

# OREGON COMMENTATOR

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## THE MAN ISSUE



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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-four 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.

# The Manly Editorial



The University of Oregon was founded by men, not group therapists. Unfortunately, the presence of real men on campus has been declining ever since the tragedies that occurred throughout the 1960s. Those comic-coddling sons of bitches that ran rampant in Eugene have set men back a good 75 years. That's right, it will take us another half a century to return to the glory days of the '40s and '50s, with any luck. That was the era of real men. Your movie stars were Bogart and Heston, and your writers were Hemingway and Spillaine. Men wore suits, and held doors open for ladies. Those were the good old days.

But this 75-year timeline of recuperation is optimistic. No amount of number crunching can determine the amount of destruction done by the flower children. They thought life should be about peace, love and equality. They dropped acid and listened to 15 minute organ solos. And for what? Did they accomplish anything? No, they all disappeared, or moved to Eugene. Now, they sit on corners and play the bongos with their hemp-weaved sandals and their patchouli scented hair, contributing nothing to society. Men definitely don't play bongos, and they definitely contribute to society.

Today, manhood in Eugene is in complete shambles. First, there are all these protests. If someone needs 80 people to get their point across then they are seriously lacking in cajones. There is a reason the phrase goes "mano a mano" and not "mano a 80 manos." The most disturbing factor of such rallies is the emasculation of our society's leaders. The leaders of campus protests are perhaps the least manly thing about the University. First, all they are able to do is ask questions like, "Why is this like that and why is that like this? Is he/she is in a different position than him/her?" A man doesn't rely on questions and finger pointing, even though he points his finger more than women. [Editor's Note: You have only two options, you can be a man or you can be a woman. Or you can be a variation of a man, which still makes you a woman.] A real man is a solution maker. Even if it's not the right solution at first, his manly abilities aide him in forging through the nonsense that "this isn't working" and makes it work in the end. While a protest rally leader questions authority, a man pokes authority in its flabby chest and tells it what to do.

Another pinnacle of unmanliness in Eugene is fraternity houses. No self respecting man would choose to sleep in a house with 50 boys. Why would you live in a house when you need at least 50 women there for the sex-ratio to be one to one? Idiots. Coincidentally, a movie filmed at the Univer-

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sity that ranks in the upper tier of all-time manly movies, *Animal House*, is about a manly fraternity. This is obviously a masterful work of fiction, since we all know the debauchery and manly attitude of the Delta Tau Chi brethren. Furthermore, the idea of filming this manly movie at the University was a mistake in the first place. According to our Internet fact checkers, the President of the University denied permission to film "The Graduate," about a young polecat that seduces an older woman, at the University. He liked the movie so he decided he didn't want to miss another opportunity, and allowed "Animal House" to be filmed on the University of Oregon campus without reading the screenplay thoroughly. We at the Commentator like to think the series of events leading to this movie being filmed at the University was an act of God in the name of restoring the real man's presence in places depleted of real men.

Despite the setbacks, the University is home to many symbols of manliness. In the center of campus, the Pioneer Statue epitomizes the grizzled man who boldly forges ahead into the unknown; the musket, buckskin and powder horn are sure signs that a man is leading the charge. This depiction of a trapper would be ashamed on a daily basis if it were conscious and witnessed the lack of masculine stability of this campus. "Stop whining; stop pandering; stop demoralizing the American values," the Pioneer would say. Other symbols include Belotti's mustache, Autzen Stadium and defense weapons research. These symbols shine as beacons of manliness through the dainty-boy haze that covers the University of Oregon and Eugene in a lavender cloud of oppression.

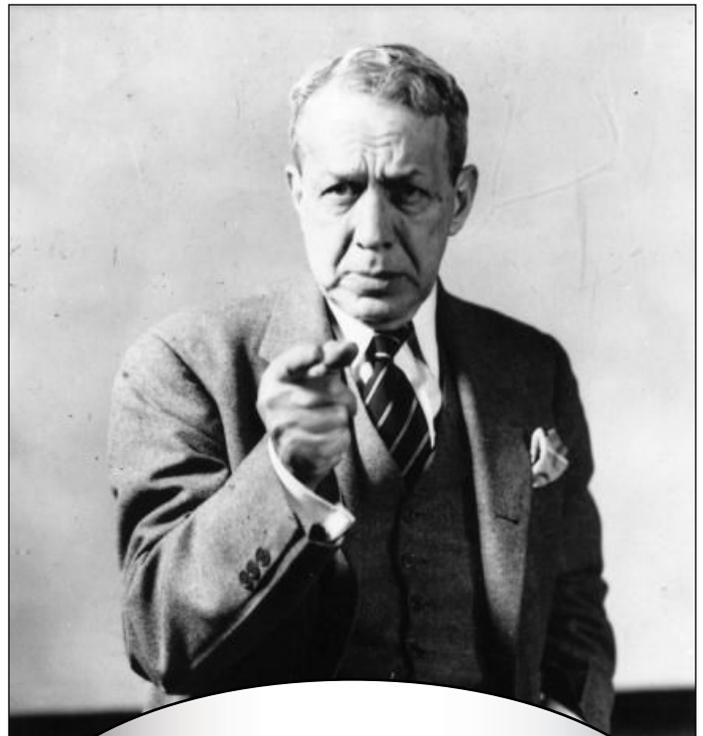
These shining beacons are well and good, but they simply aren't enough to keep the forces of wussification at the University at bay. The sissies at The

Insurgent, Oregon Daily Emerald and The Oregon Voice are always trying to snuff our manly beacons out. Which is where the Commentator comes in. Since its creation in 1983, the OC has done the journalistic equivalent of jabbing a stiff index finger into the chest and blowing crude black smoke into the faces of all that is unmanly here on campus. We'll huff and puff until that sick lavender haze is replaced with clear clean air and those glorious beams of man will shine on into the future ever brighter.

The mass of debate that occurs on campus is often feathered and irrelevant. This is why we present the following issue that teaches how to gain more respect from your peers, your advisors and society as a whole. If any of the content of this issue offends you, you are obviously not a man. If you need further assistance, feel free to stop by our office. We'll show you how a man makes his point heard.



**NAME: MICKEY SPILLAINÉ**  
**OCCUPATION: MAN**



**WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?  
 ARE YOU A MAN  
 OR A WOMAN?**

# MAIL CALL

The Best Way  
to Rant Publicly

write  
now!

## **Last issue of the OC stunk**

Commentator Staff:

[This hand-written letter was accompanied by a Ceder Sudsy Scrubber and a copy of our last issue, "Radical immoderation."]

I present you with the illegitimate offspring of Sudsy and a Bar Rag! This unexpected (unfortunate?) issue, comes with so many irreverent angles, surely you can come up with numerous humorous ploys. I hope you guys went "retro" with only one newsprint edition. Funding OK?

Your supporter,  
(the slum who bought 5 Sudsy shirts)  
Don Hendy  
Class of '92 & '95

~ Don,

*We are glad you enjoyed our re-creation of the OC's first issue so much! FYI, newsprint is what happens when we get de-funded 12 percent. Know any good philanthropists looking for a kind, respectable organization to donate money too? Thanks for the support and don't forget to come by and pick up a couple Sudsy tanks for the girls. Cheers!*

## **A thank you letter from a fan**

Guy,

[In response to a Two Minute Hate in the OC Hate Issue last Spring by Publisher Guy Simmons]

The next time you write about fat/ugly people, just know that the people who do read that may have a weight issue are crushed. Why do you feel the need to make people that you don't even know hurt? Consider the feelings of the people that you write about, because even though you may think your words are humorous, you are making people feel emotional pain. Don't spread pain. There is already too much.

From: Noelle Mitchell

~ Gee Noelle, how could you not know that your message just encourages him?

## **Last issue of the OC ruled**

OC,

Wow! When did you guys get good? As a dyed-in-the-wool liberal member of the UO faculty, I used to sleep snug in my bed at night knowing that there would be no thoughtful conservative journalism on campus as long as The Commentator continued to pump out the vacuous fodder that I had been accustomed to finding on its pages. Imagine my dismay when, tempted by the professional-looking cover page, I opened the October 24th issue to find - horror of horrors! - well-written, cogent, political commentary. Congratulations to the writers and editors of The Commentator on an outstanding issue. Though I disagree with many of your opinions (But, then again, people I agree with bore me to tears), I couldn't agree with you more that the university must be a place where the exchange of ideas is unfettered. Keep up the good work!

