

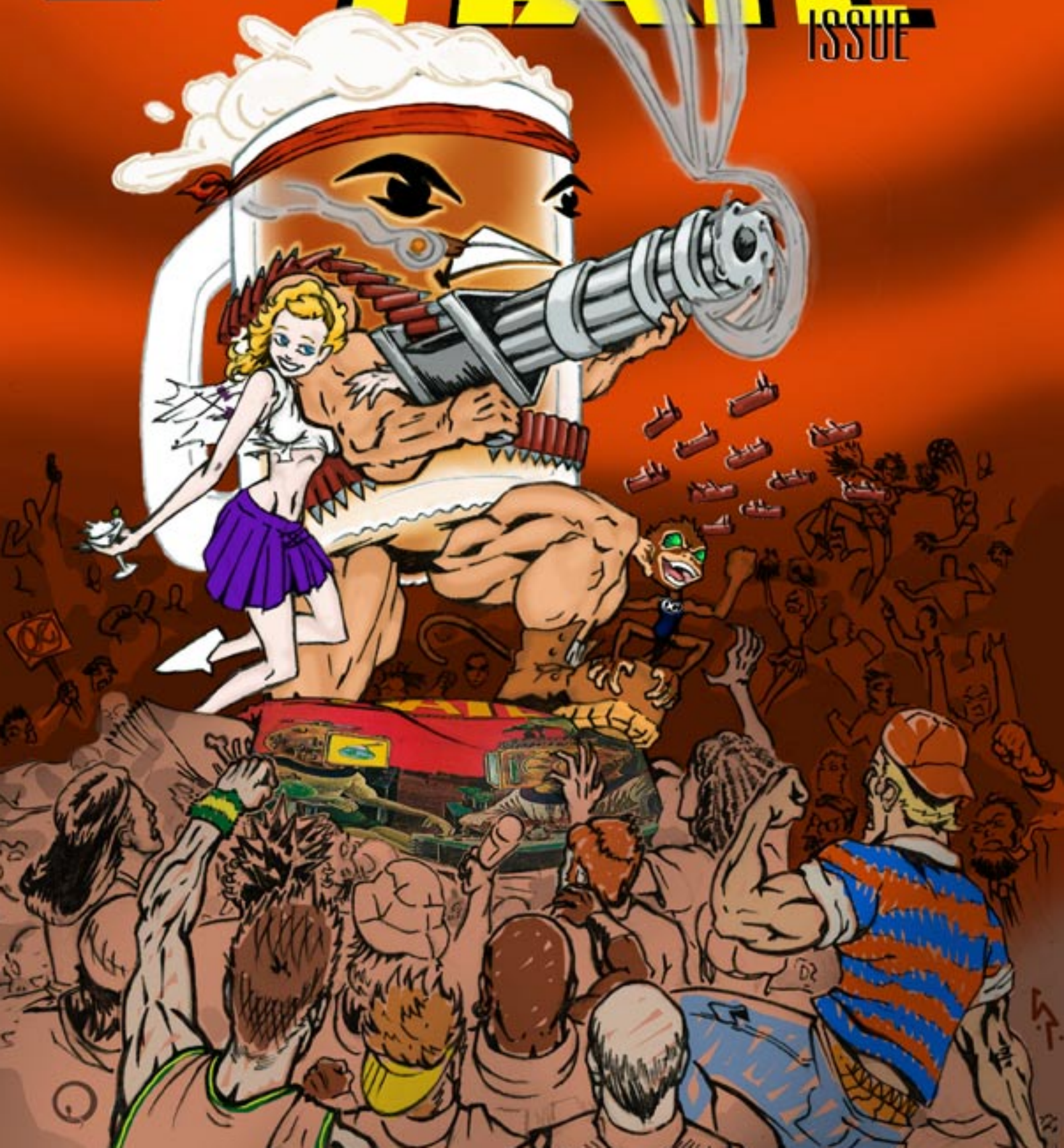
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COMMIEHATER

THE HATE

ISSUE





FOUNDED SEPT. 27, 1983 • MEMBER COLLEGIATE NETWORK

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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.

BY THE YEAR 2003, THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON HAD BECOME A HELLHOLE: LAZY HIPPIES, CRAZY PROFESSORS, AND COUNTLESS ASSHOLES HAD TURNED THE SCHOOL INTO THEIR OWN PARADISE.

THE CAMPUS HAD ONLY ONE TRUE DEFENDER LEFT, AND HE WAS A PISSED-OFF PITCHER OF BEER. NOW, THE OREGON COMMENTATOR'S MASCOT *SUDSY* IS ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN EVIL AND THE FORCES OF EXTREME JUSTICE ...



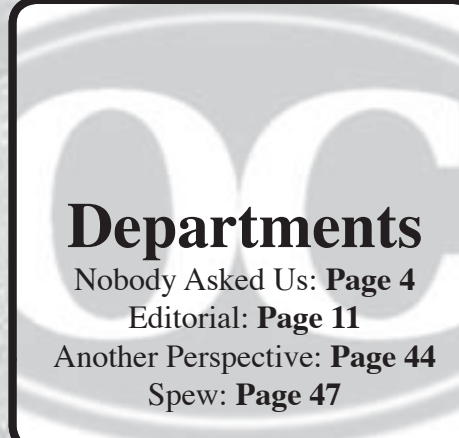
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May 21, 2003

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Top This Assholes!

QUIETEST PROTEST EVER?



While spring protests are as much a part of the University as Mac Court, the recent protest by proponents of American Sign Language curriculum was notably loud. Chants of (well, we couldn't really tell what they said) could be heard a block away, while those signing the chants were significantly harder to hear.

Not that we're against calling it a language, but there are certain classes that seem like they just wouldn't fit too well into the current model of teaching languages at a University. After all, can you really imagine taking an 18th Century Sign Language Literature class to fulfill part of the requirement?

Then again, it's not like people doing double the work to get a Bachelor of Arts rather than a B.S. are using their heads anyway, so maybe it really shouldn't matter. In fact, "good-hearted" and "well-intentioned" people have already done everything they can to make a liberal education more of a feel-good effort than anything instructively useful.

We'd go around shouting that this isn't, in fact, a language because it doesn't fit well into the whole scheme, but we just sort of get the feeling that those who disagree with us would simply choose to turn a deaf ear.

Left: [Smart protesters know using your hands for more than just talking can prevent pregnancy and the HIV!]

Protesters Asked To Give Back The Night

The OREGON COMMENTATOR asked today that protesters from the University and greater Eugene community give back the night. Protesters originally took the night on May 15, 2003 as a way to demonstrate against sexual assault. The OC said today that while it supports efforts to fight sexual assault, it must politely demand that the night be returned to its rightful owners.

"We must ask you give the night back. It's very difficult for students, professors, and the whole campus to get along without night — it's literally half the day they've taken," said a spokesperson for the magazine. "For our staff in particular, night is when they get the better part of their drinking done, and it has become a definite hardship to have the night taken in this manner."

The magazine said that it was not looking for a fight and that the night could be returned with no questions asked.

"We're not looking to point fingers, we just really want the night back. It could be discreetly placed outside our office after 5 PM any day this week without prosecution."

While it seemed unlikely the thieves would heed the call immediately, the OC said it would remain vigilant. The magazine also said it would work with protesters to arrive at an amicable solution.



"We're more than willing to work out some kind of deal," the spokesperson said. "We'll even trade fair and square — we'll work out some visitation rights so they can see the night anytime they want, so long as the rest of us still can enjoy it."

This is just the most recent event in multi-party conflicts, in which each party claims ownership of the night. Sexual assault prevention advocates believe they need to make public claims to the time slot. Opposing that view is a coalition of common students who believe the night belongs to all people, while representatives of gang and thug interest groups say they also continue to fight for control of the time period.

Satan is said to have given up claims to the time slot, since he has a controlling interest in the souls of most campus professors and is said to be focusing attention on maximizing soulholder return from that investment.

Student Directories



All Copies Must Go! For a limited time only, the OREGON COMMENTATOR is selling copies of the student directory for clearance prices. Sell names to telemarketers! Prank call foreign exchange students! Stalk football players! All for only \$2.95.

~~\$10.95~~
~~\$8.95~~
~~\$5.95~~
\$2.95

Not Very Classy: An Unfortunate Analogy

In an embarrassing classroom moment, it is understood that a male student told his Theory of Sexuality class intimate details about his sex life while drastically misunderstanding an assignment.

The young man apparently misread the assigned project, "Describe An Analogy" and instead presented his treatise on "Anal-ology" in which he spoke, in incredibly graphic detail, about a personal anecdote involving his own curiosity, seven shots of Jagermeister, a trip to the gay-friendly Neighbors bar and his friend "Sid."

One female classmate, who asked not to be identified, said she was so shocked at the lurid tale that she ran from the class and vomited on the PLC sidewalk.

"I don't have a problem with anybody being gay, or even experimenting with taboo toys — I know I did in the dorms — but he shouldn't have actually brought the carrot and portable air compressor as props," the girl said.

Class professor John Van Horne said he would give the young man a chance to redo the project.

"I'm glad he felt comfortable enough to share with the rest of us," Van Horne told the OC, "but what he presented wasn't so much an analogy but an incredibly vivid and realistic walk through the inner workings of a confused young man with a fascinating fixation on food formed into logs."

The student could not be reached for comment by press time as he was working as an intern with the JuiceMan juicer production company.

We don't want to beat this whole Axis of Evil thing to death, but we think a better alliance effort would have included French maids in German porn. With a Belgian pizza guy.

Students Come Together To Protest Uniformity

Voice Staffers Transfixed by Dance Dance Revolution



CORRECTION

In the last issue of the COMMENTATOR, we mistakenly claimed that we had taken control of the *Ol' Dirty Emerald*. Upon further inspection, it appears that we did not, in fact, commandeer that paper. We regret the oversight, and we promise we are creating strategies even now, in our darkest hour, to rid the school of that paper's "creative truths."

Pop Quiz: Which Ernie is the UO's head basketball coach?





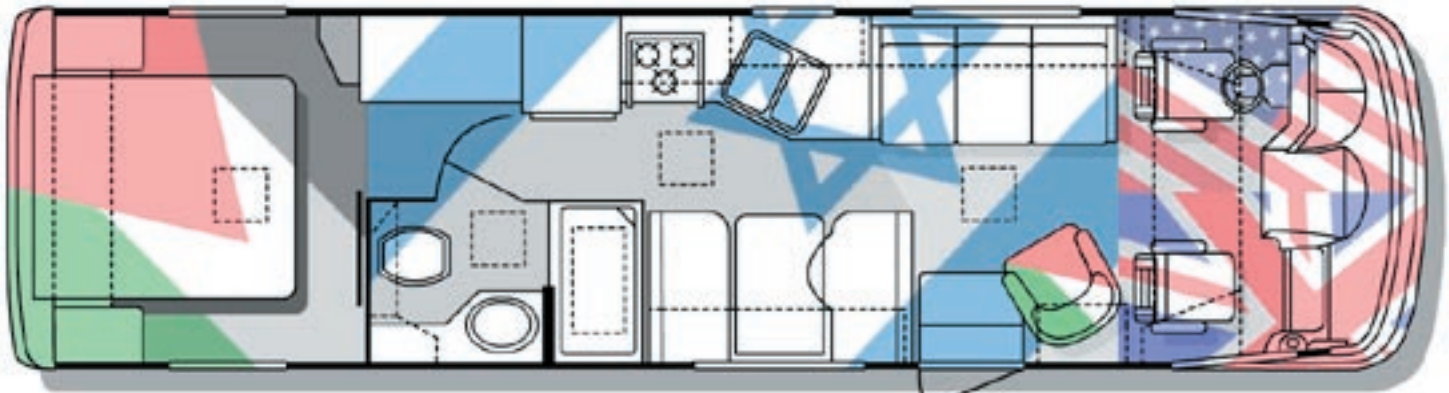
ROAD TRIP To Peace

See What Happens When Blood Enemies Are Forced To Live In A Camper — And Stop Being Polite!

The world's greatest new reality television series is **Road Trip To Peace: The Israeli-Palestinian Conflict!** The idea is simple — stick Yasser Arafat and Ariel Sharon in a Winnebago and send them across America in search of fun, hilarity, and lasting peace. George W. Bush and Tony Blair will be guest hosts as they prod both sides into choosing the right way — or the highway!

THE RULES:

- No biting, scratching or eye-gouging
- Anyone who calls in a missile strike will be punk'd by surprise guest star Ashton Kutcher!
- Everyday cast members must share their thoughts about their trip, the peace process and their adversaries on the Winne's ConfessionCam — And they have to do it in English!



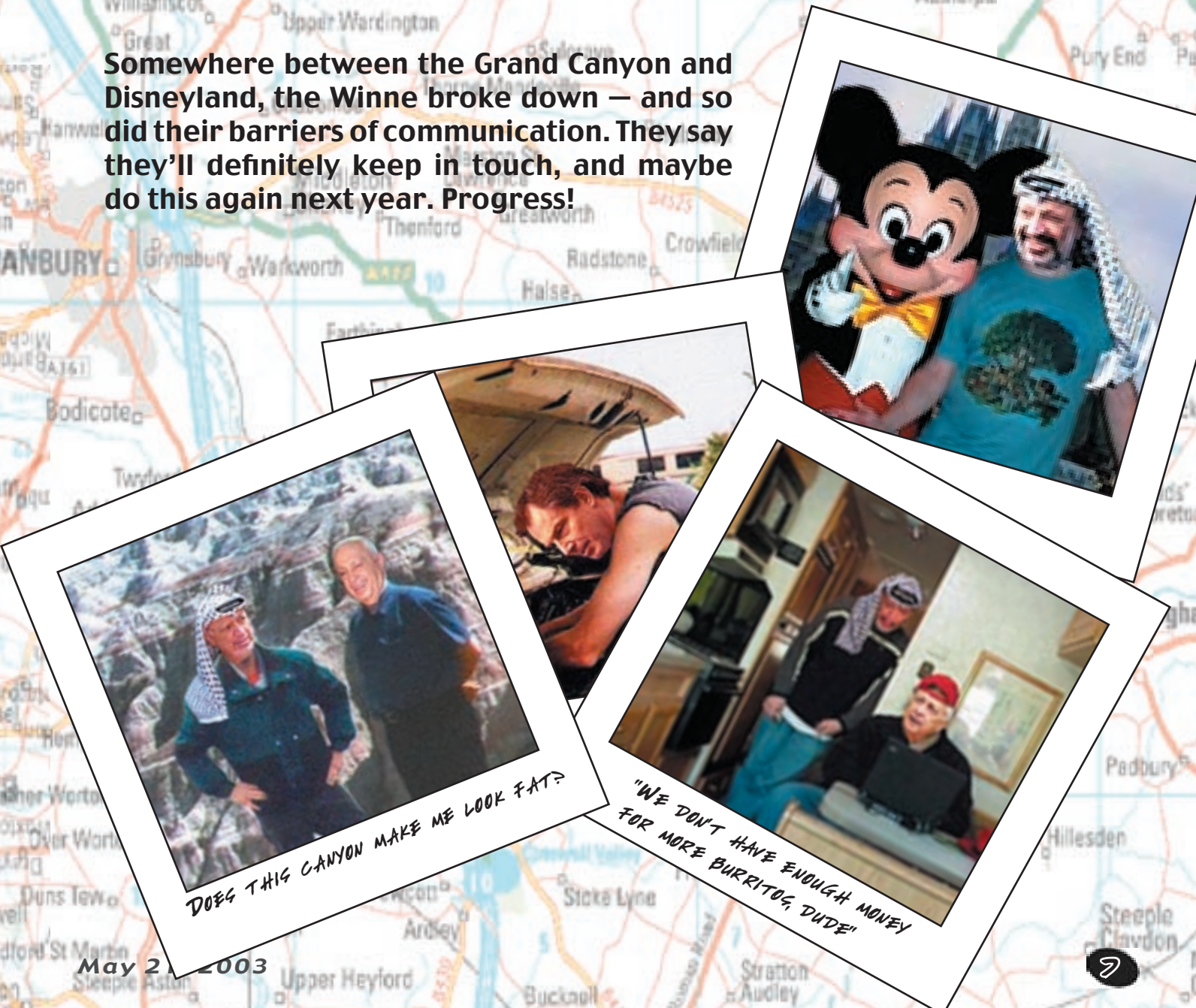
[The camper was divided into sections for Sharon and Arafat, while driving privileges were strictly limited to Bush and Blair. Blair, while a great advocate of peace, couldn't remember to drive on the right side. Tensions rose when Arafat was required to seek permission to cut through Sharon's section to use the john or go to sleep. Arafat also kept bitching that his territory didn't include proper infrastructure (restroom, kitchen, etc) but nobody cared.]

Somewhere between the Grand Canyon and Disneyland, the Winne broke down — and so did their barriers of communication. They say they'll definitely keep in touch, and maybe do this again next year. Progress!

The Fridge Post-It Notes seemed like a good way to keep track of chores, but they ended up being very... bitter.

A.S.,
Quit eating my LUP-U-NOODLES
You filthy TEW!
— Y.A.

Y.A. = I have a historical right to them, you bigot.
— Kate



DOES THIS CANYON MAKE ME LOOK FAT?

"WE DONT HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR MORE BURRITOS, DUDE"



The Case For Globalization

With President Bush seeking to end sanctions on Iraq, globalization and free trade are important issues. **Scott Parker** looks at some of the opposition to globalization and makes a case for deregulation.

Thomas Friedman, *New York Times* columnist and author of *The Lexus and the Olive Tree*, has called globalization the political issue of the future. As the war with Iraq comes to an end it is an important time to consider international policy, especially the opportunity for future trade in the Middle East.

Globalization is very much related to international conflict. The famous economist, Frederic Bastiat, once warned that, "When goods cannot cross borders, armies surely will." The war with Iraq seems to contradict Bastiat. Certainly oil has been crossing borders throughout the ongoing conflict, but Bastiat is talking about free trade, which is not the situation we find in Iraq. The ownership of Iraqi oil is controlled forcibly by the state and a select elite. My case for globalization takes place in the context of a system of private ownership. In that case, it is safe to agree with Bastiat; generally you do not fight with whom you trade.

Eugene has been notoriously opposed to globalization because of some vocal activists. There were the Anarchists from Eugene, violently involved in the WTO protests of Seattle in 2000. In the same year, student protesters pressured Pres. Frohnmeyer to join the WRC. In these cases and others, the opponents of globalization were compassionately motivated by an interest in protecting the jobs of local producers, improving what they saw as inhumane working conditions and preserving diversity, among possible other causes.

I will take these three objections in order, but I would like to first define globalization and barriers to trade. Globalization essentially means to do away with national borders when it comes to trade. To be opposed to globalization means to say that people should not be allowed to trade with whomever they choose, but must only trade with specified people. The question that arises from these two contrasting positions is, what does a border have to do with an exchange that would be allowed between consenting people if they were on the same side of the border? This question is the crux of the issue.

One important concept that will arise in response to each of the objections is comparative advantage. Comparative advantage is the relative efficiency that one person (or group) has compared to another person (or group) in a particular enterprise. It is advantageous for each group to specialize in the enterprise in which it holds the comparative advantage. It is through trade according to comparative advantage that all wealth is created. The important point here is that by telling someone

they cannot trade, you are effectively telling them they cannot produce wealth.

Probably the most common reason for opposition to globalization is fear of job loss. We want our local producers to do well, so we legislate to protect them from foreign competition. What if we did not have the barriers to trade; what would the consequences be? In the short-run, we are well aware that by removing the barriers to trade, particular producers will lose jobs due to new competition from more efficient foreign producers. This is probably the strongest argument against globalization. What often escapes mention are some of the other effects. The local consumer and the foreign producer are obviously better off, but what are the effects of their improved status? The money that the consumer saves on the foreign good helps employment in any number of other industries and shifts employment from the original industry to one that is more efficient. And what of the money spent abroad on the new foreign goods? Those transactions take place in the domestic currency, leaving the foreign country with dollars to spend. And those dollars are spent on domestic goods and services, again increasing employment in competitive industries.

Whenever a barrier is in place, it is supported by the local consumers. They are the ones forced to pay the price difference that the tariff creates. For someone living modestly, it is no stretch to say that trade barriers could prove the difference between working one full-time job or two. And to think that the price increase that tariffs create is offset, but the number of jobs they create is mistaken. The extra money spent on a more expensive domestic item creates jobs in that industry, but can only do so at the expense of domestic jobs in a different industry, namely those industries which lose revenue when consumers are forced to pay higher prices for other goods that may be more urgently needed. For example, if the prices of wheat products doubled, people would have to spend more money on food and have less to spend on CDs. In this abbreviated picture, there would be no creation of jobs, just a shift in jobs from the CD industry to the wheat industry.

