

HATE

AN OREGON COMMENTATOR PRODUCTION





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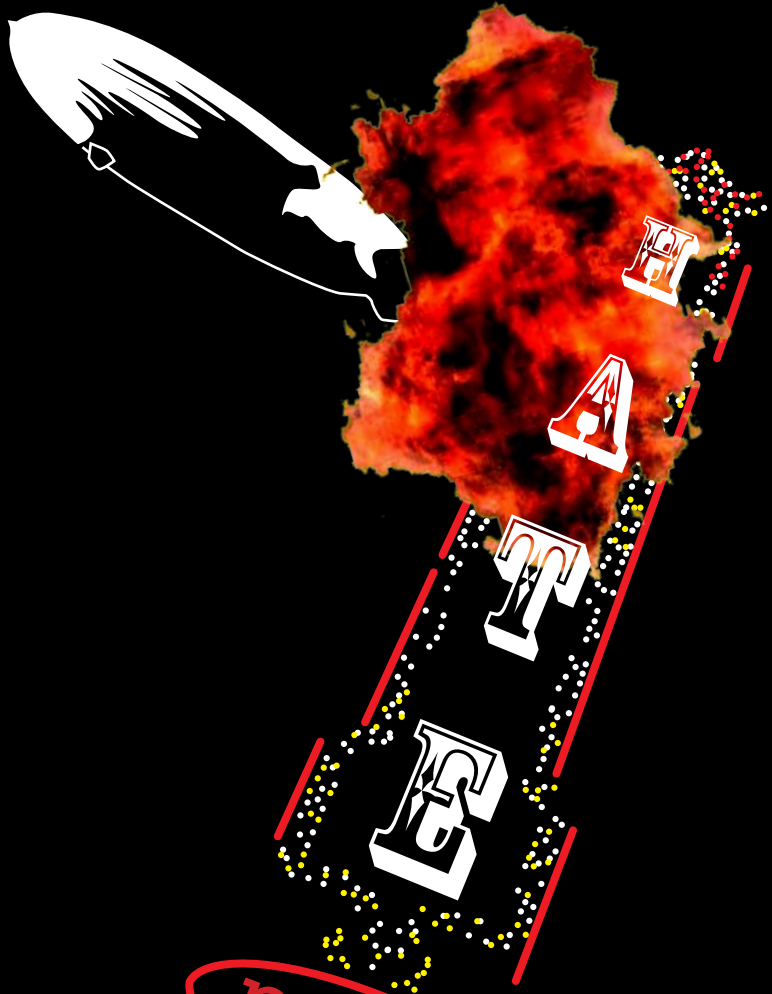
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Mission Statement

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists on September 27, 1983, the Commentator has had a major impact in the "war of ideas" on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its twenty-three 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:

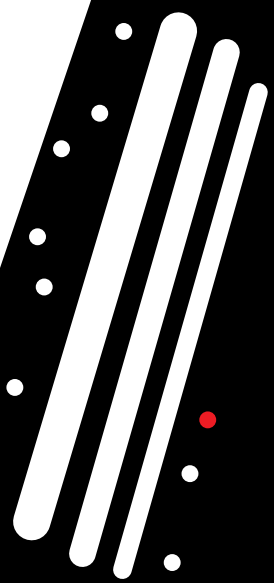
- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate—instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
 - We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
 - We believe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



pg 10

DEPARTMENTS:

EDITORIAL ...	4
NOBODY ...	6
MAIL CALL ...	8
FINAL GRADES ...	36
SPEW ...	38



HATE WE MUST



"WHAT FRESH HELL IS THIS?"

-DOROTHY PARKER

The Hate Issue is always one of our most popular issues of the year, and little wonder, considering the unrelenting inspiration to rage at this campus. From every walk of life, students here at the U of O have been begging to submit a piece, as no one dare pass up the opportunity to slam campus activists, finally call out all the sissies, and tear safety a new one. It seems that the wholesale rush to replace anger with petulance has inspired at least an issue's worth of hate.

So, what inspires all this blinding, gut-wrenching rage in a bunch of easy-going, tolerant folks like the Commentator staff? Much like underage drinking and driving without a seatbelt, a lot of the appeal comes from the fact that it is so wrong. Considering that there are any number of offices, programs, reaction teams and protesters standing by at this very moment to go after anything which might have the hint of intolerance about it, being part of something called the Hate Issue has all the appeal of driving with only a learner's permit.

And it's not that there's anything wrong with the intentions of the people who set themselves up to be the absolute authority on public morality, appropriate speech, or expression. The desire to eliminate every possible inequality between humans is surely a noble one, but it can also provide cover for far less admirable achievements. On this campus, it seems that patriotism may be the last resort of a scoundrel, but political correctness is surely the first. Being preached at by people who believe that their ends always justify their means doesn't inspire meaningful change for the better, it inspires only anger, rage and hate. It has certainly inspired us.

Ironically, all of this hate seems to bond us together, as our staff is the largest it has been all year. We are excited to be handing over responsibility to our new staff, headed by incoming Editor-in-Chief Ossie Bladine, Managing Editor Jake Speicher and Publisher Guy Simmons. Also new to our staff are Production Manager Nicole De Lancie and Associate Editor Mike Schoenfeldter, as well as numerous other staff writers, many of whom cut their first teeth on this very issue. Of course, a special thanks has to go to Jonny Baggs, for another excellent cover, and to Bryanna Torgeson for her original "two minute hate" art.

Complimenting our newly vibrant staff, a new Senate filled with Campaign for Change reformists are ready to make some basic changes, and have already sent a letter to ASUO President and Vice Emily McLain and San SunOwen asking for their support in their efforts to reform the code of ethics, Incidental Fee process, and the Green Tape Notebook (check it out on our blog). While this could easily just be the standard promises of young and idealistic student politicians, we hope, for the sake of your incidental fee, that some of their initiatives are seen into fruition.

Writing,
edit**i**ng, and **d**rawing skills... helpful.



skills...
critical.



Work Hard. Play Harder.





Dear Dallas

Everyone's favorite former senator answers all your questions

Dear Dallas, It's been almost a complete school year and I've yet to make any real good friends. Where do I go to make friends on this campus?

Etan Yellug
Political Science Major
Bean Complex

The best way to make friends is to join the ASUO. For valuable friendships that will last a lifetime, join the Executive. For pursuing your intellectual equivalents, join the PFC. If your lonely, look no further...interns needed for Senate. Either way, you can't go wrong... anyone involved in the ASUO is a good person.

Dear Dallas, who's hotter J-Stew or J-Rod?

Kelly Banbit
Ethnic Studies

This is tough. You have a raw physical specimen vs. an incredible football star. Jared has more bling, and a fabulous fashion sense. Stewart is a man child, and is cut like a statue, but for sheer hotness, J-Rod slightly edges out the phenom running back. After all, there's nothing sexier than the man who controls the I-Fee.

Dear Dallas, I'm thinking of running for ASUO Executive next year, how do I get elected?

Jim Waits
Barnhart

Fuck, I don't know.



NOBODY

Dear Dallas, what is the difference between a Pilsner and a Lager?

Sudsy O' Sullivan
EMU 319

A Pilsner is a top-fermented, dark, cloudy ale. The taste and standards of quality are influenced by Bavarian style brewing. Particularly unique to Pilsners are the method of storage. Using bottom-fermented yeasts, Pilsners are traditionally aged in caves. This however, is a trick question, as technically a Pilsner is a type of lager.

Are You A Binge Drinker? Take Our Quiz!

What's your worst drinking experience?

- A. One time I drank two Appletinis and blacked out.
- B. I made out with my cousin, and then drunk-dialed 9/11 and fought a two-hour pitched battle against the cops.

I wake up in the morning...

- A. Wondering why frat guys roofied the tap water.
- B. The small spoon in the drunk tank.

Your friends worry that you...

- A. Might be a Mormon.
- B. Will join the Oregon Commentator.

Last time I drank Tequila...

- A. We were at Chili's and my friends totally dared me to hit on the cute waiter and I totally got his number and I was so excited I totally smeared feces on myself and was totally embarrassed.
- B. I put Jose Cuervo's kids through college.



Answer key on page 35

Things we don't hate

1. Finding a 20 in your jeans
2. Chris Walken
3. Side boob
4. Transnistria
5. The crazy purple ... you know, the shit that killed Elvis
6. Clean socks
7. Freeballing and not telling a soul
8. 40's
9. Photoshop
10. Dopey, your friendly campus opium poppy



SUDSY SAYS:

"Pepper in someone else's anus is freshness."

OC ASKS ... Why do You hate the OC?



Rudy Giuliani: "Because you weren't there, man."

Jesus:
"Not enough nude spreads."



Douche Bag:
"Please, just leave me alone."



Sly Stallone:

"Ever since I got that bad batch of testosterone from Anne Coulter ... I kinda hate everything."



Ann Coulter:
"Can't take the heat? what, do you have a John Edwards rally to get to?"



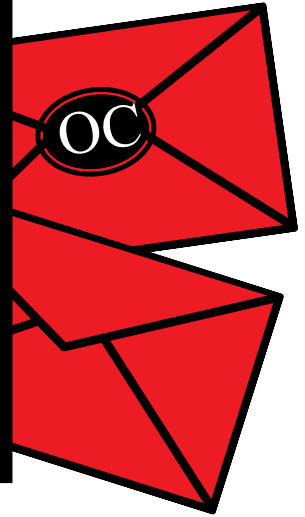
Robocop:
"How far we have fallen ..."

MAIL CALL

The **Best** Way
to Rant Publicly



write
now!



MELISSA, THE ONLY THING WE'VE EVER SEEN GRAF 'CLING' TO IS A PINT GLASS. LOOK, WE TOOK THE JOKE OUT OF THE PRINT EDITION, BUT THIS EMAIL SURE MAKES US REGRET THE DECISION. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, THOUGH.

Subject: Retro Issue
To: ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu Add to address book...
From: "Melissa Hanks" <melissa.hanks@gmail.com> Add to address book...
Date: Sat, 19 May 2007 12:11:28 -0700

Hi,

Can you publish anything I (or Tyler) wrote without taking an undeserved crack at me? We've been though this before. Seriously, I know he clings to some deep resentments, but for fuck sake, knock it off. Once was funny, and thank you for fixing it. But my sense of humor is fading.

Melissa

Subject: автотранспорт
To: editor@oregoncommentator.com Add to address book...
From: Атиков <tri47822willoughby@norika-fujiwara.com> Add to address book...
Date: Tue, 29 May 2007 08:55:35 +0300

Профессиональные грузоперевозки

Высокопрофессиональные сотрудники, имеющие большой опыт работы на автотранспорте.

Каждому клиенту обеспечивается индивидуальный подход, в случае необходимости поможем расставить в квартире, офисе, на даче мебель.

“Уважай клиента - он всегда прав”

8*(495)`223+17*48

THEY LOVE US IN RUSSIA...
YOU'RE WELCOME DEMITRI
KANSTAVANVTCH; WE WILL
INDEED KEEP UP THE FIGHT
AGAINST THE OPPRESSIVE
REGIME. AND NO, I'M NOT
CURRENTLY IN THE MARKET
FOR A MAIL-ORDER BRIDE.
CHECK BACK IN 10 YEARS,
WHEN MY BELLY CATCHES UP
TO MY DRINKING HABITS...





DRAWN BY NON-TRADITIONAL/GRADUATE STUDENT ADVOCATE, RICKY PRYOR, AT A SENATE MEETING. WE'RE STILL NOT SURE HOW THE SENATE COULD INSPIRE THIS EXCELLENT RENDERING OF A MINDLESS AUTOMATON, HMM...

Subject: Request for Editor
 To: editor@oregoncommentator.com Add to address book...
 From: "Meredith, Keri" <KerizMeredith@compagesolutions.com> Add to address book...
 Date: Mon, 21 May 2007 17:22:30 -0500

Spring has sprung, the warmer weather is comming and time to make some changes.

Do you have a telephone? Can you return calls?

If you do and would like to be your own BOSS and create a great living for you and your family then go to that phone and call us now.

Listen to our brief message and see what all the excitement is about.

1-800-679-0108

You may call anytime of day or night. So go ahead just have a listen it certainly is worth it.

Regards

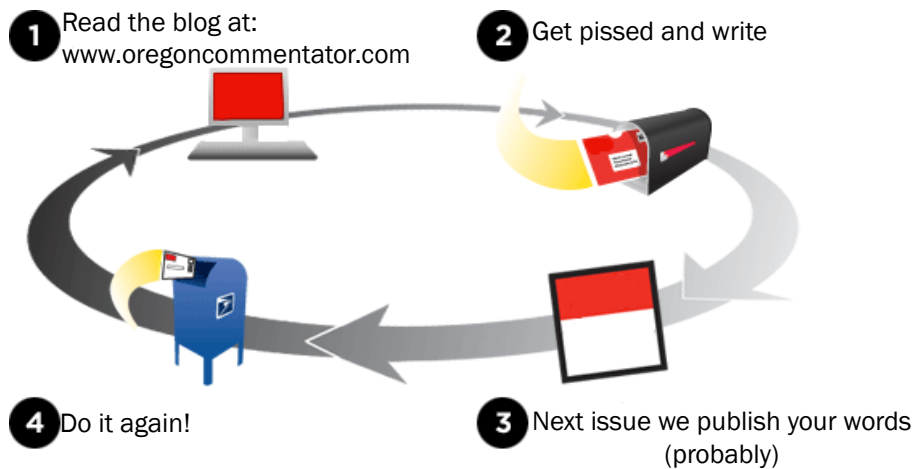
What would you do if I kissed you right now?