Oh, and bye-the-bye, it is refreshing to see that the conservatives are beginning to realize that they have been as thoroughly betrayed by the Republicans as the liberals have been by the Democrats. Perhaps true ideological conservatives and liberals could make common cause against our common foes - those who have no ideology, but simply seek power for power's sake.

--

Randy Sullivan  
Instructor  
Chemistry Department

~Randy,

*We appreciate the kind words and recognition of our hard work. We took a short break from all that serious stuff, but we hope you enjoy the Man Issue just the same.*

Don: suck on that.



asks ...

What is the manliest thing you've done?



**J-Stew:**

Over 250 rushing yards against the Huskies. Real men don't wear purple.



**T Rex:**

I've pissed my whole life without having the ability to use my hands.



**Steve Morozumi:**

Pass.



**Slick Willy:**

Hillary is definitely the manliest thing I have ever done. Paula Jones is a close second.



**Sean Penn:**

If you people would shut the fuck up and move outta my way, I will save these black people.

# ODE and DPS enjoy a night full of glee

Just this Friday, the Commentator sources spotted everybody's favorite campus newspaper out on the town with everybody's favorite campus police force. That's right, The Daily Emerald was seen with the Department of Public Security. Together, they had a nice dinner at Ambrosia. The two split a bottle of chardonnay and got pretty close when eating spaghetti from the same plate - it was a true Lady and the Tramp moment. Next came drinks at Jameson's, where the ODE got tossed off two Smirnoff appletinis and fell off the bench in hysteria when DPS showed it's charming wit with the punchline, "because seven tased nine." The two then stumbled down to cut some rug at Taboo. Apparently, this wasn't the first time DPS has been spotted at Taboo. It has long been rumored that DPS loves kicking it with the under 21 crowd.

Sources said that by the end of the night, DPS became quite inebriated and started a bar tussle. "So, DPS went to go get a drink at the bar and left the ODE on the dance floor. When he came back, ODE was dancing with a scraggly looking booze hound. DPS did not take too kindly to this and tased the guy," said one eye witness.

After Taboo, DPS and the ODE got into a DDS van together, and went to the EMU. The Commentator staff heard strange noises coming through their office door, and went out to investigate. To their surprise, DPS had mounted the ODE and was going to town. Right there in the EMU, in front of everyone, the ODE and DPS were engaged in a sweet passionate embrace with one another. This might explain the ODE's recent habit of writing editorials that ask for more DPS officers with more power.

We can only hope that this unholy matrimony ends quickly and severely. Otherwise we are in for years of awkward newspaper on cop action.

## Sudsy Says:

Stupidity should hurt



## Measure 50 now a cheese tax

In a startling turn of the events in the 2007 Elections, Maverick Tom McCall, former governor of Oregon, rose from the dead and demanded that Ballot Measure 50 (see page 8 for more info) have the following change: Measure 50 shall be voted on as is with the exception that every reference to "cigarette" or "tobacco" will be replaced by "cheese."

"If words get out that the state of Oregon is booting out all its fine cigarette smokers while boosting our public health care, it will give those freeloading California hipsters more of an incentive to move north and jack up our land prices," Zombie McCall told the Oregon Commentator.

The state legislature and executive, scared shitless at the site of Zombie McCall, called for an emergency meeting to meet the demands. Here is how Measure 50 now reads:

*Ballot Measure 50: Amends Constitution: Dedicates Funds to provide Health Care for children, fund cholesterol prevention, through increased Cheese Tax.*

*Result of "yes" vote: "yes" vote dedicates funds to provide health care for children, low income adults and medically underserved Oregonians, and fund cholesterol prevention programs, through increased cheese tax.*

*Result of "no" vote: "no" vote rejects proposal to dedicate funding for children's health care, other health care programs, and cholesterol prevention programs; maintains cheese tax at current level.*

*Summary: This measure increases the cheese tax and dedicates the new revenue to providing health care for children, low income adults and other medically undeserved Oregonians, and to funding cholesterol prevention and education programs. The measure increases the tax on cheese by 84.5 cents per package, and increases the tax on other cheese products. The measure will fund the Healthy Kids Program created by the 2007 Legislature to provide affordable health care for uninsured children. The measure will fund cholesterol prevention programs, safety net clinics, rural health care and health care for Oregon's lowest income families and individuals through the Oregon Health Plan. If the measure does not pass, these health care programs will not be expanded, and the Healthy Kids Program will not become law.*

*Estimate of Financial Impact: This measure increases State Revenue by an estimated \$152.7 million for the 2007-2009 budget period. Revenue is estimated to increase \$233.2 million in the following two year period. These estimates account for a projected decline in the sale of cheese products because of higher prices. These estimates would be reduced if further restrictions on consuming cheese become law. The additional State revenue generated by this measure would be available to allocate to programs that provide health care for children, low income adults and other medically vulnerable Oregonians, and to cholesterol prevention programs.*

## Bellotti Mustache Watch



### This Week:

Things just ain't what they used to be. A nice mustache would certainly secure the Coach of the Year honors. Kilkenny, take charge and make Bellotti do what is best for the program.

Remember Bellotti, there is no "i" in team, but there is "t," "e," "a," and "m" in mustache

## Words of Wisdom

By Real Men

"It may be a lousy war, but it's the only war we've got." - Marine Corps General "Chesty" Puller, referring to Korea.

"Mike Hammer drinks beer instead of cognac because I can't spell cognac." - Mickey Spillane

"In the case of killing it is well to remember that the Ten Commandments, translated correctly from the original Aramaic, do not contain the injunction 'Thou shalt not kill.' It reads, 'Thou shalt not do murder,' quite another thing." - G. Gordon Liddy

"The fact is that America is, always has been, and always will be a man's country. Just take a quick look at American history. Who did all the hard work in settling this great nation of ours? Who took the land away from the Indians? Who kicked the Mexicans out of Texas? Who got rid of all those nonfunctional trees and other roadblocks to progress and built the greatest system of interstate highways the human race has ever known? Men! and not just men, but real men - like Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, Teddy Roosevelt, and Duke Wayne." - The Manly Handbook by David Everitt and Harold Schechter



# Measure 50

## Steamrolling its way into the Constitution

CJ Ciaramella

Hey, smokers, you're about to get rammed in the butt.

Measure 50 is a ballot measure going to vote this November that would raise the cigarette tax to provide health care for uninsured children in Oregon, as well as funding for smoking prevention and care programs. It's a bold plan by the Democratic legislature projected to increase the State Revenue by \$152.7 million, but opponents claim it's unfair, unrealistic and unsound.

The measure was originally a bill introduced in the Oregon Legislature by Democrats as part of Governor Kulongoski's touted Healthy Kids Initiative, but it failed to muster enough Republican votes in the House to pass by the supermajority (60%) needed to levy or raise taxes. Momentarily stymied but not defeated, the Legislature referred it to Oregon voters as a ballot measure.

Since then, the measure has become the most expensive in Oregon history, raising more than \$18 million to inundate voters with television, radio and mail ads. Governor Kulongoski has personally donated \$50,000 to the Healthy Kids Initiative, the organization spearheading Measure 50, while R.J. Reynolds and Phillip Morris, two of the largest tobacco companies, have chipped in a cool \$10 million to fight it.

Despite an overflowing warchest, the campaign against Measure 50 is on its

heels, desperately trying to gain traction. J.L. Wilson, the spokesman for Oregonians Against the Blank Check, the organization fighting the measure, is well aware of the uphill battle he and his group face.

"How easy is it to rail against tobacco?" Wilson asked, lamenting his group's position. "Look at what we have to defend against. We're fighting a program that most people like and a tax that most people won't pay."

Proponents of Measure 50 have landed a solid one-two punch against Wilson and his organization, labeling them as stool pigeons for Big Tobacco and simultaneously crying, "Won't someone please think of the children!"

To top it off, Oregonians Against the Blank Check's biggest ad campaign has focused on the fact that Measure 50 would amend the Constitution, an issue that falls flat in the face of history. Voters have changed the Oregon Constitution 240 times since 1902 when the ballot initiative system was first introduced. A recent article in *The Oregonian* called the ballot process one of the state's "great loves." All of this bodes very badly for Measure 50 opponents and smokers.

The proposed tax would be the second time smokers have gotten the shaft recently. The Oregon State Legislature passed a bill earlier in the year banning smoking in all public places, including previously protect-

ed bars, bowling alleys and bingo halls. This goes further than a simple ban, though; now the legislature is trying to burden smokers with the cost of the uninsured children of Oregon, and it's completely unfair.