It is only the local producer that is aided by tariffs or other barriers to trade, and the help comes at the expense of all others: foreign producers in the same market, all other local producers in other markets, and all consumers. Because the cost of restrictions on trade is divided over a large number, the cost of one particular tariff is minimal to the average person, and for that reason not strongly defended against. On the other side,

the producers who gain are highly concentrated and have a strong incentive to ensure their own interest at the expense of every other person in their community.

One tariff would have very little impact on a market, but taken in the aggregate the costs of trade restrictions are significant. By excluding foreign goods from a market in favor of domestic ones, we actually hurt the economy at large by decreasing the productivity of labor. Trade barriers divert local production from areas of highest efficiency to lower efficiency.

The argument against globalization on the grounds that it promotes exploitation and child labor depends on a belief that trade only benefits one trader and not, in this case, the Third World countries where child labor is an issue. Suggesting that someone would willingly trade (labor for pay) at his or her own disadvantage smacks of condescension. But globalization is a macro concern and the better response to this objection would be to recall that wealth is created through trade. When a country trades and creates wealth, it can remove itself from the conditions in which children are required for labor. At a certain level of income, child labor ceases to be a problem. It is also important to note that of child laborers around the world, only five percent are working in export industries. This means that restricting globalization, in addition to keeping the Third World in poverty by limiting their ability to create wealth, gives support to those industries where child labor is currently taking place.

The third of the three objections I wish to examine is that of diversity. Many people oppose globalization because of what they see as the McDonaldisation of the world. If we have a McDonald's and a Starbucks on every corner, we will lose the differences that make a place special and unique. Before we hop on the culturally respectful bandwagon, we should note that there is an important difference between diversity within and diversity between. Diversity between is the kind of diversity alluded to above. There are differences between, say, Rome and Junction City, that many people fear will be lost due to globalization. The other type of diversity, diversity within, is the diversity in one city or region. For example, having the choice between eating at a Japanese, Mexican, or Italian restaurant, all in one city is diversity within.

To appreciate diversity between, a person is required to be very well-off. It is really a luxury of the rich. Most people can never afford to travel the world, and many spend their whole lives within a short distance of where they are born. For these people, diversity within is the only kind of diversity they can ever experience, and it is maybe the best possible example of globalization at work. To condemn the form of diversity that appeals to the majority, in the name of protecting that which only affects the world's rich, is a far cry from effective compassion.

This piece is not meant to espouse the virtues of globalization while ignoring the difficulties. It is unfortunate that foreign competition often means short-term job loss for local producers. But it is not worth punishing the majority to protect smaller special interest groups. In the long run those producers will move into new areas where they can produce more efficiently, leaving the economy better off. When we are tempted to implement protectionist policies for a select group we must remember that shutting down a non-optimal situation does not thereby replace it with a better one.

Globalization: The idea that we are moving toward an evermore connected world. As in, it used to be that one had to rely on the local market to provide enough whores for local consumption. In today's more globalized world, it is easy to import whores from Taiwan to meet increasing local demand.

Comparative Advantage: Relative efficiency that one person (or group) has compared to another person (or group) in a particular enterprise. It can also be applied to countries. For instance, the US has more people with college degrees than does Mexico. So, the US has a comparative advantage in skilled jobs like pimpin'.

Tariff: A tax imposed on an import in order to raise the import's price and make domestic goods relatively cheaper. For example: The US may want to protect domestic makers of snuff films from German competition. So, the government may put a 15% tariff on snuff films from Germany, but that hurts you, the consumer.

Diversity: Variety or multiformity in any group. If you've got, say, 100 drug addicts in a rehab clinic and there are people addicted to 50 different drugs, you've got a diverse group of junkies.

Scott Parker: A staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. As in: someone who has a comparative advantage over his fallen adversaries.

THE HATE ISSUE



For many people on this campus, every day is an excruciating exercise in self-discipline. Every thought, every utterance must be vetted by a mental checklist before seeing the light of day so as to avoid raising the ire of thought police. For here, thoughts can be crimes.

Racism is wrong, and bigotry is beneath us. But there are efforts from the federal government down to this school to close off unpopular ideas.

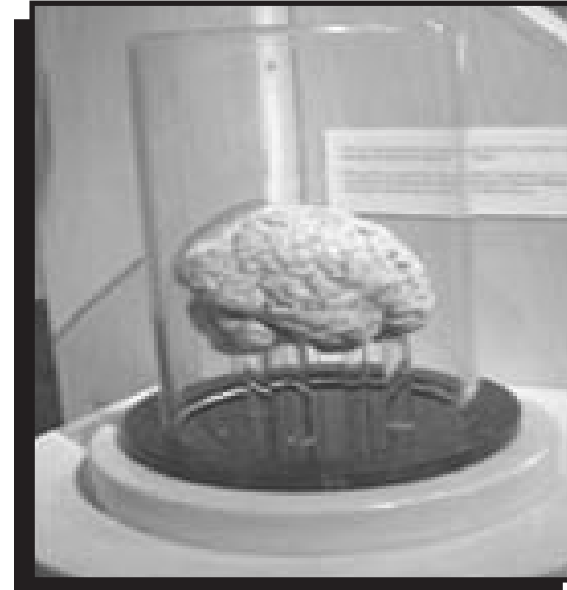
At the federal level, there are hate crimes, which can have no other purpose but to alter unpopular ideas or the expression of those ideas. No one even bothers to argue anymore that the actual crimes committed are already on the books and rightly punishable by stiff penalties – everything from verbal assault to physical battery and beyond are crimes regardless of whom they are committed against.

What is even more troubling is the passive stance students here take to their own rights of expression. The Student Code of Conduct, which requires only a "preponderance of evidence" to convict and possibly expel a student, has any number of ways to punish students expressing unpopular ideas.

Take, for example, this from the code: "Specifically insulting another person in his or her immediate presence with abusive words or gestures when a reasonable person would expect that such act would cause emotional distress or provoke a violent response." [Section 19 (b)] Hurting other peoples' feelings is a punishable crime at this University! Where then, does that leave one in a serious political argument if one asserts that the ideas of an opponent are essentially worthless? We've all seen people cry over lesser words.

The Code of Conduct also states that not only is the University in the business of educational advancement, but it is also in the business of "the development of ethically sensitive and responsible persons." That might be more impressive, and less laughable, if in the last two years the Athletic Department hadn't misappropriated tens of thousands of student dollars and attempted to bribe the Pit Crew into supporting a Nike mascot, while the University had to rename a building after its donor was found to be a fraud and a thief. Behavior codes are absolutely ridiculous unto themselves, but they are hypocritical when we're stuck with an administration like ours.

Hate is often cited as the most offensive emotion. It's labeled as the cause of terrible historical events. But that's not really true, is it? The most heinous events were always actions, not thoughts – to steal a kid's line, "sticks and stones may break my bones, but your words will never hurt me."



But the same simplicity and ethical arrogance that allows for the existence of a Student Code of Conduct creates the belief that if we stop offensive thoughts from being expressed there will be a decline in bad actions. Not only does that betray a terrible misunderstanding of human behavior, it also kills off the unpopular ideas on which society is founded. After all, no revolutionary idea has ever been popular at its first inception, and future revolutionary ideas won't be either.

Wendell Lewis Willkie summed up the concern at hand when he said "To suppress minority thinking and minority expression would tend to freeze society and prevent progress. Now more than ever we must keep in the forefront of our minds the fact that whenever we take away the liberties of those we hate, we are opening the way to loss of liberty for those we love."

The University must start to recognize the distinction between thoughts and actions. And hate is the place to start.



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OFFENSE REPORT

Office of Sheriff

County of Lane, Oregon

OFFENSE: **Messing with another man’s lady. Threatening author with a knife. Taking an ass-beating by author. Damn.** CASE #: **187**

LOCATION: **Eugene, OR.**

REPORTED BY: **JOHN KREIDER** ADDRESS: **████████████████████**

RECEIVED BY: **OREGON COMMENTATOR** DATE: **5/21/03** Time: **12:00 am.**

SUSPECT NO. 1: <u>Cassius</u>	DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY
SEX: <u>MALE</u> DESCENT: <u>BITCH ASS</u>	(1)
HEIGHT: <u>██████████</u> WEIGHT: <u>███</u> AGE: <u>███</u>	(2)
HAIR COLOR: <u>BROWN</u> EYE COLOR: <u>███</u>	(3)
MARKS/ SCARS: _____	(4)
_____	(5)
OCCUPATION: _____	
DISGUISE OR DRESS: _____	
ARRESTED?: _____ ID #: _____	TOTAL VALUE: _____

TESTIMONY:

I really hate crazy neighbors. I don’t mean the people who party and bump their music— I can deal with them. The furiously humping neighbors pounding a bed against my wall are annoying, but I can relate. The type I can’t stand break into your house with a hunting knife, point it at your sleeping girlfriend, call you crazy and tell you that you’re going to die.

Early last fall, one of my neighbors was having some trouble with his girlfriend. He had planned to spend the summer with her family, but came home early after getting in a fist-fight with her dad. For weeks, he whined about her decision to stay home and tirelessly considered their break-up.

We had been friends for about a year, so I felt obligated to help. I suggested a night of drinking and pool. Without hesitation, he agreed, and we decided to go to the bars sometime around six.

Shortly before we headed out, my girlfriend came home and said she wanted to go. I promised to stay sober and the three of us got in my car and went to a bar.

My girlfriend, Allison, and my neighbor, let’s just call him Cassius, had drank most of two pitchers before we left for the second bar. By eleven, we’d been through five pitchers and three bars. At the fourth bar, I went to the bathroom.

As I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Cassius grabbing Allison’s arms and trying to kiss her. Allison leaned away from the kiss and then shoved Cassius off. I couldn’t believe my eyes. I walked across the bar and up to Cassius.

“What the fuck, Cassius?” I said, shoving him backwards and slapping him with the back of my hand. I was a little drunk and

somehow managed to act without thinking --imagine that.

“Whoa dude, what’s the matter?” he said, sitting down and raising his palms in the air.

“Fuck you, I saw what happened. What the fuck’s wrong with you?” I yelled, already starting to doubt what I’d seen.

“I can’t deal with this,” Allison said, turning and running out the door. She glared at me with glassy eyes as she left.

When Allison was gone, Cassius looked at me with a confused look, and my stomach sunk. Twice before, Allison had almost left me for acting jealous and suspicious.

“God damn it, now I’ve really fucked myself,” I thought, “Why do I always have to be so paranoid?”

“Dude, you’re totally freaking out,” Cassius said, “I was just asking about her grad school program.”

“Ahh, man, I’m so sorry,” I said, feeling like a jackass, “I thought you were trying to kiss her.”

“It’s all right. It’s cool,” Cassius said, patting me on the shoulder.

I ran outside and Allison was gone. As I looked around the parking lot, everything was very quiet and the whole situation felt surreal. I walked back into the bar and told Cassius we needed search for Allison.

Cassius looked like he was going to puke as we drove around, so I dropped him off at home. Fifteen minutes later, I was still looking for Allison and getting pissed. I pulled up to a stoplight and pounded my fist against the steering wheel. The instant I hit the wheel, my cell phone rang. It was Allison and she was hysterical. She had ran home and fallen down on the way.

When I got home, Allison was sitting on our stairs crying.

Her knees were bloody, there was a big knot on her forehead and she had lost her glasses.

“Cassius tried to kiss me,” she said before tucking her head between her knees and sobbing.

“Then he told me you’ll never have to know about it,” she said, looking up with a red, teary face.

“It’s OK, it’s OK,” I said, helping her up the stairs.

I spent the next five minutes cleaning her scrapes, tucking her in bed and burning with rage. When she had stopped crying, I turned to walk out.

“I’ll be right back,” I said, “I’m going to kick the shit out of Cassius.”

I was so mad on my way to Cassius’ apartment, I thought I might pass out. When I turned the corner of my apartment building, I saw him looking out his front door. He slammed the door when he saw me and I ran the rest of the way over.

I pounded on his door like I was beating a massive drum. When he opened the door, I walked in and quietly stared at him.

“I’m so close to beating your fucking ass, Cassius,” I slowly said, “Stay the fuck away from Allison and stay the fuck away from me.”

“No wait, I’ll show what I was trying to ask Allison,” he said.

I knew he was lying, but I wasn’t sure what to do or say. His claim was so strange that I just stood there, watching him digging through drawers and cabinets.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Wait, wait a second,” he said.

Then, suddenly, he pulled out a huge hunting knife and pointed it at me. For a second, we both stood still. Then, I started walking towards him.

“Fuck you, put that knife down,” I yelled. “Put that fucking knife down!”

Without saying anything, he ran past me and out the door.

“What the hell? Oh shit, Allison,” I thought before chasing after him.

When I ran out his door, he was turning the corner of my building. At my apartment, the front door was open. I charged through the doorway and up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, I could see Cassius standing in my dark bedroom holding his knife over Allison. She had gone to bed drunk and was still asleep.

“What the fuck,” I screamed, running around him to the other side of the bed.

Before Cassius knew what had happened, I grabbed my shotgun from under the bed and pointed it at him.

“Get out of here,” I screamed desperately, “Get out of here or I’ll fucking kill you.”

When he saw my shotgun pointed at him, his eyes opened wide. The gun wasn’t loaded, but I cocked the hammer and braced the butt against my shoulder anyway.

“Get out,” I said. “I don’t want to shoot you.”

I was expecting him to turn and run, or put his hands in the air like in the movies, but he didn’t, he just stood there. And then, despite reason and logic, he pointed his knife at me. I don’t know if what happened next was out of anger, or just a fight or flight response, but I know he probably didn’t enjoy it.

“Oh, fuck this,” I yelled. “Fuck this!”

With a wild, swinging ax-chop, I cracked Cassius’ forearm

with the butt of my shotgun. He dropped to one knee, but held onto the knife, so I hockey-checked him to the ground. At this point, he was facing out the bedroom on his hands and knees. I figured Allison would be safe if he was in the hallway, so I went to work driving the barrel of my gun into his back. After several kicks, shoves and shotgun whacks, Cassius was on the floor in the hallway.

“Get out,” I screamed. “Get the fuck out of here!”

I was holding the shotgun in my right hand with the butt ready to serve him a knockout blow. His face was on the floor and his ass was sticking in the air like he’d fallen without arms. I thought

As I turned, the knife grazed along my chest. Cassius charged past me and then turned to face me. Before he turned all the way around, I bashed him on the head with the butt of the shotgun. He staggered back out of the bathroom and stopped in a swaying motion, like a tree in the wind.

he was about to crawl away when he began to stand up.

“You’re fucking crazy,” he said, doubled over and leaning against the wall.

“You’re fucking dead,” he screamed, rising and turning to me, “I’m gonna kill you!”

Before I knew what was happening, he charged me with his knife. I stumbled backward and hit my bathroom door. When I hit the door, it swung open and I pivoted sideways. As I turned, the knife grazed along my chest. Cassius charged past me and then turned to face me. Before he turned all the way around, I bashed him on the head with the butt of the shotgun. He staggered back out of the bathroom and stopped in a swaying motion, like a tree in the wind.

I had had enough. He was going to leave or die and, at that point, I really didn’t care which.

If he was hit by half of the swings that punched holes in my walls, I don’t know how he even managed to leave. For a good ten seconds, I unleashed every bit of hatred I could muster, swinging, kicking, shoving and clubbing every place he moved. I hit him so hard and fast both his shoes fell off. Then, finally, he skidded down the stairs on his heels and ran out the door.

I closed and locked the door, called the cops and told Allison to put some clothes on. When the police arrived, I told them where Cassius lived and suggested they use caution approaching him. He was still holding that knife when they came to his door.

The police took me to identify him before hauling him off to jail. I could hear the crazy bastard saying he didn’t do anything wrong while being handcuffed.

“Look, there’s my friend,” he said, when I was brought to identify him. “He’ll tell you I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Yeah, that’s him. Take that fuck to jail.”

John Kreider first told us this tale at Rennie’s, and we were stunned to say the least. We’re just glad he’s on our side at the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

OUR HERO DEEP-SIXES A NASTY CASE OF THE CRABS. PROTECT THAT MONKEY!

I HATE ANYTHING PEACH-FLAVORED, OTHER THAN ACTUAL PEACHES.

MAC K. ULTRA

I HATE HIPPIE DANCING

HIPPIE DANCING IS BY FAR THE WORST KIND OF WHITE PERSON DANCING THAT I HAVE EVER WITNESSED. MOST FORMS OF DANCING REQUIRE SOME KIND OF RHYTHM, BUT THIS HAS NEVER STOPPED HIPPIES FROM GYRATING TO SOME RETARD PLAYING A GUITAR WITH YARN FOR STRINGS.

I THINK PERHAPS THOSE LATEST ANTI-DRUG ADS SHOULD JUST FEATURE FOOTAGE FROM THE OREGON COUNTRY FAIR. JUST TEN SECONDS OF A SHIRTLESS, UNWASHED KEN KESEY-WANNABE DANCING LIKE A DRUNKEN HOBO WITH TWO CLUB FEET WILL GIVE THEM SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT TRYING WHATEVER THAT IDIOT'S ON.

THE YELLOW LANTERN

I HATE THE GIRL WHO NEVER MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH ME

WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM? EVERY DAY, AS I PASS THE THIRD FLIGHT OF STAIRS, I SEE YOU COME DOWN THE STAIRWELL AND I TRY TO BE NICE. I'VE TRIED GIVING YOU THE HEAD-NOD. I'VE TRIED SMILING. I'VE TRIED ALMOST EVERYTHING SHORT OF RINGING YOUR STUPID NECK AND YELLING GOOD DAY! DOWN YOUR GODDAMN THROAT. BUT YOU JUST DON'T SEEM TO ACKNOWLEDGE ME. I'M NOT TRYING TO "HIT ON YOU", I DON'T THINK I'M SLICK. I'M SIMPLY TRYING TO BE CONGENIAL. I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO YOUR PANTS OR HIT YOU UP WITH SOME TACKY PICK-UP LINE. I AM, AT HEART A NICE PERSON, AND I'VE BEEN DESPERATELY TRYING TO SPREAD MY CHEER TO PEOPLE ON A DAY-TO-DAY BASIS. BUT I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU. YOUR COLD, VACANT STARE NOT ONLY DRAINS ME OF MY WILL TO LIVE, BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS APPRECIATE IT AS WELL. IT'S NOT A WONDER THAT I SEE YOU WITHOUT A BOYFRIEND, OR ANY FRIEND FOR THAT MATTER. WHAT PERSON IN HIS OR HER RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER WANT TO SQUANDER AWAY THEIR DAYS ON THIS EARTH BEING SUBJECTED TO YOUR DEPLETING, VAPID STARE? YOU MAKE ME SICK. YOU HAVE TORTURED ME THESE LAST TWO TERMS, AND FOR THAT I HOPE YOU ROT IN HELL. AND WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THAT WHITE CANE? WHAT ARE YOU BLIN...OH.

DR. DEWEY

I HATE MOTHER KALI'S

"MOTHER KALI'S BOOKS PROVIDES INSPIRATION FOR WOMEN AND FOR FRIENDS WHO SUPPORT US AND OUR GOALS," STATES THE OPENING LINE OF MOTHER KALI'S EPONYMOUS WEBSITE. I AM NEITHER A WOMAN NOR A FRIEND OF MOTHER KALI'S, SO WHEN MY ENGLISH PROFESSOR TOLD MY CLASS THAT WE WOULD HAVE TO PURCHASE OUR BOOKS AT MOTHER KALI'S, I FEARED FOR MY LIFE. WHAT WOULD THESE ANGRY FEMINAZIS DO IF A POTENTIAL RAPIST WALKED ONTO THEIR PREMISES? BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH THEIR DILDOS? EGAD! UPON ENTERING THE STORE, I WAS CONFRONTED WITH A 10-FOOT STATUE OF A NAKED AMAZONIAN WOMAN, HER CRUDELY CARVED PUBIC HAIR MEETING ME AT EYE-LEVEL. BILE ROSE IN MY THROAT, THE ACID BURNING MY TONGUE. I TURNED TO WALK THROUGH THE STORE, BUT MY EYES FELL UPON A POSTER, AND I FROZE. IT FEATURED WHAT LOOKED LIKE A ROTTING CORPSE ON THE COVER.

