Pete Hunt
- Zeus O'Shay:** Olly Ruff

swapped votes with the Russians so that they both might win their favorite events. It was an international embarrassment rivaled only by how the games came to be in Salt Lake City in the first place. To be fair, the Russians are equally implicated here, but I just can't hold it against them. Russia may still act like the Soviet Union at the Olympics, but they do have a flat tax these days, and it's working like gangbusters. So they get a free pass. France, with its unreliable (yet reliably expensive) welfare state, deserves the blame. That's *fraternité* for you.

Flash forward a few months later, a book by French intellectual Thierry Meyssan's "L'Effroyable Imposture" ("The Appalling Fraud") hit the French book stands and best-seller lists. The book's daring thesis? That American Airlines Flight 77 never hit the Pentagon at all, and that the US was really responsible. Never mind the motivation, never mind what actually happened to that plane full of people, and certainly never mind reality: the 20,000 copy initial run sold out within two hours.

Even I don't think most of the readers actually believed all of that. But the French are given to flights of fancy. One such fancy is the French innovation (read: illogical) mandatory 35-hour work week. Imposed in January 2000, all employers must comply and moonlighting is not an option. When French workers realized this meant lower wages and fewer benefits, they took up protest. The policy also earned the sardonic endorsement of German chancellor Gerhard Schroeder, who said "The 35-hour week in France is a good thing for employment in Germany."

The French are similarly obtuse about other matters of business. Georgia Tech found this out in 1997 when they were sued by coalitions whose names translate as the Defense of the French Language and the Future of the French Language. Both were upset that a satellite office of the university (located in France) offered its services in a single language that happened not to be French. The mind reels. Georgia Tech escaped penalty on a narrow ruling. Just don't be caught registering an English-only site in France, and be careful not to work too hard.

The French language, to continue with that thread, is another one of my major complaints. Not the language itself — though I'll take the rhythmic flutter of Japanese or the brusque bark of Russian over their mopey French Z's any day — but the elitist French attitude toward their own native tongue.

By far the most offensive institution in this regard is the French Academy (L'Francais Academie), founded in 1635 with the purpose of "fixing" the French language: determining rules and standardizing French. Beneficent though it may sound, telling people which words they may and may not use is extremely annoying, and doesn't work too well.

And really, what has the Academy been doing for all these centuries? For one thing, the French have far too many letters in their words. The combination "E-A-U" makes the same sound in French as "O" does in English. Our orthography has its fair share of extraneous letters, but really, that silent X just doesn't work for me.

The idea that the French language is superior to the English language is one the French could stand to be disabused of. When English writers habitually use French phrases in their writing — Tom Wolfe, cough cough — they just reinforce that notion. On

this matter, my left-of-center readers will be pleased to know, French conservatives are equally implicated in trying to keep out foreign words and expressions. After all, it's a mistaken, arguably conservative notion of "preserving" France's national culture that has caused all this silliness. Put another way, it's patently discriminatory. So much for *égalité*.

With a rising crime rate and the collapse of a mainstream political center, Le Pen's victory starts to look a good deal less mysterious. Ralph Nader can still complain about the Republicans and Democrats, but I hope he recognizes how good he has it. As much as leftists in the United States carp about the law enforcement and judicial system in this country, they should be thankful they aren't dissidents in France. And by dissidents, I don't mean anarchists — they are warmly received and often

In January 2000, the French government imposed a national law forbidding anybody to work more than 35 hours per week. German chancellor Gerhard Schroeder said, "The 35-hour work week in France is a good thing for employment in Germany."

voted for. By dissidents I mean those who want to make money and who dare not to roll their R's. France's police system still allows for house searches without a warrant and even secret arrests; better keep those productivity levels plummeting.

The French are resentful of America's wealth and power — hegemony, if you will — and so they bicker with us over every little thing. Hubert Vedrine conceded as much when he said, "If by a stroke of fate the French were to find themselves in the same position as the Americans today we would be more unbearable than they are!" Message to the French: You are already unbearable, and everybody knows it. Even you.