"Are you seriously telling me that the smokers in this state are responsible for uninsured children?" Wilson asked, pausing before answering his own question. "They aren't, so why are they paying for it?"

Anti-smoking activists, through some sort of twisted logic, don't believe the tax is unfair. Dana Kaye, the programs director of the American Lung Association of Oregon, is one of those "by any means necessary" anti-smokers.

"It's not disproportionate," Kaye said. "Low income people are most likely to be targeted by Big Tobacco, so in reality Measure 50 is protecting them."

Do Oregonians need to be protected from themselves? Can they really be trusted to make their own decisions? Not according to Measure 50 proponents.

Even worse than the fairness issue is the hard, economic facts. The goals of Measure 50 - to discourage smoking and raise funds through cigarette taxes - seem conflicting at best, totally paradoxical at worst.

"Here's why the tax is illogical: if you discourage smoking, you're trying to cut down your very source of income," Wil-

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# Vote 'No' on Measure 20-134

Bryan Roberts

Measure 20-134 has been presented to the Eugene voter as several things, but most descriptions fall under one of two contradictory rubrics: as our blighted city's last best hope for affirming the downtown area as a vibrant zone where good people meet and business is conducted; or conversely, as an imprudent boondoggle that will divert tax dollars away from education and into the hands of millionaire developers who have been giving this city the middle finger for decades. In the end, it's a no brainer how one should reconcile these polarities?

At this point you may be asking yourself whether the whole thing begins to concern you. You're a college student, most likely, stuck in this berg for a few years at best, and the only thing that makes this town bearable outside the classroom is the occasional sojourn to the bar for a few drinks and a bit of loud music. Well, okay. We're with you so far.

What you need to understand is that the passage of this bill threatens your ability to

drink and smoke and listen to music with your buddies and pals. This measure wants to allocate \$40 million in taxes away from the local initiatives for which those funds were ostensibly raised. Those funds would be directed toward Connor and Wooley, the multi-million dollar development firm with properties in cities all over the West Coast-- the development firm that has steadfastly refused since time immemorial to develop the dead space they already own in downtown Eugene, the development firm now inviting local voters down to Davis', its flagship bar, to explain why it's a totally sweet idea to do away with its competition: the bars whose improbable success has finally turned the downtown district into a vibrant cultural and business zone.



That's right: Connor and Wooley want to do away with John Henry's, The Horsehead, and Jameson's. Shut the doors and then level the buildings. And they want you to take money from school children and hand it to them in order to do it. What are you, a tool? You're not a tool, are you?

We'll be giving you more background on this story in our next issue, in which we sit down with Tom Tracey, the man who brought punk rock out of the basements and into the heart of the city. City Council doesn't care about him, but as you know, they don't give a damn for you the student either. They've been giving you the finger with their smoking bans and their party patrols and their unblinking abettal of interstate parasites since before you were born. So between now and the arrival of our next issue, do yourself a huge favor: get a ballot, vote "No" on Measure 20-134, and thus return the gesture to those dumb bastards.



*Bryan Roberts, who is back baby, is a Contributor to the Oregon Commentator*

## CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

son said. "The cigarette tax money will run out."

The eventual shortage, according to Wilson, would lead to "budget havoc." Cigarette use would decline, while the Healthy Kids Initiative would grow, leading to more taxes needing to be levied to support the burgeoning program.

Measure 50 proponents, however, claim to have a tidy, little answer to this seeming conundrum.

"If we cut down on our source of income, then we've accomplished our goal," said Kaye. "If we were to decrease tobacco related illnesses, health care costs would decrease dramatically [...] For every dollar we spend on prevention, we save three dollars in health care costs."

According to a 2004 report, said Kaye, "Oregon spent \$2.1 billion on health care costs and lost work productivity due to tobacco use. If we were to put a price on tobacco that would actually reflect the health care costs of tobacco-related illnesses, a pack would cost \$11."

These are impressive figures, but they

are a red herring as far as Measure 50 is concerned. The money saved on decreased health care costs wouldn't go into the Healthy Kids fund; that money would still come from cigarette tax revenue. The engineers of Measure 50 are trying to have their cake and eat it, too, and we all know how that turns out. (You eat too much cake and throw up).

If Oregon wants to raise money from cigarette taxes, it should encourage smoking. Imagine commercials with Kulongoski taking a long drag off a cig and commenting on the "refreshing, cool taste of quality tobacco." This would also bring in ad revenue from Big Tobacco. Everyone wins.

Wilson didn't suggest this idea, but the sentiment was pretty much the same (alright, not really).

"Our point is, if you want a funding source, make it widespread and from a source that grows over time," he said.

Despite all of these potential pitfalls, many anti-smoking lobbies believe anything that deters smoking is good.

"20 kids in Oregon start smoking every day, and 20 people in Oregon die from

tobacco related illnesses every day," said Kaye. "We know for sure that raising the tobacco tax is one of the best ways to stop youths from starting to smoke. It's one of the most effective ways to prevent tobacco use."

Unfortunately, cigarettes don't have a very elastic demand. People either need them or don't, and an 84 cent raise in price isn't going to change that; the tax will only take a bigger chunk out of smokers' pocketbooks (increasingly more for smokers in lower income brackets. How progressive is that?). Nor will Little Billy say, "Golly gee, smoking looks cool, but me and my chums can't cough up that extra 84 cents to pay a hobo to buy a pack for us."

Measure 50 looks likely to steamroll its way into the Constitution on Nov. 6, whether or not it is unfair and seriously flawed. The only thing left to do, smokers, is vote, stock up on packs and gas up for the long drive to Washington.



*CJ Ciaramella whose initials stand for Carl Jr., is an Associate Editor of the OC*

**Clint Eastwood**  
**vs.**  
**Richard Roundtree aka**  
**Shaft**

This round you have a battle between the two preminent movie cops of the era. Dirty Harry carried a .357 magnum and asked fools if they “felt lucky.” Shaft was just a bad mother, (shut yo mouth). In the end, Eastwood wins because he never came close to making a movie like Shaft in Africa.

**John Wayne**  
**vs.**  
**The Marlboro Man**

Is there anything manlier than cowboys and cigarettes? Maybe guns and scotch, but that’s about it. John Wayne wins because he’s fucking John Wayne, and the federal government basically outlawed Mr. Marlboro. Plus, the Marlboro man allowed himself to be co-opted for “cigarettes cause impotency” adds.

**Wade Boggs**  
**vs.**  
**Wilt Chamberlain**

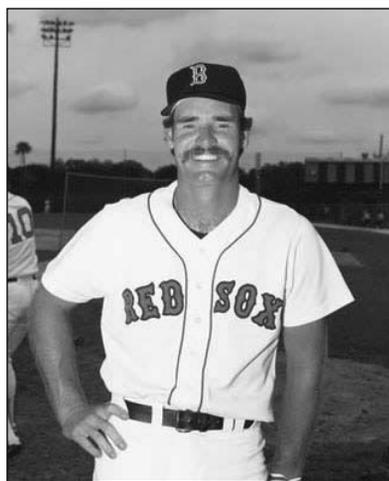
Wilt Chamberlain is a whole lot of man standing at a little over seven feet tall, he has some very manly credentials: Only man to score 100 points in a professional basketball game, four time MVP and claimed that he slept with over 20,000 women in his life. Wade Boggs comes on top with his even more manly resume: he had 3,000 hits was a homerun, he threw one inning against the Anaheim Angles throwing a knuckleball 16 out of 17 pitches and had a cameo in The Simpsons and Futurama.

**John Paul Jones**  
**vs.**  
**Aron Ralston**

The now one armed Ralston takes on the American naval hero John Paul Jones in a legendary clash of the titans. The battle comes down to the former American Naval Captain and Russian Admiral’s bravery and pension for killing his own crew members and Ralston’s will power to live while being trapped under a boulder for five days. Ralston wins for his ability to make the most out of a \$15 flashlight and a free multiuse tool. After being told of his loss John Paul Jones told the Commentator staff that he had not yet begun to fight.

**Clint Eastwood**  
**vs.**  
**John Wayne**

Clint Eastwood wins this epic battle because unlike John Wayne, Eastwood doesn’t wait for the answer to “Do you feel lucky?” He pulls the trigger regardless. Real men shoot first, and ask questions second. Eastwood managed to combine the process into one swoop of manliness. Eastwood kicks ass and takes names, all the while firing his giant gun blindly into a crowd of evil doers.