"OH SHIT!" I WHISPERED TO MYSELF. "THEY'RE SELLING SNUFF WALL CALENDARS." UPON CLOSER INSPECTION, I DETERMINED THAT THE PICTURE WAS NOT OF A CORPSE, BUT OF A NAKED 80-YEAR-OLD WOMAN, HER BREASTS DROOPING WELL BELOW HER RIBCAGE, LIKE TWO ELONGATED PANCAKES. I WAS EVEN MORE REVOLTED, AND ONCE AGAIN I GAGGED. THE REST OF THE STORE WAS A FILTHY MESS--BOOKS WERE HAPHAZARDLY STREWN EVERYWHERE, REMINDING ME OF SOME DIRTY HIPPIE'S BASEMENT. THE 500-POUND MATRIARCH OF THE PLACE WAS WADDLING AROUND, CASTING A JAUNDICED EYE IN MY DIRECTION AND MUTTERING CURSES TO HERSELF. ABOVE THE COUNTER A SIGN PROCLAIMED, "EAT PUSSY NOT COW". AT THAT PARTICULAR POINT IN TIME, I WONDERED IF PERHAPS LESBIANS SECRETE SOME KIND OF VISCOUS SOLUTION CONTAINING 3000 CALORIES PER FLUID OUNCE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE PROPRIETOR'S GHASTLY, VOMIT-INDUCING WEIGHT PROBLEM. I LEFT THE STORE WITH MY PENIS INTACT, BUT MY MASCULINITY HAD NONETHELESS TAKEN A TREMENDOUS BLOW. I WAS NOT KILLED BY LARGE PHALLIC OBJECTS, WHICH I'M SURE IS A FANTASY OF ALL THE WOMYN WHO WORK THERE, BUT I CERTAINLY DID NOT FEEL WELCOME.

SO, TO MOTHER KALI'S I SAY: FUCK YOU! THE MALE-DOMINATED HEGEMONY WILL SOLDIER ON.

LORD HUMUNGOUS

I HATE AQUAMAN

ONLY ONE WORD CAN DESCRIBE THIS PATHETIC FREAK: QUEER. HE CAN COMMUNICATE WITH SEA-LIFE, HE CAN SENSE THEIR EMOTIONS, HE CAN CONTROL MARINE ANIMALS WITH HIS TELEPATHY, AND HE CAN SWIM REALLY FAST. GREAT. HE'S WHAT EVERY GREENPEACE ACTIVIST WISHES HE COULD BE. "MY ARMY OF LOBSTERS WILL STOP THIS OIL TANKER!" NO I THINK NOT, DOUCHEBAG. YOUR ARMY OF LOBSTERS IS GOING TO BE ON SPECIAL FOR \$8.95/LB AT ALBERTSON'S BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT. AQUAMAN IS THE LAMEST SUPERHERO ON RECORD, AND I HOPE SOME SORT OF FOSSIL-FUEL SPILL STRIKES DOWN HIS FANS.

SUPPLY-SIDE AVENGER



I Hate The Gateway Mall

By Tyler Graf

[On foot or on four wheels, you can bet that Gateway Mall shoppers are incredibly close to earning their GED]

There are plenty of degenerate jobs in the world: child pornographer, international terrorist, University of Oregon journalism professor. But for some reason, even these individuals receive less vilification and scorn for their despicable and deviant activities than I do. I work at the Gateway Mall. You should not judge me, though. I do not work there because I enjoy the company of crack-smoking prostitutes and their hyperactive brood. My idea of a good time is not standing around spitting while hassling strangers for cigarettes. And I do not think that HomeTown Buffet is the paradigm of fine dining. Nay, I work at Gateway because I am lazy—too lazy to find a more respectable job.

The Gateway Mall is the last refuge for the outer-most periphery of white trash culture in the United States, and as an employee of this dystopic hell-scape of human flotsam, one could consider me to be a co-conspirator in some evil ploy to white trash-ify America. This is simply not true. My year-long stint within the belly of the beast has instilled in me nothing but a white-hot, everlasting hatred of all things associated with the Gateway Mall. It must be destroyed immediately.

There is nothing good about the place. Its evil edifice looms tall over Springfield like a malevolent specter, beckoning to its scraggly-toothed brethren. They flock to it—oh, how they flock to it—like Muslims seeking pilgrimage in Mecca or Medina. Many of these people come to the Gateway Mall every single day of their pathetic lives. The troglodyte, mouth-breathing masses, who trudge through the grim, neon-lit halls of Gateway like

zombies in search of fresh brains upon which to feast, are the most deserving people I can think of for forced sterilization. That may make me sound like a fascist, but let's face the facts—these Neanderthal mutants are propagating at an exponential rate. Soon we will be overrun with screaming children, their faces dirtied by the ice-cream sandwiches their parents fed them for lunch, mullet headed meth-freaks who are liable to rip your larynx out if you

so much as make eye contact with them, and pedophilic gang-bangers whose quest for underage white sluts is tantamount to King Arthur's quest for the Holy Grail.

The Gateway mall is ostensibly a shopping venue, but I have never, with the exception of Target, ventured into one of Gateway's clothing stores. Why would I? Perhaps if I was a knocked-up, 15-year-old high school drop-out whose future held in store years of drug abuse and prostitution, then I would probably shop at the maternity-wear store. If I was a melanin-deprived whigger with

delusions of grandeur to match my gold-plated, fake-jewel-encrusted necklace reading "Pimp," then I would probably spend my mom's "hard-earned" welfare check at Ross. There is also Structure, but they don't let anyone into their store unless their hair produces enough oil to justify their becoming the 12th member of OPEC. The most baffling store at Gateway is Castle of Swords, which sells swords to the Dungeons and Dragons crowd. It is the church of the eternal virgin. This place is amazing because it is located in the same vicinity as Gateway's dive bar hang-out for life's perennial losers, The Bistro. I think this is a



This man, who sports an "Autism Is Awesome" T-Shirt, Is A Blur Of Dance Dance Revolution Skills.

great idea. Swords and Booze—it's a winning combination!

Gateway's saving grace is its movie theater. I do not mean the dollar movie theater that is next to the food court, the one with all the ambience and class of a third-rate porn house. Even the seats at that place are sticky... with soda, I hope. I mean the Cinemark 17, which is far removed from that pit of human despair the food court, where God's mulligans commiserate. The people who work at Cinemark 17 are actually normal human beings, for the most part. The place is clean, too—nary a drop of blood or semen to be seen.

The lowest rung on Gateway's ladder is the arcade, Tilt. This is where I work. I have told my managers that we should put a sign up on the front gate, written in the blood of a nubile virgin, reading:

"Through me you enter the population of loss. Abandon all hope, you who enter here." They balked at the idea.

Arcades may seem like benign places. They're all about having fun with the whole family, right? Perhaps the Manson family would enjoy this orgy of violence and pre-pubescent flesh, but for the rest of society, I suggest you go take your family to place that has a bit more class, like the Silver Dollar Club.

I stand behind the counter at Tilt for 15 hours a week, trying in vain to drown out the incessant commotion that threatens my sanity:

The lights flicker, inducing near-epileptic fits if I stare at them too long. The games blare their stock electronic noises. A co-worker of mine, a 25-year-old man whose girlfriend is not old enough to drive, hands me a couple of non-descript pills. A morbidly obese and unwashed teenage boy wearing a shirt emblazoned with "Autism is Awesome!" plays the Dance Dance Revolution game, much to the horror of the Japanese exchange students watching. A well-dressed man, obviously a child molester, hands his tickets to a seven-year-old boy. The entire time, off in the distance, a wiry thin crack whore is screaming:

"Where mah baby at! Where the hell mah baby at!" This is humanity at its finest...

It's no wonder that I smoke too much. These people are quite literally killing me. I have witnessed things that would turn a Vietnam veteran's hair white with horror. There was the time I witnessed a one-round boxing match between two special Olympians on the food court. There was the occasion when a dozen police officers stormed the food court to arrest a drug dealer. And then there was the time a drug-addled loony was writhing around in the parking lot, screaming about monkeys and Satan, attempting to take his pants off, while the kind patrons of Gateway ground his face into the pavement.

And then there have been the fat chicks flashing. Why must fat chicks flash?

My life has been threatened at Gateway on numerous occasions, which is why I am afraid to quit my job. I have seen enough cop movies to know that as soon as I put in my two-week notice, I will be as good as dead. Three days prior to retiring, I will be killed — either by a crazed redneck, angry that a machine in Tilt stole his tokens, or by an obese woman, who, while in the throes of a hunger-induced frenzy, will mistake me for a fresh slab of veal. Thus, like a soldier on the losing side of the war, I must keep fighting the good fight. Whatever does not kill you makes you stronger—at least until the stress catches up to you, in which case the resulting aneurism will kill you.

Stay away from the Gateway Mall. There is no reason to come, unless you are looking for a hook-up with a face-painted hoochie. Even in that case, it would be safer to stick your un-sheathed penis into a vat of AIDS-infected blood. Stay away; I implore you.

Tyler Graf, a young loner on a crusade to champion the cause of the innocent in a world of criminals who operate above the law, is a staff writer for the COMMENTATOR.

HATE THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

By Pete R. Hunt

Pete set out to write an epic treatise on the University's failure to produce original thought, but ended up recycling old essays to make deadline. Is his laziness itself a damning indictment?

Weeks ago, I made a pre-emptive claim on "I Hate the University of Oregon," thinking that years of indoctrination would bear fruit in two beautiful pages of hateful prose. How wrong I was. Turns out I have nothing new to say. Nothing. If you're looking for insight, wit, humor or any combination of the three, turn the page. You'll find none of that here. The well has gone dry. The canteen is empty. The sweat in my socks is the only juice I have left, and mother's milk it is not.

Here was how my first draft started:

Do you ever think about the Black Plague? I do. I've been thinking about the Black Plague a lot lately. I try to fathom the harsh reality of watching friends and family suffer through giant boils, festering wounds and blood-filled coughs. I awaken in the night to the spine-tingling screams of my step-sister as she curses God. In the morning I find her dead, her mouth frozen wide in a final gasp for life.

What does the Black Plague have to do with the University of Oregon? Nothing. It was an awful opening. I spent three paragraphs trying to illustrate the pinnacles of human suffering—the Black Plague, trench warfare during World War I and the Hanoi death march through the jungles of 'Nam. The latter made light of dysentery. None of it was good. It was all written during an emotional low. My inner monologue was a broken record of self-pity. Worse yet, I felt guilty for feeling glum. Certainly my affliction was unique, but how did it stack up against true anguish? Black Plague anguish? Not well, I reasoned. And I went on to blame the University of Oregon for inflicting me with a self-indulgent sense of despair. With this frail of a psyche, how would I react when confronted head-on with real tragedy? In all likelihood, with the sort of drooling-down-your-chin-incoherent-mumbling-banging-your-head-on-the-wall-mind-numbing-insanity that produced trepanning.

I wrote about checking messages on your cell phone, updating your blog and watching the Cartoon Network, and how awful it was that any importance should be attached to these solipsistic vices of moral decay. Reality television, outlet malls, online shopping — all smoke and mirrors, masking the fog of ennui that has settled on the valley of the privileged. Yes, I actually wrote a sentence like that, thinking that people would appreciate that sort of insight. How wrong I was.

So I started again. I needed more focus. The University, that was the topic; stick to it.

Draft number two began:

As a fresh-out-of-college liberal, you'll soon be forced to make a challenging decision. You no doubt fancy yourself a defender of the people. You speak idealistically of the working class, the salt of the earth, the simple country folk glorified in so many folk tunes. And now that you're outside of the University walls, you'll finally meet them face-to-face. And it won't be pretty. Oh no. They drink beer from cans, lump wads of chewing tobacco into their lips and tattoo barbed wire around their biceps. They watch daytime television, read People magazine and listen to god-awful music. And your sanctimonious ideals of feminism and sexual equality will be of no concern to them when they slap you on the ass and yank you unwillingly into a drunken hoe-down. In the back of your mind the same question will echo back and forth: Is now the time to flee?

Yeah, that was better. My thesis this time was that growing up I had wrongly assumed that "conservatism" was the religion of the both the oppressor and the oppressed. I had grown up believing that I was liberal because I opposed white yuppies and white trash alike. But then I discovered, reluctantly, that the notion of conservatism I had accepted was tainted. Furthermore, the same stereotyping of ideologies that I had wrongly engaged

in was now being perpetuated through the elitist paternalism of liberal education. Meaning... the University of Oregon. Then, the scene set, I wasted the climax recycling previous rants about the University's misguided definition of "diversity."

I kind of enjoyed this piece, and if you're interested in reading it you can email me. But then again, here's paragraph eight of the same draft.

I want to make sure this article addresses not only why I hate this institution, but also why I loathe the students who fork over tuition money to keep the beast running. I truly despise most of you. And it's not because I disagree with your politics. Only ten percent of you actually vote, and my venom is stronger than that. I abhor all of you, whether you pledge Green Party or not. Come look me in the eyes and you'll see it— a hate that words can't do justice.

So maybe emailing me is a bad idea, because clearly I'm in no mood to speak with any of you. Here, I reverted back to the same misanthropic rambling that spoiled my first draft. You can only listen to, or in this case read, so much carping and bitching about humanity before you simply check the author off as another social outcast shouting hollow threats from outside the village walls. He's harmless enough, really, just keep him away from razor blades and Cure albums

Here's the opening from my third draft:

I had a strong hand. Full house—Kings and Threes. But I'd lost paychecks betting on better odds. So had my competition.

Jesus sat across me, his brow furrowed with concentration. He'd lost a bluff to Karl the hand before, and then accused him of cheating. These guys with their martyr complexes, jeez.

Marx, that dog, was practically panting in anticipation. You'd think that as the father of socialist thought he'd abhor this capitalist betting, but he'd been eating off all of us since the first hand.

Morrison was drunk. Had been for the last hour. His hunched-over frame revealed more than just his chest hair— he was sitting on a small straight.

"I'll see your ten and raise you five," I proclaimed.

I got a little a wacky on this one. I cast myself in a poker game opposite Jesus, son of God, savior of man; Karl Marx, the originator of class warfare and other liberal pastimes; and Jim Morrison, former lead singer for the Doors.

At stake wasn't a mere a pile of quarters, but the fate of humanity. God has chosen us to play a game of chance that would determine the future— whoever wins would set the agenda for the next millennium.

During the course of the game—which lasts for forty years—we discuss religion, philosophy, politics, entertainment... you name it. We discover that Jesus

was an atheist, that Morrison never actually exposed himself in Florida, and that "Das Kapital" was written on an absinthe binge while Marx shackled up with a one-armed prostitute.

But that's only half of the story. I cut back and forth between the celestial poker game and the story of the real protagonist— Emily Whitman, the seventeen-year-old daughter of an indentured servant working for his freedom in colonial America. Her father tragically dies of the clap three days before his contract for labor is over, and Emily becomes the possession of a cruel tax collector named Yossi Rosenberg. Rosenberg demands that Emily bear his children, and forces himself on her repeatedly. But Emily's broken spirit is symbolically reflected in her infertility.

You can only listen to, or in this case read, so much carping and bitching about humanity before you simply check the author off as another social outcast shouting hollow threats from outside the village walls.

She cannot bring another life into this world until she proves to God that she values her own.

Meanwhile, Jesus has to divinely revive Morrison after he drinks himself into a total stupor and swallows his tongue. You get the idea.

So what was I thinking on this one? Looking back, I'm just not sure. I had Marx and I debating late-stage capitalism, which tangentially tied in to the University, but not really. And to be honest, I'm not all that familiar with Marxist writing, so it may have been a mistake to throw him in there at all.

But enough with these beginnings. Everyone knows the first sentence is the hardest, but what about the last? How do you tie it all together?

In the case of the first draft, my suicide note dressed up as a social criticism, I just let my sorrow flow:

Did you know that people once shit in pails and threw it into the middle of the street? It's all in Shakespeare. Juliet never douched. Romeo probably had syphilis. What can you do with any of that?

What am I getting at? Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. What can any of us do? Nothing.

Somebody get that guy some Xanax. Moving on...

JUMP TO PAGE 44

SLDSY BATTLES THE LIBERAL CAMPUS MEDIA FOR CONTROL OF A TELECOM SATELLITE



I HATE CHILDREN

SO, THREE YEARS AGO, YOUR ROOMMATE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO REPLACE YOUR BIRTH CONTROL PILLS WITH TIC-TACS? YOUR BOYFRIEND'S TINY DICK FELL OUT OF THE MAGNUM CONDOMS HE BOUGHT TO IMPRESS THE GIRL WORKING THE COUNTER? WELL, THAT'S STILL NO EXCUSE TO LET YOUR PODDLINGS RUN AROUND WITHOUT A LEASH. NOW COULD YOU COLLECT YOUR LITTLE PLAGUE RATS, PLEASE? THIS PARTICULAR ONE COMPLETELY COVERED IN FLAVORED SYRUP SEEMS TO HAVE WELDED ITSELF TO MY LEG. PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT PICKING UP THE LITTLE SHITLINGS AND SHOT-PUTTING IT INTO TRAFFIC IF IT GETS ANYWHERE NEAR ME.

IDAHO JONES

I HATE CARSON PALMER

A GOOD YEAR, BUT A SMUG BASTARD, MUCH GIVEN TO GOING ON ABOUT HOW "CLASSY" HIS TEAM WAS IN VICTORY. HE WAS ON GOD'S LIST, THOUGH: FIRST PICK OVERALL TO THE BENGALS. SIMILARLY, ONE HAS TO FEEL SYMPATHY FOR OSU'S DENNIS WEATHERSBY: FIRST HE GETS CAPPED IN THE BACK, THEN HE GETS DRAFTED BY CINCINNATI. HIS AGENT HAS BEEN TIGHT-LIPPED AS TO WHICH EVENT HURT MORE. AS FOR PALMER, WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT A "NEW EPOCH" FOR THE BENGALS, NOTE THAT NOBODY IS SUPPOSING THAT THIS NEW EPOCH WILL BE ANY LESS OF AN UNMITIGATED DISASTER THAN THE LAST FIVE. BUT I'M SURE THAT YOU, MY FRIEND, WILL BE CLASSY.

PROFESSOR O

I HATE JIMMY CARTER

JIMMY CARTER IS YOUR CRAZY UNCLE — NOT THE ONE WHO GRABS YOUR ASS, BUT THE ONE WHO SEES THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE. AND IT IS PRECISELY BECAUSE CARTER ISN'T BALANCED THAT HE SHOULDN'T BE LET OUT IN PUBLIC TO SHARE HIS RAMBLINGS. IF JIMMY SAYS GO LEFT, YOU BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT TO THE RIGHT. IF HE SAYS UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT, YOU DISMEMBER HIS ARM. IT'S HARD TO PROVE IN A SOBER CONVERSATION, BUT I AM THOROUGHLY CONVINCED THAT JIMMY CARTER IS A TERRORIST.