Win a point, lose a point, the French are fighting a chilly war of attrition against us. And because we are a major ally, they can do so without much in the way of consequences. They also do so without much in the way of results, but the French mostly do get what they want: They get to be in our way.



William Beutler — minutes to learn, a lifetime to master
— is Editor Emeritus of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

I HATE CAMPUS MEDIA

It seems that every year the University campus becomes a source of debacle and tom-foolery. This year has been no different. Adding to the circus are the members of the student "media." Their crass anti-thought rants are really too horrible for words, and that is why I hate them.

By B.D. GERHERT

One day I was sitting on an ivory throne in the bathroom of the Rec Center doing my business and reading the *Student Insurgent*. I'm not really sure how that particular magazine found its way into the bathroom of the Rec Center (weight lifting frat dicks and anorexic sorority hos don't come to mind as *Insurgent* readers), but there it was and there I was as mentioned taking care of business.

I don't remember exactly what quite offended me, I think it could have been something about labor conditions in Central America, Marxist theory or perhaps another unfounded completely-out-of-left-field rant against our President and how he "stole" the election from that lying hippie Al Gore.

My business being taken care of, I thought I'd wipe my befouled ass with that rag. I've blown my nose on an *Emerald*, so I thought wiping my rear end with the *Insurgent* would be a sensible next step. But I didn't because I decided my conservative ass would get some type of leftist rash from the cheap socialist paper the *Insurgent* uses.

From this, gentle reader, you can probably assume my feelings toward the *Insurgent*. Yet this opinion holds true for all campus publications. They are mired in their own mediocrity and fueled by the over-inflated egos of their editors. Supposedly we have one of the best Journalism schools on the West Coast I wish that the school could actually start generating some people with true talent for layout and writing.

But that's a whole other nut to crack and for this particular piece I will focus on just the publications themselves.

Lets return to the *Student Insurgent* when I came here to the University I actually thought the magazine was pretty interesting. It seemed way out there and dedicated to its cause. I was not familiar with such things as alternative press at the time so it intrigued me and I even considered writing for it. Nowadays I can place the publication in perspective and understand it is nothing more than a limpid means for trust fund East Coast hippies to pretend they're actually fighting for a cause. The layout is pathetic, copy errors numerous and their articles about distant socialist issues make them appear out of touch and clueless about campus issues. I'll give them props on placing a mole at the COMMENTATOR that was an example of balls not seen much here at the University. We at the OC considered many means for a

reprisal but instead we just got drunk. Like always.