By the way if its not for you then reply back to let us know.

Have A Great Day

UNDENIABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE INTERNET IS RUN BY A HIGH-POWERED GROUP OF DYSLEXIC, TOURETTE'S PATIENTS.

OH, AND I'D BE REALLY SURPRISED IF AN EMAIL MANAGED TO KISS ME.





HATE ISSUE

CONTENTS

I HATE SAFTEY ... 12

TWO MINUTE HATE ... 14

I HATE THE U OF O ... 16

I HATE FEMNAZIS ... 18

I HATE BRIAN BOGART ... 19

THE ORIGIN OF BEER ... 20

I HATE *CAMPUS*
ACTIVISTS ... 22

TWO MINUTE HATE ... 24

I HATE *JUNGLE FEVER* ... 26

I HATE *SISSIES* ... 28

I HATE *METH* ... 29

TWO MINUTE HATE ... 30

I HATE *FACEBOOK* ... 32

I HATE *SUITE ONE* ... 33

TWO MINUTE HATE ... 34

I HATE THE

ASUO

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

BY TED NIEDERMEYER

A year ago, I was as blissfully ignorant of the ASUO as, well, the average student on this campus. I had just begun reading then Editor Ian Spencer's coverage of the student Senate at oregoncommentator.com, when the Senate walked out over the Insurgent fiasco, and considered a resolution condemning Iran's nuclear program. This fall I took up Spencer's weary burden and spent nearly every Wednesday in the strange and magical fantasy world that comes into being whenever the Senate is in session. Although this weekly self-flagellation was good practice for an aspiring blogger, and provided many an opportunity to rant, scold and fisk, it left deep psychological scars. Put simply, I HATE THE ASUO!

The ASUO is often said to exist to "train the leaders of tomorrow." If tomorrow will be made measurably better by the leadership of preening, self-important jerks who never met a dollar of appropriated money that they don't want to spend, we're in luck. You see, the ASUO seems hell-bent on ignoring the fact that the money they spend comes from student pockets, and that the more they spend, the more they take from students. So flushed are our "representatives" with their own sense of power to change the world for the better, that they never question the conventional wisdom that says the more you spend, the better things will be. Of course, that's not all the fault of currently serving officials... they simply have to play along with the dynamic which has been the bane of fiscal responsibility on this campus for decades.

The real problem with the ASUO is that student groups, the entities which are funded by the ASUO, are the most active participants in government. Almost everyone serving on the ASUO Senate and Executive is either a current member of a student group, or a past leader of one, and the way these bodies go about their business, it's easy to tell who's interests are being looked after. It's classic American politics, just like what happens in Washington D.C. The unions, corporations and interest groups who can deliver huge numbers of votes, money or influence get their members and allies elected, who then represent their narrow interests at the expense of the electorate as a whole. So, when D.C. fights prescription drug costs by giving handouts to pharmaceutical corporations, it is following the same logic as Suite 4 when it fights privilege by writing checks to student groups on behalf of all students: they are rewarding those who got them elected.



Originally printed in 1994, this cartoon remains terrifyingly relevant. Probably because nothing ever changes around here.

It would be tolerable, if the size of these checks remained fairly constant, but the problem with bribes is that you always have to pay more the next time. The Incidental Fee has grown every year since the current finance system was put in place in ****, and if you ask anyone who has ever served in the ASUO if it will ever stop growing, expect them to laugh in your face. Just as it would be political suicide for a U.S. Senator to vote against a prescription drug plan, it is crazy to expect ASUO Senators to take a principled stand on behalf of fiscal responsibility. After all, once you convince the 5,000 or so students who do vote that you will "represent all students," there is nothing to gain by looking out for the 15,000 asshats who don't vote, especially because the consequences for trying to control spending are so high. This year, when the PFC budget was benchmarked for 2.5% growth, the Senators who voted aye were called racists by a fellow Senator. Over \$100,000 more was taken from students for the PFC than last year, and this number is sniffed at as insufficient to the point of racism?

And for what? These groups do not need 7% growth every year just because they say so, but the ASUO has never had the balls to require groups to plan long-term for their financial needs. Even if a group is fulfilling their mission statement with their current budget, they always ask for more money... because they know they will always get it.

The most wretched part of this whole wretched scenario is that anyone fighting for more responsibility will be attacked, marginalized and demonized. You see, everyone in the ASUO (Much like everyone on campus) seems to believe that the only thing that matters in politics is that people think you are compassionate and sensitive, and what better way to prove it than to mindlessly shell out other people's money to anyone who whines loud enough? After all, anyone who doesn't believe in spending as much as it takes to be popular must be a Republican, a conservative, or a crazy Commentator fan. If you don't support spending money without measuring the need for it, you clearly don't care about anyone who is underrepresented and you must support American Imperialism, White Supremacy, Environmental Racism, and cannibalism of the poor. So lost are our student leaders in their delusions of beneficence and magnanimity, that they don't understand how laughable their institution is, and how little impact they have had for how much money they have spent.

Ted Niedermeyer is the outgoing Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator. He aspires to someday be paid for his work.



BY GREG CAMPBELL

COMING SOON
to a rack near you...



Sudsy Tanks

Results guaranteed!

As I understand it, the animal world works like this: If you're a dumbfuck, you die off and have no offspring. If you are smart, you live, and your offspring inherit your genes and the species, as a whole, gets smarter and able to adapt more and more. Admittedly, I am but a humble Political Science major, but I think I get the basic gist. However, it seems that there are enough people out there who are being protected by the sympathetic assholes of the world. I know, my point seems hazy. Be calm, I'll explain.

When I was a child, my first word was "hot". That was because I touched the woodstove and it burned my hand pretty badly. My mother told me repeatedly not to, and after many failed attempts to explain, she finally said, "Fine. Go ahead. But it's going to hurt." Turns out, ol' mom was right. My point? I never did it again and I learned to avoid touching things that were extremely hot. Sadly, people are so fucking stupid that they need to be babied; and that is where the safety-Nazis come in.

The safety-Nazis are infiltrating our world through and through. They try to control everything, from what we eat to how we drive. They are here, presumably, for your protection; and that is exactly what I'm afraid of. My proposition is this: let us go back to the days where our primal instincts, and dare I say common fucking sense, led us through life or not at all.



I'm an idiot at times. I know this to be fact. At one point I believed that "Broken Arrow" with Christian Slater was a pretty decent movie. That's evidence enough of my own idiocy. However, the difference is that when I fuck up, I make sure to remember my downfall. There are three problems at hand in our society: one, perfectly capable, intelligent people are succumbing to pampering and enabling features of society that allow them to drift through life ill-prepared for any hardship that may befall them. Finally, when something terrible does happen, they are clueless as to how to approach it. Had they been allowed to make mistakes, perhaps they would have learned something along the way. The second problem is that some people are just too fucking stupid to live. I know it sounds heartless, but I come from Roseburg. Believe me, if God were to give the world an enema, that's where he would stick the nozzle. The reason Roseburg is the asshole of the world? Because somewhere along the line, little safety features in our world allowed little Cletus to escape from a dangerous situation unscathed. He then learned nothing from the experience and went on to impregnate Bobbi Joe at the ripe age of 14 and they had a little idiot, mutant child. So now, they are breeding and creating a dumber class of people that hang out at the 7-11 and talk about trucks. Had little Cletus been killed off when he wandered behind a mail truck, or if he narrowly escaped death and learned his lesson, maybe we would have a smarter world where Rosie O'Donnell is not on television. Thirdly, safety-Nazis are everywhere. They are campaigning to make your food taste like shit because they feel that since trans fat is unhealthy, that everyone shall eat what they eat.

Let's recap: they think a certain way, so you must as well. How is that not fascism? So now we have these fascist assholes trying to get food healthier when it should be the responsibility of the individual to decide what he should eat. Life is about choices. If you eat a lot of fat and cholesterol, you will most likely die sooner. That should be your choice. If you've been warned (which we all have), then proceed as you will. The same is true for cigarettes. Our teachers in grade, middle and high school all drilled it into our heads that cigarettes are bad. They are unhealthy and will likely reduce your lifespan if used for long periods of time. Why should we feel compelled to waste precious time, money and energy in trying to persuade and even prohibit people from smoking? I say, inform the people (and that does not mean manipulate them with false, scary claims), and let them make an informed decision. If someone is dumb enough to want to "look cool" and smoke, then let them. It should be noted that I am not advocating death for smokers, I am simply stating that we should let the cards fall where they may.

At the crosswalk between Onyx and Franklin, there are the traditional "walk" and "don't walk" signs. Firstly, I have a serious objection to the literal signs of hands and stick figures that cater to the illiterate and non-English

speaking pendejos. Secondly, they have the crosswalk, the walk signals, a voice counting down how long they have to cross, and if that's not bad enough, a sign reading, "Please wait for walk signal" on both sides of the street. I hate to break it to you, folks, but life is way harder than crossing the street. If you need an additional sign and countdown, you should not procreate. On a side note, it is odd how the city government has money to protect morons with unnecessary signs that warn them to follow the already existing signs, but driving down Alder is like driving on a cobblestone street in Guatemala.

This world is far too sympathetic to the plight of the moron. What's even worse is that people actually believe it is within their best interests to address the government and look to them for guidance. Whether you're liberal or conservative, it doesn't matter. Does anybody trust our government? It is fucking baffling to me how people feel that the cure to all problems in society lies within more government intervention. Recently, Oregon has made a law that makes it illegal to smoke in any public place. It seems to me that the most sensible thing to do is to use common sense. If you don't like to be around smoke, go to an establishment where the owner, not the government, forbids it. If an establishment that you enjoy allows smoking and you don't like it, tell the owner. If enough people don't like it and business drops off, then any smart businessman will accommodate his customers. Do we really want to set the precedent that the government can regulate activity within a place of business so long as it is under the pretense of being for the good of the people? Why don't we all speak Russian so the transformation will be complete?

My solution is simple enough: let people do what they want so long as it does not infringe upon another's enjoyment of life. This world works so hard at being tolerant of those that are idiots. So much so, that they not only try to protect them by hindering actions, they do the same to those of us who have six fucking brain cells. Apparently, because this world is dangerous and scary, society must be dumbed down to the lowest common denominator. When we watch Jackass, we must be reminded that we should not shove bottle rockets up our asses. We must be threatened with a ticket if we do not buckle up, even though it is solely our asses on the line. If people are dumb enough to be influenced by a stunt show on MTV, and they get injured or die, then fine. If they die, I won't be happy about it, but at least that is one less person that will procreate and create dumb children that my children will have to deal with. If they are injured, maybe they'll pull their head (and the stem of the bottle rocket) out of their ass and learn from their mistake and go on to be functioning members of society. I've heard before that this world does not suffer fools. Apparently, I was misinformed.

Greg Campbell is universally feared by pedestrians, and is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.



I HATE THE "YOU FORGOT WHERE YOU COME FROM" LINE

SERIOUSLY, WHO WOULD EVEN PRESUME TO SAY THAT ABOUT ANOTHER PERSON? WHAT MAKES YOU THE FUCKING AUTHORITY ON THE ROOTS, ORIGIN OR FAMILY LIFE OF ANYONE WHO CALLS YOU OUT ON YOUR BULLSHIT? FUCK THAT. UNLESS YOU GREW UP WITH AND/OR ARE ON CLOSE TERMS WITH THE PERSON'S FAMILY, YOU HAVE NO BASIS ON WHICH TO MAKE A CLAIM LIKE THAT. THE FACT THAT YOU ARE ARGUING THAT SKIN COLOR DETERMINES BEHAVIOR, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME CALLING SOMEONE ELSE A RACIST SHOWS HOW PATHETIC THE TACTIC IS. DISCUSS THE ISSUES, NOT THE BACKGROUND OF ANYONE WHO DISAGREES WITH YOU. DAMN.

-EDWARD FORTYHANDS

I HATE THE MEGA-PHONE GUY

I KNOW YOU GET LOTS OF RADI-COOL BROWNIE POINTS FOR STANDING IN THE EMU AMPHITHEATER WITH YOUR MEGA-PHONE AND "TAKING THE MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE," BUT IT'S ANNOYING. STOP. NOBODY CARES. LISTEN, WE ALL UNDERSTAND THAT WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH. I ALSO HAVE THE RIGHT TO WEAR ASSLESS CHAPS, IF I SO CHOOSE, BUT I DON'T. THAT WOULD BE MAKING A SPECTACLE OF MYSELF, AS WELL AS BEING GROSSLY INCONSIDERATE TO MY FELLOW STUDENTS. NO ONE WANTS TO SEE MY ASS, AND NO ONE WANTS TO HAVE YOUR "ENLIGHTENED POLITICAL COMMENTARY" RAMMED INTO THEIR EAR CANAL AT NINE IN THE MORNING. TAKE A HINT FROM THE "TRUST JESUS" GUY AND GET A SIGN.