**Wade Boggs**  
**vs.**  
**Aron Ralston**

Aron Ralston puts up a great opening round battle in the manly bracket. Ralston’s ability to cut off his own arm and drink his own urine to survive are very impressive. However Bogg’s four batting titles and killer mustache trump Ralston. Also Ralston took a hard hit when we uncovered he majored in French.

**THE MANLIEST**

**Wade Boggs**  
**vs.**  
**Clint Eastwood**

Spaghetti western legend Clint Eastwood takes has made a career of playing some of the manliest roles to ever grace the silver screen. Clint is so manly he made two movies about Iwo Jima at the same time. Clint Eastwood is so manly his name is an anagram for “Old West Action.” However, the manliness of Wade Boggs towers over that of Eastwood. If Boggs’ pension for making appearances at Wrestling Hall of Fame inductions and eating chicken before every game do not convince you he is more manly, take note of the legend that Boggs drank 64 beers on a flight from Boston to Los Angeles. The final blow to Eastwood is his star role in a musical, the least manly of movie genres.

**Man Bra**

**Boggs vs.**

**Winner o**

# BRACKET EVER

**Tommy Lee**  
vs.  
**Bruce Lee**

This was the battle of the Dragons if you catch my drift. Bruce Lee for his martial art skills, and Tommy Lee for his, well, you know. Bruce Lee ultimately wins because he is unquestionably the greatest martial artist of the kung-fu movie era. He could kill you before you even knew you were dead.

**Bruce Lee**  
vs.  
**Mickey Spillaine**

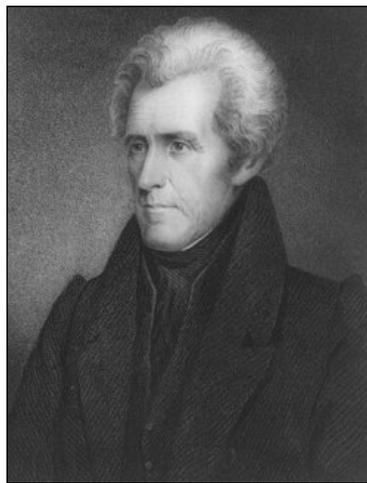
This might be the first upset of the tournament. While Lee would destroy Spillaine in an all out brawl. Mick would win any kind of "man off." A "man off" includes drinking, whoring and fighting. Spillaine wins two out of three, and like the song, that's not bad.

**Mickey Spillaine**  
vs.  
**Ernest Hemingway**

While Hemingway wrote numerous stories about war, broads and fishing, he had a penchant for falling into existential funks, until he eventually shot himself. Spillaine, on the other hand, lived to the ripe age of 88. While still churning out the lowest of quality pulp novels.

**Mickey Spillaine**  
vs.  
**Patton**

Even though Spillaine created a character named Mike Hammer, wrote about the glory of pulsating breasts and worked as a trampoline artist for Barnum and Bailey, Patton single handedly defeated Rommel and made the British look bad at the same time. When you disgrace two nations at once with your manly prowess you advance without question.



**Andrew Jackson**  
vs.  
**Gen. George Patton**

Even though Andrew Jackson had to be removed from his own inauguration party because it was too rowdy, and he served as president with two bullets in his body, Patton wins because he wants to grease his treads with the guts of his enemies. People become president because they are great politicians. Great politicians do not necessarily make great men.

**William Churchill**  
vs.  
**Andrew Jackson**

Andrew Jackson wins this battle of men because Winston Churchill got too drunk and forgot to show up. Jackson, on the other hand, is infamous for showing up to debates sloshed and yelling at everyone in the crowd. Jackson also demolished the British at the Battle of New Orleans after the War of 1812 had officially ended. Take that you bloody limeys.

**Gen. George Patton**  
vs.  
**Ghengis Khan**

Possibly the toughest match-up of round 1. Even though Ghengis conquered much of the world and is believed to have more than 16 million descendants alive today, Patton won because if you asked him, he would probably tell you he was Khan reincarnated. Patton also killed NAZIs, hated commies and slapped soldiers. Khan did none of this.

**Bracket Finals**

**Patton**  
**on page 20**

# AK47 - WIGGLE YOUR HIPS, SPRAY AND PRAY; YOU TOO CAN SHOOT LIKE A MUSLIM



The AK47 is the most ubiquitous rifle ever, with some 50-80 million produced by all sorts of commie wastelands (interestingly, Egypt and Finland also produced the weapon for a time). The old polecat, Mikhail Kalashnikov designed the gun while he was a Nazi stomping tank sergeant in the Red Army. He took the genius of the Nazis MP44's gas piston action and combined it with the ruggedness of the American M1 Garand's bolt, trigger and safety. What actually made Kalashnikov's gun a real winner is the removal of any expensive machined parts from the design. The design of the AK47 is cheap and easy to make, which was perfect for the Red Army. The commies needed a weapon, which was cheap as hell to manufacture and super easy to maintain because Stalin had a bunch of illiterate peasants he needed to arm. The AK47 was made for use in a Russian peasant army, but in real short order valiant leaders of men everywhere figured out that the AK47 was just the ticket for anyone who had a group of young men they needed to arm at the least expense possible.

If you were to look at the differences in the people who pack the AK47 around, you'd see that some are fat, but most are very thin and some are women, but most are men. However, they all have one thing in common there's absolutely nothing else on the market that will do for their needs. Drug lords, terrorists, pirates and fundamentalist thugs everywhere find that the gun is the bee's knees and fills all their requirements. With all this endorsement, one has to wonder why the AK47 has never been a favorite for us Americans. If it is so great for everyone else in the world, why aren't Americans hip to the AK47 scene? The answer lies in American values. Admittedly, there have been some set backs of late, but individualism is still the reigning ideal here in the United States and individuals typically hold their own life in high regard. The value Americans place on an individual's life is why the AK47 isn't as popular here as an oiled-up Thai teenager in a San Francisco bar.

The AK47 is great for whoever is buying it and handing it out, but if you are the sad son of a bitch humping it around in battle the AK47 leaves a lot to be desired. The gun is renowned as being rugged and reliable. You know that when you pull the trigger on an AK47 that it'll spit a bullet out, strip a cartridge from the banana shaped magazine and be ready for the next pull of the trigger. Which is good, because AK47's are notoriously inaccurate. This inaccuracy is due to a variety of factors. First, due to the forward placement of back sight the sight radius (distance between front and back sights) is very short. The more distance between the front and back sight the easier it is to accurately align the sights. Second, the rear sight can't be adjusted and the front sight can only be adjusted with tools, which means it usually isn't adjusted. Third, the trigger is terrible with a very long pull. Forth, there aren't any machined components. AK47s are all stamped steel, which means all the parts fit together loosely with a low degree of tolerance allowing for a lot of movement or shifting of the frame, barrel and sights after each shot. Finally, the operator of the weapon usually has never been trained to aim by aligning the sights in the correct manner.

However, The AK47's biggest deficiency is not a lack of accuracy but its lack of usability. The weapon is an ergonomic failure with all the controls out of place or hard to use. The safety cannot be operated without the right

hand releasing its shooting grip and engaging and disengaging the safety creates an inexcusably audible click (just the thing to let someone know you're around). The magazine catch can't be released with the right hand index finger. In order to release an empty magazine the gun requires the use of the support hand thumb. The most glaringly example of poor control placement is that of the charging handle. Not only is the charging handle too thin and small, it is on the wrong side of the gun. In order to chamber the first round from a fresh magazine you have to reach up from underneath the weapon and rack the

bolt with your left thumb, a very awkward movement requiring a lot of practice to do proficiently. These deficiencies all add up to a ridiculously slow reload. It takes a long time to get the AK47 back into action once its magazine goes dry. If you were in a firefight would you want to have to dick around all over your gun just to get the bastard loaded again? No way, you'd want to slam a new magazine in and be back in the fight getting some.

While, the AK47 might not be the best weapon in the world it is far from the worse and for college kids with meager funds it isn't the worst rifle you could choose. Var-

ious makes of semi-auto AK47s are readily available here in Oregon. A Romanian made AK47 costs around 400 dollars in most Oregon gun stores. Extra magazines are 15 dollars and the ammo required (7.62X39) is comparatively inexpensive at around 18 cents a round. The AK47 isn't the best available, but for destroying the great Satan and randomly firing into the air nothing beats it.