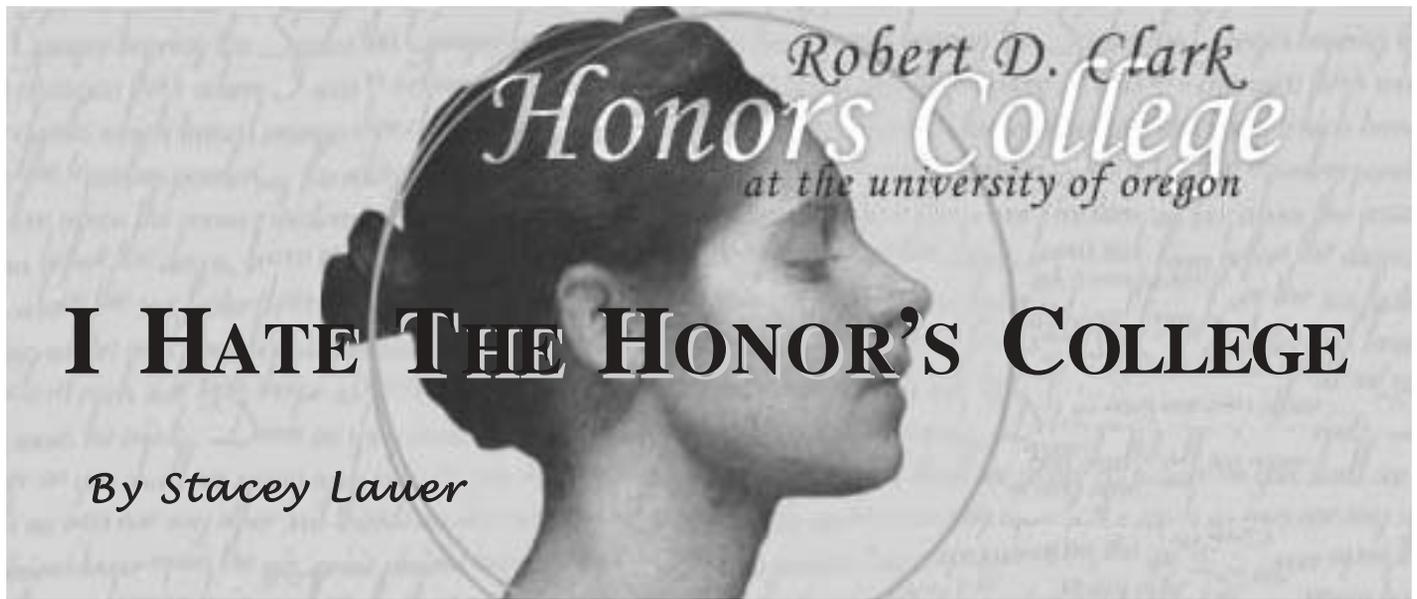
If I got \$50 a month during the school year to put out a four page magazine I'd do a better job, make more issues and include pictorial spreads of actually good looking women conducting "breast exams" for each other. I'd call it the *New Siren*.

One day I was wandering around the EMU, a little drunk, and I found myself at the third floor, which is dominated by the *Emerald's* office. That office is a gleaming, shiny temple of the mundane. A daily paper is a demanding bitch, I'll give the folks at the *Ol' Dirty Emerald* credit for churning out a paper every morning, but please try breaking out of the mold. The worst thing about the *Emerald* is that from looking at its coverage the staff

"THE OC RUNS LIKE A MEXICAN MULE THAT'S BEEN FED MESCAL. I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE THING EVEN GETS PUBLISHED WITH ALL THE DRINKING, POOP JOKES, MIDGET PORN AND VAGUE REFERENCES TO SOMETHING DONE WITH THREE FINGERS THAT OLLY RUFF DESCRIBED AS QUITE 'SHOCKING.'"

doesn't seem to be too enterprising in their reporting. One gets the impression most of the news content aside from commentary and sports is gleaned from press reports and not from any real investigative effort by the reporters. I would like to see the *Emerald* as something that really engages people to read it, folks should want to grab an *Emerald* in the morning, not just sift through it lazily while they smoke a cigarette between classes. They work so hard to be in a safe "middle of the road" position that reading the *Emerald* is like drinking non-alcoholic beer. It's gotten to the point now where I can usually predict what types of stories are in the paper without even

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When I was whittling down the list of colleges I was interested in, the University stuck out in my mind for three reasons: the weather was a hell of a lot better, the School of Journalism was one of the best in the country, and there was the Honors College. I figured that the small Honors College would be a good fit for me, seeing as I graduated with fifty other people from a small college-preparatory school that stood out for rigorous academics.

Holy shit. Boy, did I have no clue what I was getting myself into.

I mean, don't get me wrong, some of my classes have been really cool, the classes are smaller, and some of the professors are really good – plus I get out of the Writing 121 and 122 requirements. But there are so many hoops to jump through, asses to kiss, and assholes to deal with, that sometimes I just want to run headfirst into a wall repeatedly. Random HC stuff that pisses me off:

1) Pay more for the same damn degree. There's an extra fee tacked on for us lucky few - \$300 for the first year, \$250 for the second year, etc. That's not a whole lot, but for a student (read this as ME) who is coming from out of state and is already taking it in a very uncomfortable orifice in terms of tuition, he or she (namely ME) doesn't need to pay more. Apparently the majority of it goes to supplementing the tenured HC professors' salaries. That doesn't really bother me, but for Christ's sake, just include it in my tuition bill so I don't really notice and therefore don't care.