-C.J. SNARKER





OC
2
TWO
MIN.
HATE

MY PENIS HATES LINDSAY LOHAN

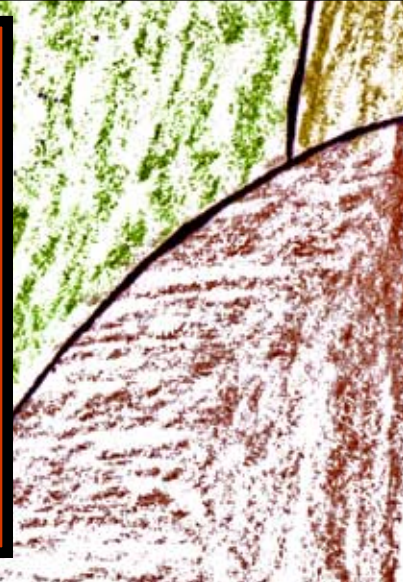
IT HEARS THAT NAME AND IT STARTS TO STIR, IF THERE ARE PICTURES OR VIDEOS INVOLVED IT MIGHT EVEN FLUSH WITH INTEREST. SHE'LL COME ONTO THE SCREEN AND MY PENIS WILL DO ONE OF TWO THINGS: POKE ITS HEAD OUT FOR A BETTER LOOK OR SHRIVEL UP AND DIE LIKE IT JUST SAW COURTNEY LOVE COMING AT IT WITH AN OPEN MOUTH FULL OF GLASS. MY PENIS CAN'T HANDLE THE CONSTANT FLUCTUATION BETWEEN SCREEN GODDESS AND COKE-ADDICTED STREET-WALKER. MR. SLAPPY, AS HE IS KNOWN TO HIS FRIENDS, WOULD LIKE THE WORLD TO KNOW HOW MUCH THIS INFURIATES HIM AND ORDERS THAT IT BE STOPPED IMMEDIATELY. HE CAN'T HANDLE THE CONFUSION.

-JAKE PLISSKEN

I HATE SQUIRRELS

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF POISONOUS BERRIES THESE CRACKED OUT RODENTS ARE EATING, BUT THEY SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO RUN RAMPANT. I WAS WALKING BY ONE DAY, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN A SQUIRREL SHOT ACROSS THE SIDEWALK, LEAPED FIVE FEET IN THE AIR ONTO A TREE. THEN THE LITTLE BUGGER WHIPPED IS HEAD AROUND AND HISSED AT ME. IT HISSED AT ME! MARK MY WORDS; IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE UNITED SQUIRREL ASSOCIATION AND THE TWEAKER UNION SOCIETY JOIN FORCES TO OVERTAKE ANY AND ALL SANITY THAT REMAINS IN THIS PLACE. WE NEED TO TAKE ACTION UPON THESE EVIL VARMINTS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

-JUDGE SMAILS



I HATE THE U OF O

BY ANDY DOLBERG

Let's set the record straight about our four year vacation from reality - this is not an institution of higher learning. More precisely, the summation of each unique aspect of the University contributes to the creation of a mirage which provides a false hope of quality, diligence, and integrity. The truth is gut-wrenching to learn; this place is completely devoid of the previous attributes. Its patrons are inevitably disillusioned, and when the truth is learned they either succumb to be conditioned, to keep their heads down and trudge along through life content in the monotonous comfort of their station, or zealots are made who reject the system as we know it and are fueled by their ambitions to bring utopia to fruition.

Activists

Universities are renowned for their ability to breed Marxist activists, and the UO is no exception to this rule. Over the years, the activists have abandoned their revolutionary ways and have cozied-up to the warm hearth of socialist government, i.e. the Man. The price of the devil's offer was a rejection of radical change and complete obedience to order over principle. Received in return was power and money. Of course, this has morally-bankrupted the leftist movement across the board and has led to the creation of the bandwagon lefty. This new breed holds power over others to be the ultimate goal and gives lip-service to the true causes of the past for their benefit. Discrimination, poverty, and equal opportunity were rallying cries, but now these causes are no more than excuses to wield against their opponents standing in the way of their incessant lust for more power and money. The leftists of today are devoid of morality and decency - the Great White Fat Douche hurls accusations of racism towards female minorities, but because he is politically advantageous to the multicultural powers that be, not a peep is raised. They sit in their comparably grandiose provided accommodations, raiding the coffers of student money at every chance, scheming about the next plunder and ruse they can dupe the hapless public into not questioning. Nepotism is at its peak at the UO, and the only change they want to affect is the number of zeros behind their line-items.

Hippy Culture.

It wouldn't be Eugene without the hippies, and without the hippies we'd be a pretty sexy campus. We get you man - you're trying set the example to lead everyone to the enviro-commune lifestyle. But why must I be subjected

to smell your fetid asses every day? Sure, you might be against showers, but isn't there some eco-friendly way of cleaning yourself? Can't you all lick each other clean like cats do - just think about the community bonds that would be formed.

Children

Children cry because they are emotionally overwhelmed by their inability to deal with events in life. There is entirely too much crying on this campus. I live in a \$600/mo two bedroom apartment. This is pretty upscale living for a student, but even for the premium I pay, I still hear everyone around me crying at all hours of the day. I'm serious - they cry in the morning, noon, and night. What does everyone at this campus cry about? I went to boot camp where I was treated like a prisoner and regularly beaten. I shed no tears! I heard a man, 22-years-old, freak out at about two in the morning alternating between hysterical sobbing and screaming. I can't sleep with that shit going on and I've got some important shit to do. It's typically the girls that are crying recently; I heard of a girl who threw a party, and found her most recent fling on top of another "free love" lady. The screaming ensued for hours. Then there is the girl who I share a wall with that sobs her self to sleep frequently. She's probably crying over some generic college-shirt-wearing guy whom bases his decision on what girl to go after on the shortness of the miniskirt. I'd be sympathetic to how pathetic she sounds if the situation wasn't so hilarious - I laugh even harder knowing she can hear me! And then there are all the sad faces Sunday morning - why is everyone so sad after having such a good time the previous night?

Grow up children. Don't have your heart broken when your most recent love mattress doesn't think you are a unique snowflake. After an inevitable number of these encounters, you will realize banging a stranger doesn't fill your empty pit of loneliness, and if you're lucky, you'll be free of various microscopic presents, but you'll still cry - just ask the girl behind my wall.

Excuses.

The most frequently spoken sentence after "let's drink" on this campus is "dude I've got a midterm." Recognizing scholastic necessities is unfortunately necessary to graduate, but second to that importance is passing said midterms. Since you've all decided to become adults after reading the previous section, although legally everyone was an adult

by the time the got here, we need to accept the responsibilities adulthood brings. There is nothing wrong with banging someone at a party, then blacking out because the physical rigor pumped all those jello-shots to your head, and then finding yourself shook awake after passing out on the toilet naked because some other dude needs to hurl. Just don't whine when you fail your classes because you were too hung over to study. Go big or go home – use the miracles of modern beverage technology to sugar-high your way to success while still having the social life of Paris. In just four years, I graduated with a degree in economics and a minor in math, was promoted to a Sergeant in the Marine Corps Reserve, had a serious relationship with my girlfriend, and was involved with the college Republicans and this fine magazine for two years. Trust me, if I can do it, you all can do it. I went out; I had my fun, but I did my work too. That's what is missing around here – the work part of school. The predicament students find themselves in then leads to whining and complaining, which is obnoxious to hear when I'm trying to do Sudoku on Monday morning. Quit whining and take it like a champ.

Stamp of Approval

Most of the students here will pay an average of \$40,000 for a four year stay at a societal halfway house, and a piece of paper saying that you have completed the requirements to be self sufficient in society. Wow, congratulations on that wonderful accomplishment. The title of baccalaureate is



awarded to those who command short term knowledge of a plethora of factoids. Just don't get to cocky with yourself and assume you are more intelligent or qualified due to your degree - you might be horribly embarrassed throughout life. Remember, you only have to jump through the hoops to achieve here, unlike in the real world where if you fail a challenge you may not be eating for awhile.

Programs

There is a darker side of the University though, and it is the programs that have created a stranglehold on the student government and use it as a vehicle for their perverted goals. Don't be tricked by their propaganda and large budgets: their call to change the world is only a recruiting slogan, and nothing more than Orwellian speech. The multicultural hit squad doesn't help to bring minorities to campus because it continually demands the increase of fees that are a barrier to entry for lower income, predominantly minority students. Sustainability and environmentalism are no more than code words for socialist control of resources and totalitarian enforcement of arbitrary edicts. These programs are terrorist breeding grounds. When the eager do-gooder students arrive here, they seek out the programs here on campus to "get involved." Some programs take young minds, fill them with illusions of eco-revolution, and then release these idealists to the world. Most become decent members of society by eventually accepting the truth that the majority of programs on campus exist only to serve their leadership's ego, career, and/or wallet.

Those that choose to become anti-social freaks, and enemies of human progress are conditioned by the local community sympathetic to collectivist views. The hatred of civilization, freedom, and individualism that certain large programs espouse is more dangerous to the liberty of the American people than ignoramus Islamic threats. It is these campus totalitarians we should fix our sights upon if we want this nation to continue to enjoy the fruits of liberty. These people who share the ideology of collectivism, which have been slowly filling government positions of every level, are the greatest threat to the American citizen's sovereignty. The University of Oregon subsidizes, cultivates, and encourages these dangerous mentalities that believe our society is oppressed by the free market, and that the tenants of individual liberty are a threat to society. The true believers, such as Tre Arrow and his ilk, are growing due to the position of the University to allow these leeches and liars to exist here. Why is an ex-felon over 50 years old allowed to control a student program, let alone even step foot on this campus?

It is for these reasons why I hate this University, and am glad I will never return to this place.

Andy Dolberg, the outgoing Publisher of the Oregon Commentator, has been drinking the hate-ade since before it was cool.



I HATE FEMNAZIS

BY GREG CAMPBELL

Alright, I'm going to say some real shit that maybe, just maybe, not everyone is ready to hear. I know it is wildly unpopular to speak bluntly these days. With the constant presence of political correctness in this society, I find that I must water down my words constantly. There are no significant battles to fight anymore, so people bitch about perceived slights perpetrated by society. Sure, I could focus my attention on any number of "groups" that feel that they are being mistreated, but today, femnazis are getting some fucking truth thrown their way.

It's important to understand what I mean by "femnazis". Simply being a woman does not gain you admittance to the club. Being a bitch who sold their sense of humor for political correctness makes you one. If you are a man-hating, victim-playing, publicity-seeking, hairy-pitted hose-beast, than this piece is for you.

First rule of the world: life is not fair, get used to it. I'm not saying people don't get shit on in this world, I'm saying everyone does. If you're looking for equality, then fine. But femnazis aren't, they are looking for fairness and it's just not going to happen. We've all been turned down for jobs or promotions. Sometimes it's because we're not qualified, sometimes it's because our bosses simply don't like us. This is true for everyone, not just women. Is it fair? No, it's not. But you're being treated equally because everyone gets treated like shit by a boss at some point. Bitching about it is only going to let the other 50 people in the office know what you're boss already does; that you are going to reach for that revolver every time, and that you probably couldn't handle the increased responsibility anyway. When you bitch about "patriarchal tyranny" or whatever bullshit you crazy chicks talk about, what you're really doing is digging yourself in deeper because nobody likes the victim. Stop your whining and get someone to buy you a drink.

On a side note, I hate this "s/he" bullshit. Are femnazis so fucking bored between Oprah viewings that they need to bitch about grammar? Does it really do you harm to see a default gender in pronouns? Is there really nothing left to bitch about? I mean, fuck!

Okay, now that we have had this little talk, are you ready to be treated equally? I mean, really equal, not this "hostile workplace" shit. Here's a dirty little secret: men are fucking disgusting. Real men, not these metro fuckheads, are vulgar. It's true. We like beer, porn and obscenities, in that order. So, if you want to work in an environment with guys (note: you can say "guys" or "dudes" and not be sexist, but say "chicks" and you're a fucking misogynist) and be treated equally, you better accept that they will discuss sex. Otherwise, if you insist on not being hazed or engaged in a discussion about porn, than you are simply not being treated equally. But femnazis don't want what they say they want. They want special, not equal, treatment. I know it may sound shocking that women might say they want something and mean something else, but apparently it does happen.

Pornography does not degrade women. Women degrade themselves for money; which is fine. Porn stars are adults and can make their own choices, but femnazis are out to stop them. Apparently, women are capable beings who can decide what to do with their lives, but cannot decide who to fuck. Just because you think a certain way, does not mean everyone has to. That's called fascism, you silly bitches. Don't get all menstrual just because nobody's jerking it to pictures of you.