*Publisher Guy Simmons knows that not all Muslims shoot AK47s, some of them have RPGs*

★

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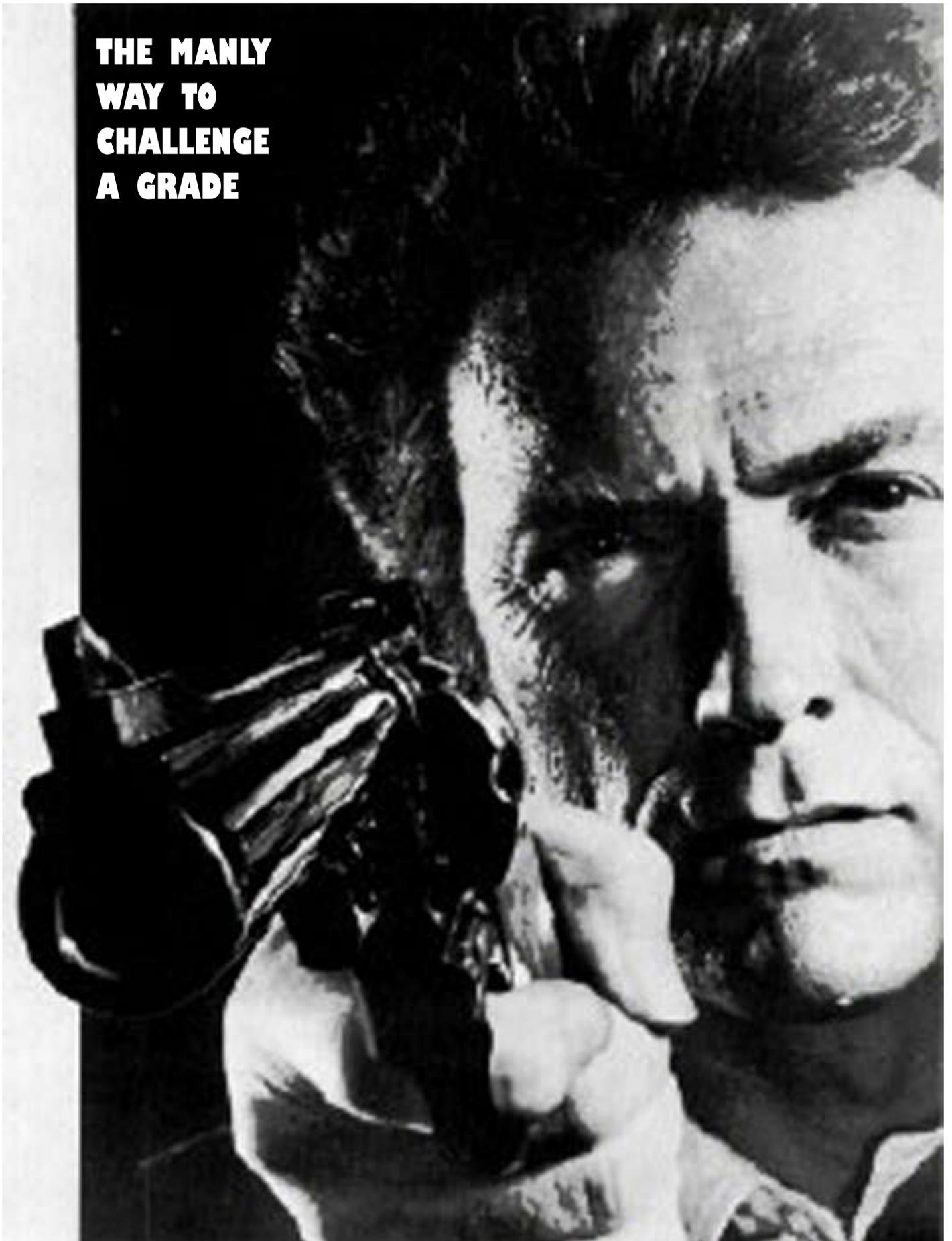
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**THE MANLY  
WAY TO  
CHALLENGE  
A GRADE**



## MAN IN THE MORNING

When a man wakes up, he must always swear. Saying “fuck” or “shit” is a challenge to the new day, and it’s your way of telling the world you’re ready for whatever it brings on. The next thing a man must do when he wakes up is turn over and see who is in bed with him. If it’s no one, he shoots himself in the head because he couldn’t get laid like a real man. However, if there is a girl, things get complicated. If the man wakes up in his bed with a woman, he simply wakes the broad up and tells her to leave. The phrase “you don’t have to go home, but you can’t stay here,” adds a nice touch to this situation. If the man is at the girl’s house, he gets up and goes to the bathroom. On the way to the bathroom, the man must try to find a piece of the girl’s mail. That way he will know her name when she wakes up. If a piece of mail cannot be found, simply leave. The girl obviously wasn’t that good at sex if you couldn’t remember her name the next morning. Round 2 won’t be worth it. He simply walks out of the house scratching himself, refreshed and ready for a new day.

~Jake Speicher

## HOW A REAL MAN EATS CREME BRULEE

How a real man eats crème brulee. First you gotta act like you don’t want crème brulee. You gotta act like you don’t need crème brulee. Crème brulee is something a man has all the time. Crème brulee throws itself at a real man, without him asking for it. A real man knows all the recipes to crème brulee. A real man can have plenty of crème brulee if he wants. A real man makes that crème brulee want to be eaten. Crème brulee begs for a real man to eat it. Just when that crème brulee starts to beg for him to have it, he has it. A real man eats crème brulee like he eats it for breakfast, lunch and dinner. A real man acts like he has had all different types of crème brulee: raspberry, lavender, pear rosemary, all kinds. A man eats crème brulee slow at first then starts going faster and faster, until the crème brulee just cannot take it anymore and even then a real man gives crème brulee more. A real man ravages crème brulee for a good thirty minutes, hell a real man might even eat crème brulee all night. When a real man finishes crème brulee he does not ask if the crème brulee had a good time because he knows it had a good time. It is perfectly acceptable for a real man to go to bed after he is done eating crème brulee since he is only a man and eating crème brulee can be a tiring job.

~Drew Cattermole

## TALKING LIKE A MAN

NOW LISTEN! When you talk like a man you are to be concise, correct, and bellowing to whomever you’re talking to. In order to make them understand that you’re not just some jerk that lacks the cajones to say it right to their face, and if they try not to pay attention you’ll let them know, like a man. The best way to go about that is to be pointing with two fingers right in their chest while you tell them every reason why you’re right, and they’re wrong. If they try to turn away without hearing you out, you are in your manly right to grab that scumbag by the shoulder and finish what you have to say, all the while spitting the smell of cheap booze, and cheaper women right in their face. At which point they will cower in fear and respect. For a man has just spoken, and when a man speaks like a man you listen.

~Matt Walsh

## THE MANLY SENATOR

First, the manly senator sleeps with every female senator. Even the hairy uggo from the Survival Center. That way, you can bend the senate to the will of your penis. Any manly senator must participate in will-bending. Also, the manly senator does not pander to the masses. The masses pander to him. The public looks to the manly senator for purpose and validation. The manly senator idolizes Teddy Roosevelt. He also body slams dissenters through the senate table in front of everyone, establishing himself as the alpha male. He, under no circumstances, eats animal crackers during senate meetings. The only acceptable posture for a manly senator is leaning back in his chair with one foot resting on the table, one hand scratching his crotch, the other holding a whiskey on the rocks, all the while glaring at those who disagree with him. Or up out of his chair pointing and yelling. At least once during every senate meeting, the manly senator stands up, pounds his fist on the table and points at a random senator and says, “I’m out of order? You’re out of order! This whole damn senate is out of order!”

~Jake Speicher



## THE DRINKING MAN

The manly art of drinking first requires a man to get drunk. How this man gets drunk is up to the discretion of him. All that matters is that his intoxication rose to a grand level, causing several hours of clouded judgment followed by a hazy stupor. At this point, one may begin to drink like a man. A man's first order is either beer or whiskey, depending upon how he is feeling. There are several factors that go into deciding what type of beer/whiskey to drink, but in the end it really does not matter. Whiskey can be ordered in two ways. A shot of whiskey is for the man on the go, generally when a scumbag lowlife is eying your lady and needs a good talking to. Most times the man wants a glass of whiskey. If the bartender serves the drink in anything resembling a shot glass, the man punches the bottom feeder in the face and points at him. "I asked for a glass of whiskey, damnit." When a man is drinking his beverage at the bar, it is important not to be distracted by the scene. The presence of many broads at bars allows the man a full night of chasing tail all over town, but he must remember that bars are first and foremost for drinking. Anyone that says different is at best a pretty good man, for a girl.