2) Snots. Contrary to popular University belief, not all of us HC students are assholes. But I will grant you that it seems like a higher proportion than in the regular university. I can't tell you how many times I've wanted to slap classmates for copping the attitude, "We're in the Honors College, therefore we are just better." If someone tries this line on any of you, beat him or her senseless. I give you permission. The other thing that pisses me off about these people (one of many things, really) is the way many of them try to wax philosophical in class and just fail miserably. There could be a picture of, I don't know, say Franklin

D. Roosevelt playing chess with himself in our history text, and invariably, some asshole will say, "Dude, that's so, like, a metaphor for his foreign policy ideas." Then the class sits in stunned silence for a few seconds while three groups form: the first is the professor, whose face says a cross between "Hunh?" and "Are you retarded?" but whose mouth says, "That's....interesting." The second is about half the class who chooses to remain silent and simply make disparaging remarks in the margins of their notes. The last group is composed of those students who take the afore-mentioned asshole's comment and run with it. Some of them actually believe this babble, and some merely try to believe it so they can get in on the conversation and sound intelligent, or so they think. Either way, the class winds up talking or listening to some inane commentary. And before you point out that you get this bullshit in any college class, I'd just like to say that I understand that, but it seems to be much more endemic to HC classes. 'Nuff said.

3) Honors College professors. Not all of them, some of them kick ass. Let me begin this by describing the hierarchy in the HC. There are your tenured professors who, I believe, comprise the majority of the HC faculty. There are your non-tenured HC professors, who are waiting to get tenured. Then there are your guest professors, who are invited to teach certain classes for a term or two. It's these last two groups with which I have had the most problems. My freshman year, I took the History series (which you are required to take through the HC along with the Literature series) from a wacko. He was nice, but...odd. Apparently he graduated from some "modern" education program somewhere in California, so he didn't believe in grades. Okay. I can work with that, especially if it means that I'm practically guaranteed a good grade. He also liked to do a lot of free-writing, most of which had nothing to do with the subject matter we were covering. Again, I can work with that, although it felt amazingly pointless to me. He also had this really hunted look during class, like the 15 of us were going to jump up, flay him, and roast him over the burning remains of his desk. His anxiousness made us anxious, and no one ever wanted to say any-

thing for fear of him freaking out and running for the hills. The class was one big exercise in failed group therapy. The other professor was a guest teacher from the psychology department. God, I hate this man. He showed up to class 10 minutes late every day (for a 50-minute class). Then he'd proceed to boot up his laptop so he could project his Powerpoint notes onto a big screen, which was kind of pointless because he gave all of us a paper copy of the Powerpoint presentation. So that was at least 20 minutes wasted every day. For our midterm, he was about twenty to twenty-five minutes late. We sat there for half the period, wondering if we were ever going to get this bloody exam. Oh, and he actually had the balls to publicly bitch at a girl for showing up thirty seconds after he did. That was the first class I ever switched to Pass/No Pass so I wouldn't have to deal with his goddamned flakiness. End rant.

4) The Honors College Student Association. Remember the random metaphorical people in Point #2? Apparently this is a popular hangout. Not all of them, some of them just like to "get involved." I personally favor apathy, but hey, whatever floats your boat. My problem with these people is they send out stupid e-mails on the big, all-important HC e-mail list that no one cares about. Someone should clue these people (and others who send stuff to this list) that no one reads it. They don't put a topic on the e-mails, so you don't know what it's about, and it usually turns out to be some lecture on hating the United States, why we should legalize hemp, and other stuff that frankly, most of us don't give a rip about. So once they have you classically conditioned to delete the e-mail or suffer from extreme boredom, once a month, they send you something that's important. Like the way I just found out that I was supposed to get a thesis advisor a month ago. "When the hell was I told this?" I want to know. "It was in an e-mail sent out a long time ago. Don't you read the HC e-mail?" "Ma'am, I haven't read an HC e-mail since November first of my freshman year."