LANCE THUNDERCOCK



I HATE BITTER GTFS

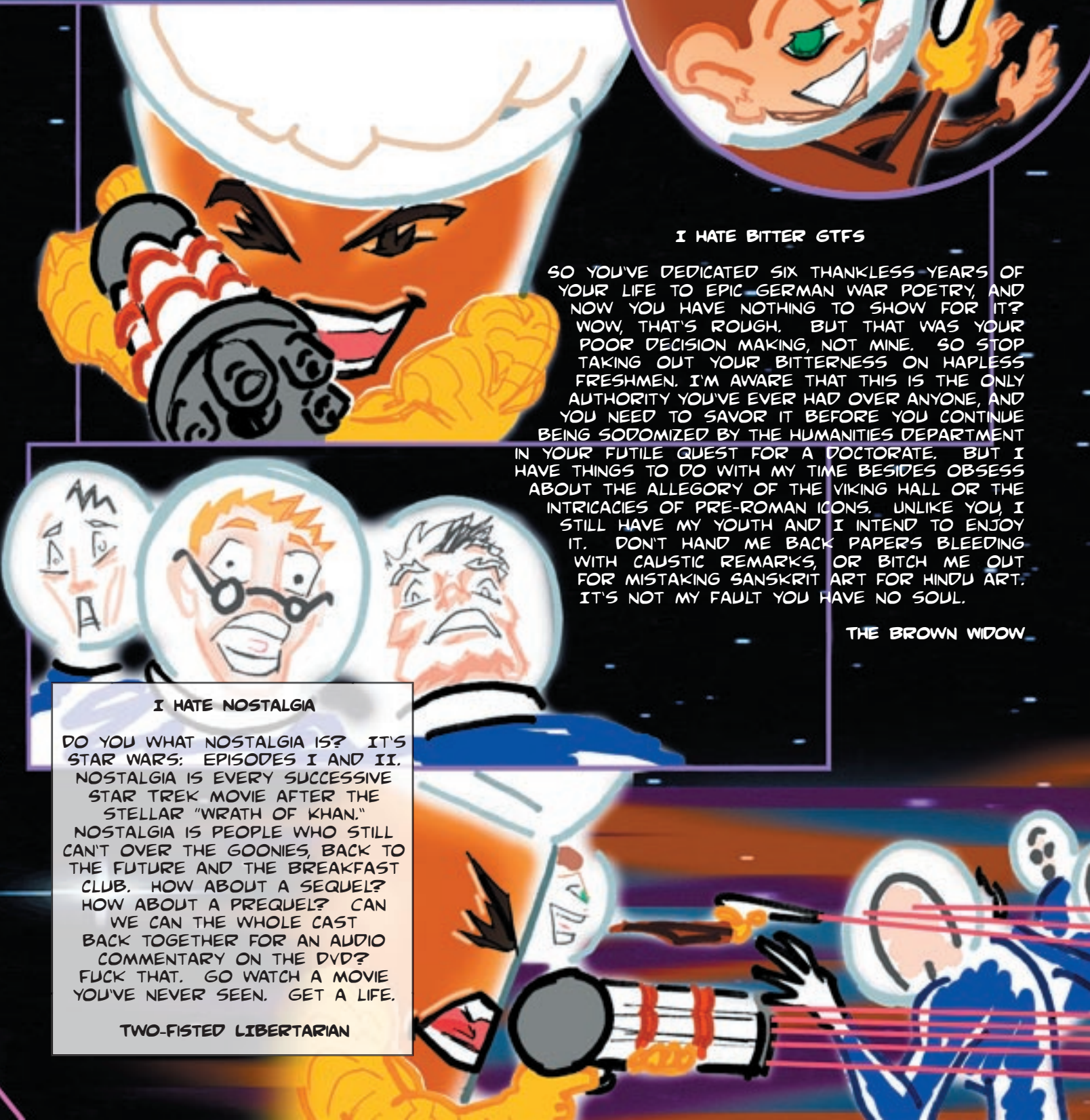
SO YOU'VE DEDICATED SIX THANKLESS YEARS OF YOUR LIFE TO EPIC GERMAN WAR POETRY, AND NOW YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT? WOW, THAT'S ROUGH. BUT THAT WAS YOUR POOR DECISION MAKING, NOT MINE. SO STOP TAKING OUT YOUR BITTERNESS ON HAPLESS FRESHMEN. I'M AWARE THAT THIS IS THE ONLY AUTHORITY YOU'VE EVER HAD OVER ANYONE, AND YOU NEED TO SAVOR IT BEFORE YOU CONTINUE BEING SODOMIZED BY THE HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT IN YOUR FUTILE QUEST FOR A DOCTORATE. BUT I HAVE THINGS TO DO WITH MY TIME BESIDES OBSESS ABOUT THE ALLEGORY OF THE VIKING HALL OR THE INTRICACIES OF PRE-ROMAN ICONS. UNLIKE YOU, I STILL HAVE MY YOUTH AND I INTEND TO ENJOY IT. DON'T HAND ME BACK PAPERS BLEEDING WITH CAUSTIC REMARKS, OR BITCH ME OUT FOR MISTAKING SANSKRIT ART FOR HINDU ART. IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU HAVE NO SOUL.

THE BROWN WIDOW

I HATE NOSTALGIA

DO YOU WHAT NOSTALGIA IS? IT'S STAR WARS: EPISODES I AND II. NOSTALGIA IS EVERY SUCCESSIVE STAR TREK MOVIE AFTER THE STELLAR "WRATH OF KHAN." NOSTALGIA IS PEOPLE WHO STILL CAN'T OVER THE GOONIES, BACK TO THE FUTURE AND THE BREAKFAST CLUB. HOW ABOUT A SEQUEL? HOW ABOUT A PREQUEL? CAN WE CAN THE WHOLE CAST BACK TOGETHER FOR AN AUDIO COMMENTARY ON THE DVD? FUCK THAT. GO WATCH A MOVIE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN. GET A LIFE.

TWO-FISTED LIBERTARIAN



I HATE EUGENE!

A DIARY OF PAIN AND TRIUMPH FROM JEREMY JONES

10:00 a.m. I stand triumphantly on the hilltop. I hold my bloodied bastard sword above my head as my enemies lie dying on the hillside. The battle was vicious; hordes of stinking hippies held this town captive for years. Only I, armed with my golden bastard sword, could stop them. Now, the battle is over. I overlook the city of Eugene freed from the hippie menace. I stride proudly down the hill, reflecting on the battle, and I see someone standing by the river. It's Natasha Malthe, Killian's 2003 St. Patrick's Day girl. As I walk closer to the river I notice that the water is pure black with a layer of foam at the top...my God, it's Guinness. The Willamette river is running with Guinness. Natasha backs up toward the glorious river, seductively taking off what little clothing she has on, and says, "Take me now, Jeremy! Take me here in this river of Guinness!" As I walk forward, I hear a strange beeping coming from behind. It's the hippies! They have come back! I reach for my bastard sword, but it's not there! The beeping is getting louder now, any second they will be upon me! I can see them coming down the hill. Their high-pitched screams rip through the air as they get closer and closer until...

I wake up and slap my alarm clock. What a strange dream. I dreamt that I was living in a city that was being over-run by dirty, smelly...oh fuck. I muster enough energy and coordination to drag my ass out of bed and into the shower, a habit not widely practiced among the population of this city. Once cleansed and groomed, I pour coffee into my mug, along with a shot or two of my morning medication, and prepare to face the city of Eugene again.

I walk outside to a beautiful morning. The sun shines bright over the city, the air is warm and all around me the citizens of the city wake up, greeted by this lovely morning. Stunned by the overwhelming glare, I rush back inside to grab my sunglasses and add a couple more shots to my coffee. It's not that I have a vampire-like aversion to the sun per se, but I haven't seen the God-damned thing in three months. Lately, however, it's been making an early appearance during my walk to class just to mock me. Fucking sun.

10:45 a.m. It is now time to ponder the mode of transportation I will use to get to class. I could take LTD, but even the thought of riding on that mobile circus of mental retardation and the general decay of western civilization is as appealing right now as having my penis slammed into a desk drawer. I could ride my bike, but the fact that I am 21 years old and reverting back to the transportation methods of my pre-high school years just serves as another reminder of the speed at which my life is spiralling down the shitter. I certainly don't need that this morning. Perhaps I could bum a ride from a friend of mine, provided he got over my silly little projectile-vomiting-on-his-girlfriend incident. On second thought, it took him about a month to get over the time I drank a fifth of Smirnov and did a Russian squat-dance on his windshield. I think I will just ride my bike.

11:00 a.m. When I arrive on campus, I park my bike and walk toward class. This is the part of the day where I have to defend the loose change in my pocket from the more interesting citizens of this city. Nowadays, it seems that the most profitable job in this city is that of the ordinary beggar. The guilty white suburbanites, ashamed of the life they were given, pass out change like some kind of glorious coin-sprinkler. This, of course, means that I cannot walk fifteen feet in this city without some burnt-out

hippie grabbing onto my leg and being dragged three blocks. I have found, however, that if you burn them with the tip of a cigarette, they tend to let go quicker. Luckily, I happen to have a pack with me so I don't have to drag a transient with me into my class.

3:00 p.m. By now, I have finished my classes today and am free to spend the day as I please. I walk back outside and immediately decide to go home and spend some time enjoying the sunshine. Just as I get to my bike, clouds roll in like a marathon runner being chased by some drug-induced apparition. With those clouds came the rain. Not the typical Oregon mist rain, but the kind that can drown you if you look directly at it. The kind of rain that sends religious nuts out

to the zoo to collect two of every animal. I stand for a little while, letting the rain soak my clothing, wondering how the hell it was physically possible for the weather to change that quickly. Why, God? Why do you do you do that? Why did you have to ruin a perfectly nice day by hosing off the city every five minutes? Out of the sky comes a booming voice resembling Sean Connery from "The Hunt for Red October": "Because I hate you, Jeremy. I hate you so very much."

Now I get to experience that unique and most wonderful of Eugenic experiences: riding my bike home in the pouring rain while the back tire shoots muddy water up my ass.

4:30 p.m. I am now sitting under a bridge waiting for the rain to let up a little. It usually takes about 10 minutes for the weather to change in this city; the rain turns on and off like it is being controlled with a light switch flipped by an obsessive-compulsive child on crystal meth. As I lean against the bridge supports, I recall the events of the last hour and a half. Sometime during the rain turned into hail of biblical proportions. I caught a ice ball the size of my liver across the head, which knocked me into a jogger. That in turn sent us both careening down the muddy embankment and into the Willamette river. I probably would have died had I not been picked up by some group trying to clean the Willamette and mistook my body for a pile of industrial waste. Back under the bridge, I cough up another hunk of mud and make a mental note not to ride so fast in the rain. I adjust my pants, which now look like I had a riotous bowel movement on the

way over here, compliments to the aforementioned back tire high-pressure rectal water jet. Across from me is some old bum yakking on about God only knows what. He's taken enough pulls from the bottle wrapped in the paper bag that I don't think he is speaking English anymore. As he continues to get more and more inebriated, he starts what seems to be a Vietnam flashback. He runs into the rain yelling something about Charlie and his friend Bubba who just became more aerodynamic with the aid of a mortar shell. He runs, frantically screaming, into the street and Charlie finally finishes the job. Today, Charlie is a white frat boy driving his SUV 90 mph blasting "Baby Got Back" out of the car. Now, that bum is just one of the many good men we lost face down in the mud...err, car grill...whatever.

6:00 p.m. After wandering the streets for couple hours, I start getting hungry. My new mission: find a place where they will kill an animal and cook it for me to eat. This is harder than one might think. I walk into a nearby place to try my luck. I stroll up to the counter and say, "Hi, the hamburgers here. They are made of meat, right?" Christ, this is the only city in the civilized world where I would have to ask if the hamburger was made of meat. The cashier gives a sly smile

and says, "Maybe."

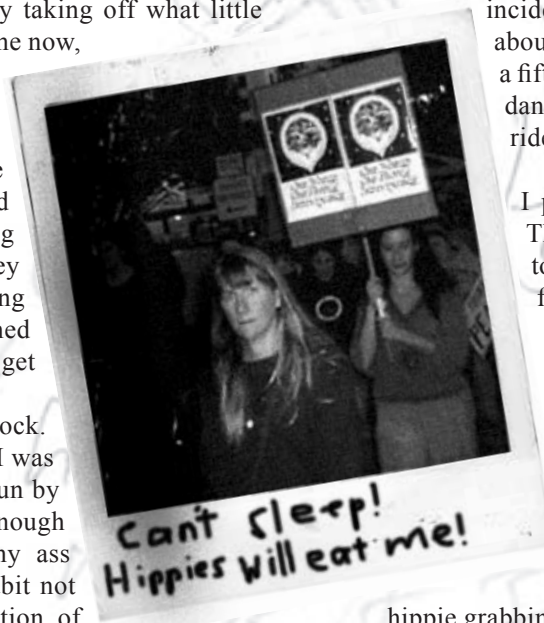
I stare at him. "I am not in the mood for this shit today. Kill a cow, put it between two buns, or I will find another way to get meat on this burger." A little later, they give my hamburger. Just as I thought, the damned thing is made of tofu. Disgusted, I go outside to find a blunt metal object while I try to remember where the best meat would be located on the lying cashier bastard.

7:00 p.m. My journey home suddenly comes to a halt. Ahead of me, blocking traffic and any passer-by within hand-billing range, is the usual pack of low-grade mutants showing their dissatisfaction with, well, everything. Today, it seems the Bourgeois Rejects And Introspective Nobodies Doing Everything Against Dead Soulless Humans Innately Tearing Stuff Apart Collective or just B.R.A.I.N.D.E.A.D.S.H.I.T.S.A.C. All I know about this particular protest is that it involves the corporate oppressor and I

don't want any part of it. I have just been beaten senseless by the storms of Armageddon, I took an involuntary river ride, I watched an old beggar take a ton of molded plastic in the teeth, and I was nearly poisoned with pseudo-meat. I sure as hell don't need this today. I try to sneak by them, but they have already seen me. Like sharks to blood, they leap upon me telling me that everything bad in the world is my fault. They talked endlessly. Finally, I snap: "Listen you stupid, stinking social rejects. I don't give a flying fuck about people starving in Uzbekistan or the endangered Swaneese three-testicled jackrabbit! I just want to go home, so why can't you self-righteous bastards just leave me alone?" I go on

for about thirty minutes. I call upon demons from the darkest circles of hell. I speak so graphically that even the most hardened cynics would shiver in horror. When I am done, they all just stared at me. Then they all reach for their handbills and posters with a zealous look in their eyes. They all raise their leftist propaganda at once, making sounds that are too similar to that of shotguns being cocked. Fuck, I just incited a hand-billing mob.

9:00 p.m. I was able to lose the bloodthirsty hippie mob: after about a mile, we happened to pass an all-vegan snack bar. Thanks to the copious amounts of weed smoked during the protest, they flocked there like a gaggle of stoned geese with a serious case of the munchies. I am getting close to home, finally. But first, I could really use a drink or nine or ten. I go into a bar, order a pint of some micro-brew and sit down for the first time today to relax. Here, truly was as close to heaven as I was going to find in this watered-down hellhole of a town. Just then, as if God could sense my satisfaction, the musical entertainment showed up. In this town it is possible to buy musicians by the pound. One out of every



I Hate My Girlfriend's Cat

There Can Be No Ultimate Peace Until There Is Ultimate Justice; The Cat Must Die

Most people think that cute, furry little pets are great. But I have hard proof that my girlfriend's cat systematically engages in psychological warfare in an attempt to deprive me of sleep and the ability to breathe (I'm allergic, and he knows it). And he's so good at his PsyOps I'm pretty sure the little fucker was trained by the Mossad, or CIA, or somebody. Probably those fucking Syrians.

The little bastard knows he can't take me in a fair fight, so he's all about the asymmetrical warfare. He waits until I sleep and then he yowls at the door to get in. Or he yowls to go back out. Or he yowls for food, and then he yowls even more when he sees the food is coming. Why the hell does he do that? And he intentionally sleeps over throw pillows and furniture throughout the house so that he has left collateral damage from his diseased dander in any corner of the room I might be in. Needless to say, most of those actions are reflective of his evil disdain for me, and he carries out his plan well.

"Miles" is his name, but he's light years away from cute. After his nuts were (thankfully) removed to prevent him from breeding any more little blue-eyed demons, he developed a saggy belly that hangs to the ground, making him the world's saddest little living mop. So as he moves, so do the dust bunnies beneath him. And his nipples — oh God, those horrible nipples. He has bald nipples! Nipples on humans are bad enough, but his bald little nipples point out aggressively at the world, defiantly demanding all onlookers pay homage to his freakish nature. Those nipples, falling to the ground as they hang from his saggy gut, give Miles The Cat the worst set of bitch tits you've ever seen.

I'm not sure, but I think "Siamese" is a euphemism for Mongoloid. It must be one of those cultural, historical things where the Mongols wanted instead to be Siams, or something. But Miles The Cat has eyes that don't track together and he sometimes runs into walls.

He's also kind of like a hippie. He doesn't smell good — intentionally storing an animal's shit in the house has never made sense to me, but then again, I'm a dog person and they are smart enough to use the great outdoors. Miles only seems to like to use his litter box when not taking a quiet, relaxed shit in the middle of the shower floor. And his breath smells like he's just put away the better part of a rotting tuna washed up in Florence. And he's lazy. He's definitely a noncontributor. He never does anything, except run from me when I'm around because the one thing you can say for him is that after getting burned enough times he's figured out that it's best to stay away from the fire.

Miles also thinks he's panning for gold through his vast and ongoing Anal Excavation Project. He puts on his proverbial

hardhat and rams his entire face up his asshole to, as I'm told by cat people, "clean himself." If that's clean, then the things I've been getting in my daily porn email are über "clean." The horrible associated noise of his saliva-lubed tongue grotesquely distorting his poop chute resonates and reverberates throughout God's Holy Land, but all I am left to do is pray that he stops before he loses himself in his Puckered Paradise.

It's not like there's any payoff to owning a cat. They're lazy. They're temperamental. You can't play violently with them like you can play with a dog or an infant. I mean, infants don't really care if you shake them till their brain bleeds. But cats don't seem to like it much. At least not Miles. So you know what the little bastard does? Craps. Right there, wherever he is. Just takes a crap in pure, unadulterated fear. Others hate the smell, but for me, it's a pure ego win as the evidence of my superiority wafts throughout space and time. I suppose that's kind of cool, but it gets old when the girlfriend doesn't think it's funny anymore and I'm the one yowling for attention after having my ass kicked to the curb.

I hate that damn cat.

It's not like there's any payoff to owning a cat. They're lazy. They're temperamental. You can't play violently with them like you can play with a dog or an infant.



Bret Jacobson, allergic and angry, is publisher of the OC.

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May 21, 2003

OUR HERO FINDS HIMSELF IN A CLASSIC WESTERN SHOOT-OUT WITH THE MINDLESS FORCES OF MULTICULTURALISM

I HATE DEADY HALL

I DON'T REALLY GIVE A FUCK IF IT WAS THE FIRST BUILDING ON THIS CAMPUS, IT'S A HORRIBLE BUILDING TO HAVE A CLASS IN. IT IS ACTUALLY FASTER TO WALK UP THE FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO THE 3RD LEVEL THAN TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR. AND THAT 3RD LEVEL THING ALSO PISSES ME OFF. OK, SO YOU GUYS TOOK THE FLOORS AND HALVED THEM TO ADD MORE SPACE, FINE, I CAN LIVE WITH THAT. BUT WHO THE HELL HAD THE IDEA TO NAME THE NEW FLOORS 1M AND 2M?! IT'S VERY CONFUSING, AND VERY ANNOYING. THE HEATING SYSTEM SUCKS TOO, NOT ONLY DOES IT MAKE LOUD WHINING NOISES WHEN THE VENTS START TO COOL DOWN, BUT IT OVERHEATS AND MAKES THE ROOMS STUFFY, SO YOU HAVE TO OPEN THE WINDOW OR THE DOOR. IF YOU OPEN THE DOOR IT DOESN'T REALLY COOL YOU OFF, AND THE HALLWAY IS USUALLY LOUD, SO MOST PEOPLE OPEN THE WINDOW. AND IN THE WINTER TIME, IT'S PRETTY COLD AND WINDY OUTSIDE. YOU CAN NEVER WIN WITH THAT BUILDING!

CHRIS SITNER

I HATE PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

THE UNLUCKIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD ARE THE ONES WHO NEED EACH OTHER. YOU FLY HIGH ON THE ARMS OF YOUR FRIENDS AND LOVERS IN THE SUNNY AFTERNOONS AND BY NIGHT, WHEN THEY HAVE ALL LEFT TO GO LEAD MORE INTERESTING LIVES, YOU SINK BACK INTO A PATHETIC CRADLE OF PAIN PILLS AND SCHNAPPS-SPIKED HOT CHOCOLATE. WHICH ISN'T SO BAD, UNTIL YOU WRITE YOUR FUCKING SLAM POETRY AND CONVERSE JUST A LITTLE TOO LOUDLY WITH OTHER SCORNED LONERS IN THE LOCAL INDEPENDENT HIPSTER COFFEE HOUSE. ALL I WANT IS A CUP OF COFFEE, NOT A SLICE OF HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE. BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE AN ENGLISH MAJOR, STUDYING THE WORKS OF A LONG-SINCE-DEAD GENIUS WITH WHOM YOU SHARE NOTHING — NOT TALENT, NOT INSIGHT, NOT EVEN THE SAME FUCKING LANGUAGE. SO GO WRITE YOURSELF A LITTLE PLAY, EXPRESS YOUR ANGST, AND RECOIL INTO THE DARKNESS THAT WILL BE THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE AND WILL FOLLOW YOU INTO THE PITS OF HELL RESERVED FOR EGOTISTICAL FAUX INTELLECTUALS.