Bottom line: life is not fair. Everyone has something distinct about them that makes people treat them a certain way. The trick is being content with knowing that you are being treated equally, but maybe not fairly. So get a sense of humor, stop looking for arguments and drop the attitude, missy.

Greg Campbell, who has just been put on "double-secret Ann Frank probation" by the Femstapo is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.



I HATE BRIAN BOGART

BY JAKE SPEICHER



For those of you who don't know, and I can't really blame you if you don't, Brian Bogart is the guy who sat out in front of Johnson Hall last year to protest research the University of Oregon did for the Defense Department. As the University's only masters student in peace studies, Bogart objected to the U of O participating in the military-industrial complex that he believes will lead to the downfall of mankind.

So, I hate Brian Bogart.

I know that sounds like a stretch, but this guy really is a bag of douche. I have no problem with idealism. I can't fault a guy for wanting to make a real change in the world. But Brian Bogart doesn't want to change the world for the good of mankind; he wants to change it so he can see his name in books and his picture on the cover of magazines.

His profile on strikeforpeace.org says, "Brian began writing as a hobby on the night of John Lennon's death. Now in his fourth year as the first University of Oregon graduate student in Peace Studies, his thesis project is a novel that spans nine centuries and creates for readers a vision of a just and peaceful future while broadening awareness of the nature of power and oppression that accompanies America's permanent-war economy."

What this blurb fails to say is that not only is Bogart the first graduate student in Peace Studies at the U of O, but he is also the only one. Who seriously wants to study peace? That's sounds boring. It's like studying paint dry or watching women's basketball—nothing happens. The only thing that sounds more exciting than studying peace is reading a book that spans nine centuries. War and Peace covered 30 years, but I have a sinking suspicion that this guy is no Leo Tolstoy. Instead, he comes off as the Dane Cook of political activists—no one knows how he got here or why people still listen to him.

To add to his stature in the arena of social activism, Bogart's bio says, "Brian wrote pen-pal letters to President Kennedy between the ages of five and seven, asking the president to 'take down that brick wall' while visiting Berlin in 1962. He joined the NAACP in 1963, and marched with Dr. Martin Luther King in San Francisco the following year."

First off, what good does a 7-year-old do for the NAACP, and when exactly did JFK find time to personally write letters to Bogart? In between blow jobs and the Cuban Missile Crisis? Plus, saying he marched with Martin

Luther King when he is seven is the same as me saying I saw Wayne Gretzky play hockey when I was eight. It's interesting, but it is by no means makes me qualified to play professional hockey.

Plus, Bogart is just a plain-old, shitty activist. He originally planned to camp out in front of Johnson Hall until the U of O severed all ties with the Pentagon. Since he is not sitting there anymore, the logical conclusion would be that an academic institution strapped for cash told the Pentagon and its millions of dollars to take a hike. Surprisingly this never happened. The University still receives money from the Defense Department for research.

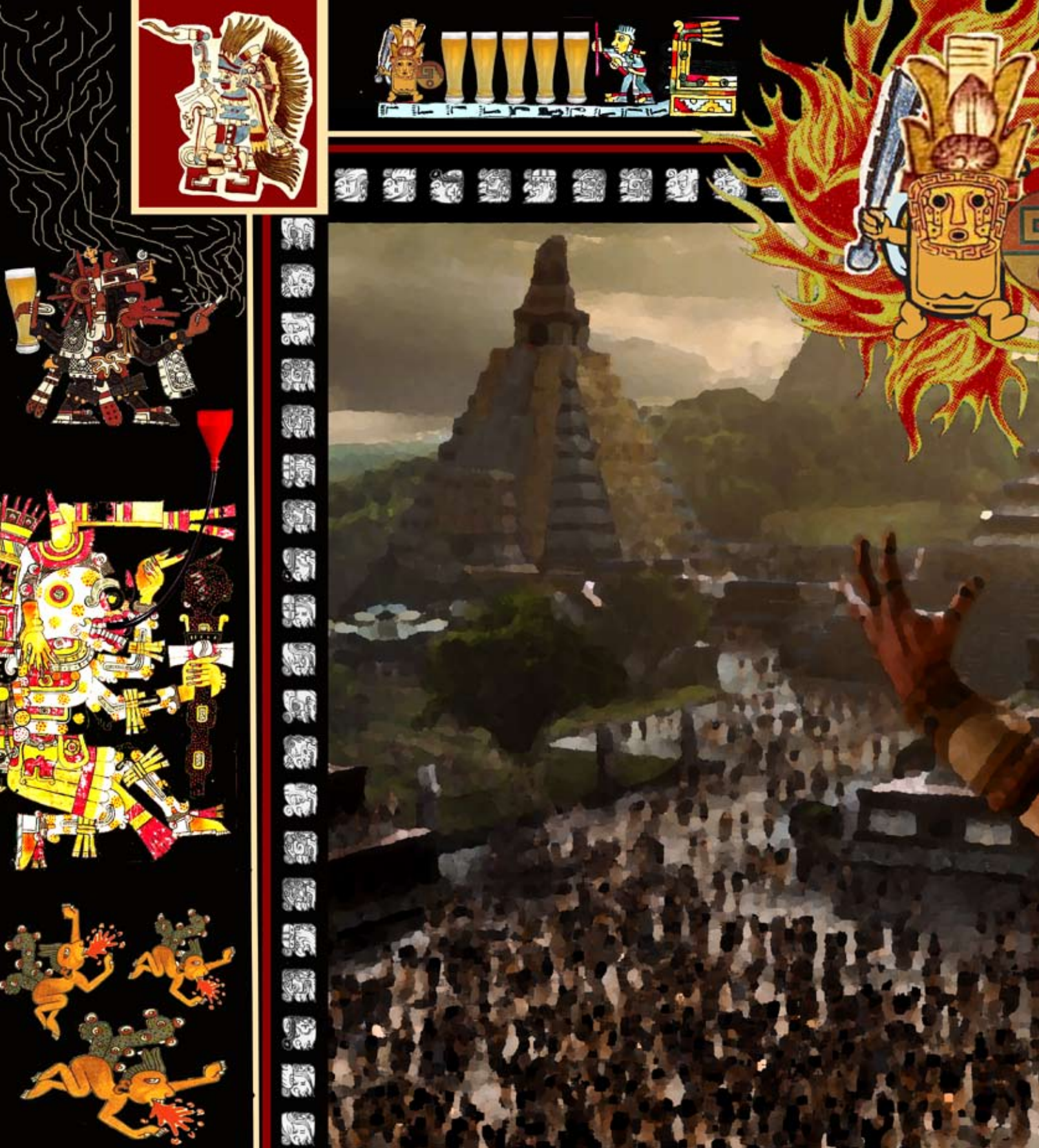
So what happened to Brian Bogart?

Rain. Wind. Clouds. Winter. Bogart, like all staunch pussies before him, Bogart took his activism inside once the weather got bad. Now, he gives lectures titled "Global Conflict, Global Warming, The Human Race against Time" to half-empty rooms of students who are only there for extra-credit. He goes on about how since the end of WWII the U.S. government has sought out international conflict as a means to support an economy largely built around defense contracts. He tells us that the U.S. is not interested in a sustainable peace because that would lead to a recession far greater and more depressing than the Great Depression of the '30s. He goes on and on about this for about an hour. But when it's over, the ideas he presented don't matter. All you can think of is his outfit straight out of Saturday Night Fever, or that when he talks he doesn't move his mouth. Then you remember that he has people address his mail not to Brian Bogart, but someone named "Intelligent Future." Then you forget everything you might have learned.

See, I don't hate Brian Bogart for his ideas, or the fact that he believes in something. I hate Brian Bogart because he has put himself and his theatrics before his principles. The most important thing to Brian Bogart is not defense contracts or global warming; the most important thing to Brian Bogart is Brian Bogart. Brian Bogart is not a champion for drastic and necessary social change. He is a champion for himself who will watch the world go to hell as long as people are listening to him while it happens.

Jake Speicher, a tool of the alcohol-industrial complex, is the incoming Managing Editor of the Oregon Commentator.





*"You can't be a real country unless you have a beer
a football team, or some nuclear weapons, but at the*



er and an airline - it helps if you have some kind of
very least you need a beer.™ - Frank Zappa

I HATE CAMPUS ACTIVISTS

BY CJ CIARAMELLA

Ah, the University of Oregon. It was supposed to be the Next Big Step. I had slogged my way through three years of community college and finally arrived. Here it was – academia, hallowed halls, a library the size of a city block. I looked forward to exchanging and defending ideas in rigorous debate, challenging and being challenged, the whole megillah.

I guess you could say I was disappointed. The closest thing I found to intellectual debate was the time-honored “beer pong vs. flip-cup” argument. Even among the politically savvy there was no real exchange. I’ve discovered that instead of open debate, students tend to insulate themselves in ever-tighter ideological circles. Instead of fighting for ideas, they join homogeneous groups of like-minded students and fight for pet projects. Yes, I’m talking about the wide world of campus activism, where everybody has an agenda and the emotional investment to fight to the death for it. Navigating these waters can often be confusing, so in my attempt to describe the inarticulate anger this subject arouses in me, I’ve conveniently broken it down group by group.

OSPIRG

OSPIRG, the Oregon State Public Research Group, is probably one of the most active and persistent groups on campus (read: the worst). It’s an arm of the larger, national PIRG group, which lobbies for environmental and student issues. Think of PIRG like the big, squid monster from “Deep Rising”, with each state-PIRG being one of the vicious, little tentacles that eats people. (Did I really use a “Deep Rising” reference? Did anybody actually see that movie?).

Except in this case, OSPIRG eats money. Your money. The group has a ground force of student volunteers that rivals China’s army in terms of size, and their job is to squeeze you for cash. “Hey, do you have a minute for the environment?” they ask students. Starry-eyed young adults are unable to resist. Of course they have a minute for the environment. They love the environment! Five minutes later, they’re doling out their weed fund for the next month or, worse, on the road to becoming another member of the clipboard militia.

This wouldn’t be so egregious except for one fact: OSPIRG already gets student money. Part of the incidental fee that is billed to every student every term goes to line the pockets of OSPIRG, which somehow qualifies as a campus group. A clever ruse, I must admit. So the next time some OSPIRG neophytes ask you to fork over cash, tell them you already did and kick them in the shin.

College Democrats/Republicans

Ugh. These two groups are about as interesting as their respective parties, and by that I mean “not at all.” The Republicans put up a “support the troops” table, and the Democrats put up something, um, Democratic. C’mon, guys, do something kooky! Stir it up a bit. How am I supposed to fill up my word count writing about boring shit like that?

The only time these two groups really get active is during election years. Like cicadas, they emerge from their burrows in predictable two and four year cycles to try and raise students out of their apolitical slumber. From the way they pester people, you’d think there was something important behind all this voting business. Thankfully, this is America, where it’s not only a choice but a god-given right to be a lazy, apathetic citizen.

MCC

The Multi-Cultural Center is the pet project of acronym-based activism on campus. According to its website, the MCC was founded “to create a more inclusive and diverse campus community.” It’s sort of a nexus of operations for all the various student union groups. Sure, it doesn’t sound like that bad of an idea, and in reality it’s not. But if there’s one shining example on campus of how ideological dogma and bandwagon mentality can turn an otherwise good idea into a boondoggle of epic proportions, it’s the MCC.

This year a group of senators on the ASUO demanded that the student government allocate \$800,000 (at the expense of other deserving programs) to expand the MCC into a whole wing of the EMU. Surely, their logic went, if the current level of multi-culturalness is good, then more would be even better! And obviously, they continued, if the other senators didn’t support this idea, they didn’t support multi-culturalism, which meant they were (wait for it ...) racist!

Yes, they tried to strong-arm the rest of the Senate by throwing down the race card. Fortunately, the Senate managed to hold its ground and vote down the Big, Crystal, Multi-cultural Palace Proposal. Plans for a multi-cultural moon base are still in the works.

CAER

The Coalition Against Environmental Racism. Sounds serious, but what the fuck does “environmental racism” actually mean? According to the group’s website, which hasn’t been updated in two years, “Environmental Racism is the exclusion of people of color in the decision-making process and the disproportionate impact of environmental hazards, including pollution, resource depletion, and waste disposal, on the health and wealth of people of color.”

So if I understand correctly, environmental racism is, for example, when Reginald Plutocrat III (esq.) dumps his over-realized stock of depleted uranium on East St. Luis. Alright, fair enough, but what exactly does this have to do with the University of Oregon? Last time I checked, the university and the surrounding area wasn’t exactly a cess-pool of environmental racism.





Well, CAER's main function is holding an annual conference to address the pressing issues of environmental racism. Speakers are trucked in, vegetarian and vegan snacks are in abundance and everyone has a back-slapping, socially conscious good time. It's also a great progressive resume-builder; potential employers might not know what environmental racism is, but by golly, you fought it!