I can't think of a #5. I'm sure there are many. If you really want a #5, go find an HC student. I'm sure they can help me out. For those of you that applied to the Honors College and didn't get in, or perhaps wanted to apply and didn't get to it in time, I have five words for you — count your lucky fucking stars.



Stacey Lauer, a bitter little thing, is only a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR

Jump from page 41 reading it. Someone needs to light a fire under the ass of the *Emerald*.

From his exalted dais in the second floor suite of the COMMENTATOR on which he sits dictating commands in a booming voice through a speaking trumpet Pete Hunt editor-in-chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR is an epitome of this magazine. Everything is either efficient or efficienter at the COMMENTATOR. It's just business, business, business. Publisher Bret Jacobsen is always running around with his sleeves rolled up wearing his green visor and crunching the numbers on an adding machine talking about "increasing circulation" and "acquiring new ad markets."

Honestly? I'm getting drunker that I thought I was, the OC runs like a Mexican mule that's been fed mescal. I really don't understand how the thing even gets published with all the drinking, poop jokes, midget porn and vague references to something done with three fingers that Olly Ruff described as quite "shocking."

Who reads *Flux*? Aside from the board that gives those snotty mag-types the same awards every year I don't know anyone who reads *Flux*. The staff just struts through campus with their chests puffed out throwing up their "*Flux*" signs and don't even think about trying to use the scanners at the J-school when they're putting the issue together. They'll put the smack down with the quickness.

KWVA so desperately wants to be a pirate radio station they even try and emulate the crappy format of a 13-year-old nerd who has set up a HAM radio station in his room. I wish I could criticize their music, but I don't even know what their music is or even if it can even be described as music. I know I've got it a great idea there should be a jam show on KWVA, it could feature bands like Phish and the Grateful Dead. We could call it Brendan's Phish Phry power hour. Remember kids cocaine kills, but weed pays the bills.

I hear the folks at the *Oregon Voice* believe they're publishing a magazine. I wish them luck with that and hope the medication helps end the delusions.

There's more student media than I've mentioned here. But time is running short and Pete is threatening me with the cat o' nine tails if I don't get my article done on time. I hate the campus media. I hate the Oregon Quarterly, my reputation will never recover from their libelous expose "B.D.: 18 Years of Alcohol and Anarchy," I hate the University of Oregon Student Directory for not having a special "girls that are as easy as they are hot" section for easy phoning access, I hate the Chemistry Department newsletter for failing to tell the true "Ralph Barnhard" story.

There are many options to choose from when selecting your campus publication but personally I don't think anything works better than real toilet paper.



B.D. Gerhart, whose ass is as raw as his coke, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



I Love Everything

By Oilly Ruff

Hello clouds, hello sky. Hello, readers. You know, after a hard day spent excoriating and calumniating every living thing that crosses my path, sometimes it's easy even for me to lose my sense of perspective. Especially at this time of year, when the flowers bud, the beetles copulate, and COMMENTATOR staffers past and present link arms to soberly consider the proper place of savage, vengeful hatred in our lives. It's fun to work off tension by coming up with ways to damn the world around you. It's cathartic. It keeps your mind flexible when you can do this, and it probably lowers your blood pressure or has some other desirable medical effect.

But in my case, the catharsis may have been slightly more effective than was foreseen. Sometime between this morning's first and second cups of coffee, I realized that what I was feeling was no ordinary sensation of well-being, or euphoria, or heartburn. I lay on my back on the lawn, examining the world, and found everything within the limited span of my senses to be as it should be. After all these months, and just in time for me to fulfill the traditional AP columnist's role in this issue, I can honestly say: I love everything.