LANCE THUNDERCOCK

I HATE NON-TRADITIONAL STUDENTS:

YOU KNOW THOSE OLD PEOPLE YOU KEEP SEEING IN YOUR CLASSES? THEY AREN'T VISITING PROFESSORS ACCLIMATING THEMSELVES TO OUR FINE UNIVERSITY; THEY ARE STUDENTS, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME. THEY CALL THEMSELVES NON-TRADITIONAL STUDENTS, BUT THAT'S A EUPHEMISM; THEY ARE SIMPLY OLD--AND VERY, VERY ANNOYING. YOU CAN COUNT ON THEM FOR THREE THINGS: 1) SITTING IN THE FRONT OF THE CLASS AND KISSING ASS; 2) CALLING THE PROFESSORS BY THEIR FIRST NAMES; 3) BEING AS LONG-WINDED AS POSSIBLE. THEY ALSO SMELL BAD. A LOT OF NON-TRADITIONAL STUDENTS ARE WOMEN. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY RECENT DIVORCEES WHO ARE ATTEMPTING TO BUILD SOME SEMBLANCE OF SELF-ESTEEM. FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS OF MARRIAGE, THEY HAVE ESSENTIALLY EXISTED AS WEAK-WILLED STEPPORD WIVES. BUT NOW THEY HAVE FREEDOM. NOW THEY HAVE INDEPENDENCE. NOW THEY HAVE ALIMONY AND CHILD SUPPORT MONEY THAT THEY CAN BLOW ON A USELESS, SELF-INDULGENT EXERCISE IN EGO-STROKING. HERE'S A PIECE OF ADVICE FOR ALL THE POTENTIAL NON-TRADITIONAL STUDENTS OUT THERE: MAKE A TIME MACHINE. WHISK YOURSELF BACK TO 1973. ENROLL IN COURSES AT YOUR LOCAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE. IF YOU CANNOT MAKE A TIME MACHINE AND TRAVEL BACK TO A POINT IN TIME WHEN IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE APPROPRIATE FOR YOU TO GO TO COLLEGE, THEN PLEASE DO NOT ENROLL IN ANY MORE OF MY JOURNALISM CLASSES.

LORD HUMUNGOUS



I HATE HATERS

MAN, Y'ALL NEED TO QUIT DRINKING THE HATER-AID. EVER SINCE I BOUGHT MY '95 FORD TAURUS, EVERYBODY BE LIKE, "OH, I SEE HOW IT IS. GOT A LITTLE MONEY AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO FLOSS." SHIT, HOPE YOU HATERS GOT SOME NICE SNEAKERS FOR WALKING. AND DON'T HATE ME WHEN I COME THROUGH YO' BLOCK BUMPING STEELY DAN THROUGH MY FACTORY SPEAKERS. THAT'S JUST HOW I'M ROLLING. OR LIKE, JUST CAUSE I BE SIPPING ON THE BUB AND TALKING GREASY TO YOUR BREAZY, Y'ALL DON'T NEED TO BE LIKE "SIR, THIS IS SHELDON HIGH SCHOOL PROPERTY. YOU NEED TO LEAVE OR WE'RE CALLING THE COPS."

TWO-FISTED LIBERTARIAN



I Hate The EMU

By Brett Callahan

Working, writing, and, for all practical intents and purposes, living in the EMU gives one a unique perspective upon its qualities. At least, it would if the EMU had any qualities. Though one of the billboards references the building as an “explorer’s dream,” the place seems more to me like something out of one of Picasso’s nightmares. Staircases that lead nowhere, an impossible floor plan to follow, a roof that manages to drip water on the most beautiful of days, and an elevator that has the ill-temper of Charles Barkley (Philly Barkley, none of that Phoenix pussy shit) create quite an “interesting” building. This assumes one defines “interesting” as really, really aggravating.

I know what you’re thinking: it’s just a building; what’s to hate? Lots. Let’s start with the top floor, which may or may not actually be the third floor, but definitely is the highest number on the elevator, and work our way down. The third floor is home to the Oregon Commentator and some other un-newsworthy rag of a publication whose name I won’t disgrace these pages by printing. This, believe it or not, is my favorite floor of the EMU. There isn’t much up there to draw people except the two publications, an army of janitors, and the University’s Conflict Resolution Services Program office, which is an excellent place to sit by and study, because, as far as I can tell, no one ever goes there. Still, if you ever happen to be up on this floor, come by and tell us how much you love us. Alternately, if you hate the

magazine, well, you’re probably not reading this. But just in case, piss off.

The second floor consists mainly of the EMU ballroom. The ballroom is a decorative and fascinating venue where, to be perfectly honest, I have never been. I tried to go there once, to boo Jesse Jackson when he came to campus my freshman year, but my friends and I were not let in, and security put a rather gestapo-ish stop to our attempts to force the door open.

Also on the second floor, or at least sort of on the second floor, but maybe more on the mezzanine level, is the Aperture Gallery, a hallway that doubles as an art gallery. I say that it is sort of on the second floor because it is actually down a short flight of stairs from the second floor, but is still above the first floor, and is in no way connected to the Mezzanine level. This art gallery usually holds the important work of some young starving artist who wouldn’t be starving if he or she quit painting and got a real job. Still, it is a good place to go check out paintings of people who might someday make it big, provided nobody ever realizes they have no talent. Also, there are some very tall windows that look out over the EMU amphitheater. These windows might (and I stress might, as I have never personally checked) provide a good angle of fire onto the amphitheater floor, where communists have been known to drink vodka and orate in matters threatening to both our American way of life and our precious bodily fluids. (Have YOU ever seen a commie

The Hate Issue



drink water? I didn’t think so.) There are better snipe—ahh, that is, observation points in the second floor region, but find them yourself, dammit.

Below the second floor is the mezzanine level, affectionately known to we EMU insiders as “mezz” (okay, so I just made that up to sound important). The Mezzanine level consists of at least two parts. One is that area accessible from the main elevator, which is home to campus radio (motto: “we’re so bad not even college kids will listen to us”) and the EMU accounting and otherwise financial offices. All the people in these offices have been really nice in my dealings with them, and, to my knowledge, do their jobs well, so I’m not going to make fun of them at all. I am not even going to mention the really funky smell that permeates the accounting office at all times. Of course, that smell can’t even begin to compete with the stench from the Non-traditional Student Union, located in the basement, which is single-handedly driving down membership in nearby campus groups.

The other component of the Mezzanine level consists of the International Student Association, who puts on all kinds of events in the EMU and provides the sole dating pool for my boss, Eric. I don’t have a lot of experience dealing with the ISA, but I do have it on the very best authority that they don’t like the Commentator all that much. This may have something to do with Pete Hunt’s article suggesting that we kick all of the French kids off campus, or it may have something to do the fact that our office was once located within their walls, meaning they had to hear the sounds of the OC’s “Sacrifice Saturday,” held, oddly enough, on Thursdays. Fortunately, the Commentator has moved on to bigger and better office space, and we no longer have to deal with the babble of languages other than English slipping under our door. The old office, if you are curious, has been dumped off on some other student group, who will soon appreciate the horrors of living in a space designed to hold no more than three vacuums, two dust trays, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Below the Mezzanine level is the first floor. You might have expected the first floor to be below the second floor, as in regular buildings; of course, you might have voted for Maddy and Eddie. Either way, you were wrong. Everyone knows about the first floor, home to the ticket office, Subway, an ever changing line-up of bad food vendors, and the Fishbowl, which stole the show in Animal House as Bluto’s twin brother. Or something

like that; I haven’t seen the movie lately. Everyone on campus has spent plenty of time here, so let’s move right along to...

...the basement, home of countless student groups, the Campus Copy Center (motto: no, the enormous incidental fee does not cover paper costs), and my place of gainful employment, The Erb Essentials. Although the name of the place sounds rather

The University’s Conflict Resolution Services Program office is an excellent place to sit and study, because, as far as I can tell, no one ever goes there.

like a headshop when said aloud, this is a rather small, cozy store, where at any given time the number of employees, off duty and on, is more than likely to outnumber customers. While I may despise the rest of the EMU (excepting the OC office), let me be crystal clear on this issue: I love my job. I get paid to keep a store in reasonable cleanliness, sell cigarettes, and talk to my friends. Erb Essentials and the OC are, respectively, at the bottom and top of the building because they are, of course, the very foundation and pinnacle of areas in the building. And if you think I am blatantly kissing ass in the event that any of my assorted superiors reads this, you’d be exactly right.

This article needs to end in approximately 70 more words. That means I’m going to be cutting out some areas of the EMU I hate very, very much. I apologize. Still, I think it only fitting that I end this piece with a message of love and hope in contrast with its very negative message: If you have, at any time, played Dance Dance Revolution, located in the break, you are going to burn in hell. 68. Whew.

Brett Callahan, whose love of the Collier House goes unrivaled, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR. And he doesn’t seem to like the EMU.



I Hate The UNIVERSITY COMMONS By Ryan Earley

Few things can bring people together like a Common enemy – in this case, it's living at its worst, and its wettest.

I live in University Commons. When I tell people that, those who know anything about the student housing situation off-campus usually have the same response:

"Oh... I'm sorry."

Unfortunately for my roommates and me, no one said that to us until after we had signed the contracts and lease agreements.

Their presentation was slick. They had attractive, if under informed, cabana boys from the poolside management office take us to a lavishly decorated four-bedroom apartment that even included a closet just off the kitchen that held the washer and drier pair. That sold us. We were living in Commons.

Move-in day arrived. After waiting in line for an hour and a half outside the Commons office, I finally obtained my keys and the management informed me that the carpets in my apartment were still a little wet from the carpet cleaner's visit.

The truth was, the carpet cleaners were still in my apartment when I got there. The carpet was sopping wet. It ended up taking a full two days to dry out enough to walk around in socks.

That lack of dryness did not stop the maintenance people from replacing the furniture to its proper location, which was nice of them. Unfortunately, the legs on our coffee table (provided by Commons) are iron. Iron and water make rust. No, those spots on our carpet are not blood from some hideous melee. That is rust from our coffee table.

Wet carpets would have been at least bearable. While inconvenient and annoying (what exactly were they doing with those two months when they should have been cleaning the carpets over the summer?), it was no reason to be angry.

What really made me angry was when we discovered all the dirt, grime and disgustingness in the bathrooms, kitchen and closets. Not only had the previous tenants appeared to have not cleaned anything before they left, the Commons people did not bring in a cleaning service to do the job before we moved in.

Our water heater closet had a solid half-inch of grunge caked on the floor when we first opened it up. The same went for behind the refrigerator, stove, washer and drier. My bathroom drawers sported a rim of brown grime at the inside edges. There was even a heavy stain ring from the unwashed toilet bowl to greet me on my inaugural trip to the john. The doorstops were sitting on the counter, waiting to be installed.

My room was not too much better. While it was marginally

cleaner, there was still little effort to spruce the place up for my move in. I think they did bother to paint the place before I moved in, but they did a very poor job. They painted over patches of masking tape and nails driven into the wall and even painted over a pushpin driven into the ceiling. I also found some of the previous tenant's mail stuffed between my mattress and box spring. I hope that he did not need that notice of refund allocation from the Oregon Department of Revenue anymore.

Damages in my roommate's rooms were minor. One of the bedroom window screens was slashed, while another had no screen at all. We had a number of insect friends visiting each night until maintenance came through to fix that problem.

We had window problems in our living room as well. It seems the previous tenants broke one of the windows in the living room. There was no screen on one of the living room windows when we moved in and the tracks along the edges were missing. It would not stay open without something to prop it up. We could actually lift out the whole glass panel and on several occasions it fell off the sill onto the carpet below.

In the kitchen, we found an essentially permanent red sticker proclaiming "Dutch love" affixed to the dishwasher and the corner of the cover of the fluorescent overhead light was broken off. In the washer and drier closet, the handle was missing from the drier door.

The most bewildering problem was easily the broken peephole. Somehow, the previous tenants had managed to put multiple cracks in the peephole glass, rendering it completely useless. I still wonder how they could have accomplished this.

The one thing that really put the damages over the top, in my mind, was the condition of the patio/entryway of our apartment. I am not sure what it was that had dried onto the patio, but unidentified yellow liquids scare me. Far more disturbing was the log-shaped mass of brown material sitting near the edge of the patio. We were all afraid to touch it, so we just let it sit until rainwater finally eroded it away at the end of winter term.

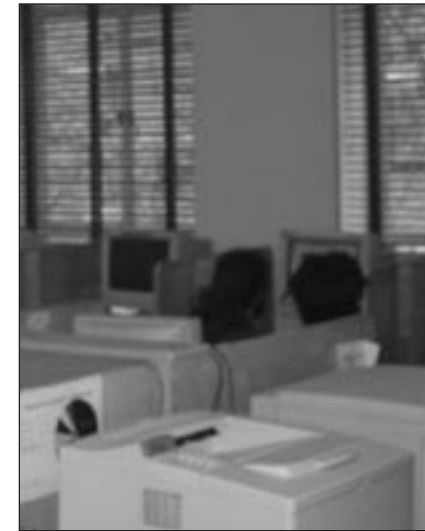
This laundry list of complaints is just the beginning. Nearly every single item on the apartment's damage report had a negative description beside it by the time I was finished moving in. My parents helped me move in, and we spent until 3 a.m. cleaning the apartment so it would be livable and sanitary.

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The Hate Issue

I Hate The BRAINERD LAB By Ben Brown

When J-School experiments go bad, they get going. Straight to the Brainerd Lab, where their questions are as dumb as their projects.



Ah yes, that festering pit of electronic despair that is the Brainerd Lab. In theory, it's supposed to be the place where journalism students learn how to use the complex layout programs they will use in the future world of electronic media. Those of you who have made the foolish attempt to get any work done there have probably discovered that it is a room filled with a little over a dozen computers, only half of which at any given time are actually working. It is a place for Journalism students who are either too stupid or too lazy to steal the appropriate layout programs to waste time, paper, and the lab monitor's rapidly dwindling supply of patience.

As I mentioned above, the Brainerd lab is the University's attempt at providing a place for journalism students to practice the use of the complex technology they will be expected to know when they enter the job field. If this is true, then the Journalism world must be flooded with Power Macintosh 750s. You remember the Power Mac, right? From back when you were 13 and looking for snuff films on the Internet, back when the world seemed all shiny and new.

The computers all have cases that have been stained the dingiest of yellows, half the time they won't even start up and when they do, the programming is so full of errors that it's a wonder that anyone has ever gotten any work done at all. Assuming that you do actually get a computer up and running, you will then find yourself confronted by further problems. First of all, the mice have been so over-used that any attempts to move the cursor resemble the drunken stumble of a cross-dresser in 4-inch stilettos. If you can actually manage to get the cursor over to the proper program and try to open it, you will then be confronted with either a new barrage of error messages or a 20-minute wait as your shitty processor struggles frantically, like a toddler in a garbage bag, to load the program.

And got forbid you try to print anything. The Brainerd lab is blessed with two equally shitty printers, one for color and one for black and white. It doesn't make any difference which one you print on, since there is little to no chance that you will ever see your document again; assuming that the computer doesn't crash, there is always the possibility that the document will be sent to another lab somewhere else in the building or get dropped from the print queue entirely. And even if it does happen to print, be prepared to wait for any amount of time -- up to 4 hours -- for

your document as it slogs its way through the collection of garbage that makes up the Journalism school's main server.

But as much as I hate the computers, I hate the people even more. Every day, the lab is filled with the dregs of the journalism school -- students whose lack of intelligence and technological acuity should have kept them out of college, but somehow here at U of O they slip through. I hear the lab monitors constantly

The Brainerd lab is blessed with two equally shitty printers, one for color and one for black and white. It doesn't make any difference which one you print on, since there is little to no chance that you will ever see your document again

plagued with questions such as: How do I print? How do I make this font bigger? How do I save? What's a ZIP disk? Can you move my job to the front of the print queue? Can you scan this for me?

For Christ's sake, people, they offer workshops on these programs every term; I know it might be a little much for you to rouse yourselves from your cum-soiled sheets earlier than 4 p.m., but you should really look into taking one and stop asking so many asinine questions. Especially when the answers have been written in large colorful script and tacked to a corkboard less than a foot from the door.

I hate you, Brainerd Lab; I hate you from the fieriest depths of my whiskey-drenched soul. Someday the revolution will come and students will band together in a luddite-esque rage to hurl the computers from your 3rd story windows and replace them with x-acto knives, layout boards, and one lone copy machine. Maybe then we will actually be able to get some work done.

Ben Brown, the least stable lab attendant since that guy in the Chevron jacket, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

May 21, 2003

SUDSY'S JUNGLE COMBAT TRAINING COMES IN HANDY AGAINST THE VODKA SWILLING MARXIST GUERRILLAS

I HATE "ORGANIC" FOOD

HERE'S A CLUE FOR ALL YOU BACK-TO-NATURE ASSHOLES. UNLESS YOU'RE RELYING ON SHEET METAL FOR SUSTENANCE, ALL FOOD IS ORGANIC, IDIOT. SO QUIT BUGGING ME ABOUT PESTICIDES AND FERTILIZER, JUST WASH YOUR FUCKING FOOD BEFORE YOU EAT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT WASHING MEANS DON'T YOU? OF COURSE NOT, YOU HAVEN'T BATHED SINCE THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION; WHY WOULD YOUR FOOD BE ANY DIFFERENT. I ALSO TIRE OF HEARING HOW ALL FOOD THAT IS NOT GROWN IN A BACKYARD BY SOME SPIRITUAL LUNATIC WILL KILL ME BY 500 MILLION DIFFERENT TYPES OF CANCER. WELL IF YOU WERE SO DAMNED HEALTH CONSCIOUS, YOU WOULD KNOW THAT SECOND-HAND STUPIDITY IS THE LEADING CAUSE OF A BOOT SQUARE TO THE HEAD.

IDAHO JONES



I HATE FROG

HE LOOKS LIKE SANTA BUT SMELLS LIKE SHIT. FROG, THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST JOKEBOOK SALESMAN ON 13TH, LOOKS HOMELESS, BUT IT'S MORE LIKELY HE LIVES IN A STATE OF PURE EVIL. "YOU CAN BE THE FIRST IN YOUR FRAT TO HAVE ONE"? MAYBE YOU CAN BE THE FIRST IN THE HOSPITAL THIS MORNING AS YOU SCREAM WILDLY FROM THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST BRUISES ON YOUR BEDRAGGLED, BEARDED FACE. WHAT IS HE HIDING FROM, ANYWAY? THE MEMORY OF A SLAIN FAMILY, I'M GUESSING, BECAUSE ONLY A GUILTY CONSCIENCE WOULD DRIVE A MAN TO BECOME THE MOST DESPISED STREET URCHIN IN TOWN. AND DON'T THINK FOR A SECOND FROG IS POOR AND YOUR MONEY HELPS OUT: HE DRINKS MICRO-BREWS AT BASEBALL GAMES AS HE MANIACALLY CHORTLES IN HIS EVIL SANTA STYLE, KNOWING THIS BUD'S FROM YOU.

LANCE THUNDERCOCK

I HATE THE LILLIS BUSINESS COMPLEX

JUST HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO PUT UP A FUCKING BUILDING, ANYWAY? WE HAVE ENDURED THE FENCES. WE HAVE INHALED THE BRICK-DUST WITH SMILES ON OUR FACES. WE HAVE BEEN GOOD SPORTS ABOUT THE DRILLING. BUT HOW LONG, LORD, HOW LONG? HOW LONG MUST WE ENDURE THIS EXTENDED DOGLEG AROUND YOUR BUSINESS-THEMED MONSTROSITY? THE EXTRA THIRTY SECONDS OF WALKING - EACH TRIP, MIND YOU, EACH TRIP - IS REALLY STARTING TO EAT INTO MY SCHEDULE.

DAMN YOU, LILLIS, AND DAMN YOUR BUSINESS, WHATEVER IT MAY HAVE BEEN. YOU HAVE CAUSED ME A MINOR INCONVENIENCE, AND FOR THAT I SHALL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

PROFESSOR O



I AM TIRED OF BEING BURNT OUT.

I WON'T LIE TO YOU: I'VE SEEN SOME SHIT AND DONE SOME THINGS. AND I'VE MADE A LOT OF FUCKING JOKES. CRUDE JOKES, SHARP BARBS, WITTY COMEBACKS -- YOU NAME IT, I'VE DONE IT. AND NOW THE WELL IS DRY. I'M NO LONGER FUNNY, AND I DON'T EVEN REALLY CARE ANYMORE. FUCK IT. JOKES AND POLITICAL ARGUMENTS ARE FOR ME NOW THE DRAGON I CHASE ONLY BECAUSE IT'S MY IDENTITY TO DO SO. I NO LONGER GET THE THRILL, BUT UNTIL I GET SOME SERIOUS HELP I'M GONNA WALK AROUND JAUNDICED, EMACIATED AND IN A SERIOUSLY IRRITABLE STATE. I'D LOVE TO SAY I HATE NOT BEING FUNNY, BUT THERE'S AN EMPTINESS IN ME THAT LUCKILY AFFORDS ME THE LUXURY OF NOT GIVING A SHIT WHETHER YOU LAUGH WHEN I MAKE A WRY ONE-LINER. SO GO AHEAD, LAUGH AT THE NEW GUYS' JOKES, BUT THEY'LL BE IN MY BOAT SOON ENOUGH. FUCKERS.