~Phil Bladine

## MANLY ACCESSORIES

From eye patches to facial scars, the well-to-do man is comfortable showing off the finer things in life, letting everyone in the room know, "I have nice things, therefore I am a man."

A top coat and fedora tell others, "I've come to have a classy time, but if any dandies attempt to harsh my mellow I will come after them with the wrath of Mike Hammer," while a clean tux lets everyone know, "I can swing with the best of them."

The best accessory a man can bring to the party is a female attached to his chest. This may cost extra at some tailors. A variety of female types will work depending on the scene and situation, but a rule of thumb always is the better looking the female, the more admiral the man.

~Phil Bladine



## A MANLY STORY: Beating around the bush

Now I will tell you a story from the book of Jeff in the manly Bible. Jeff is a true man: a beer chugging, hairy chested, sports loving man. Now Jeff is a man who likes to get drunk and yell things. One particular night he got a bit carried away and yelled "you look like Peter Griffin" to a fat kid who looked exactly like Peter Griffin. The victim of the yelling was very hurt by his comments and yelled back "That's just mean."

The next morning Jeff and his buddies had a good laugh about his drunken rudeness and the fat kid who did look like Peter Griffin. In class later that week he was assigned a partner for a comprehensive dialogue in his German class, and low and behold his partner looks exactly like Peter Griffin. This dialogue was worth nearly 25% percent of his overall grade and Jeff could not afford a poor grade because his partner hated him. So Jeff figuring that the Peter Griffin look-a-like he yelled at was unable to get a good look at him and went on with the normal awkward meet and greet period. But Jeff had to know if this was his Peter Griffin. He could not ask him outright if someone had told him he looked like Peter Griffin because this kid could be offended by being called a Peter Griffin look-a-like. Again. So he had to beat around the bush.

He first asked if they had met. This is done simply as a precursor to the actual beating around the bush. After German Class Peter Griffin had told Jeff they had not met before, Jeff followed up by telling him that he looked very familiar. Then Jeff pulled out the big guns.

"Well you look like someone I've seen before maybe some celebrity or something. Does anyone ever tell you that you look like someone else?" Notice the strategy Jeff uses, he uses the words, "or something," which is crucial in beating around the bush. It is used to distract and to stay uncertain in your questioning. After German Peter Griffin turned down this question Jeff was forced to his resort to the last resort.

"I was pretty drunk last Saturday night, did I run into you?" Jeff tosses up a hail mary, hoping that German Peter would not recognize him and suddenly get what he is trying to ask. Then Jeff got his answer German Peter Griffin replied that he got sick Saturday and was in bed by ten. Jeff was relieved that he had not embarrassed himself and made an enemy at the same time.

~Drew Cattermole

## THE JOY OF BUDDIES

A man lives for himself and needs no one. But since life takes so damn long, a man may have relations with others. In fact, in this day and age, it is downright essential for a man to be part of a group that only needs to be referred to as “the guys” or “the good old boys.” When a man has a problem with school or work, what’s he supposed to do, take advice from a woman? Heck no. He summons up the good old boys for a night of beer drinking, loud talking and constant insults. The joy of buddies is the pride achieved when a group of men conquer a mountain or simply lounge around on Sunday watching the game. Other activities that are more enjoyable with a bunch of buddies include crabbing, fishing, hippie-bashing, pugilism and farting. Another benefit provided by buddies is protection. Many men have managed to avoid an unruly mobbing of 20 peace-studies sissies with the help of the guys. Note, it only takes 3 real men to take on 20 jabronees, so naturally the remaining good old boys can sit back, drink beer and watch a good old fashion ass whooping.

~Phil Bladine



## THE MANLY SANDWICH

First, a man must be confident when he orders a sub. None of this dancing around the issue liberal bullshit. “Um, could I please have a turkey sandwich?” That kind of order simply merits a sandwich made of knuckles. No, a real man says his sub order with efficiency and strength. Size, type and bread, all in that order. Plus, a man always orders his sandwiches with double meat. If a man’s sandwich has more vegetables than meat, his name officially changes to Nancy. It’s on every man’s birth certificate, read it. When a man is choosing vegetables, he must lean fully over the sneeze guard and stare down each and every choice. Intimidation makes vegetables taste better; it’s science. Also, when ordering vegetables, a man always points and jabs at the ones he wants. This scares the vegetables even more, and the ladies love it. When the sandwich is done being made, he may thank the person who made it if the sandwich looks particularly well put together. Otherwise, pay for it without another word.

~Jake Speicher

## WRITING LIKE A MAN

The art of manly writing is dying. Gone are the days of terse, tight writers punching out hard-boiled tales and in their place a glut of sensitive, pretentious hacks. Too many people these days graduate with an MFA in Creative Writing and think it gives them an excuse to write incomprehensible non-stories. This must stop. Future writers must be inculcated with the skills and practices of manly writing, lest the world be saturated by 3,000 page manuscripts of “deep, inner turmoil and soul searching.”

The key is staying in a manly state of mind, and for this there is no greater role model than Ernest Hemingway. Follow in Papa’s shoes: go to war, get in a few airplane crashes, do some big game hunting, hang out in Cuba and Spain for awhile and then sit down at a typewriter. Coincidentally, Hemingway also provided a good example of how to kill yourself like a man, just in case your writing career tanks.

Now that you are appropriately grizzled by the ravages of age and heartbreak, it’s time to get down to the business of writing. Not just any old location will do, though. Here’s a list of places that bring out the best in testosterone-laced prose: a gloomy, dark closet set up specifically for writing, a bar, a hotel room that you just trashed, a train or a den filled with bourbon and mounted animal heads. That being said, you should never write in a coffee shop. These places are not conducive to manly writing. Besides the obvious lack of booze, they are filled with awful music and awful people. Who could possibly write anything close to manly when all he hears is free jazz and a grad student talking about Foucault’s power theories as they apply to indie and mainstream music? Don’t give me any of that “coffee helps me write” bullshit either. If you’re going to write on stimulants, at least snort a rail of coke.

As for the actual mechanics of writing, this is the only thing you need to know: subject, verb, period. Semi-colons are for pussies. They let the reader know you’re too much of a panty-waist to say what you mean in one, complete sentence. That goes for other forms of punctuation as well. Hyphens and parentheses are all representative of a weak-willed, indecisive crybaby of a writer. The colon is acceptable, mainly because it can be used to set up another kick-in-the-pants sentence. This doesn’t mean all sentences must be five words long. Just get to the goddamn point. William Strunk, Jr. said it better than anyone in *The Elements of Style*:

“Vigorous writing is concise. A sentence should contain no unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences, for the same reason that a drawing should have no unnecessary lines and a machine no unnecessary parts. This requires not that the writer make all his sentences short, or that he avoid all detail and treat his subjects only in outline, but that every word tell.”

Did you catch that, or were you too busy pretending to understand Ulysses? Even if you manage to grasp this critical lesson, the battle is not yet won. You may be sitting at your gloomy desk nursing an old war injury and a bourbon on the rocks, but you still have to figure out what to write. Tales of self-discovery are strict no-no’s, unless that self-discovery is, “Wow, I’m a total badass.” Revelation should only occur after extreme mental and physical hardship, not a heart-to-heart with a best friend. This is the difference between *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants*. Ideally, though, your protagonist should have no inner turmoil or change. He should be as static as a granite boulder. The protagonist’s only conflict should be how best to conquer his enemies.

There it is, everything you need to know about manly writing. All of you English students better have paid attention, because if I catch wind of your new novel about “peace, reconciliation and understanding,” I’ll rip your guts out and feed them to you.

~CJ Ciaramella

# THE MANLY VICTORY SPEECH

Now, I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country. Men, all this stuff you've heard about America not wanting to fight, wanting to stay out of the war, is a lot of horse dung. Americans traditionally love to fight. All real Americans love the sting of battle. When you were kids, you all admired the champion marble shooter, the fastest runner, the big league ball player, the toughest boxer. Americans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser. Americans play to win all the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost and will never lose a war. Because the very thought of losing is hateful to Americans.

Now, an Army is a team. It lives, eats, sleeps, fights as a team. This individuality stuff is a bunch of crap. The bilious bastards who wrote that stuff about individuality for the Saturday Evening Post don't know anything more about real battle than they do about fornicating.

We have the finest food and equipment, the best spirit and the best men in the world. You know, by God I actually pity those poor bastards we're going up against. By God, I do. We're not just going to shoot the bastards, we're going to cut out their living guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy Hun bastards by the bushel.