I have read about this happening to others in the profession — cuddly old Bill O'Reilly, for one. I wish that I could say that it has come as a surprise, but such is not the case. I am well into my golden years as a columnist, and this is not the first sign of impending senescence that I have shown. My eyesight isn't what it once was and my joints may give out for good at any moment. Like the Fall Creek protestors, I remember when it was all trees around these parts, and I will elaborate upon this in great detail to anyone who will listen. I frequently drop off to sleep while waiting for the bus, and remain there mumbling to myself and drooling down my shirtfront for hours at a time while the small

children of the neighborhood point at me in amazement, and giggle, and prod me with twigs to see if I will respond. Then I awake suddenly, and shake my stick at them and mutter expletives, and send them scampering away. But the children know that there is nothing but love in my heart. Even though I sometimes become confused, and ride the elevator up and down in my apartment building, smiling glassily at the floors as they slide by, do not think that I have nothing of value to impart to you. Today I have a message. And that message, as I said a few lines back, is love. Or to be more precise, it concerns love. (The former statement was perhaps over-ambitious.)

Unlike Bill, I love the French. And like Bret, I love the little people.

I love the Genesis Juice Collective. I love pretty much everything that was ever released on Stax/Volt. And I'm increasingly fond of Coastal Highway 101.

I love the contractors to be found the length and breadth of this numinous campus, hammering on things and diligently laying foundations in that way that they do. At least, I assume that's what they're doing. It could be that they have divided into two teams and are now just trying to dig the deepest goddamn hole that they possibly can. Either way, I am grateful to them for giving me a better understanding of what it might be like to have a Harrier jump jet take off inside my left ear.

I love the protestors, the people waving the signs, the people failing to get me to sign their petitions. OK, we've had our differences in the past. But we can all get along, even if I still won't sign their petition and they still won't stop hassling me about it.

I love the songbirds, chirping away so bravely in the trees that have sprouted in the middle of Willamette Street. And I love the opportunistic stray cats that kill and eat the birds, allowing

The views expressed in this column are those of Oilly Ruff, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



me to doze undisturbed by their chirping. I'm not yet sure exactly how I feel about the raccoons that are also lurking somewhere in that bit of the food chain, but the issue doesn't arise all that often. I love Mr. Appliance out there in West Eugene, using his kung-fu skills to foil vendors of inferior appliances for the past several years.

("Call that an appliance? Rrrrr!") I love Tom Waits. And there's a big wet kiss waiting for the Sacramento Kings should they do what they are, at the time of writing, threatening to do to the Lakers. You can wrinkle your nose and say that that won't be much of an incentive for them. But I will not judge you when you do this.

It's not necessarily the case that I always love the media, but I am at the very least trapped in an abusive codependent relationship with it. However, I love www.fametracker.com. I love libraries, and used bookstores, and the free time to rummage around in them both. I love Christopher Hitchens, and apparently that's pretty unusual around these parts. I love TNT, with their uncompromising policy of showing *The Untouchables* over and over again until somebody says they're sorry.

For some dimly understood reason that, to a strict Darwinist, would probably indicate a fundamental unfitness in me as a human being, I think crocodiles are cute. It's probably something to do with their having short little legs and long snouts. Sure, by the same criteria Dachshunds are perfectly adequate, cuteness-wise. But I ask you: whose snout is the longest? And whom would you bet on in a fight?

The list stretches on, on into the distance. Sometimes, I feel so full of joy that I just want to throw my head back, stretch my arms up towards the heavens, and bask in the wonders of this life that we have built, or commissioned, or ordered through the mail, or whatever it was that we did. I am no fun to be stuck

behind in a movie theater, at these times. But I do it all the same.