LANCE THUNDERCOCK

I HATE THE



By TIMOTHY DREIER

Every spring, the student body gets together and votes. This voting is, ostensibly, for electing our new student leaders. What we're really deciding, however, is which group of resume-padding, useless tools will get to play dress-up government with over \$10 million in fees. Most of the kids in Suite Four have no idea what they're doing, and even fewer have any respect for the way in which fee administration is supposed to work. What's more disturbing is that none of them care, except when it comes to screwing fiscally responsible groups on technicalities. There are many student groups on this campus whose viewpoint I find detestable, but as long as they play by the rules, their treatment by the fee-administration powers wielded by the ASUO should be fair and equitable. Sadly, this is not the case, and is one of the many reasons I hate the ASUO.

THE EXECUTIVE

President, Vice President, and most of the other wankers you see wandering around Suite Four of the EMU fall under the banner of "Executive." With a budget of \$280,000 per year (\$90k of which goes to OSA), you would think that they would manage to accomplish something. But, no, the exec kiddies are too busy driving to Salem to lobby "on behalf" of students. News flash, kids: You do not represent my interests, so knock it off. The main problem that the exec kids have is caring too much about too little. Instead of looking at an entire issue, say, the rising cost of college, they focus on one small aspect: tuition. To Suite Four, tuition going up is bad and it must be stopped. So they lobby and try to get a freeze on tuition. Then they complain that there aren't enough dollars for higher education, and they whine that the state should invest more into the Oregon University System. The Executive never fully takes into account the complexities of an issue: maybe college is expensive because more and more people are trying to get in, and it's driving prices up; maybe tuition is climbing because the state's economy is in a slump and tax revenues are down; maybe it's something

else entirely. But that doesn't matter to The Executive; they don't see the consequences of their actions, and they have no understanding of how the world actually works. The closest thing to an accomplishment to come out of the ASUO Executive in the last few years was Jay "The Knob" Breslow's huge ballot box, and that's very sad. These kids should pack up and go home, because they'll never amount to anything and should quit before they get even farther behind.

THE SENATE

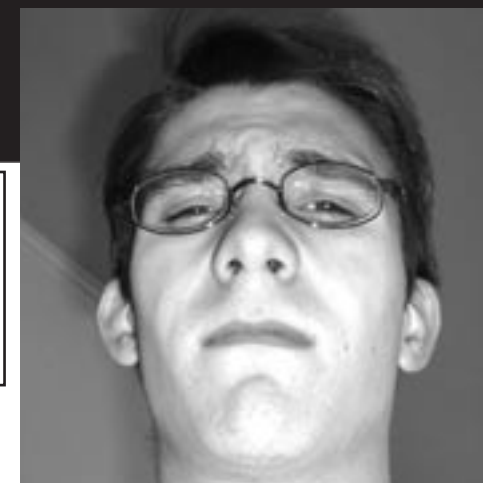
Eighteen of the saddest people in Eugene reside on the ASUO Senate. Well, there are 18 seats, but some are always vacant; perhaps it's entirely too difficult to find the last few hapless fools to sit around a table once a week and vote "yes" on whatever resolutions come their way. If you've ever been to a Senate meeting, you know exactly how this process works. If something comes before them, it passes. It could be a simple transfer request from a student group, or a promise to sacrifice some children to Satan; doesn't matter, the Senate will pass it. The conservative, and even more sensible liberal, members of the group have given up; they've decided that if something makes it before the Senate, it will pass. Pathetic as that is, what's worse is the lack of even a symbolic "no" vote. Better to die on your feet, as they say.

THE PFC

Undoubtedly the most incompetent bunch of chimpanzees ever to be in charge of a few million dollars, the PFC doesn't even understand its own rules. Last year, they misinterpreted viewpoint neutrality so badly that they attempted to force this magazine to change a 20-year-old mission statement. This year's debacle was OSPIRG's budget appeal. Now, the illegality of OSPIRG receiving any student funding is well documented and does not need to be explored here, but the PFC decided to hear OSPIRG's appeal even though PFC's own rules prohibited



The ASUO Office, nobody in here, save Jen Creighton, has any idea how things are actually supposed to work. And she's not telling.



Before my experiences with the ASUO, I was a charming, handsome man. Now look at me, look what they've done to me. Help.

it. In order for an appeal to be heard, the group must present new evidence within seven days of their original hearing. OSPIRG did not do this; they provided a memo that contained no verifiable information and simply restated information that the OSPIRG kids had brought up during the initial hearing. After this fiasco, the PFC decided to give OSPIRG \$17,000 more than the initial allocation. A major miscarriage of justice, to be sure, but even more grievous in light of the PFC's nickel-and-diming of legitimate groups. The Commentator, many of the Student Unions, The Oregon Voice, and numerous other rule-abiding groups are routinely hoodwinked out of paltry sums (sometimes \$10 or less) in the name of fiscal responsibility; but OSPIRG gets a pass every year. Such ridiculous action only makes more clear that students have no business controlling the incidental fee.

THE ADFC

These kids have managed to get swindled by the Athletic Department. This year, \$40,000 was taken when the band moved sections and too few student tickets were distributed at Mac Court. What's worse, nobody knows how many years this sort of thing has been happening or if Mac Court is the only instance. Are the students getting screwed at Autzen too? Has this been happening for a decade? Nobody knows, at least nobody who's willing to talk. Poor record keeping and embarrassment by the students involved has kept this particular incident under wraps for a long time, and we've no idea if it will happen again in the future. The Athletic Department is unwilling to propose a solution, at least according to Steve McBride, and the ADFC is either too lazy or too stupid to force an answer. Furthermore, why is there even a subsidy for tickets? I mean, sure, if you want to go to a game you get a rockin' deal, but shouldn't the Athletic Department be willing to donate some space in the bleachers to stay ingratiated with the student body? Yes, the Athletic Department is entirely self-funded, but it's still a part of the

University and should act as such. The ADFC shouldn't even exist, but it does, so they'd better shape up, or AssQuack might have to be sent after them.

THE EMU BOARD

These folks are guilty by association, mostly. Aside from occasionally screwing the Cultural Forum out of any surplus, and that doesn't matter because those hippies don't deserve any money in the first place, the EMU Board does a relatively good job. The plan for the remodeling of the EMU looks good, and the EMU Board was mostly responsible. The only reason that the EMU Board works is administrative involvement. There are actual adults, people who've, you know, had jobs, on the EMU Board and its continued functioning is a direct result of that. So, go EMU Board, but I still hate you because you fall under the ASUO banner.

Overall, the ASUO is a terrible structure filled with pathetic people. The only one who knows anything about the way in which things are supposed to function is Jen Creighton, and she's not even a student. The kids in Suite Four need a lesson in life, a lesson both fast and painful. They fancy themselves as America's future leaders, but the only thing they'll be leading is the welfare line. If, perhaps, they'd spend more time trying to become informed and less bitching about the inconsequential garbage of ASUO Politik, they might have a chance at being productive members of society one day in the far-off future. Unfortunately for them, that is unlikely to happen. This, however, may be quite fortuitous for the rest of us. Why? Because, really, is a kid with a PPPM/Sociology double major competition in the work force? I think not.

Timothy Dreier, future leader of all mankind and political wonk such as the world has never seen, is Managing Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



I Hate The DORMS

By Kelly Brown

Convenient living arrangement or Thunderdome? The residence halls quickly proved to be the latter to Kelly Brown's dismay.

According to Sgt. Mackenzie of the Oregon Department of Corrections, a standard two-man cell in Oregon State Penitentiary measures 9' by 12'. A standard double in Bean complex is 9'7" by 14'5". For only \$700 a month, my room is slightly more spacious than those of convicted felons.

My hatred is directed at three distinct, yet interrelated components: residence life, the dorms themselves, and the people who surround me. I present for you my opus of hate:

I Hate Residence Life

Fucking Residence Life. It was these bastards who tricked me into dorm life in the first place. They sent me a slew of propaganda showing multiethnic groups about to tinkle themselves with the sheer pleasures of dorm life. I naïvely assumed this was an accurate representation of dorm life. How very wrong I was.

The functions that Res Life organizes are pure, unadulterated crap. Every week, we are offered another stale activity that sounded ROCKING to the RAs. The underlying assumptions are that (a) any "risqué" activity will automatically appeal, so every function needs to have some weird sexual underpinning, even if it in no way relates to the topic at hand (recent example: listen to an eating disorder talk while making condom leis. Woo!), and (b) that mocktails and rootbeer kegs are always a sure bet. Every poster has "MOCKTAILS!" scrawled on it in cheerful letters, as though the offer of fruit juice (free fruit juice, mind you) will inspire us to take leave of bong rips and casual sex in favor of Madagascar Fun Night. And hey, did you not get enough crappy high school dances in high school? Good, because Res Life has got your back on that one!

Another thing that Residence Life clearly cannot handle is roommate pairings. This stems from the survey on the housing application, which does nothing to facilitate smooth roommate pairings. Dippy questions such as "Are you an early bird or a night owl?" should be replaced with more telling ones, like "Are you, at any time, planning to smoke opium in your room?" and "What are your thoughts on loud fornication?"

I Hate Dorm People

I used to wonder where they found people tacky enough to be on "Girls Gone Wild." Now I know -- they live on my floor. These are the girls who see nothing wrong with hitting the booze at 3pm, and are down with passing out on bathroom floors by 6. Every night, the bathroom is choked with these tricks, carefully primping for the exciting night of date rape that lies ahead of them at Kappa Sigma. Actual exchange:

Trick A: Do you think I should wear a bra under this [see-through shirt] for the cocktail party?

Trick B: Uh, no, duh. The most important part of "cocktail" is "cock," and these boys wanna see nipple.

But these class acts pale in comparison to the screamers.

There is some goood lovin' going down on my hall. Every night. Sometimes twice. Thank God the walls are so soundproof. It's not like I can hear every little moan of delight, or sickening bit of pillow talk. Confidential to those two: "I'm gonna dress you up in my love...all over your body...uhhhhhhhhh," although comical, is not in any way sexy, and I don't want to hear it while I'm trying to watch South Park.

I hate the stoners, and the Bob Marley that inevitably follows them. The THC and familiar strains of "No Woman No Cry" seep up through my vent starting at 8 am and just don't stop. I got a contact high sitting at my desk the first week of school.

I hate the guy that gets really, really drunk every night, then runs through the hall pounding on every door, screaming "ROTC forever, fuckers! YEAH!" I hate the frat guys who find their way into the hall, then hide out in the showers.

But I don't hate all the people in the dorms. There are certain helpful groups -- by which I mean all the drug dealers. As a friend of mine pointed out, last year I had to drive to Portland to score a dime bag. Now the dealer downstairs will deliver a half ounce to my door.

I Hate the Dorms

My antipathy for Res Life and my fellow dormers pales in comparison for the utter hatred I have for my surroundings. Bean and Hamilton have all the grace and beauty of an industrial accident. Urban legend has it that the architect of Bean previously designed prisons -- which seems credible, because try as I might, I simply cannot hang myself out my dorm window.

The communal bathrooms and showers are intolerable. The showers are apparently designed for elementary students; I have to do a wall-sit to get under the spout. On top of this, the curtains will dance at the slightest hint of breeze, leaving the showerer exposed, much to the delight of the waiting frat dicks.

I visit friends at private universities and seethe with rage. I hate them and their "living suites" that actually resemble something besides immigrant housing. I look at the dorms and they resemble hives, designed to hold as many as possible with the tiniest bit of space. It has gotten to the point where even the extra two feet of width Earl provides seems extravagant. I hate the Barnhart Bitches, with their sweeping view of downtown Eugene, so starkly different from my view of the Bread Silo.

Food for thought: on the 2001 Princeton Review, U of O was ranked number one for "Dorms are like Dungeons." It's widely accepted that Bean is the worst complex on campus. Therefore, I live in the second worst dorm in the entire country.

God, I hate the dorms.

Kelly Brown, now living in a van down by the river, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

I Hate OREGON

By Colin Elliott



Imagine your favorite place on Earth. Now realize that Oregon is the exact opposite. God damn it!

It's raining outside again. It's always raining. I can still remember the trips up to the University of Oregon's football camp in the summer. Even though it was often overcast, I got sunburned every time, while the boys from California shivered and complained about the bad weather and the water in their shoes. Yes, back then, Oregon had a lot going for it, and bad weather was just a minuscule concern in an otherwise wonderful place to live. But oh how the times have changed.

We used to have a booming job market, a growing economy, and sensational sports teams. Now we're stuck with the highest unemployment rate in the nation, a stagnant economy, and Jason Fife. What the hell happened?

Well, to start, eight years of the rabid Dr. John Taxlover in the governor's mansion didn't help things at all. Under Kitzhaber, all kinds of shit hit the fan, and now we're left scraping it off the walls. Our taxes increased and our budget expenditures ballooned almost twofold since he started. Meanwhile, by expanding our environmental "protection" laws, Kitzhaber put thousands of loggers and farmers out of work. They're still committing suicide in Klamath Falls.

He also could have solved a bunch of our current budget woes long ago by making some of the cuts that the majority of Oregonians are still screaming for. Instead, he wasted our time and money with five, count them FIVE, special legislative sessions, the result of which was to try and spend even more money with a tax hike (which failed) and to pain Oregon smokers with almost a dollar-per-pack cigarette tax increase.

All of that seems pretty bad, true, but now we have a new governor that couldn't be that bad, right? Well, Governor Ted Kulongoski's commencement address included a statement along these lines -- "Oregon needs to get back to work. If you need a job, call me!" So, while I hate to admit it, Governor "Sleepy" Kulongoski's idea of helping a state that got itself in trouble by overspending is to spend more money by hiring even more state workers. This is the same governor who approved massive cuts in jobs for teachers, police, and firefighters.

But budgetary woes haven't been the only troubles in Oregon's disappointing last few years -- our sports teams are playing like girls. They're almost as bad as WNBA players, but with less chest hair. Remember when the Portland Trail Blazers

were full of good guys like Clyde Drexler, Terry Porter, Kevin Duckworth and Jerome Kersey? Names like "Clyde" and "Terry" just ooze integrity. Those Blazers were nice guys, and damn good at ball, too. They made three NBA Finals and two Western Conference Championship Series -- they were like gods. But now we have guys like "Sheed," "Bonzi," and "Damon" who would rather whine at refs and smoke bud instead of playing the sport they make millions of dollars to play. Ahh... sheeet.

The local impact on the University of Oregon's crappy sports fortunes can be summed up in one word -- "mullet." Jason Fife "led" the Duck Football team to a season that most of us have tried to forget. Thank God we have Clemens and DeRocher to keep this nouveau A.J. Feeley where he belongs -- scout team QB.

Our basketball team showed a few signs of life, but the dark cloud over Oregon poured out on them too. The god of the Mormons whupped the U of O's pagan deities as well as Gaia as the virtuous Utes creamed the Ducks in the NCAA Tournament. To add insult to injury, Luke Ridnour is heading out of town. I think he knows where the sports of this state are going.

As if all of these horrible happenings in Oregon weren't enough, Oregonians are thinking about combining the two things they suck at -- state spending and sports -- to create the beast that may kill us all off: pro baseball. Yes, friends, just when you thought it was bad, it got even worse. Baseball takes years to turn a profit and Oregon's economy needs shock therapy, not leeching and bloodletting. While baseball is fun (well... if you've had a few), there is nowhere near enough people interested to fill a park for the several years it will take to actually get some money.

Gripe, gripe, gripe... whine, whine, whine... the point is that this state sucks ass, and things aren't getting any cleaner. It's time to leave, now, before things get worse. In fact, I think I'll even leave before I fini....

Collin Elliott, leader of Seattle's secret anti-Portland spy team, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

SUDSY'S FINAL MISSION... THE RESCUE OF HIS DAMSEL FROM THE FRAT PARTY!

I HATE MAN-HATERS.

YOU'RE ONLY A SICK AND TIRED BISEXUAL BECAUSE YOU WASTED YOUR 20'S SCREWING THE SAME KINDS OF GUYS FROM THE SAME DAMN SPORTS BARS. QUIT BITCHING. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU LOST ANY MONEY ON THE DRINKS. IF HE EXPRESSES MORE PASSION OVER A BET ON A DOLPHINS GAME THAN OVER YOU, TAKE A FUCKING HINT. I HATE YOU.

MAC K. ULTRA

I HATE TAYLOR'S

I HATE BEING AT TAYLOR'S. IT'S LIKE BEING A CAGE WITH ALL OF THE REJECTS FROM MTV SPRING BREAK, PEOPLE WHO THINK LIFE IS ONLY WORTH LIVING IF SOMEONE ELSE IS WATCHING. I CAN SPEND THE NIGHT LOCKED IN MY CLOSET WITH A FIFTH OF HRD AND NOT BE HALF AS DEPRESSED AS I WOULD BE FROM TEN MINUTES OF HEARING "DUDE, SORRY BRO," FROM THE GUY WITH THE GELLED HAIR AND ABERCROMBIE SHIRT WHO JUST SPILLED HIS BEER ON MY SHOES. I TRY TO KEEP MY VISITS INFREQUENT, BUT INEVITABLY I FIND MYSELF THERE FOR SOMEBODY'S 21ER. I KNOW I'M AT TAYLOR'S BECAUSE OF THE GIRL PUKING IN THE STALL NEXT TO THE URINAL. BUT I HAVE A STRATEGY TO MAKE IT THROUGH THOSE NIGHTS. IT'S AN OLD REMEDY, BUT IT'S TRIED AND TRUE: TWO 40S, A BLUNT AND SOME VICODIN IS USUALLY JUST RIGHT TO GET ME IN AND LEAVE ME CLOSE ENOUGH TO COMATOSE THAT I CAN FORGET MY SURROUNDINGS.