On a side note, "caer" is a Spanish verb that means "to fall," but it's also used to express like or dislike for a person, as in, "me cae bien tu madre." What this has to do with environmental racism is beyond me.

LGBTQA

I'm actually down with the LGBTQA. They put on an annual drag show, a queer prom, as well as some concerts, which are ten times more fun than most of the conferences and seminars other groups churn out. In other words, they use their funds on things students enjoy. Seriously, if you don't think drag shows are fun, you've never actually been to one or you flagellate yourself at night in penance for your sins.

My only beef with the LGBTQA is their ever-expanding acronym. Remember the heady, young days of the gay and lesbian movement when it was only LGB? Since then, the descriptor has expanded at roughly the rate of one letter every one to two years. I predict that by the year 2020 it will be known as LGBTQQAAWTFLOLBQ.

Free Hug Campaign

"Hey, you look like you need a free hug!" Fuck you. There are days when I'm strung-out, hung-over, and half-starved, and I certainly don't want to be infected by someone's gooey, don't-worry-be-happy vibes. While definitely not as nefarious as other groups, these do-gooders still fall under the category of campus activism. They claim to act out of altruism, but the whole "free hug campaign" smacks of self-inflating zeal. Luckily, it will only be a matter of time before someone of a "Salad Fingers" level of creepiness comes along and forever ruins the idea of free hugs. That person will probably be me.

Campus Crusade for Christ

Ah, yes, the Crusades - a series of bloody holy wars waged by Christendom to take back the Holy Land from Muslims. What better historical connotation for your Christian campus group? It's too bad most people's historical knowledge these days only covers "Lost", or the group might have to explain their unusual choice of words. Not to mention that Christians, being dominant in society, get a free pass for occasionally doing or saying stupid things (see also: intelligent design). Imagine, though, a group called "Campus Jihad for Allah". Yeah, that would go over really well.

Why don't you guys just go for the gusto and call yourselves "Campus Inquisition for Christ"? Think about it: you could dress up in the inquisitor's robes, stretch students on the rack while telling them about Jesus, and even roll out the iron maiden for publicity! The Spanish Inquisition was way sexier than the Crusades. Plus, no one expects the Spanish ... oh, never mind. Go back to watching "Lost".

Vigilante Activism

Some activists refuse to be held down by "organizations" and other such outdated conventions. They have to do their own thing. Feel the wind in their hair, dig? They're free birds, baby, and a free bird's gotta fly. I'm talking about vigilante activists. You can find these easy riders of campus activism speaking through crude amplification devices, wheat-pasting posters or doing the occasional banner drop.

Part of the appeal of being a vigilante activist is it's easy. No fundraising, no time commitment, and no power-tripping, Peace Studies major riding your back. In fact, you can be a vigilante in three easy steps. First, pick a topic. Darfur got you down? Suspension of Habeas Corpus keeping you up at night? Afraid the end is nigh? Great. It doesn't matter how much you actually know about the subject, just go for it. Next, pick a method to deliver your message. Tabling is classy, but a megaphone increases your "zone of dissemination" by about 50 feet. Of course, the ever-popular sandwich board never fails in a pinch. Finally, the last step: Annoy the living fuck out of everyone around you.

CJ Ciaramella will be a staff writer for the Commentator until the revolution comes, at which point he'll be the first against the wall.



I hate Jethro Higgins

Come on, kids. What's more fun than making fun of the big Jeebus in the sky? He was a filthy hippie who walked everywhere in his sandals preaching about his shitty brand of "free love". So what if I want to make a crown of thorns headband and sell them out of the back of my van to Indie kids who want "the street cred". What, Jethro? Am I going to go to hell? At least I won't be stuck for eternity with you and Jerry Falwell, arguing over who gets to give the big J his hourly sensual massage. Don't get me wrong, the big J's a good looking guy and all, and I can dig the whole "all-powerful" thing,

but I can't really get with the long hair. And the scratchy beard. Knock yourself out, Jethro.

-Blased and Confused

I Hate Stupid Environmentalists

I'm not anti-environmental... it only takes a few weeks of not cleaning your room to understand your personal impact on the environment. What does really piss me off are the environmentalists who combine maximum outrage with a minimum of facts to save mother earth through empty gestures which serve only to make them feel better about themselves. Take the Amazon Headwater people... oh sure, you you want to preserve this beautiful watershed, but only because you already built your expensive home next it, you hypocrite. Either tear down your own house, or quit your bitching. Ethanol/E85 people? A front for more farm subsidies. It takes way more (fossil) energy to grow and process than you can ever get out of it, and it's horrible for emissions. Biodiesel? Not much better, but a fantastic excuse to roll around in an old Mercedes and preach at people. Oh, and it's time for people to stop using the word "sustainability" like they know what it means... ecosystems are constantly evolving, and by definition cannot be "sustained." You are stupid, it shows, and your preaching will fall on deaf ears until you get off the self-satisfaction trip and get practical.

-Edward Fortyhands



I Hate the Twenty-seventh Amendment

This is the newest amendment in the Constitution. It was enacted on the exact day of my seventh birthday, which makes me hate it for trying to steal my glory. The dirty 27th denies Congress the ability to give themselves well-deserved pay raises before the next general election. How are gracious elected officials supposed to give themselves a pat on the back? With an actual pat on the back? Heck no. They deserve a few extra c-notes for a job well done. Luckily, rumor is that Senator Nate Gullps'O'Lot is already building his opposition to repeal this infant amendment on the grounds of conflict of interest, because attempting to imbue ethical behavior into government makes representatives lose interest, and then they must fabricate false conflicts to save themselves from boredom.

-Judge Smails

I Hate Cockblockers

This is more for a particular cockblocker, whom I shall keep anonymous to save him/her face. But all cockblockers (especially male ones), please read. For what you do, you should be executed by firing squad. Cockblocking is worse than torture, murder, and genocide. By cockblocking, you undermine the fabric of society. You take a noble effort by a normal man to fulfill his biological duty and turn it into a miserable, blue-ball shitbag of failure. The act of leeching on another man's efforts and stealing his kill merits execution. But that's ok, because if you are immoral and corrupt enough to commit such a crime against humanity, you'll never really get anywhere in life, anyways. So ENJOY THE COCKBLOCKING WHILE YOU STILL CAN, BITCH.

-Lt. Col Markjinson

I Hate Restraining Orders

So maybe I accidentally took a few inappropriate pictures. Maybe I did call late at night and breathe heavily into the mouthpiece. But so what? Doesn't everybody? You don't need to involve judges and legal documentation. That's just childish. Plus, it's so damn inconvenient. Now when I watch you shower I have to use binoculars, and I have to sit in a tree in your neighbor's yard instead of waiting in the bushes next to the sliding glass door. So the next time you want to slap me with a restraining order remember, it will only make me try harder.

-Jake Plissken



I Hate the "Trust Jesus" Guy

When I first came to the University of Oregon I found the guy holding the "Trust Jesus" sign amusing. Ha ha, nutty Christian. But as the days and months wore on with him ever at his post, my amusement turned first to indifference, then unease and finally downright hostility. Who was this sharp-dressed man of iron will and fortitude? Wherefore his supreme confidence? His wrap-around sunglasses bore into me day after day, until now I fear his dogged persistence will eventually get the better of me. One day I will walk by, and the sheer power of repetition will force me to throw up my hands and yell, "Alright, fuck it! You win! I trust Jesus Christ with all my heart and soul!" No, not really. I'm just kidding. Nutty Christians.

-CJ Snarker

I Hate the Word 'Should'

The word 'should' is like that guy that shows up to the party with a 20 oz. bottle of cola. It's like a speed bump when you're cruising at 40 MPH. This is the single most oppressive word in the English language - far more than racism, tyranny and cheddar. We don't know when this human epidemic began, or what jerk started it, but the controlling word is always ruining a good time. Case and point: "I should do homework." Fuck you 'should!' Who in the hell do you think you are. Here we are, battling the evils of communism and douchbaggery, and this 'should' is attempting to make sheep of us all. If you wish to gird your loins into a prosperous future, if you wish to see another day, if you wish upon a star, than you should throw yourself into the grandest martyrdom of the human race by eliminating that fucking word from our language.

- Judge Smails

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I HATE "JUNGLE FEVER"

BY OSSIE BLADINE

I hate everything connected to this phrase. The song is one of Stevie Wonder's worst, the movie is a low point in Spike Lee's career, the action is a plague to American traditional values and the commentary piece in the *Ol' Dirty* sucked. But that's not the worst part. What I hate most about 'jungle fever,' is how bad I have it.

In arguably the most controversial article of the year, then-Emerald columnist Ty Schwoefferman laid down his thoughts on interracial dating in his Nov. 15 column, "Watch out for 'Jungle Fever.'" It was no different than any other Schwoefferman piece - a poorly written jumble of unfulfilled commentary, stereotyped racist banter and extreme historical reference - except for the fact that this time people were actually disgusted enough to respond.

Here's what a few of Schwoefferman's loyal fans had to say: "Not only did your column offend me as a journalist, but it also offended me as a woman of color;" "I find Mr. Schwoefferman's tirade to be unintelligent, incoherent and poorly written;" "I can't believe the Emerald will publish this trash. Ty, you're a fucking idiot;" "I am in accordance with everyone who thinks your message is a toxic waste of our time, and that the Emerald's journalistic value is significantly diminished by the presence of any words you have written on its pages."

Most blog posts and guest commentaries regarding this article labeled Schwoefferman a racist. The blasphemous backlash against this year's Black Women of Achievement's "Ebony Man of the Year" was wrong. I'm here to stand by this future equal rights leader. I hate the phenomenon of interracial dating.

The article put me on the edge of my seat from the get go. "Are you are drawn to the crowded bars that play tasteless hip-hop music, like Taboo or Tsunami?" Yea, ever since I was 16-years-old and discovered The Quest up in P-town. "Did you root for 'Buck Wild' to win Flava Flav's heart in every episode of 'Flavor of Love.'" Actually, I pretended that I was Flava Flav and rooted for all the black women, but I see your point. "Do you dream about one day having a beautiful mixed brown baby?" It was like he wrote the article just for me.

Schwoefferman followed with poignant observations that superficial racial stereotypes are the defining fac-



tor of all interracial relationships in prejudice-laced America and that these unnatural bonds cannot overcome the social scrutinizes and family shame that are attributed to them. Several of his foes fought back with what I view as false and overstated claims of successful couples involved in multicultural complexities. Also, many criticized Schwoefferman for downgrading bi-racial love to that of a white person and a black person. Of course there are various kinds of interracial relationships, but that is obviously not what he was talking about. If a brown female and a white man enter into an intimate relationship, there is a complete different set of stereotypes to taint the scenario. He obviously knows this and chose to focus on the evils of black-white passion: "I don't believe that a black and white couple in America can work." Several mis-

guided youth's chimed onto the *Ol' Dirty's* blog - yes, this controversy went as far as people interacting on the usually desert-like blogs. "I am a product of an interracial relationship, I am currently in an interracial relationship and I am DAMN proud," one stated. "My parents are STILL happily married. And yes, race does add another challenging factor into the MIX but relationships are hard enough. All relationships face difficulties." Did you people even read the whole article? Schwoefferman cuts you some slack. "Of course there are some exceptions to the rule; I myself know of a few relationships that work." The point he was making was that we should not accept something socially just because a few oddballs slipped through the cracks. Those selfish few couples who discover how to cope with an unnatural relationship are staining the social fabric of America. I do not want to stand back and allow something with an "overwhelming majority" that begin "with questionable logic and little thought about the political implications."

My hate of 'jungle fever' is quixotically difficult for me to cope with because of the severe symptoms that have been eating at me like a bacteria going after my white blood cells since my Middle School years. You see, I grew up in the predominately white city of McMinnville - 89 percent according 2000 U.S. Census; compared to a 0.08 percent Black or African American (is there a difference?) population. My only interaction with the black race until college was in traveling and high school basketball. Yet, through

the wonders of MTV, rap-music, television, movies and the internet I became captivated by the exotic nature and "Boo-tylicious" bodies of the black female race.

So you can imagine my dilemma. As Schwoefferman clearly pointed out, it would be a burden to the "powerful racist influences in the American conscience" for me to fall in love with a black woman. I don't want to hurt America. I like America. As a member of two family trees whose ancestors purged this land of British rule during the American Revolution, I have a strict set of morals to pass onto further generations, as they were lovingly passed to me. Not to mention, my family would probably disown me like a Witness child who wants to celebrate his or her birthday if I show up to Thanksgiving dinner with a woman of color. Maybe they love me enough to keep me in the family and just frown upon my decision. Their attacks of my immature and immoral pursuit of a superficial fantasy with a jungle woman, however, would terrorize family relations to the point that damage would crossover into the public sphere. It would suck for my future too. My parents would threaten to remove me as benefactor of the family plantation and I'd be forced break up with her. It just won't work.