In short, ladies and gentlemen, I have been infused with the peace that passeth understanding. I'm like Kevin Spacey at the end of *American Beauty*, only marginally less dead. Each day that passes is a blessing. I've never met Big Brother, but if I did I have a horrible feeling that we'd sit back, have a couple of beers, and end up getting on famously. I have not undergone Winston Smith's ordeal, but I have written a few bilious magazine pieces and drunk a lot of coffee. Perhaps that, in its way, is enough. Perhaps now I can wander off into the sunset, grinning inanely, confident that it is finally my time.

Thank you. Be good to one another. And don't forget to separate your recycling.



Olly Ruff, whose felonies with stuffed animals will prevent him from ever gaining citizenship, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR



and pictures for the
Hate issue we didn't
end up using

ON *IRON MIKE*

I'm not criminally lascivious, you know what I mean. I may like to fornicate more than other people, it's just who I am. I sacrifice so much of my life, can I at least get laid? I mean, I been robbed of most of my money, can I at least get my d--- sucked?

—Mike Tyson, in a *Sports Illustrated* interview. *Easy Mike, you're speaking to the choir. We sacrificed most of our lives doing lines of coke and listening to Huey Lewis. We just want our dignity back.*

I don't know what to do. I'm from the ghetto. I don't know how to act. One day I'm in a dope house robbing somebody; next day I'm heavyweight champion of the world.

—Tyson, again. *Next day you're getting ass-raped in jail for acting like you were still in the dope house. God, the cycle of life is beautiful. One day a poor kid from the hood is beating the shit out of people for free, then he's making money to rearrange the facial features of Andrew Golotta, then he's back to raping people.*



ON THE NETHER REGIONS —

Why the hell would I jack off at school?

—Spoken by a 12-year-old boy in the Chase Village Parking lot. *Why the hell wouldn't you, freak? When you get wood, it's only natural to play lumberjack. Timber!*

Sharing underwear is just one of those things you get used to.

—Overheard by OC Editor in the EMU breezeway. *Times get tough, but the tough get going to Victoria's Secret for their semi-annual Bra and Panty sale. There's just something awkward about knowing the same underwear clinging to your nether regions just stared down the one night stand your roommate swore would never happen.*

ON *BERES QUA BERES*

If funding is given for a program in Judaic Studies, I have no argument with it, even though it serves a small minority of students, most of them already familiar with the Jewish Temple.

—George Beres in his recent guest commentary in the Emerald. And if George Beres writes another letter knee-jerk stop-the-war-down-with-capitalism letter full of cliches, we have no argument with it, even though it serves a small minority of students, most of whom work for the Emerald editorial board.



ON A CRITIQUE OF CAPITALISM

Romania's gas-guzzling cars and SUVs have no place being sold on our campus... Do we really want our campus to become a hot spot for consumerism and corporate profit?

—Undeclared freshman Lorie Miller in a May 24 letter to the OI' Dirty Emerald. You think Julie Lauderbaugh would have rushed out with a column on the Romania visit before this letter ran — it's the rare anti-capitalist cliché that escapes her column. Way to scoop the Emerald editorial board there, Laurie!

Car manufacturers such as Chevy have been doing everything in their power to prevent our air from being clean and fresh. —Environmental science major Ashlee Harrison in a concurring letter in the same day's edition. And after all these years, how General Motors has failed in their quest to kill every man, woman and child — and yet, has nonetheless managed to design and manufacture millions of automobiles for their intended victim's convenience. It's true: capitalism doesn't work.



ON *TYSON-MANIA*

I like all those guys, like the Gatsby guy [F. Scott Fitzgerald] and the guy who shot himself [Hemingway]. They were cool. Derelicts and drunks. They were hip. They were cool."

—Tyson, again. And nobody thought Mike had any literary heroes. It turns out he always loved the classics! One can only wonder what he thinks about the metaphoric role of the ocean in Moby Dick. Ha ha, Mike would laugh at Moby Dick. Cause Dick is a bad word.

I wish that you guys had children so I could kick them in the f----- head or stomp on their testicles, so you could feel my pain.

—Who else?



Bobo Medeiros