Now, some of you boys, I know, are wondering whether or not you'll chicken

out under fire. Don't worry about it. I can assure you that you will all do your duty. The Nazis are the enemy. Wade into them. Spill their blood. Shoot them in the belly. When you put your hand into a bunch of goo that a moment before was your best friend's face, you'll know what to do.

Now there's another thing I want you to remember. I don't want to get any messages saying that we are holding our position. We're not holding anything. Let the

Hun do that. We are advancing constantly and we're not interested in holding onto anything except the enemy. We're going to hold onto him by the nose and we're going to kick him in the ass. We're going to kick the hell out of him all the time and we're gonna go through him like crap through a goose.

There's one thing that you men will be able to say when you get back home. And you may thank God for it. Thirty years from now when you're sitting around your fireside with your grandson on your knee and he asks you what did you do in the great World War II, you won't have to say, "Well, I shoveled shit in Louisiana."

Alright now, you sons-of-bitches, you know how I feel. Oh, and I will be proud to lead you wonderful guys into battle – anytime, anywhere.

That's all.

-Gen. George Patton



# FROM A COUPLE OF BROADS

When men point their fingers at me while they are talking, I just go crazy! Sometimes it is just one and sometimes it is two. It can even be a real shocker. Those long, strong digits pierce my soul. I cannot be distracted from a man's words when he is pointing at me. The minute his finger goes up, I draw to him like Will Choen to little girls (call me).

The times men choose to point while speaking help shape what I will consider important and memorable. Let's be real. We all know most things men say are really quite meaningless to us women. It is better that I not listen most of the time in order to stay quaint and docile. But when he is pointing, you better be listening and hop to like a fox.

For example, when my man says, "JUMP" I say, "How high?", you know because his fingers are pointed. When he talks about what I should make for dinner or how bad I was when I said that stupid joke, he is usually pointing so I remember these times. But when he talks about...well actually I have no idea what else he talks about. I probably wouldn't understand.

After a man points his finger at me, after I am overwhelmed with a surge of his power, I sit with my heart racing, thinking about the epochal message that was just delivered. Oh how I long for the next finger pointing session.

~Nicole De Lancie

I thank god every night that I am a woman. I was so fortunate to be graced with that "x" chromosome. Because I am a woman I can be an inactive, incapable, insignificant and ignorant individual. Which is nice. Who doesn't thrive on low expectations and exclusion? Sure, it may seem a little unjust and perhaps unfair, but who really suffers? Not the woman. I get to rest on my laurels and evaporate into the distance.

Here is a scenario break down: 1. You are driving in a car and "BAM!" you incur a flat tire. You pull over to the side of the road as smoothly as possible. Exit the vehicle, assess the damage, shake your head, kick the flat tire, and cast your neck back in a sigh. The proceeding hours will require phone calls, automobile jargon and the use of a jack. Female Role in Scenario: Nothing. 2. You are at a fancy dinner party. Conversation starts to become substantial. Perhaps a little talk of politics, religion, and if you are really lucky economics. Aptitude abounds as intellectual wit is being cast from one wine glass to the next. The men cock their smiles and laugh and bask in the sheer knowledge that they are the most powerful individuals in the room.

The food is delicious but one's appetite is killed by the content of conversation which is contrived, forced and phony. Female Role in Scenario: Nothing. Conclusion: If you are a woman you are nothing. But don't cry for me Argentina. Nothing is a beautiful thing. Nothing is what someone with everything wants. And, someone with everything is a man. So, it's nice to feel wanted.

I love being a woman because I love assuming a subordinate position. The sidekick role if you will. Here is some cultural history that shows why being in a secondary, contingent, inferior position is a great place to be. I have compiled a ratio list and I defy you to reason that the 1st correlate in each pair is not the more enviable and admirable component of the equation: Women are to Men as Robin is to Batman, Slater is to Zack, Chewbacca is to Hans Solo, Donkey is to Shrek, Ethel is to Lucy, Milhouse is to Bart, and Ron Weasley is to Harry Potter. Throughout literature, film and television the shadow of the hero is always the best character. Being a shadow is a woman's place, and I just can't get enough shade.

~Sarah Cate



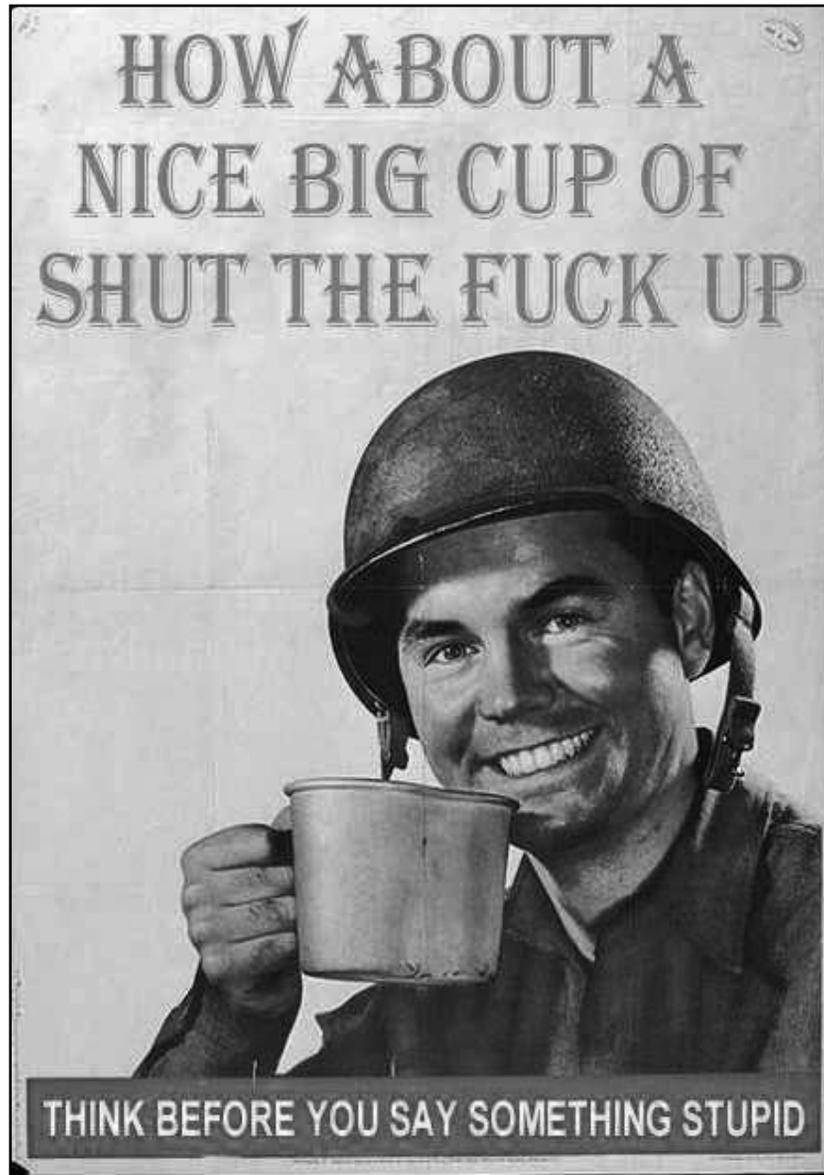
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Surgeon-General's Warning: Working for The Oregon Commentator may cause dizziness, bringing home swamp donkeys and cirrhosis of the liver.

# Mass Media demoralizing the man

Greg Campbell

I really did my best. That's the truth. I have always been of the opinion that a quote is a great way to emphasize one's point in a commentary. However, my position seems to be pondered by such a minority that there are no quotes to be found. That is to say, the issue of men's rights is so far in the recesses of people's minds, that there are no words of inspiration from those that came before us. Searching databases of quotes on gender equality did nothing. Instead, all I found were pathetic attempts at wit and obsolete ideas from a time when equality for women was a thing to come. The quest for equality amongst the sexes has been a rocky one, to say the least. However, the pendulum has swung, and thoughts of true equality have long been forgotten.

I am sure I am not the only one that has noticed a dramatic increase in the bumbling buffoons on television since the days of Archie Bunker. There are countless examples of the portrayal of men in dramatically insulting fashions. These shows depict men who are obviously not in control of not only any aspect of their relationships, but of their lives as well. The man is a football watching, beer drinking ne'er-do-well who's only interest in this world is getting laid on the rare occasion that he has appeased the domineering cunt that is his wife. On the other hand, it does give me a little insight as to what Bill Clinton's life must be like.