Schwoefferman provided general stereotypes to three of the four heterosexual possibilities of interracial love: a black man with a white woman, "That black guy is just dated around and it must not be serious;" a white woman with a black man, "That white girl is just dating him for the fashion statement;" and a black woman and a white man, "It's about time she got herself a white man." Does this mean if I slip up and allow myself to kindle a black woman than eventually she will reveal that she only went all Whoopie Goldberg on me and fell for the successful and strapping young white man because the men of her race are too held down by society to achieve as much as I can, and upon hearing this I would sever ties with her and threaten

her brothers, creating a violent and race-skewed Romeo & Juliet state of affairs? That would not be good for anyone, especially my political career. Schwoefferman chose not to include enlightenment on the fourth relationship, that of a white man and a black woman. This is a smart move because it would have been hard for him to justify that one. But I imagine it would have been something along the lines of, "He's only dating her because Thomas Jefferson is his hero."

Finally, I hate that the "Jungle Fever" column was printed because it was an act of racism. Then-Commentary Editor Lucas Pollock wrote a follow-up column the following week ("The Beauty of Commentary"). In it he admits that he knew the column "was represented poorly, lacking clarity and sound reasoning" and he "participated in the decision to publish his views with minimal intervention." The bigwigs in the Ol' Dirty Emerald knew this column would be result in a barrage of attacks on Schwoefferman and they decided to publish it anyways. The institutional racism is obviously flowing through those dirty upper EMU offices like the Gulf of Mexico through poor black neighborhoods. (What? Too soon?)

In conclusion: The Emerald is racist. Schwoefferman is certainly a racist and that makes me a racist by association. We all know the ASUO is racist. You are racist whether you'd like to admit it or not. The administration is racist. The government is racist. Hey, you know what? We are all racists, maybe we can use that commonality as a stepping stone to a bright and cheery future.

"Jungle Fever." (1991) Drama / Romance. Rated R. Directed by Spike Lee. Starring Wesley Snipes, Annabella Sciorra, Spike Lee, Samuel L. Jackson, Halle Berry and Ossie Davis.

Rating: Zero Stars.

Ossie Bladine, who is taking three showers a day to cleanse himself of the Ol' Dirty, is incoming Editor-in-Chief of the OC.



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I HATE SISSIES



BY GUY SIMMONS

In our modern American society the emasculation of mankind increases at a disturbing rate. The popular culture of today is one of non-violence and compromise or more accurately a culture of sissies and wusses. It disgusts me that whenever advice is disseminated to the populous by the press, law enforcement or academia on the proper responses to danger and violence they all bleat the same docile mantra of "Safety first! Comply with all demands. Do not attempt to resist or you will get hurt. Your safety is paramount!" This sissy claptrap is repeated again and again, in an attempt to convince the masses that compliance and non-violence are the only acceptable response when exposed to threats of violence. According to the powers that be complete and total surrender is the only answer when confronted by a hostile and aggressive person. Sure statistically these tactics have been shown as the most successful way to survive a violent encounter. But, defeatist bullshit is defeatist bullshit and I reject such limp dick mentalities.

The correct response to intimidation and threats is not fear and surrender but righteous indignation coupled with a violent counter attack. General Patton, who once said while he was kicking German ass, "We're going to rip out their living goddamned guts and use them to grease the threads of our tanks." It has long been said that the best defense is a strong offense, a concept Patton definitely agreed with when he stated that there is "only attack and attack and attack some more." Patton knew the simple truth that when others intend you and yours harm there is only one correct action: a wrathful response of cold concentrated rage. Another great American, John Paul Jones demonstrated his knowledge of the need to kick ass while he was fighting the larger 44 gun British ship named Serapis. During the battle, John Paul Jones found himself the captain of a disabled ship with holes below the water line and a broken main mast. When told he must surrender or die he replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!" and then rammed

his ship into the British frigate. Which allowed him and his men to board and capture the enemy vessel, consequently winning the battle for America. No surrender from these American heroes. They didn't compromise, quit or negotiate. They were men who knew what they were made of and recognized that righteous violence is the correct answer to aggression.

Regrettably the current trend in federal, state and local legislation is to discourage these rough and tough attitudes. The laws passed these days are chock full of girly boy mentalities. Politicians everywhere are pushing through mandatory seat belt laws, mandatory helmet use laws, no smoking laws, stricter and stricter regulations on guns and drinking. All for the golden calf named safety (or increased revenues), but with the noticed consequence of producing an America filled full of big crybaby pussies. Real men smell of melted steel and freshly spilt blood. Characteristics that are much harder to acquire when wearing a helmet, a five-point crash harness, unarmed and dead sober. A columnist (Elon Glücklich) for the Old Dirty recently wrote an article titled "Controlling the Threat." He unintentionally remarked on the sad state of modern masculinity when

**"real men
smell of
melted steel
and
freshly spilt
blood"**

he opined, "We don't like to admit it, but the rugged individualism that defined our frontier forefathers is largely a thing of the past. Still, many choose to cling to this old mentality." Of course the proposed solution was to "re-sensitize ourselves" and to further distance society from our audacious forefathers. Glücklich and his ilk call to further abandon the core concepts of what makes America great. It is often forgotten by the modern bliss ninnies that it was men of iron and courage who founded America and if America is to remain a great country then we must embrace, not reject, the old attitudes of taking names

and kicking ass. Legislators should be pressed into passing laws promoting the brave and daring.

The emasculated sissies of popular culture can't be aloud to create a world of eunuchs. Risk cannot just be

avoided. Danger must be confronted with strength, confidence and bravado. Overcoming adversity is the ultimate satisfaction that can be wrought from life. Genghis Khan wreaked havoc on the ancient world. He led his armies into battle after battle, undoubtedly taking risks and surmounting many hazards. While he was out marauding he said, "The greatest happiness is to scatter your enemy, to drive him before you, to see his cities reduced to ashes, to see those who love him shrouded in tears and to gather into your bosom his wives and daughters." Genghis did not concern himself with being safe or secure and subsequently he conquered the known world and created a mighty mongrel empire. Those clamoring for safety will never know the satisfaction of such a great accomplishment (and live empty lives as a consequence), but what is far worse is the constant discouragement of others in facing danger or taking risks. Plenty of things are worth risking life and limb for and without risks there is no reward so bleating discouragement creates a deep chilling effect, which ultimately stunts the forward movement of humanity. If all the daring-do is stomped out by the Nancy boys of the world it will lead to the stagnation and rot of society. Ignore the pansies of the world and next time someone tells you to avoid danger, throw caution to the wind, damn the torpedoes and charge in at maximum speed.

Guy Simmons, who always smells of melted steel and freshly spilt blood, is the incoming Publisher of the Oregon Commentator.



I HATE METH **BY MIKE KOH**

God bless the tweakers. I miss the old days, when simple heroin users would lie on the street corners, content to bask in their faded long sleeved plaid shirts, wasting away their not so precious lives. It was the classic drug-coma-rock-bottom-spiral stereotype, and it fit the era well. But times change, and so do the drugs of choice in our ever evolving society. Amphetamines. The word is fun to say, rolls of the tongue nicely and seems to fit into our world like that last puzzle piece brings together the structural integrity of the 20 piece puzzles I'm so fond of. Unfortunately, amphetamine users are not content to poetically waste their lives away in a cloudy bliss atop a gently sun-warmed concrete slab. Due to the nature of their drug of choice, they achieve quite the opposite state – an energized state, a listless searching and a frantic mania, all while riding high atop the Meth pony.

But enough of the fancy adjectives and flowery descriptors – I need to rant about what really bothers me about tweakers – how they effect my daily life. Now, I realize that we are fighting a war on meth in the indomitable America fashion, but I'm not interested in statistics or hand-wringing over how meth is taking over rural areas. I'm interested in how meth affects my daily life. I particularly hate the

feeling of being scanned for handouts, or being profiled for my willingness to dole out some change. I hate how I used to save my bottles for the homeless, show them where I left them as a sign of goodwill, and allow them to take them for their own purposes. I hate how when I did, the bottles that they felt they could not return ended up shattered on my back porch. Then I hear my friends. They cry and plead with the world – asking it to play nicely with them; buying bike lock after bike lock after bike lock. How many people have come to me, talking about how their bikes had been stolen – simply gone.

There's one tweaker in particular, who exemplifies the horror of the methhead lifestyle. Shes got the look – hollow eyes and cheekbones, rail thin demeanor, sucked in lips and teeth no more. A constant twitch or tick – strained skin, bleached from sun and exposure to the chemicals. I see more years of using in her than I do at a halfway house. The thing about it is that's fine with me. Do what you will with your life. Its your life anyways. What gets me is – I see her on a different bike every time I encounter her. I can't stand that. I know she takes from anyone, everyone around her to support herself – her ever changing form of transportation makes that all too apparent. It would be one thing if I hadn't seen her on at least a weekly level since I moved here two years ago. It would be one thing if the bikes she was riding were not decent, bikes, clearly intended for people who fully utilize bikes. I'm sorry but a full suspension, brand new mountain bike does not belong in the hands of a 40 but looks like sixty year old methhead. Its a shame because I know the probability of those bikes belonging to students is very high – I mean, we are the demographic that a.) forgets to lock their shit up. And b.) doesn't have a safe indoor place to store our things. Not to mention that we are also c.) the people who can least afford to legitimately replace our preferred forms of transportation. Why. WHY must these people take from us to support their own ends – namely the rapid wasting away of their lives in a blur of bleach, ammonia and horribly impure street drugs. It disgusts me to no end – angers me to a point I almost can't stand.

Of course it doesn't help that I've had cars stolen by meth addicts (I'm only speculating here – by the work that was done on my vehicle it looked like a highly unprofessional hack job) and that I've watched my roommates spiral into Amphetamine addictions and family torn by it. It's not the end of the world. But I wish I could simply go through a day without having the fact that people are actually working over the relatively sort of (ok not really) innocent student population. Actually, fuck that, it doesn't even bother me to seem them wandering the streets. They are a wonderful reminder of what not to be, of what could be. But I wish they would stop taking from me and the people I actually care about around me. It would be so easy. Fuck em.

Mike Koh only gets high on hate, and is a contributor for the Oregon Commentator.



I Hate Fucking Roller-bags.

"Roller-bags" were cool at first -- in the early '90s when sexy flight attendants glided serenely across smooth airport gateways and into my youthful fantasies. <sigh>

But, in an erie parallel to "outbreak," dragbags escaped the airport and infected college campuses everywhere where non-traditional -- old and decrepit -- students, who can't seem to lift their books yet somehow muster enough stamina to ask dumb questions all class long, play willing host to roller bags. Somehow these people miss that on U of O's ragged sidewalks a dragbag's thimble sized wheels, which worked decently indoors, turn the campus trek into cacophony rivaling aircraft carrier flight decks. It doesn't help the bag's owner is about two years short of buying a Buick and driving 10mph down the I-5. Passing these awkward people on the sidewalk would take the addition of a shoulder.

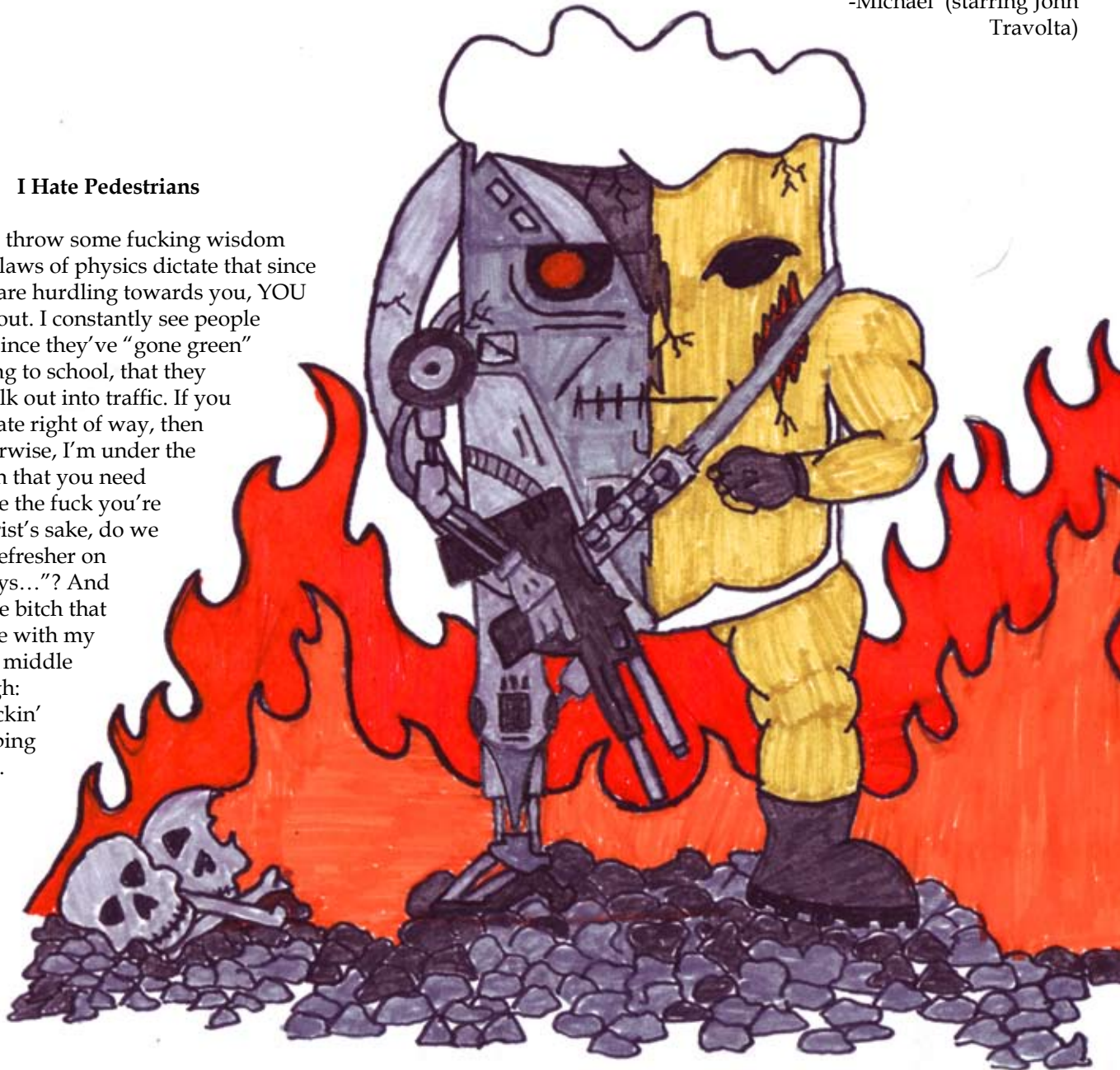
Lane is overrun, PSU is lost, and -- on any given day -- these annoying fuckers can be seen tooling down the quad at U of O. Chin hair blowing in the wind. We are losing the war. Please react with the only weapon we have left: Laugh at these people when they get stuck in doorways.