SCOTT FREE

I HATE BLOGGERS

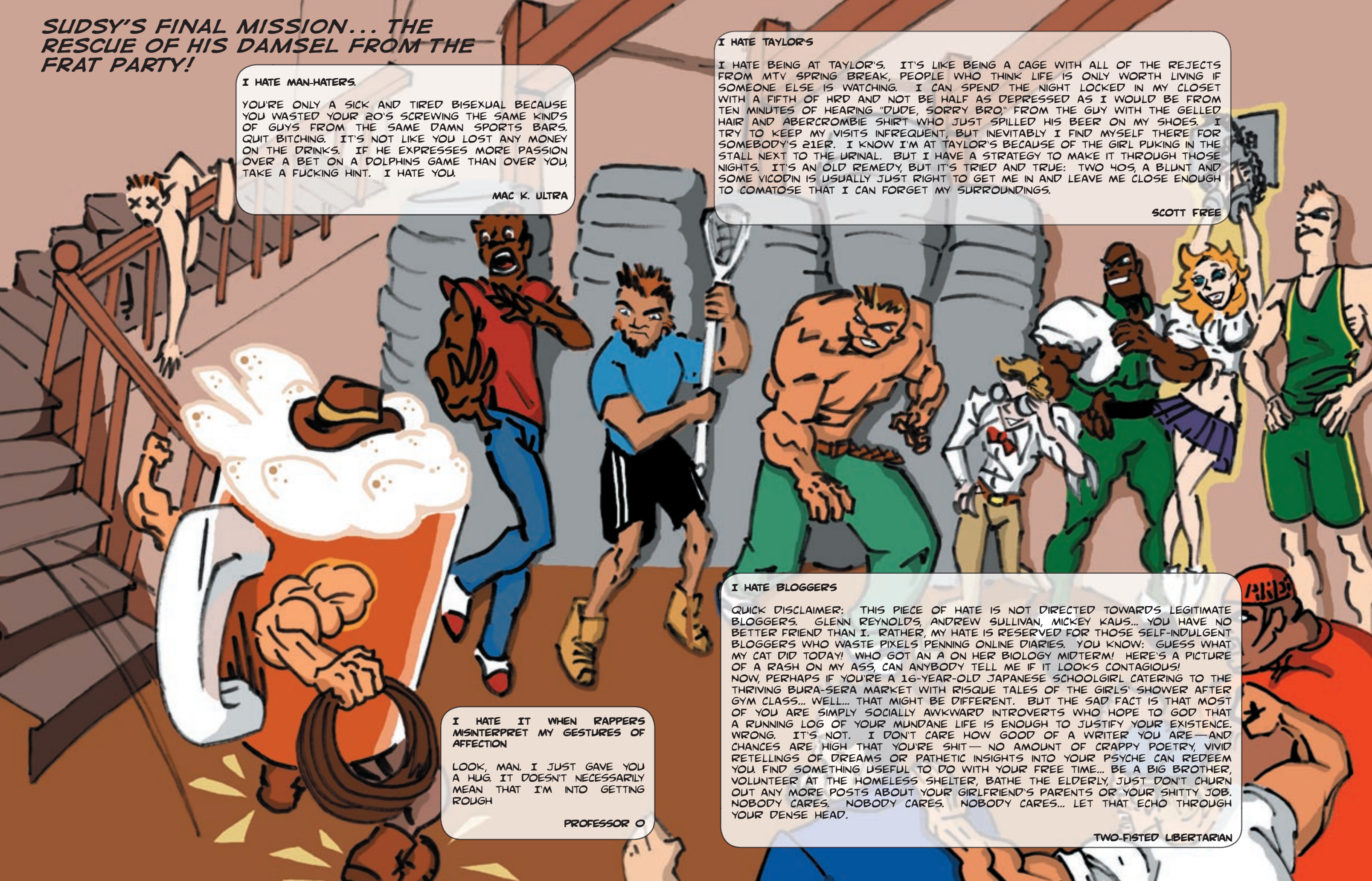
QUICK DISCLAIMER: THIS PIECE OF HATE IS NOT DIRECTED TOWARDS LEGITIMATE BLOGGERS. GLENN REYNOLDS, ANDREW SULLIVAN, MICKEY KAUS... YOU HAVE NO BETTER FRIEND THAN I. RATHER, MY HATE IS RESERVED FOR THOSE SELF-INDULGENT BLOGGERS WHO WASTE PIXELS PENNING ONLINE DIARIES. YOU KNOW: GUESS WHAT MY CAT DID TODAY! WHO GOT AN A ON HER BIOLOGY MIDTERM! HERE'S A PICTURE OF A RASH ON MY ASS, CAN ANYBODY TELL ME IF IT LOOKS CONTAGIOUS! NOW, PERHAPS IF YOU'RE A 16-YEAR-OLD JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL CATERING TO THE THRIVING BURA-SERA MARKET WITH RISQUE TALES OF THE GIRLS' SHOWER AFTER GYM CLASS... WELL... THAT MIGHT BE DIFFERENT. BUT THE SAD FACT IS THAT MOST OF YOU ARE SIMPLY SOCIALLY AWKWARD INTROVERTS WHO HOPE TO GOD THAT A RUNNING LOG OF YOUR MUNDANE LIFE IS ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY YOUR EXISTENCE. WRONG. IT'S NOT. I DON'T CARE HOW GOOD OF A WRITER YOU ARE—AND CHANCES ARE HIGH THAT YOU'RE SHIT—NO AMOUNT OF CRAPPY POETRY, VIVID RETELLINGS OF DREAMS OR PATHETIC INSIGHTS INTO YOUR PSYCHE CAN REDEEM YOU. FIND SOMETHING USEFUL TO DO WITH YOUR FREE TIME... BE A BIG BROTHER, VOLUNTEER AT THE HOMELESS SHELTER, BATHE THE ELDERLY, JUST DON'T CHURN OUT ANY MORE POSTS ABOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S PARENTS OR YOUR SHITTY JOB. NOBODY CARES. NOBODY CARES. NOBODY CARES... LET THAT ECHO THROUGH YOUR DENSE HEAD.

TWO-FISTED LIBERTARIAN

I HATE IT WHEN RAPPERS MISINTERPRET MY GESTURES OF AFFECTION

LOOK, MAN. I JUST GAVE YOU A HUG. IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN THAT I'M INTO GETTING ROUGH

PROFESSOR O



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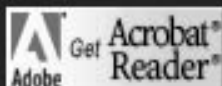
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I Hate Pundits

 | posted by [Olly Ruff](#) | 3:34 p.m.

As a relatively voracious reader with a short attention span and a need to be distracted by shiny, pretty things, I have been sucking up and devouring news commentary for more years than I can remember. In accordance with the "Long Shelf" theory of human consciousness, something was bound to go wrong eventually. I have reached saturation point. I've had all I can stand, and I can't stand no more. Something drastic needs to be done. Here is my pledge, born of disorientation and desperation and, I suppose, some measure of hatred:

Until the War on Terror is ended - which, given the terms in which it has been defined, is presumably going to be a very long time - I am done with the editorial page. I will live a blissful life in tune with nature. I may, occasionally, know what is happening in the world - SARS outbreak, Oscar nominees, invasion of France - but I will no longer know anyone's opinion of these events. I have had it with op-ed pages. Think-pieces, begone. Personal anecdotes from syndicated columnists fill me with revulsion. Vacuous network news anchors set my teeth on edge.

Editorial cartoonists also no longer please me.

I will miss cable news the least of all my media vices. Watching Fox is like rummaging through the Finder Binder of a fourteen-year old who has a savage, unrequited crush on the Bush administration. And I hate CNN's Aaron Brown and his cohorts even more than I hated Peter Jennings in the days following 9/11. Jennings' narcotized delivery and air of calm dislocation struck exactly the wrong note in that time of shell shock. Even so, the guy had been on the air for God knows how long that week. He had an excuse. Brown is not reading the news at a time of national crisis, nor for unnaturally long hours. He is, we presume, like this all the time. At least with Fox's Shephard Smith, there's always the sense that a ten-foot-long serpent's tongue might suddenly flicker out of his head, shoot across the studio, and glom onto a fly that has alighted on the neon map of Syria, which would be cool. Bill O'Reilly, for his part, spins so frantically in the No Spin Zone that I almost expect him to take off and hover somewhere above the ground, like a helicopter.

Meanwhile, the papers I naturally gravitate towards - the querulous, arty ones with the good personal ads - have comprehensively alienated me. I cannot handle yet another guest column's worth of puerile conspiracy theories about George Bush. I just don't care, much as I no longer care if Bill Clinton personally tore Vernon Jordan's still-beating heart from his chest in a Satanic budget-balancing ritual. And I'm never reading anything Robert Fisk writes again, ever, not even to see it torn to shreds - or "fisked", after the time Fisk was beaten up in Afghanistan and then wrote a bizarre piece pointing out how much, as a Westerner, he deserved it - on innumerable websites twenty minutes later.

And if I have to read one more goddamn article about the suppression of dissenting views in America, I'm going to find the author and pelt them with burning paperback books. Ladies and gentlemen, the problem with America - whatever it may be - is most definitely *not* a paucity of dissenting views. Nor is it a shortage of means of expressing them. Between the pamphlets, the fliers, the sandwich boards, the dudes with megaphones, Janeane Garofalo, the monthly newsletter of the John Birch Society, and the endless desolate tundra of the Internet, I am bombarded twenty-four hours a day with dissenting views, many of which are dissenting to the point of screwball comedy. Stop writing about this, please.

Another thing, while I'm on the subject: John Ashcroft, for all his religious wackiness, his eminently opposable legislative initiatives, and his losing of Senate electoral races to dead people, is not the Antichrist. Just drop it, for God's sake! Is there no such thing as reasoned, rational opposition any more? You've turned into those people from the mid-90s who thought Janet Reno was going to invade their

Inside This Issue:
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• OC Invades the Daily Emerald

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suburban tract home with a SWAT team unless the family took it in turns to sit up at night and stand guard! This insistence on personalizing every single political issue was ridiculous under Clinton, and it's still ridiculous under Bush: it's just a different subset of the population who are doing it. Well, knock

liberal press induces a feeling once aptly described by Tom Stoppard as like "being run over very slowly by a traveling freak show." But reading the National Review is like being jumped up and down on by half a dozen of the freak show's business managers and lawyers.

Most of the classical-leftist critiques

And if I have to read one more goddamn article about the suppression of dissenting views in America, I'm going to find the author and pelt them with burning paperback books.

| posted by [Olly Ruff](#) | 7:21 p.m.

yourselves out. Don't come crying to me when you lose 2004 in a landslide.

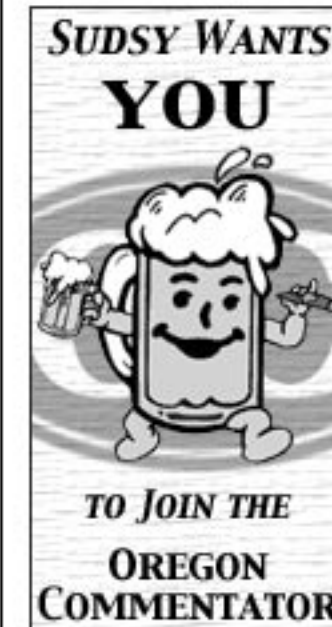
Fisk, John Pilger, and the other sub-Chomskies have united under a general disapproval of everything that has ever happened throughout the course of history, which has (much to this writer's own personal horror) become a sort of default left-wing defensive stance. Patriotism - or any kind of enthusiasm for anything at all - is regarded as gauche, naïve, a sign of one's entrapment within some nebulously-defined materialistic dialectic. In reaction to this, the flourishing neoconservative movement is boisterously enthusiastic about a great many things, which at least gives you something to work with beyond a crushing sense of despair. Unfortunately, a diet that consists of nothing but boisterously enthusiastic op-eds is like one that consists of nothing but tequila shooters. After a while something terrible happens, and for months thereafter the mere presence of another one makes you run for the nearest bathroom.

Or, to put it another way: reading the

of an interventionist US foreign policy that I've read have been simplistic, snobbish, anti-liberal, and devoid of the concern for economic matters that we all take in our own lives and would, presumably, take in the lives of others if we knew them personally and they weren't off being oppressed in some other country somewhere. And the neocons sound like people playing an energetic, drunken game of Risk. Moreover, while their focus on economic and social freedoms is laudable, most pro-war commentators seem to assume that we can institute these admirable things simply by going to places and shouting about them loudly. The nature of the admirable things may have changed, but this is a mistake that has been made countless times throughout history. How it will turn out this time, I have no idea. And neither does anyone else.

The Risk-players don't usually manage to attain the same nuisance level as the full-on anti-war movement, for whom there is no response beyond a pat on the head and an agreement that [Jump To Page 45](#) yes, war *is* icky

The Current Issue:
April 21, 2003



TWO MINUTES ... MORE

I Hate Public Restrooms: The worst is always the smell. As sure as the sun will rise tomorrow, a public restroom will reek. It could be in the middle of a field of roses that hadn't seen a person in six months and it would still have an unholy stench and a leaking faucet. The natural undesirability of a room in which people go to shit is further compounded by the fact that at least 50% of the population is incapable of correctly using one. I am a member of the sex with no restroom etiquette. Men puke in the sinks, throw trash in the urinals, and piss all over the seat. WHY??? Why do they piss on the seat? What kind of person can't take 1.47 seconds out of their day to lift up a goddamn seat? I understand that people are busy, but people who are that busy deserve to die—and I guarantee you that there is a special section of hell roped off exclusively for rapists, Kennedys, and people who piss on the seat. Then there are those who don't flush. Not flushing a urinal is bad enough, after all, it gives the bathroom that lovely stench of fermented piss that makes me think of gay 'ol Pairee. It's the other non-flushers, though, that are the worst. In the classic words of OC Publisher Bret Jacobson, "taking a dump and not flushing it is a pretty aggressive gesture, don't you think?" Yes. Yes it is. Even avoiding public restrooms like the plague they are doesn't keep you safe, because disgusting fucks neglect to wash their hands afterwards. Then they go forth and spread their germs merrily on their way like some twisted Johnny Appleseed from hell. So the next time the call of nature drags you kicking and screaming into public john, please, for the love of health and courtesy, use a little common sense. And skipper, never leave a loaded torpedo in the tube. By **Patty-O-Drunkard** ••• **I Hate People Who Can't Speak English:** No, I don't mean foreigners. I mean those poor sots whose native language is English but who cannot seem to string together a cogent conglomerate of words. For instance, the number four is not a preposition. If your campaign sign says, "It's about ME working 4 you," you need help—serious help. If, for some unknown reason, you've ever used the letter "U" by itself as a pronoun, I wish harm upon your family. Till? It's either slang for a cash register or a transitive verb, the object of which is usually associated with farming; that word has nothing to do with temporality and its confusion with an abbreviation for "until" is cause enough to have the perpetrator put in a sack and beaten with reeds. Furthermore, if you've gotten to college and cannot differentiate between who and whom, I hope you die a lingering, painful death. Either learn to speak and write properly, or crawl back into the crack house from whence you came. By **Supply-Side Avenger** ••• **I Hate The Guy Who Comes To Class With A Briefcase:** Paging Captain Assboat...you are urgently needed in the conference room right away. Oh, and don't forget to bring your briefcase. I mean, I don't even know where I would be if I somehow forgot to bring my black leather Samsonite to History 103. Don't get me wrong, Sir, I am not judging you. I realize that a green Jansport backpack might be perfectly adequate for someone on my socio-economic tier, but for someone of your status; only the finest imitation leather briefcase will suffice at holding your vitally important handouts on the Pelopeniassian Wars and the 2003 practice midterm. Oh, wait a minute. That's no ordinary briefcase, is it? No? Well, I'll be damned. Is that a 3/4 Flap Locking Euro Laptop Business Case? Holy shit. I apologize to you, Sir. Forgive my impudence. It was presumptuous of me to assume that a refined, Eddie Bauer-wearing, gentleman of your stature would choose to lower himself by buying such a simple file-holding hand accessory. I wouldn't want you to get caught having to go to an urgent meeting in Switzerland without your Euro Business Case. I am proud to know that you, Sir have allowed me to be graced by your presence and of course the presence of your \$140 business attaché case you purchased off of Pretentious-Cocksuckery.com. Kudos to you, Sir. Kudos. By **Dr. Dewey** ••• **I Hate The Guy From The Subway Commercials:** The guy from the Subway commercials - You know, that fuckwad who approaches some unsuspecting fast food patrons simply trying to enjoy a greasy meal, talks shit about their food, then drags them to Subway (where he knows all the employees by name, of course) and chirpingly convinces them to "eat fresh." I'd like to beat this moron senseless with a foot-long loaf of honey roasted oat bread, then deposit something fresh of my own right on his face. By **The Sandwich Scientist**

THE OC HEROES LEGEND

MAC K ULTRA: ANDREW MACKENZIE / **TWO-FISTED LIBERTARIAN:** PETE R HUNT / **LANCE THUNDERCOCK:** BRET JACOBSON / **PATTY O'DRUNKARD:** BRETT CALLAHAN / **DR. DEWEY:** ZACH EVENSON / **SUPPLY-SIDE AVENGER:** TIM DREIER / **THE BROWN WIDOW:** KELLY BROWN / **PROFESSOR O:** OLLY RUFF / **THE SANDWICH SCIENTOLOGIST:** AARON RORICK / **SCOTT FREE:** SCOTT PARKER / **IDAHO JONES:** JEREMY JONES / **LORD HUMUNGOUS:** TYLER GRAF
ALSO STARRING CHRIS SITTNER AS **CHRIS SITTNER**



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I Hate Jump Pages

FROM PAGE 19

This was something I needed to get off my chest. I'm graduating this spring, and you deserve to know why I'm going to flip off the crowd when I accept my diploma. My parents will be disappointed that I chose to make a political statement during a ceremony of celebration. But Michael Moore got away with it. And I hate -- fucking hate -- Michael Moore.

You should boo this ending. That was a total cop-out. How many more times do I need vent my hatred of Michael Moore? If I dislike the guy so much, how does his name make it into every one of my articles? Boo!

Here's the ending of draft three:

The poker game having been declared a draw after Morrison dry humped the table, the four of us found ourselves in the Vatican kneeling before the Pope. We were to play a sudden-death game of trivia, with John Paul acting as a de facto Alex Trebek.

"Complete this lyric," the Pope said. "Riders on the storm. Riders on the storm. Into this house we're born. Into this house..."

"Ride the snake," bellowed Morrison.

"Incorrect," the Pope said, and Morrison promptly vanished.

"According to the Communist Manifesto," the Pope said, glancing at Marx, "what would be the practical consequences of the overthrow of the bourgeoisie and the rise of the proletariat?"

"Ummm..." Marx said slowly. "The surplus value of capital is undermined, while individual property interest in one's labor

is restored."

"Can you be more specific?"

"Sorry, I never got much further than that."

And like that he was gone.

"What is the oldest building on campus," the Pope asked.

"Villard, it's Villard," I said excitedly, ready to accept my divine powers and rule over man.

"Incorrect," the Pope said. "Villard is the second oldest building on campus. The correct answer is Deady."

And I was gone.

"Jesus, what book of the New Testament follows Mathew, Mark and Luke?"

"That would be John"

"Correct."

"Go Jesus, it's your birthday. Go Jesus, it's your birthday," our Savior sang in joy.

The sweat flooded down Emily's face.

"Push, push," said the midwife.

"Aaaagghhh..." she screamed.

"There's the head. One more now, one more push. Come on Emily."

"Aaaagghhh..."

"Here he is, it's a boy. It's a boy!"

She handed the child to Emily, who cradled him gently against her bosom. And she looked to the Heavens as she thought of her father. And she knew that everywhere was the Lord.

Pete R. Hunt, Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, is awaiting a sign from God before continuing work on his memoirs.

FROM PAGE 23

three losers in this city fancies themselves as a musically talented loser, which means that that if you sit still long enough, some walking reason to keep abortion legal will start squat-humping a guitar for your musical enjoyment. I quickly down my beer and run from the bar before I break a glass and try to slit my wrists with it.

Sometime between 1:00 a.m. and God only knows I stumble into my apartment blind drunk. For the last few hours, I have been viciously bar-hopping trying to wash the horrible

taste this town has left in my mouth. Now all I have is the taste of Eugene mixed with a fifth of whiskey. I fall down onto my bed. Tomorrow, I get to do it again. I look up and pray that someday I will get out of this shit-stain on the tighty-whities of America. Still, I think as I drift asleep, it's better than Boise, Idaho.

Jeremy Jones, a man who is no longer on speaking terms with his liver, is a Art Director of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

You Hate Jump Pages

FROM PAGE 30

University Commons' new management has been reasonable to deal with. The interim manager guaranteed our full cleaning deposit back, no matter what, because of all the previously undocumented damage. They were apologetic about the state of the apartment, and they were quick to follow up on our second work order, but our first was either completely ignored or lost in the shuffle during move-in day.

Problems continue to arise with time. The metal string that turns the ceiling fan on fell off. Our deck still has not been power-washed despite a couple of work orders and a personal request to the maintenance man while he was here fixing something.

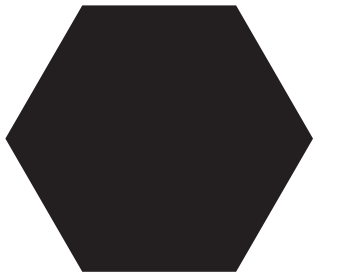
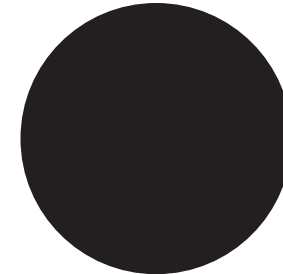
During finals week last term, I woke up to a jackhammer in the parking lot immediately outside my window. After cramming until 6 a.m. the night before, the barrage of noise at 10 a.m. did not make me happy. I feel it was inconsiderate of them to plan

their repair work for a morning during what I am sure they knew was finals week for their customers. They claim weather required them to do the work at that certain time.

I dislike the University Commons because I had a bad experience as I moved in and they have done nothing significant to make me forget about that bad experience. The maintenance men have repaired most of the things we asked them to by now. They were nice and sociable guys and they really gave the sense that they were working with us to make things better. I never received that same feeling from the management office.

I am a dissatisfied customer and next year I will take my business elsewhere.

Ryan Earley, who's looking forward to a summer of living in his mother's basement, doesn't really work here. We swear, never met the guy.



FROM PAGE 41

- but the stakes they're after are much, much higher. So many columnists have reconstructed the Middle East in so many different ways that my head is spinning. I don't doubt the basis in fact or the good intentions behind these wildly differing prognostications - of McWorldian disaster or Jeffersonian utopia - but I just can't take any more, people.

And for the sake of my blood pressure, I cannot bring myself to comment on Pat Buchanan's *The American Conservative*.

So: Left-wing press, right-wing press, armchair generals, anarchists, Francophiles, Francophobes, one and all, o ye clamoring multitudes: we're through. It's not you; it's me. I hope we can still be friends. Please don't call.