On sitcoms and commercials, it is the woman who is in control at all times. The man, when he's not groveling for sex, is often depicted as making matters worse or acting in an idiotic fashion. Feminists have worked so hard to rid popular culture of the stereotype that women are helpless beings and hence, subservient to men. Now, men are buffoons and nobody says a word. Don't get me wrong, I can find humor in these sitcoms. I'm just pointing out that if women truly want equality amongst the sexes, then they have missed their mark.

What's worse is that life has imitated art to a degree. It seems to me that the percentage of guys I know who are whipped are getting higher and higher. It is no secret that television has a sociological impact on society as a whole. Is it outlandish to believe that the projection of men being inferior in nearly every way on television has affected how women see men, and how men see themselves? I know, this sounds like I'm reaching; I'm just saying it's something to consider.

So who gives a shit? "It's television, Greg. Calm the fuck down". That's right. Perhaps I am looking too much into this. However, it is important to examine the rules of society. My intention is not to create a media that is more sensitive to men, but rather to allow for equality with regards to its projection of men and women

**Ninety percent of us...really only want sex, beer, a good football game and some more sex if there's time**

in contemporary America. If I am not allowed to portray tried and true stereotypes, whether it deals with gender, race or any other "protected" status, then I feel it is only right to force society to abide by the same rules. So, in other words: What would happen if there was a character on a show that told his wife that she can't hang out with her friends unless she blows him? Or told her that she had to be home before 11 and had to call him when she got there? Gloria Steinem would have a fuckin' aneurysm. However, on the flip side, any show with male camaraderie and poker playing will inevitably have one of the men confessing that he had to "pull some strings" to get away. This is just my point: though this situation is a fictional encounter, it raises no eyebrows. Now, such situations are commonplace and people have come to accept that women, administrators of sex and incessant bitching, are in control and must be bargained with. What a sad commentary on the condition of the male gender when we, as free men, must bargain and/or plead our way into hanging out with friends.

It should be noted that this is not the case for all men. If you are whipped, I urge you to free yourself from the ties that bind and rediscover your manhood; it misses you. The absence of "manliness" in society is quite noticeable. We grew up in the 1990's. We were told by many that a "90's man" was in touch with his thoughts and emotions. Seriously? Does that sound like a good idea? Is society really ready to hear what kind of perversions and vulgarities that are rattling around in our heads on any given day? I'll lay it down for you. Yes, we may be simple, but we are capable. Simplicity is not the same

thing as incompetence and the media should not confuse the two. We're easy to understand. Ninety percent of us, at any given time, really only want sex, beer, a good football game and some more sex if there's time (which there always is). We're not hard to figure out. Yet, there is that 10 percent that feel that they should be sensitive and feel that they have no obligation to fit within societal ideas of masculinity. What's worse is that society has patted these fruitcakes on the back and told them that it's okay. Hell, they even gave them their own title so that they can validate their most ridiculous of identities. They're "metro-sexuals". For those readers who are unfamiliar with this term, it is the term used for guys who act like chicks and claim that they're not gay (yet).

So, where does this leave the state of manhood? The answer: in shambles. We have many who live in subservience and fear of their wives or girlfriends, we have queers and queer-wannabes, and of course, we have the true all-American man who lives in the shadows because displaying manliness will surely bring jeers and accusations of being "macho" or "chauvinistic" from those attempting to "redefine" gender roles. Unless it's on the big screen, people don't want to see men being men. The truth is that the state of manhood is in need of repair. Women have gained equality and then some. The theft of manhood by popular culture is grander than any heist in history. What needs to be done is the arduous task of re-establishing the presence of masculinity within society. It is up to each and every man to hold himself to a high standard put forth by the likes of George Patton, John Wayne and Clint Eastwood. When in doubt, ask, "What would Patton do?" Drink with friends unapologetically, watch football and nap on Sundays if you want to and if someday you feel the need to cry, make sure it's justifiable. Did someone you love die? Were you just diagnosed with a horrible disease? Did you have to cut your own arm off? No? Then butch it up a bit, drink a beer and hit something instead.



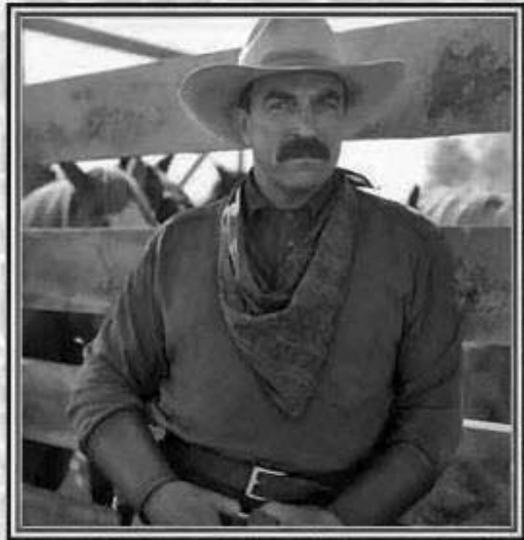
*Greg Campbell, who had to untwist his panties after writing this, is a Contributor to the Commentator*

# SPEW...

and how to dress like a man

## ON FREEDOM FOR THE DUMB

“The Act of slavery was a degrading inhuman practice, yet many slaves were more free than their so-called masters.”



*~Cimmeron Gillespie in a stirring commentary piece in the latest Insurgent about freedom. Yes, that's why they would run away to Canada, because they were so free.*

“When being in a condition of poverty, or falling into a neglected social existence, then is the time to be happy, to practice true mental freedom.”

*~ So the proverb isn't true. Money doesn't buy happiness. Being piss poor and living under a highway pass does.*

“Freedom is in the mind, the act of cutting off a limb does not destroy the freedom. The destruction of a limb blocks mobility, and forces physical limitations, but cannot touch the Freedom in your mind.”

*~Not sure about the freedom in your mind, it is as handicappable as T Rex's arms.*



## ON WHAT DID SHE JUST SAY?

“You know who's hot? Jeff Goldblum circa Independence Day. Him and Vincent D'onofrio.”

*~This is one of those random comments one hears on the bus during the day that leads to high blood pressure and aneurisms. This person should refer to Sudsy Says on page.*

# ON COMMENTATOR WANNABEES

“It is almost as if President Bush can see into the future”

~ Nik Antovich, Ol’ Dirty commentary writer of the inept weekly column, *Conservatively Speaking*. Despite attempts, Dems can’t blame fires on Bush

“But this sort of historical information does not stop Harry Reid from politicizing his energy bill, which he calls ‘comprehensive.’ very Orwellian of you, Mr. Reid.”

~ *George Orwell hates you. Stop using his name as an adjective.*

“Enter Hillary Rodham Clinton. At age 59, she stands 5-foot-4 and weighs in at 120 pounds.”

~*Antovich in another masterful work on a flip-flopping Hillary. 120 pounds, yeah, in her ego.*



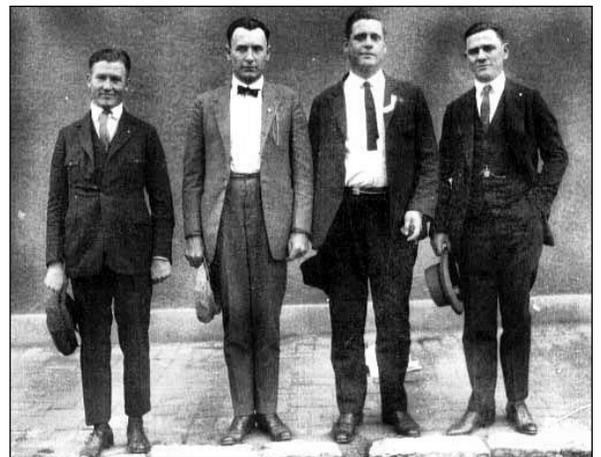
# ON TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

“Antovich’s gaps in logic are spectacular. He espouses a conservative viewpoint, but the arguments he makes are founded on such poor logic that he ends up tearing down his own thesis.”

~*University Student Chris Bradley student in response to Antovich. This letter to the editor made it seem like someone was surprised by the poor quality of the Ol’ Dirty opinion writers.*

“This is why there’s the Commentator, Chris. I’ve been appalled at the quality of the Emerald since I visited in high school, especially given our highly touted journalism program.”

~*BP-1827- adds a comment to the letter to the editor on the ODE’s website. Right on brother.*



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WANTS FOR X-MAS