-Michael (starring John Travolta)

I Hate Pedestrians

Alright, let me throw some fucking wisdom your way: the laws of physics dictate that since 2 tons of steel are hurdling towards you, YOU should watch out. I constantly see people who feel that since they've "gone green" and are walking to school, that they can simply walk out into traffic. If you have a legitimate right of way, then I'll yield. Otherwise, I'm under the firm conviction that you need to watch where the fuck you're going. For Christ's sake, do we really need a refresher on "look both ways..."? And to that brunette bitch that stood toe to toe with my truck with her middle finger held high: you looked fuckin' ridiculous leaping out of the way. Might makes right, bitch.

- "Boomstick"
Campbell



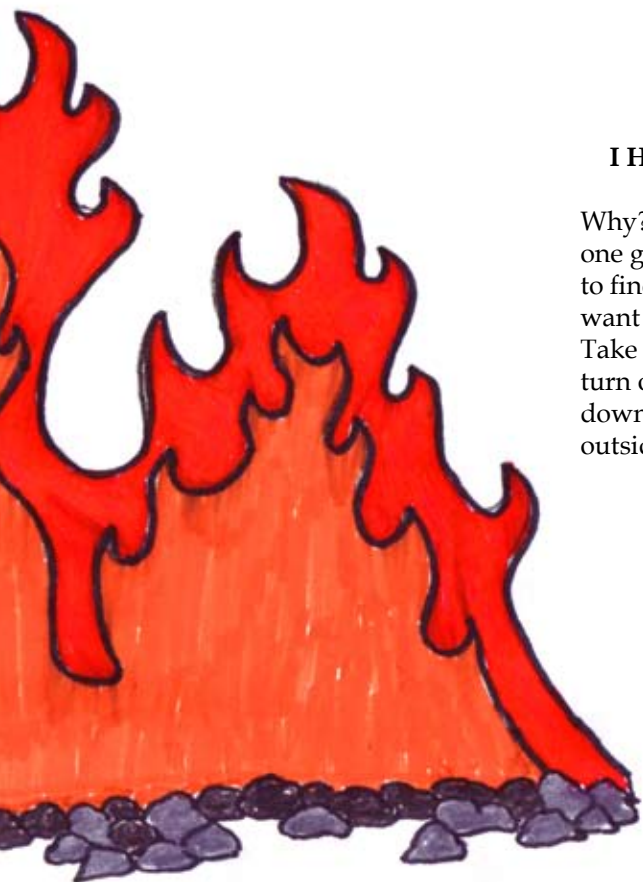
I Hate How Cartoon Strips Swear

It's so %#@!*&^ annoying; why can't Garfield just tell Jim to &*^% off for once and suck his hairy (*&^. I would also like to see Hagar

I Hate the Hobo Who Sleeps in the Hall Outside my Apartment

Hey, man. It's cool if you sleep in the hall every now and then. I don't mind, even when you bring your hobo girlfriend over, too. I understand people go through hard times, and you're a much better neighbor than the last hobo who occasionally woke up in the middle of the night screaming, "I'm gonna cut you, bitch!" However, there are a few things I'd like to go over to make sure our relationship remains as smooth as possible: 1.I'm not sure why you occasionally burn candles at night. Perhaps some Santeria ritual? Whatever the case, it freaks my girlfriend out; she's worried you'll start a fire in the hallway, trapping us in our hellhole apartment to die. Please don't do anything involving fire. 2.I'm also not sure why you stuff towels under the outside door of the hallway. At first, I thought you were hot-boxing the hall, but all I could smell was your powerful hobo funk. Trust me, the flesh-eating bugs can't get you while you're in the hallway. 3.I'm sorry I couldn't accept your gift of banana bread. I wanted too, but my girlfriend forbade me due to concerns of aforementioned hobo funk. I sincerely appreciate the thought, but please keep future loafs of banana bread for yourself. 4.Bringing a boombox and portable speakers into the hallway to play music at night is discourteous. I have to wake up in the morning and step over your still-sleeping bulk, so I'd appreciate if you could keep the jamz to a minimum. Thank you, and I hope you take these recommendations to heart so we can continue our fruitful tenant/hobo relationship.

-CJ Snarker



I Hate Existentialism

Why? I'll tell you why. No one gives a shit. You want to find meaning? You want to find purpose? Take off the black shirt, turn off Radiohead, put down the bong and go outside.

-Jake Plissken

Anonymous Two Second Hates

* **I hate** the the "Flags of mourning" demonstration. Sure it was impressive, but where were the nearly 200,000 green flags mourning the Darfur conflict?

* **I hate** that "Apocalypto" proved that Mel Gibson is more than a talentless sadist bigot. That shoe just fit so well. Oh well, talented sadistic bigot it is.

* **I hate** ants. Eventually we will be forced into war on the Formicidaes.

* **I hate** you. Why? Because I just stubbed my toe; I can't blame myself and cursing at concrete is asinine.

* **I hate** that Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. died. Now we can only hope the short story, "The Big Space Fuck," becomes a reality.

the Horrible to tell that \$!@\$ pf a wife to mind her own !@\$%^&* business. That fat \$%#@ has had it coming for so long.

--The Mad Hater

I HATE facebook

BY DREW CATTERMOLE

Besides drugs and alcohol, there is nothing that can make you procrastinate more than Facebook. Hours upon hours can be spent on Facebook. Facebook has changed the college experience, but not for good. As a normal college student I have wasted too much time on Facebook, and let's face it more than five minutes a day is too much time on Facebook.

Through the wonders of Facebook everyone at the UO can look at pictures of me. Everyone can see what I look like while I am silly drunk. Facebook has changed the party atmosphere. Girls now feel the need to take at least a hundred pictures every time they go out to a party. Half the pictures consist of them and their girlfriends hugging and pre-gaming with captions below saying things like "I Love these girls" and "Prefunking with my Beezies." Just for once I would like to see a picture with some truthful captions like "The one on the left I love, but the girl to the right of me is a bitch" or "Just us girls dressed up like sluts for the BARNDANCE woo woo."

I hate to break it to our girl readers, but Facebook has become the new softcore porn. No one wants to look at thirty pictures of you and your friends hugging in your dorm between shots, not even your grandmother. At parties, picture taking runs amok. I have to control my actions or the Facebook paparazzi will capture me puking into my hands, being drawn on or even urinating in some nearby bushes. There's nothing like going on to Facebook after a hard night of drinking and seeing a blacked out version of yourself grinding on the dance floor with a fat chick.

The news feed I find especially creepy. Just by simply logging into Facebook I can see what a majority of my friends have done while wasting time on Facebook. Now I know that the kid I barely talked to in high school is in a open relationship, that a guy I sat next to in my WR 121 class has updated his status to inform me that "Doug is chillin'" and that girl I went to middle school with has updated her movies to include Love Actually (which for girls is apparently necessary to add to your favorites along with The Notebook and Grey's Anatomy). The news feed has taken internet stalking to a whole new level. To some, it's not stalking; it is just "Facebook stalking." Like there is a big difference. If you are raped due to Facebook is it just "Facebook raping"? Now, I wouldn't complain so much about Facebook stalking if I wasn't asked by my ex-girlfriend if I ever looked at her Facebook. She claims that I should since she looks at mine everyday. Yeah, fucking

creepy right? Just think who is looking at your Facebook right now, probably the creepy guy at the end of your hall with his pants down to his ankles and a fresh new bottle of hand lotion by his side.

The wall is particularly annoying. When people post on others' walls what are they thinking? I really want to tell my friend something, but I don't want to talk to them so I won't call them. Plus, I don't want a quick response so texting or AIM is out of the picture. Wait, I know. I'll send a Facebook message. That will be a perfect way to show my affection towards my friend. Nothing annoys me more than seeing a wall post asking a question that needs too long of an answer for Facebook. Posts like "Hey how has your first year of college been?" "Why are you in jail?" or "It hurts when I pee, have you been tested lately?" are not what I want to respond to. The worse part of posting on peoples' wall is the fact that it is just another tool to embarrass myself when drunk. Drunken Facebook posts are worse than a drunk dial, way more confusing and less entertaining. I know I am not the only one to post something like this:

"Hey, wheerred U og last neit, U lookd good, should hng out more. Wnna fuck?"

Wow prince charming, that message definitely swept her off her feet. You should stock up on condoms since that message is sure to get you laid.

Oh shit! Guess what? I've been poked. Better waste my time poking back and getting into a poke war which is about as much fun as actually poking myself with an ice pick in the neck.

The favorite quotes section may be easily the worst section of Facebook. Wow, your friend that I don't know said something funny, I can't wait to totally ignore that on your Facebook. Guys feel the need to override their Facebooks with Will Ferrell movie quotes which isn't half as bad as some of the corny quotes girls have one theirs. "Dance like no one's watching, sing like no one's listening" is the worse of them all. This quote once ran frantic on AIM profiles, now it's made its way to Facebook. Maybe I'm just mad because that quote is more popular than my version of it: "masturbate like my roommate's not pretending to sleep, fart like no one can smell next to me in class." I guess it's just not as catchy.

Drew Cattermole has poked more people than Vlad the Impaler, and is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.



I HATE SUITE ONE

BY DAVID GOWARD



For the last two years, I have had to act and talk in a viewpoint neutral way. I know it is important for people in student government to maintain viewpoint neutrality when in office, but now that I am out of office I want to scream out loud that I HATE SUITE 1... I've put up with for a long time, and frankly, I'm just sick of it.

The Student Insurgent: Put simply, the Student Insurgent is a waste of paper, money, space and what can only be described as a metric ton of patchouli. From their now famous "Aroused Jesus" issue to their incoherent statements at the Student Senate, it is clear that "the collective" has no concept of reality.

It is hard to ignore the fact that the Insurgent contributors call themselves "the collective," much like the Borg of the famous Star Trek: The Next Generation series. The Borg "collective" is characterized by "relentless pursuit of targets for assimilation." They are directed by the Borg Queen who is described as "a locus within the Borg collective consciousness and a unique drone within the collective." Like the Borg, the Insurgent collective has a Queen, Don Goldman, who directs all of the "collective thoughts and actions," through creative uses of LSD and voice amplification. Both collectives are single-minded in their efforts to assimilate, and enforce unity of vision. They do not believe in contradictory points of view, or allowing any dissent within their ranks. While the Borg were a strong force, they were no match for Captain Jean-Luc Picard in Star Trek: First Contact who ultimately blew the crap out of the Borg and their giant cube. I'm not an advocate of violence, but I will say that our own collective makes me want to set my phaser to "kill."

Regardless of the possible comparisons, the truth remains that the Insurgent is filled with many meaningless rants about panda poetry and anarchist book fairs. The Insurgent is totally useless unless you are one of the inmates that receive this publication and have to choose between the jail showers and staying in the cell to read this rag. Furthermore, the Insurgent receives roughly \$20,000 in incidental fees, which this year produced 5 issues. That is \$4000 an issue that the student population is paying for crappy poetry and pictures of topless chicks at Burning Man. NOTE: I am not asking for more issues of the Insurgent, but instead advocating for much lower funding... maybe \$40 bucks per issue, tops. But knowing the collective they'd probably just go and blow it all on weed. Finally, any time someone states that the Insurgent is out of line, such as spending incidental fees for non-students (Don Goldman and

Jon Walsh) to go on trips (presumably to wander aimlessly in a van with teenagers and a dog trying to solve mysteries), they declare that people are biased and are oppressing them. They should have patented this type of declaration because they could have raised some money from the Student Senate this year. This campus would be better served if Don Goldman (Borg Queen) would stop his incoherent and paranoid rants in the EMU amphitheater and the Insurgent would keep its "collective" thoughts to itself.