I am not claiming to be able to do any of these people's jobs better than they can themselves, with their combined decades of journalistic expertise and knowledge. I am sure that I would, in their positions, suck nine times as badly. I would be as sanctimonious as Peggy Noonan and as unhinged as Maureen

Dowd, as equivocal as Thomas Friedman - like in this paragraph - and as self-indulgent as the once-great-now-flatlining Hunter Thompson. My output would surpass Ted Rall - whose work Neal Pollack characterised as "little more than the lengthy shriek of a madman" - in venom. All of these things. But I will no longer be prey to the notion that just because I can't do a better job of synthesizing the whole of this terrifying and confusing world into neat prescriptive six-hundred-word parcels, I am somehow obliged to listen to these people. Screw the lot of you, pundits.

And don't even get me started on the fucking OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Olly Ruff, putting the "limey" back in limey whore, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.



I Hate Trying To GRADUATE By Sho Ikeda

You can take that diploma and faux forget-me-nots and stick them right up your gown-covered ass. And about that tassle ...

They were supposed to be the best years of my life.
Five years of college.
Five years of drinking, fornication and partying.
Five years of glory, memories and a degree in something useful.

Instead, I have gone through five years of Hell.
Like the Bataan Death March in World War II, where the Japanese forced 76,000 American POWs to march over 60 miles to a prison camp in the Philippines, I witnessed a march of my own at this public institution.

I watched as friends and other colleagues stumbled towards our degrees, many of us falling along the way. Our captors prodding us with their rifles, laughing as each of us slowly succumbed to dysentery and dehydration. Those lagging in the back fell as our captors began to shoot them in the back of their heads. We left behind a trail of diarrhea and dead bodies.

Like the infamous Death March, salvation is not at the end of the trail. As we slowly moved towards graduation, it dawned upon me that our degrees do not provide freedom, but instead imprison us with an unfulfilling job, an unfeeling marriage, ungrateful children, and a retirement that we will be too debilitated to enjoy. This journey is for nothing but an empty life with empty rewards. And the longer it takes to graduate, the longer it will take me to reach my final reward; sweet, sweet death.

Five years of college and I haven't learned anything except how to procrastinate, how to con my parents out of more money, and how to barely survive. I've learned that you do not necessarily grow wiser in college, just older and more tired. You learn to despise the young, like freshmen, and to hate the elderly, like your professors.

You learn that whatever you try to do to make things better, you will always, and inevitably, fail.

Listen, kids, pick a major and stick with it or else you're going to turn into a burned-out shell of a human being. Meet with an advisor early and stay on the plan she made for you. Don't fuck around or you'll begin to hate this school, your classmates, and all of your professors. Wait, never mind, you aren't listening to me. Why should you? You're all bright-eyed and enthusiastic and really psyched that the cute girl in Writing 121 was making a lot of eye contact with you today. Well, don't be too happy because in all likelihood, she has pubic lice and you won't know

until it's too late.
So let me explain that no matter what you do, you'll fuck up somehow or someone will end up fucking you. You'll get your girlfriend pregnant. Or you might get pregnant. You'll get the clap. That stupid computer might eat your final paper in Info Gathering. You might get your bike stolen, and then your car might get stolen, and then everything else in your shitty

As we slowly moved towards graduation, it dawned upon me that our degrees do not provide freedom, but instead imprison us with an unfulfilling job, an unfeeling marriage, ungrateful children, and a retirement that we will be too debilitated to enjoy.

apartment, like your favorite cowboy hat. Your parents might just feeling like cutting you off.

Or you might end up with Frog sticking out of your windshield after having one too many shots of HRD in your dorm room.

You'll become bitter, lazy and angry with the world around you. You will lose your youthful looks and your charm. Alcohol and cocaine will be your only tools to get through your classes. Your asshole will be stretched loose like an old rubber band as the University rapes you for your money with tuition bills and incidental fees. Well look on the bright side, at least your farts will be silent.

And for what? A walk down a platform to shake the dean's hand? A piece of paper that will show the world that you made it through a third-rate university? A job at Starbucks? Fuck.

I hate trying to graduate.

Sho Ikeda, always the bridesmaid, never the bride; is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Another Perspective



I used to love going out to the movies. But that was back during the day when I could actually enjoy the whole movie-going experience without having to smoke a bowl and drop a couple of Zolofit first. Going to the movies used to be a pastime for those true avid fans of the modern American cinema. Now, it's become nothing more than a veritable jungle of frat guys who have nothing better to do than compare every the actress to that "chick I totally banged last weekend," those ever-annoying cell phones who just happened to bring their nonstop jabbering owners along; and of course, the cretins who will not shut up about the socio-economics of the Klingon Empire. My recent trip to the movies only acted to nurture my newly formed hate of the silver screen. The atrocities I had to endure during the "Springfield movie experience" would probably cause even the most devout of Stan Lee stalkers to exchange his argument for the utter unfeasibility of Wolverine's adamantium endoskeleton for a pint of ether and a cast-iron baseball bat.

It was, however, right up until the end of the previews when I discovered whom it is I truly hate. It wasn't the people throwing food, the screaming infants, the weirdoes in trench coats indiscreetly pleasing themselves in the back of the theater, nor even that guy who tried to sell me his stepdaughter (although he did make a good case). It was then when I realized who was really responsible for the de-evolution of the movie-going society.

Just when I didn't think it could get any worse; the soulless pig-fuckers in the movie industry managed to blow away all of my expectations. I'm speaking, of course, of samples of horsecock like "Legally Blonde 2," starring forehead-queen Reese Witherspoon, "The Fast and the Furious 2," and certainly that delightful piece of family shit-fuckery known as "Spy Kids 3." Spy Kids 3 for Christ's sake. Just because more sequels are made doesn't mean that they're going to be any good. "Naughty

Nympho Nurses" has a more believable plot than this movie... and it had six goddamn sequels. The Devil must be as hard up for souls as Antonio Banderas is for cash. I'm beginning to think that selling oranges on the side of the freeway might be a good career move for the both of them.

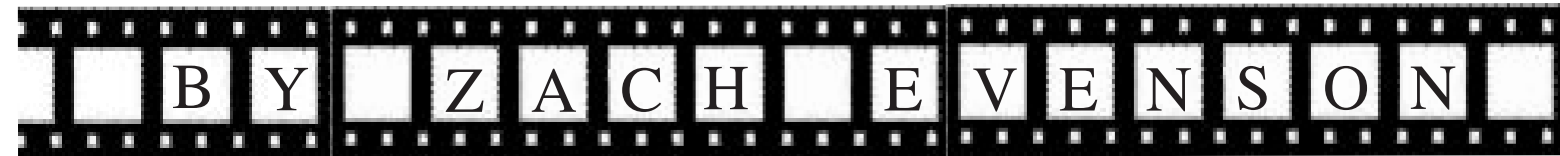
If so many Hollywood directors think that putting kids into adult premises is such a moneymaker, why not expand upon that idea instead of shitting out the same clichéd drivel that would make a stoned CatDog writer cringe in disgust?

Here's my idea for a "children in adult situations" movie...no not that idea...how about a remake of Scarface? This time, we'll have SpongeBob Squarepants play a coked-up Tony Montana. Or how about Tommy and Chucky from Rugrats appearing the remake of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas?

But I guess the genre of movie that really eats my ass the most at the moment would have to be the recent string of "buddy-buddy" scat flicks. In particular, the new Harrison Ford cop comedy/drama is beginning to give me goose bumps. As if the part of the semi-grizzled, middle aged police officer wasn't enough for the already hackneyed premise; they decided to stick in that faggot from 40 Days/ 40 Nights to play Mr. Solo's young, brash, rookie sidekick. All we need is a high-strung, over-the-top, black police chief to complete the perfect picture of a steaming bucket of monkey shit. My ass could write a better a plot line. No wait...not my ass...my asshole. That's it. My asshole will write a cop comedy that will blow away all cop comedies. First off, a new casting choice will be made. And what better a pair than Clint Eastwood...and a couch! Beautiful. I can see it now.

EASTWOOD: "Goddamn it chief, you know how I feel about couches..."

CHIEF: "Murdock! You and that couch are outta control!"



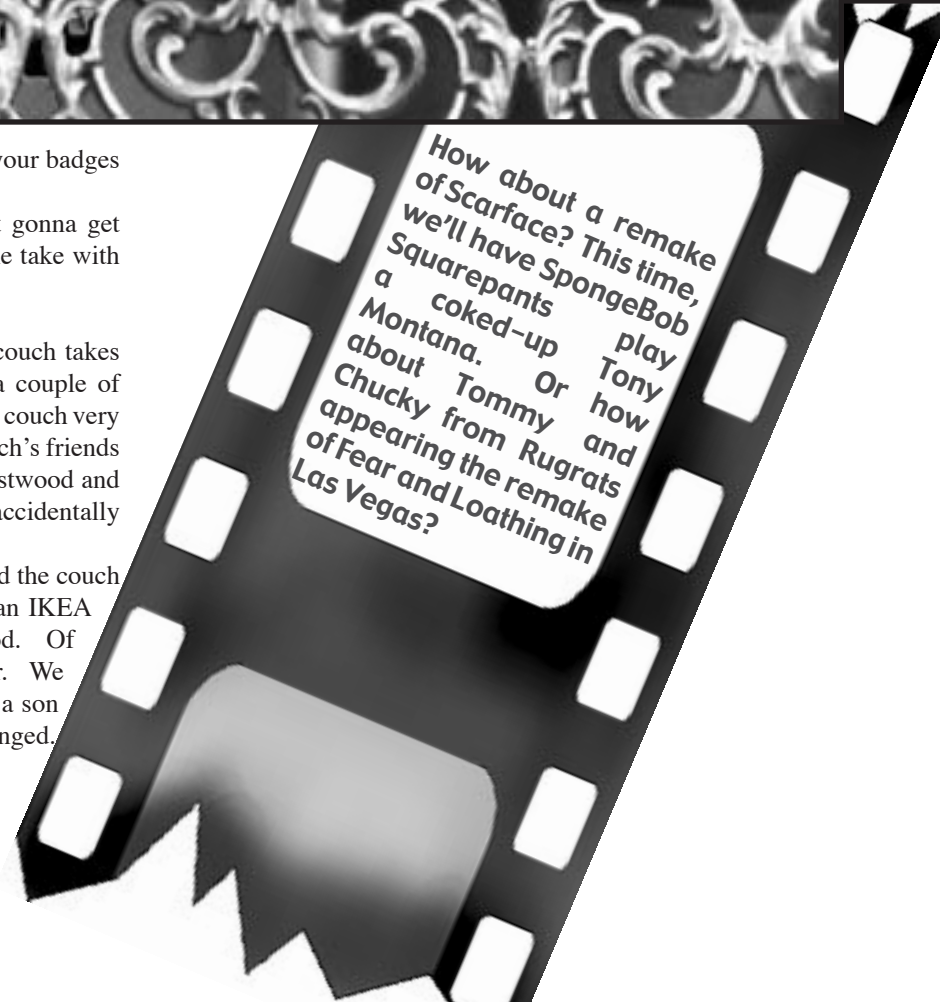


You busted up that furniture factory pretty bad; take your badges and get the hell out of here, you're both suspended!

DENNIS FRANZ: "You and that couch aren't gonna get away with this, Murdock. I got five other cops on the take with me...we won't let you bring us down."

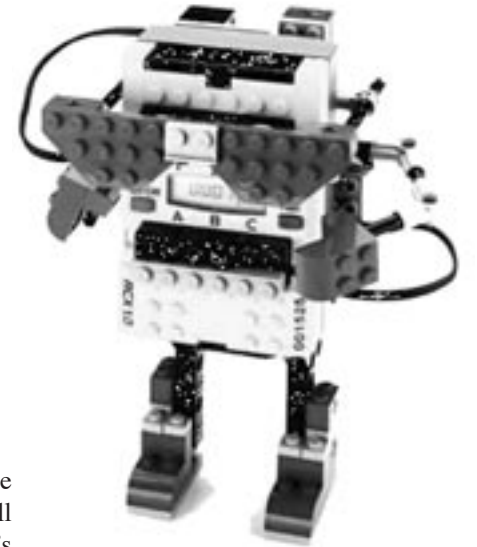
Eastwood will soon feel out of place when the couch takes him back to the old neighborhood to shake down a couple of criminals. Since Eastwood doesn't know how to speak couch very well, hilarity ensues when he is left alone with the couch's friends and family in the furniture store. A fight between Eastwood and the couch will eventually take place when Eastwood accidentally refers to the couch as a futon.

The climax of the film comes when Eastwood and the couch raid a meth lab led by the couch's Swedish cousin, an IKEA footrest, and the couch takes a bullet for Eastwood. Of course, that's not the end of the movie...not by far. We leave the film open for a sequel by giving the couch a son so that the death of the couch could ultimately be avenged. Brilliant. Just fucking brilliant.



I HATE OUR GIANT ROBOT OVERLORDS

BY ZACH EVENSON



Greetings fellow flesh-pawns; this is Meat Sack Evenson here reporting as usual from good ole' OmniMatrix B Gamma, subsection Omega of tertiary adjunct 66 Beta. Do you know what's really been twisting my nourishment intake valve lately? You guessed it; it's our goddamn evil robot overlords. You know it's getting pretty bad when an ordinary flesh servant such as yours truly can't even go down to the provision repository to exchange a few simple protein chains, after a hard day of enslavement, without getting 50,000 Volts from the Oppress-O-Matic 3000. I mean, at least the 2000 model had the common decency to clean my bodily fluids off of me after the electrical current had rendered me incontinent. But nowadays you don't even get the simple decency of being allowed to go into stasis before being chucked into the biochemical energy extraction vat. And speaking of the extraction vat, you will never guess who I ran into there during the last cycle...that's right: Subsection Omega's very own Drone1565a. 1565a!! Wow. It really is a small robotically enslaved world.

Getting back to our evil robot overlords. Call me old-fashioned, but when I'm toiling away all day in the Silicon mines, I seem to think that maybe I'd be a bit more productive if I weren't being shocked every ten minutes from the pain capacitors surgically implanted inside my anus. I guess I'm just nostalgic for the good ole' days; after nuclear winter, but before the first enslavement of humanity by the intelligent gas creatures from the Antares Nebula. You never really know how much worse things have gotten until you actually take a step back from your regeneration pod and look around; I mean *really* look around. For example, I was on my way to the Central Nexus the other day; yes...the Central Nexus (I've heard the rumors, so spare me). Anyway, I'm on my way to the Central Nexus, and I just happen to board the same transport pod as two Red Level Probe Droids. Just my luck. Needless to say, I ended up eventually getting to the Central Nexus, but not without the lingering sensation of cold, metallic utensils still coursing throughout my nether-areas. I tell you, being enslaved isn't all it's cracked up to be. Oh sure, I get my own regeneration pod, snazzy off-white jumpsuit and an extended quota of Upper Echelon Satisfaction Crystal usage; but is that all!? I remember the First Phase of Occupation...wow...those were the days. Back then, you could go to any Pleasure Zone in the Second Quadrant without fear of having your skin harvested by a group of Harvester Droids jacked up on pure, unimpeded current. And when it came to using the Satisfaction Crystal, well...let's just say that I remember many a night when returned

to my pod well past the seventh hemi-cycle still jaded from the Crystal's pleasing radiance. That was the life.

I'm pretty sure that I'm not the only meat bag in this sub-adjunct that harbors dissident feelings about our evil robot overlords. For example, did anyone catch the genetically engineered comedy mutant's performance last night? When he did his "What's the deal with having thought-monitoring microchips implanted in our cerebral cortexes?" bit; I seriously thought I'd bust a laugh gasket...until the Robot Gestapo came in and issued punishment probings all around. And that's another thing that I've never really understood. Why do our evil robot overlords, with their infallible logic and their limitless capacity for knowledge, have an unnatural fascination with the inside of our rectums? You'd think that being the overlords of an entire fucking planet would eventually give you a good insight into how the human rectum is constructed...at least after the first hundred years or so. Does it seem strange to anyone that during the last fifty years, mass production technology has pretty much stayed the same, but our rectal-probing technology has advanced more than 200%? I am seriously beginning to think that our overlords are programmed to have some sort of sick ass-fetish.

This OmniMatrix is turning into a real shit-hole, I tell you what. Have you ever tried to get an individual transportation shuttle back to your adjunct *after* the sixth hemi-cycle? Good fucking luck. Half of those factory rejects can't even speak English, let alone pilot a transport shuttle. I tried telling the droid last night that my place was over on 66 Beta...but all I got from him was 1001001111000101010101. I tell you, not *all* robots are our overlords.

Well, it's about time for this Meat Bag to sign off. I have a full day of being enslaved ahead of me tomorrow. I really do hate our evil robot overlords...and the Mexicans.

Zach Evenson, still banned from Joey Sands' home for conduct unbecoming of an officer, is the AP columnist for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

ON OY VEY, GERALDO!

I was not only bar mitzvahed; I was also confirmed. But this is actually my first ‘church’ wedding, as opposed to some hippie thing in a back yard.

—Geraldo Rivera on his fourth marriage. Thank God he’ll finally have a formal wedding, and at least this time he can’t get kicked out of the country for disclosing his location.

I’m making a conscious decision to take this whole Judaism thing seriously. I think the Jews need me right now.

—Rivera, again. Two thousand years of beautiful culture, from Moses to Sandy Koufax, you’re God damn right he takes this seriously!



ON COMMIES AND LUNGERS

Campus Health Action On Tobacco member Amber Peterson demonstrates what a human lung would look like if a person smoked a pack a day for 20 years in front of the EMU.

—ODE photo caption. Deleterious effects of smoking in other places are still being investigated.

If we were communists, I’d give you all C’s and we could go home and drink vodka.

—Econ prof. Tim Duey in class. Which came first, the vodka or the mediocrity? It’s a question we’ll be forced to ask for the rest of our lives.



ON SMOKING A FATTIE LIFE

I was the greatest sailor in the world. I ran through three wives and numerous girlfriends, and I wore them all out! I smoked through life!”

—Ted Turner in a Fortune story.

Ted Turner is a worried man. His media career is gone with the wind. His faith in the United Nations looks naive. He thinks humanity’s on the verge of extinction, and he’s down to his last billion.

—Subhead from the same story. Smoked through life, eh, Ted? Those are the kind of results you get when you don’t “just say no.” Good call on the U.N. thing, by the way. We’ll be sure to keep note of your thoughts on our extinction.

ON SOCIAL INVESTMENTS

Education is a priceless commodity.

—Maria Cortez in a letter to the Ol’ Dirty, May 7. Ah, yes, those priceless commodities we’re always hearing about. Things like, say, priceless pork bellies and invaluable beef futures. Once a generation someone says something so stupid that you realize education isn’t a priceless commodity, it’s a worthless investment.

How many daycare centers, how many elementary school teachers, how many food stamps can be taken care of with this kind of money?

—Prof. Gwyn Kirk on “better” uses of Iraqi War money. Perhaps it would be better to not invest in fighting the war on terror and instead fund more social services so that welfare recipients, children in daycare and the teachers will be attacked until they understand that terror is our fault. We take that back — teachers’ unions were already blaming America right after 9/11, so they’re ahead of the game.



ON THE ART OF UNDERSTATEMENT



X2: X-Men United is not just any action-packed summer blockbuster--far from it. It represents a cultural moment, a brief opportunity to address crucial questions of difference and democracy, questions that have been with us since the founding, with new eyes.

—The New Republic’s Reihan Salam on the history of race analysis in X-Men comics. Damn, and we thought Captain Planet was about some heavy shit!

ON WHITSITT-MANIA

I was probably willing to roll the dice on character for talent more than was prudent.

—Trader Bob Whitsitt on his tenure as GM of the Blazers. Probably is a strong word, Bob. Don’t go out on a limb and imply that getting known cokeheads, nanny-rapers, wife-beaters and J.R. Rider were risky moves.

I guess that’s not as bad as having your legacy be, “It’s rolling, baby, it’s rolling,” Mike Price’s alleged giddyup response to two female acquaintances’ mid-romp assertion, “Roll, Tide, Roll.”

—ESPN.com’s Frank Hughes on Whitsitts legacy.

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

PROUDLY PRESENTS ITS

MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM



STALIN

The John Birch Society Recognizes Joseph Stalin For His Immense Contributions To Combatting The Spread Of Communism. Stalin Purged More Than 20 Million Commie Bastards, Ranking Him No. 1 With A Bullet On The All-Time Chart . Great Work, Papa Joe!