OSPIRG: The worst part of OSPIRG is that students pay them over \$100,000 a year in Incidental Fees that are not spent on this campus or by our students. To add insult to injury, they have the audacity to come back to campus, being paid by our money, to raise more money from students on 13th just to send it off of campus again. Can anyone say what OSPIRG really does; let alone what OSPIRG really stands for? The worst part of it all is that there are no financial checks on this program; they are given a lump sum every term by the ASUO with no line items or accountability in place. I applaud past ASUO Executives attempts to get OSPIRG off of campus, but unfortunately they have all failed because the ASUO has no collective nuts to stand up and get rid of the money-sucking OSPIRG.

Survival Center: This is a breeding ground for the worst of the worst hippies in Eugene. These are the people, who are so disconnected and "disenfranchised" by the world that all they can do is picket KFC and support the Green Party of Oregon. While many productive things have come out of the Survival Center such as the movement for Cage Free Eggs and Campus Recycling, I stand by the fact that there are more productive things to do with your time, such as showers, classes and social interaction with the "real world" than hanging out and discussing oppression at the Survival Center.

Overall, Suite 1 is a waste of space, which could be better utilized as a space for the Star Trek appreciation club, a place to raise cage free chickens or space to host a recovery program for farm animals sexually abused by Oregon State University students and athletes. I fully support the idea of moving their office out to the woods near Spencer's Butte so they could commune with nature and be as disconnected from the campus community as they are from the world. As long as they stay the hell away from me.

David Goward is a motor boatin' son of a bitch, and the former Programs Administrator of the ASUO.



Hate-ku

Aspartame is gross
One endless bad aftertaste
Like styrofoam juice

Cops on bikes in tights,
All day, every day, they love
Tasing in the ass

Ol' Dirty Emerald
Where would I be without you?
What, no crossword? Fuck

Red lights hide your scars
I paid you fifty bucks, bitch
And I still can't touch?

Fast Food, Racism, War
Blankets full of smallpox
Does Whitey suck, or what?

Condoms are no good
They stop aids and babies, but
No cum in her hair

EPD sucks ass
I just had a little sip
Why the MIP?

Hey you, stinky fuck
I don't have any cans for you
I only drink gin

300 Spartans
Ripped and ready for battle
Gayest thing ever



Incidental fee
ten percent of our tuition
growing every year

Borat Impressions
I like, that's nice
Wawawaweewa, jageshmesh
you sound fucking dumb

New taxes on beer?
I think not. Now, say hello
to my little friend!

Eugene Bus Station
Insane Clown Posse Fans R' Us
My soul slowly dies

I hate trying to tell people what's going on the show Lost
The others, Jacob
a Polar bear, strange black smoke
fuck I have no clue

No beer on this campus
Drink needed--Rennies, too far
Thank god for my flask

I Hate Ugly People.

Actually, I don't hate all of them. Some ugly people are fine enough. I can tolerate the uglies with the good sense to appropriately hide their terrible faces into their hands when out in public around respectable folks. I even appreciate the ones who have recognized their urgent need to wear clothing of suitable size and looseness. I am grateful for their honest attempt to camouflage their wretched and misshapen bodies from my gentle eyes. The ugly people I have a problem with, the ugly people I hate, are the ones who flaunt their dreadful selves. A noticeable percentage of ugly people have no human decency and go out of their way to expose to the world their awful physiques. For unknown, but certainly cruel reasons, these awful wretches intentionally flaunt their repugnant natures by wearing the least amount of clothing possible. What really gets me is when they become self-righteous in their ugliness. Parading about in tight spandex with rolls of fat spilling out everywhere while trying to convince the normal people around them that their gaping mouth and crooked teeth are unique, that their crossed eyes are simply enchanting and that their fat chucks are beautiful. They just make me want to puke.

-Mr Blonde

I Hate the Crosswalk at Agate and Franklin

Is it our turn to cross? WAIT! What the fuck was that? WAIT! Is that the WAIT lightpost? WAIT! Goddamn that's annoying. WAIT! Is that for blind people? WAIT! How many blind people, WAIT, can there be at UO. WAIT! I'm not moving stop yelling at me. WAIT! This is getting creepy it's been 15 minutes. WAIT! Shit, now I'm late for class. WAIT! Fuck you this is getting on my nerves. WAIT! You say that one more time I swear I will blow you up. WALK ACROSS FRANKLIN BOULEVARD, WALK ACROSS FRANKLIN BOULEVARD, 30...29...28...

-The Mad Hater

CAST OF CHARACTERS

EDWARD 40 HANDS: TED NIEDERMEYER
CJ SNARKER: CJ CIARAMELLA
MR BLONDE: GUY SIMMONS
JAKE PLISSKEN: JAKE SPEICHER
THE MAD HATER: DREW CATTERMOLE
"BOOMSTICK" CAMPBELL: GREG CAMPBELL
BLASED AND CONFUSED: ANDREA BLASER
LT. COL. MARKJINSON: SEAN JIN
MICHAEL (STARRING JOHN TRAVOLTA): MIKE SCHONFELTER
JUDGE SMAILS: OSSIE BLADINE



Quiz Results:

Quiz Answers For every "B" answer, score 1 point.

0- Reconsider your life path. NOW! 1- If you ever want to become a binge drinker, start drinking Old Crow and keep going until it tastes like sugar water. 2- You are a binge drinker, but you are also a big pansy. Cowboy up, motherfucker. 3- You are making good use of your time at school, but you should still be drinking harder, not smarter. 4- You are like Jesus, only with cirrhosis. We are not worthy.



ASUO FINAL GRADES

WITH TED NIEDERMEYER

TEACHER'S PETS

JACOB DANIELS **A**

The old man of the Senate, Daniels gets huge bonus points for wearing a Sudsy shirt to Senate meetings. A strong fiscal conservative, he was asshole enough to pass a low PFC benchmark, and charming enough to keep the coalition together all year long. Often dismayed by the behavior of his hapless colleagues, Daniels always had the best after-meeting analysis, especially after a few beers.

KYLE MCKENZIE **A**

If for nothing else, McKenzie should be praised for bringing the ADFC budget down from a projected 7% growth to a 2.7%. While everyone else whined about funding levels, the ADFC actually held students accountable for the no-show factor in football tickets, saving the student government thousands of dollars.

ATHAN PAPAILIOU **A**-

Proved his politico chops as a strong vice-presidential candidate, and the star of the final executive debate. Papailiou manages to look and act like the classic politician, without coming across as a complete tool. He is still too cautious, and needs to either start acting tougher in Senate, or get some attack dogs.

NATALIE KINSEY **A**

As this years Ombudswoman, Kinsey took on Senate's controversies fearlessly and unapologetically. Throw in her work going after inefficiency in the ADFC, and you've got a model Senator.

KARL MOURFY **A**

One of the few adults on Senate. When things got crazy, and everyone in the boardroom was looking lost, Karl Mourfy was the voice of reason. The boardroom was never so quiet as when Mourfy was speaking, because of his ability to make people rise above chatter and simply listen.

JACQUELINE JUSTICE **A**-

No-nonsense, tough and practical. Justice didn't make her mark by being ideological, she simply brought some much-needed reality to the madness surrounding her. Not the senator to be pushed around, her ability to break down arguments kept the Senate away from several potential disasters this year.

KAREN TRIPPE **B**+

Fiscally conservative, but open minded and tolerant, Trippe's politics have been in the right place. Her lack of experience is the key to her unflinching optimism. It is this optimism that allowed her to build bridges, when others simply attacked.

COULD USE SOME WORK

ASHLEY SHERRICK **B**-

A moderate fiscal conservative, Sherrick helped build the coalitions that kept spending growth reasonable this year. More activism might have helped her grade with us, but her even-handedness made her a common-sense barometer for Senate.

JEN LLERAS **B**-

An effective organizer/manipulator, and the heir to the Rees legacy. Her commitment to status quo and spending growth hurt her ability to build consensus on Senate this year, but her experience will be helpful to the McLain executive next year.

JONATHAN ROSENBERG **B**-

A moderate consensus builder for most of the year, some of the shine came off during his lackluster Executive run, and brief tenure as Senate President. Rosenberg seems to have lost some of his genuine touch in these high-profile roles, but his real accomplishments were in unassumingly building consensus in the first place.

ERICA ANDERSON **B**

Anderson has been a better Senator than was expected. She asks the "fiscal conservative" questions, and as a program advocate on Senate, she is far more reasonable and balanced than many of her colleagues. Her grievance against Sara Hamilton was sadly partisan and totally unnecessary... it hurt her grade considerably.

BRYANNA MANNIS **C**

If you don't speak up enough in class, you can't get good grades. You were elected to represent, not stay quietly dignified on the sidelines. It may seem nice to be "above the politics," but as an elected senator that isn't what you signed up for.

TRY AGAIN NEXT YEAR

MICAH KOSASSA **D**-

Hysterical and useless, to quote Radiohead. Famously asserted that only increasing the PFC budget by 2.5% would turn the U of O into a "commuter college." Good for similarly weak-wristed arguments for more-of-the-same spending habits, and institutional inertia.

OSCAR GUERRA **D**

A master of the PC arts, Guerra doesn't listen to people so much as he waits for them to slip up and say something that can be used against them. Even though he personally chaired the PFC, and basically ignored the benchmark which was set, he still claimed that somehow Senate attacked programs for racial reasons. It didn't make sense then, and it doesn't make sense now.

NATE GULLEY **F**

We're still waiting for an explanation of how a 2.5% PFC budget increase is a "racist attack." Gulley seems to crave the spotlight, but refuses to back his shit up when called out. No white man has ever used the issue of institutional racism to his own advantage so well.

SAN SUNOWEN **D**-

Although she won the vice president spot this year, she certainly didn't earn it. Totally inarticulate, lacking a single original idea, and prone to crying under stress, Sunowen has not given any reasons to have confidence in her leadership abilities. Watch for the waterworks when she has to cast tie-breaking votes next year as veep.

SPEW... AND OPPRESSION



ON MENSTRUATE FOR PEACE

"There is no denying the power of that celestial body that orbits nearest our planet. The moon controls the seas that cover three-quarters our planet's surface, and is a delicate but very real influence on the water that makes up over three-quarters of our bodies. As women, or more appropriately we-moon, we enjoy a deep bond with the moon. At no time is this bond stronger, than during our own celestial cycle. It is at this time then, that we as we-moon should pray, hope, and dream for peace, so that the power of that beautiful celestial body may influence the hearts and minds of those responsible for this pointless and inhuman war."

-Janet Torres perfects the art of the letter to the editors of the Eugene Weekly. No, really, we can't even bring ourselves to make fun of this.

ON I'M SCAVENGING IT

"The only reason not to dumpster dive is the (avoidable and remediable) smell, and there is world of fun and value to be found as an urban scavenger."

- From an unattributed article in the Insurgent. Act now, and get 5 week-old, moldy muffins when you scavenge 2 pounds of rotting fruit.

"I would recommend that everyone consider changing to a fully or partially scavenge-based diet."

- ibid. We considered it, and now we're sick. I'm sorry, but if ramen and peanut butter are too oppressive for your lifestyle, you need to rethink your priorities.



ON THE STATE OF ACTIVISM

"SO the fire marshal said that paper in boxes is fine... What bothered him were the loose papers all over the desk and floor."

-"The Automator" recounts the Insurgents valiant struggle against THE MAN and his jackbooted fire marshal thugs.

"The situation is TENSE and we agree we will sit in if they lock us out. We hope it can be solved without that. Meanwhile, we are taking all the papers out of the office. It feels as if we are 7 again and our moms are yelling if we don't clean up our room she'll throw everything out."

-ibid. Hey, if the shoe fits... Keep on raging against that machine, kids.



ON IT'S NOT MY JOB TO EDUCATE YOU

"I do not think there is anything wrong with saying 'white students' or 'white people,' because when I say it I do not mean their pale skin, but because white people are the majority in this country."

-Diego Hernandez in a guest commentary to the ODE. Um, wait... what?

"It is not our job to educate people about oppression. It is hard to understand what you have not lived. I am tired of seeing people suffer, people being cheated out of opportunities, and I am especially tired of people who think they know what they are talking about just because they identify as a 'minority.'"

-Ibid. Um, based on your awfully confusing definition of "white people," you are probably gonna have to do a lot more educating before anyone can tell what you're talking about.

"Not all Latinos eat burritos and tacos."

-Inka Bajandas in a KD magazine piece featuring Hernandez. Ok, now that's just insulting...





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